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THE Nation

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VOLUME 154

JANUARY 3, 1942, to JUNE 27, 1942

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Mr. Hull Should Resign

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

DID the President know in advance about the State Department's shocking attack on the Free French forces which liberated the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon from Vichy's dictatorship? If he did, the United States today stands disgraced before freedom-loving men and women everywhere. Already the incredulous surprise with which the news was received in Free French territories, in Latin America, in democratic circles here at home, is beginning to change into anger and bitter cynicism. If the President knew, then the very principle of freedom has been betrayed by its most respected and powerful defender.

But certainly the President did not know. His long toleration of State Department tactics is not to be excused, but at worst it has never gone to the length of permitting an open insult, coupled with a direct threat, to an Allied force engaged in advancing the Allied cause. Of such blundering stupidity the President is incapable. The evidence cited by Mr. Stone indicates that the State Department acted on its own, pursuing with imbecile consistency its fixed policy of yielding to Vichy, snubbing the Free French, and ignoring the contrary advice of Britain. Having guaranteed Martinique to Hitler's French "utensils" it was doubtless as clear as daylight to the State Department's mind that St. Pierre and Miquelon must be restored to Vichy rule—by force if necessary. Perhaps these two strategic islands were sold out in the same deal; the Axis radio is telling the islanders they were. If so, it is all too easy to believe that the State Department issued its pronouncement without consulting anyone—just as part of the day's appeasement. The technique is an old one and has been successful before.

The President could not have known in advance. And so the situation can still be saved by quick, uncompromising action. He can still prove that our brave talk about democracy is not all hokum designed to trap the unwary and mislead the innocent. But he must move fast or it will be too late.

If the State Department, without consultation with the President or the Cabinet, has plunged the nation into its present humiliating position, its officials should be called to account as promptly as were the military leaders at Pearl Harbor. Without the least delay the President should demand the resignation of the officials who on their own say-so betrayed the cause to which this country has been pledged not only by the terms of the Atlantic Charter but in many pronouncements by the President.

After these officials, including the Secretary of State, have duly resigned, the President should institute an investigation to fix responsibility for this unsanctioned act. The inquiry should be broad enough to explore the whole twilight cult of appeasement, of which the repudiation of the Free French at St. Pierre and Miquelon is only the most startling and recent symbol. Throughout the years, in one instance after the other, this policy has proved both its danger and its futility. Why should men who have demonstrated their failure with such undeviating success be permitted to direct the policy of a great power committed to a life-and-death struggle?

Specifically the President should inquire into the immediate antecedents of our moral disaster at St. Pierre and Miquelon. He should find out, first, whether the State Department had in fact promised to hold for Vichy the French possessions in this hemisphere. If such a shameless commitment was made, he should find out quickly what it implied in terms of action. As these words are written hasty consultations are going on behind the closed doors of the State Department where officials are trying to save their guilty faces while at the same time fulfilling their pledges to their dictator-friends at Vichy. Vice Admiral Muselier with the whole population of the islands behind him still stands firm at St. Pierre and Miquelon. And the Canadian government, which clearly was neither surprised nor horrified when the islands came over to the Allied side, is showing no eagerness to do the State Department's dirty work. A compromise may be in the making which will high-light the contradictions of American policy by ousting the Free French and then establishing some sort of Allied control of the St. Pierre radio station to prevent the Vichy officials we shall have restored to power from using the station to give information to Nazi submarines and raiders preying on Allied shipping.

But no compromise will either save the honor of the United States or absolve the President from the necessity of finding out just what Mr. Hull promised Admiral Robert. Did he promise the aid of the American fleet in holding the French islands for Vichy? Or did he, rashly it would seem, offer the services of the Canadian forces? Or did he perhaps tell the General that in case of trouble with unruly pro-Ally subjects he could take the interned French ships out of the harbor at Martinique? These are questions which events may answer. But events have a way of blotting out past promises and before that happens the President should discover just what commitments Vichy's agents in the State Department made in the name of the United States.

The President can hardly accept the State Department myth that the French fleet is preserved from Hitler's control only by the blackmail paid to Vichy by the United States. The only important check on the Pétain collaborationists—and on Hitler himself—is the spirit of resistance that still exists in the fleet and among the French people, a spirit which the State Department's behavior last week was calculated to damage beyond repair. This is the simple fact and the President knows it. He should know, too, that the behavior of the State Department can no more be passed over than it can be explained away. The episode of the French islands was dismissed as a "teapot tempest" by the New York *Herald Tribune* in its first editorial after the State Department's intervention. But tempests always start in small areas. This one is not subsiding. It is gathering force with every hour; it is sweeping across seas and continents carrying to all adherents of freedom the news that the United States has thrown its tremendous power against self-government and the will of a small group of Frenchmen to join in the fight to end tyranny.

This news is worth many capital ships and many divisions of men to the Axis powers. Who will risk his life President fails to act, the dictators will have gained one democracy sells freedom at so cheap a price? If the for even his own freedom when the world's greatest of the decisive victories of the war.

A Message from St. Pierre

The editors of *The Nation,* shocked by the action of the State Department in protesting against the Free French occupation of St. Pierre and Miquelon, sent the following telegram to Vice-Admiral Emile Muselier:

> YOU AND THE FREE FRENCH FORCES AND THE PEOPLE OF ST. PIERRE AND MIQUELON HAVE THE UNQUALIFIED SUPPORT OF ALL PATRIOTIC AMERICANS WHO FEEL NOTHING BUT SHAME AT THEIR GOVERNMENT'S BETRAYAL OF OUR COMMON CAUSE. HOLD FAST. DESTINY HAS PUT THE DEFENSE OF FREEDOM IN YOUR HANDS AND YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO YIELD OR COMPROMISE.

Vice-Admiral Muselier replied immediately as follows:

> THE ADMIRAL-IN-CHIEF COMMANDING THE FREE FRENCH NAVAL FORCES, THE MARINE VOLUNTEERS, THE IMMENSE MAJORITY OF THE POPULATION OF ST. PIERRE AND MIQUELON THANK YOU WITH ALL THEIR HEARTS FOR YOUR TELEGRAM. I KNEW IT WAS NOT POSSIBLE THAT THE NOBLE AMERICAN NATION WOULD NOT BE WHOLEHEARTEDLY WITH US IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY AND IN THE SACRED RIGHT OF PEOPLES TO SELF DETERMINATION. WHATEVER HAPPENS WE WILL HOLD ON UNTIL THE END. FOR ALL DEMOCRACIES OF THE WORLD ST. PIERRE, LIKE YOUR STATUE OF LIBERTY, IS A SYMBOL.
>
> (Signed) ADMIRAL MUSELIER

The Shape of Things

SUMMING UP THE SERIES OF CONFERENCES with Winston Churchill and other Allied representatives in which he had been constantly engaged for over a week, the President declared: "The present over-all objective is the marshaling of all resources, military and economic, of the world-wide front opposing the Axis. Excellent progress along these lines is being made." We shall probably have to be content with this very general statement for some time, and it would be over-optimistic to expect perfect coordination of all the varied forces now opposing the Axis. But the first essential step is a real will to cooperate, and this seems to have been demonstrated not only in Washington but in Moscow and Chungking. The conference in China's war capital between Chiang Kai-shek, Major-General George H. Brett, Chief of the United States Army Air Corps, and General Wavell, Britain's commander in India, may lead to an important military counter-offensive against Japan. In making their widely dispersed attacks on the fringes of the South China Sea the Japanese have left partially exposed their right flank, which in effect extends from the northern Manchoukuoan border to Bangkok, a distance of some two thousand miles. They cannot find troops to cover such a line adequately, and it ought to be possible for both the Chinese and the British—operating from Burma—to find weak spots to attack. Even if such attacks could not be developed into a real offensive, at least until the supply situation improves, they might well serve to relieve Japanese pressure in other directions.

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AS WINSTON CHURCHILL INDICATED IN HIS masterly address before Congress, lack of war material of all kinds is likely to handicap the anti-Axis front for at least another twelve months. Now that the United States is in the war, the potential resources of the Allies are greatly superior to those of the totalitarian powers, but that potential has yet to be translated into actual planes, tanks, and guns ready for action. Eventually we may achieve an overwhelming abundance, but until we do the problem of distributing limited supplies between a number of competing theaters of war will involve many ticklish decisions. Both Britain and Russia seem to have feared that America might become so absorbed in the Pacific war that the urgent needs of the European fronts might be overlooked. London and Moscow agree in viewing Hitler's Germany as the cornerstone of the Axis conspiracy and the primary objective of Allied strategy. The British delegation in Washington has apparently been reassured at finding there substantial appreciation of this undoubtedly valid perspective. This does not mean, however, that the Pacific can be safely neglected. We may be able to afford to wait for the final counterblow against Japan until Germany is definitely headed toward collapse, but we must buttress the defenses of the East Indies against the Japanese offensive or risk a long lag in our supply time-table. A Washington dispatch in the New York *Times* reports that Mr. Churchill "is apparently satisfied that Singapore can hold out, even if it gets very little more help, for at least nine months." On the basis of the present known facts this forecast, if it really does represent the Premier's views, seems to us more than a little optimistic.

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IN AUSTRALIA OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL statements suggest considerable anxiety lest the Pacific arena be neglected in favor of other fronts. That large but sparsely inhabited dominion has from the beginning contributed heavily to Britain's war effort, as an article by Hallett Abend on page 12 shows. It has been moved to do so not merely by sentiment but by an intelligent anticipation that Axis triumphs in Europe would eventually lead to Japanese aggression in the Pacific. But now that aggression has come, Australia is more keenly aware of its vulnerability to invasion should Japan break through the Singapore barrier than of the indivisibility of the world battle. The unimpressive showing of the British imperial forces in Malaya has evoked sharp criticisms. Sir Keith Murdoch, influential publisher of the Melbourne *Herald*, has written a dispatch from London accusing Mr. Churchill of being too "Atlantic-minded" and urging greater participation by the dominions in the formation of war policy. The Australian Premier, John Curtin, has indicated the uneasiness of his country even more plainly in an article written for the same paper. "I make it clear," he writes, "that Australia looks to America, free from any pangs about our traditional links of friendship to Britain. We refuse to accept the dictum that the Pacific struggle is a subordinate segment of the general conflict. The government regards the Pacific struggle as primarily one in which the United States and Australia should have the fullest say in the direction of the fighting plan." The sharp tone of this statement makes manifest an anxiety with which it is easy to sympathize. But the parochial outlook which it betrays illustrates once again the necessity for the broadest possible war strategy.

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CUTS OF $1,717,000,000 IN NON-DEFENSE government expenditures have been recommended to Congress by the joint committee headed by Senator Byrd. As might be expected of any committee headed by the Virginia Senator, the cuts it proposes would affect chiefly the more progressive of the government's social services. The committee would abolish the Farm Security Administration, the Farm Tenant Program, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the peace-time activities of the National Youth Administration; it would greatly curtail the Works Progress Administration. Some of these cuts are, of course, justified. The army will absorb a large part of the personnel and at least part of the functions of the CCC and NYA. It is fair to assume that unemployment will be reduced drastically as the arms program is expanded. Agricultural conditions have already improved substantially. But although some reduction in social-service outlays can be defended on the ground of the changed situation and the necessity for holding public expenditures to a minimum in order to check inflation, the outright abolition of no one of these agencies can be defended. The farm-tenant problem, for example, is a permanent one which can only be dealt with by long-range social planning, and youth requires suitable training in war time fully as much as in peace. Savings must be made, but we suspect that more can be saved by cutting the dead wood out of the regular departments than by depriving tenant farmers and underprivileged young men and women of hope for a decent living.

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THE BLASTS THAT SHOOK PEARL HARBOR scared most of our native fascists back into the wall. Most, but not all. The Coughlin species is still scurrying about, and while its activities are less noisy than hitherto, they are if possible more virulent. *Social Justice* gives its readers the considered opinion that Japan's surprise raid represented "only a fair job in copying the 'sneak' tactics of Great Britain." A better imitation would have involved first signing "an alliance with Uncle Sam at least." No hint that the gang that blitzed a dozen countries of Europe might have been the model. But, then, Germany, Italy, and Japan are still presented to the Father's flock as the "have-nots" in a war "against the have-nations" precipitated by "the bungling diplomats and politicians . . . here and abroad." In any case, the main task now is not the banishing of Hitlerism, but "liquidating the causes" of Hitlerism, namely, Marxism, Leninism, the Rothschilds, the Bank of England, and "the pack of usurers who transubstantiated a vice into a virtue in the sixteenth century." That is the public line. In the privacy of the United States mails anything goes. In thousands of letters mailed on December 19 Francis P. Moran, director of the Christian Front of America, found President Roosevelt "guilty of murder." By refusing "to grant to the Orient the same right of self-determination that we ourselves have demanded in our Monroe Doctrine" the President provoked Japan into making war when it would otherwise "have had no incentive to attack us."

Reverses in the Pacific

THE news from the Far East continues to be bad. Wake Island, Hongkong, and Sarawak in northern Borneo were Christmas presents from the Japanese army to the Emperor. Further advances have been made against Singapore. American and Filipino troops continue to be forced back in the Philippines. Manila, though declared an open city, has been subjected to devastating raids.

There is a tendency in many quarters to dismiss these early reverses as inevitable. Many commentators are stressing the fact that the American and British outposts in the Pacific are difficult to defend because they are so much closer to the main Japanese bases than to ours or those of Great Britain. They point out that the war is not likely to be settled by the conquest of a few islands in the early weeks of the struggle and that in the long run our superior resources should give us an immense advantage. Statements such as these, while undeniably true, savor of the defensive psychology which has sapped the vitality of the democracies throughout the world in the past few years. There was nothing "inevitable" about the Japanese victories in the Far East. The Japanese won at Pearl Harbor because they had made careful plans for the maximum use of their inferior resources—and because the American military and naval authorities were admittedly asleep. They took Wake, despite a gallant defense by a handful of American marines, partly because Congress had failed to fortify it, partly because the navy was not prepared quickly to reinforce its garrison. Their successes in the Philippines may be attributed to our failure to provide underground shelters for our few fighter and bomber planes. For months the American public has been lulled into a feeling of false security by reports of the dispatch of large numbers of long-distance bombers and fighters to the Philippines, Singapore, and the Dutch East Indies. It now appears that very few planes were sent, and inadequate plans were made for the protection of those that were.

It should go without saying that no satisfying appraisal of American strategy is possible at this stage. Many factors, such as the disposition of our fleet, the dispatch of reinforcements, and plans for repairing air losses, are military secrets. The fact that the main battle fleet of the navy is unreported does not mean that it is idle. But we do know that the brave defenders of Wake were not relieved in a siege lasting more than a fortnight although the island is closer to Honolulu than to Tokyo. And while we have been at war for more than three weeks, there have been no reports of American reinforcements reaching either the Philippines or Singapore. Reinforcing these outposts undoubtedly involves great difficulties, but if adequate plans had been laid in advance, some assistance could have reached the beleaguered areas from

Hawaii, if not from the mainland, by this time. So far the only reinforcements known to have reached their destination were landed at Hawaii. Such a diversion of our energies was undoubtedly one of the major strategic objectives of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

All of this fits in with the belief which was generally held by our military leaders a few years ago—that the Philippines could not be defended in a war with Japan. This belief was based, however, on the situation to be expected in a war which involved only the United States and Japan. It did not take into account Singapore or the existence of hostilities between China and Japan. Under present conditions the Philippines are virtually indispensable to the Allied defenses in the Pacific. A sustained, large-scale attack on Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, which if successful would probably prolong the war for many years, cannot succeed as long as American submarines and American bombers have the use of bases on Luzon. Moreover, the possession of Singapore and the Dutch naval bases—to say nothing of continued Chinese resistance—greatly facilitates the task of defending the islands.

Our troops have fought magnificently, and there is reason to believe that General MacArthur can hold out if he is given planes, tanks, and even a moderate number of reinforcements. Whether this assistance will arrive in time, only the staff officers in Washington can say. But to date our military leadership contrasts sadly with the competence and heroism shown by our men in the field.

The No-Strike Agreement

THE President cut short the Industry-Labor Conference, which was threatening to drag on interminably, by accepting the three-point formula on which agreement had been reached: no strikes or lockouts, settlement of all disputes by peaceful means, institution by the President of a War Labor Board to handle disputes. By this move Mr. Roosevelt quietly relegated the problem of the closed shop to the status of an arbitrable issue. Having agreed to abide by the President's decision, the management group at the conference had to accept the formula, but it made no secret of its disappointment and annoyance at the absence of any provision for placing the closed-shop question in cold storage for the duration of the war.

The employers' arguments on this point have naturally been picked up and developed by the conservative press. Thus the New York *Times* tells the government that it must immediately "declare, as the War Labor Board did in 1917, that any demand from either side for a change in the status of a closed or open shop shall not be considered a proper grievance for submission to a war labor board or to arbitration. This is the only possible basis for maintaining industrial peace on this issue during the war." To us, on the contrary, such action would seem a sure way to undermine the industrial truce by destroying its spirit. The trade unions, although far more strongly organized than in 1917, have surrendered their weapon of last resort and agreed to submit all disputes which prove unamenable to settlement by negotiation to the decision of an arbitration board. Are they now to be told that, on demand of the other party, a whole class of disputes about which they feel deeply is to be ruled out of court altogether?

The analogy with the position in 1917 is far from perfect. Then, as a correspondent of the *Times* has pointed out, organized labor was weak, and the principle of collective bargaining had not won general recognition. The War Labor Board ruled that employers had to accept this principle, and in return for this tremendous gain organized labor could afford to forgo demands for the closed shop. Today the freezing of this issue would mean a one-sided concession by labor with no corresponding sacrifice by the employers, who have no expectation of eliminating the closed shop where it is already in operation. More than that, it would open the way to an actual deterioration in labor's bargaining position.

Let us consider the position in a large industrial plant now 90 per cent union organized and ripe for a closed-shop contract. War orders lead to a 100 per cent expansion in the working force, and many of the recruits, attracted from non-industrial pursuits, fail to see the connection between the good wages they enjoy and the previous efforts of the union. At the end of the war, if the union had managed to hold its original membership, it would have only 50 per cent of the total employees, and the management would be in a fine position not merely to resist any demand for a closed shop but perhaps to break the union altogether.

The question whether the closed shop has any place in a democracy is a debatable one, and so is the question of the private ownership of natural monopolies. But both these institutions have been accepted in certain industries for many years and have legal status. If the extension of the former is to be limited by administrative fiat or legislation, are the proponents of this step willing to have their arguments applied to the case of the latter, which is very similar in principle? We doubt it.

There have been suggestions both in the press and in Congressional circles that industry should be given its way in the matter of the closed shop by a revival of the Smith bill or some similar measure. We hope our legislators are awake to the reckless folly of this proposal. Labor has responded magnificently to the national danger and is showing in a hundred ways that it intends to "remember Pearl Harbor." Nothing would so much disturb morale as the insistence on punitive legislation by Congressmen unable to forget John L. Lewis.

Aid and Comfort to the Enemy

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 28

SO FAR as I can learn, the liberation of St. Pierre and Miquelon from Vichy rule by Free French forces was carried out with the knowledge and consent, if not the cooperation, of the British and Canadian governments. Vice-Admiral Emile Muselier spent several weeks on Canadian soil preparing for the occupation. In both London and Ottawa it was felt that the islands, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, were too important to the defense of the Dominion and the security of transatlantic trade routes to be left to the mercy of our State Department's incorrigible determination to play pat-a-cake with Vichy. The State Department did not consult Ottawa and London before making its agreement to protect Vichy control in Martinique, and Ottawa and London did not consult the State Department before permitting the Free French to restore free government and an anti-Axis regime in St. Pierre and Miquelon. The Free French did not consult the State Department because the State Department had not consulted the Free French, whom it still does not recognize. And it was well understood all around that the State Department, if consulted, would have objected because it does not intend to stop trying to appease Pétain until that aged puppet has outgrown his usefulness to Hitler and the Nazis take over France.

When news of the occupation reached the State Department, it instructed Ambassador Winant to file a protest with the British Foreign Office. Winant, who is no appeaser, assumed that the White House had approved the idea and made the protest. In Washington Samuel Reber, the State Department official in charge of French affairs and an appeaser from way back, went in person to protest at the British embassy. He was told that the British knew nothing about the occupation and didn't intend to do anything about it. In the meantime the Foreign Office, through Malcolm MacDonald, jumped the traces of protocol and reached Beaverbrook at the White House. The word which went back to London, after Beaverbrook had inquired, was that the State Department had ordered the protest without first clearing the matter at the White House. The British were informed that the President called in Hull and took the Secretary of State down a peg. Their feeling was that the State Department would be forced to back down on this matter. I am not so sure.

Whatever the outcome, the St. Pierre-Miquelon affair serves notice on the world that the American State Department is now the last stronghold of appeasement. It must also give the impression that our foreign policy is being run in the halfwit fashion that led so many of the Western democracies cheerfully to their doom. On November 24 the Free French delegation in New York released a letter written by the President on November 11 to Lease-Lend Administrator Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., declaring the defense of any Free French territory "vital to the defense of the United States." The invocation of that statutory formula placed lease-lend aid at the disposal of the Free French, and they opened an office in Washington to make arrangements for obtaining materials of war. On December 8, the day after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the Free French National Committee in London declared war on Japan. This was no empty gesture. In New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, and Tahiti the Free French control South Pacific islands that are now our only remaining stepping-stones to the Far East. Had we backed the Free French, they might have made French Indo-China our base against Japan, instead of leaving it to become Vichy's gift to Japan as a base against the Philippines and Thailand. The Free French are our allies. Vichy is the tool of our enemies. Yet on Christmas Day Cordell Hull, with a stupidity that calls for his removal from office, had the State Department issue a statement sneering at the "so-called Free French navy" and demanding restoration of St. Pierre and Miquelon to Vichy.

I have spent most of the day talking with representatives of the Free French, and I want to report that the Secretary of State's reference rankles. The State Department could not have chosen a better way to undermine the confidence of oppressed peoples everywhere than by its slur, and I think some way should be found to let the world know in decisive fashion that the undemocratic little clique of decayed pseudo-aristocrats and backsliding liberals who dominate the State Department do not speak for the American people. The people of St. Pierre and Miquelon have been dismissing Axis radio reports that we would force return of the islands to Vichy as typical Nazi lies. But to our own "Propaganda Ministry," Colonel Donovan's office for the coordination of information, has fallen the unhappy task of broadcasting to the French people and the French colonies in the past few days the fact that the democratic United States stands squarely behind the traitors who are Hitler's tools in France. How Donovan's division can hope to make effective pro-democratic propaganda in Europe after those broadcasts is a question the White House had better ponder. In North Africa native leaders have already been saying to the Free French, "Why should we take a chance on supporting you when the United States supports Vichy?"

The usual State Department secrecy surrounds this affair, but in the murk one can make out a few main figures. At the top is Cordell Hull with his capacity for yielding one democratic position after another behind the smoke screen of nebulous moral homilies. Too many young lives are at stake for us to be tender any longer with a Secretary of State who favored the sale to Japan of the oil and scrap iron which made possible the bombardment of Manila he now deplores. Lower down, in the bowels of the bureaucracy, is a figure like Reber, in charge of French affairs at the department. Reber received his training at our embassy in Rome under Breckinridge Long and William Phillips, socialite diplomats with strong leanings toward fascism. The rationalizations put forward for our attempts to appease Vichy are much the same as those that Long, Phillips, and Reber propounded for supplying Il Duce with scrap iron and oil for six months after the war began. Behind these figures and their picayune and transparent Machiavellianisms lie forces unsympathetic to democracy and uncomfortable when confronted with popular aspiration. There is also a dangerous under-cover animosity toward the British. In the picture, too, is the State Department's fondness for the Vatican and the Vatican's fondness for Vichy, and the Vatican's old hatred—a hatred it shares with the Fascists—for 1789. The atmosphere is one in which it is much easier to figure out reasons for further appeasement than for forthright and democratic action.

It may be that we must suffer some great and resounding defeat before we cleanse the State Department of the undemocratic bureaucracy which runs it, before we recognize that we cannot hope to muster the peoples of the world in a democratic crusade as long as our foreign policy is in the hands of men whose talk of democracy is made a sham by their actions. If the State Department proves strong enough—to our eternal shame—to force the return of St. Pierre and Miquelon to Vichy, perhaps this betrayal of democracy may at least wake us up enough to force a return of the control of our foreign policy to men more representative of the American people.

Hitler's Plight in Russia

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE most important news of the war at present comes from Russia. American and British losses in the Far East in the early stages of a Pacific war were written off in advance by all the experts. In view of British control of the Mediterranean and the large extent of American aid in the Near East, Axis defeats in the struggle for Libya were probable. But the German setbacks in Russia were definitely not foreseen, either by the Germans themselves or by the majority of neutral observers.

When in June, 1941, Hitler made one of his usual treacherous attacks, this time upon the Soviet Union, few observers believed the Russians had much chance of a successful resistance. The unwillingness of Soviet leaders to boast of their military progress to the outside world, plus the sorry showing made by half-trained reservists in the Finnish war, had led most military experts to rate Red Army troops rather low. During the first few months of the war, when the Germans, profiting by the impetus of their surprise attack, won smashing victories in the Battle of the Frontiers, general expectations seemed on their way to realization.

But the Russians failed to behave like Hitler's previous victims. They fought with more than mere courage. They were well-equipped for the newer type of war, and they resisted with an imaginative intelligence and utter disregard for life new in Nazi experience. Troops that were outmaneuvered and surrounded did not recognize their hopeless tactical position and surrender, but fought until all were killed, thereby inflicting heavy losses on the Germans, or else broke up into guerrilla bands and played havoc with transportation and communication. Retreating troops and civilians destroyed everything of value, planted thousands of land mines, poisoned wells and streams, and attempted to make all German advance profitless. Russian casualties were obviously enormous, but so were those of the Germans; and Russia had 180,000,000 to draw from as against 80,000,000 Germans. The Nazi communiqués, which in earlier campaigns had been models of terse accuracy, became more and more vague and imaginative. The Russian air force was repeatedly destroyed in communiqués, but in actual warfare seemed to possess the lives of a cat.

As the fall months passed, the Germans made immense gains of ground. The Baltic coast was taken, and besieging armies pressed close on Leningrad. On the central front the Reichswehr gained steadily. Disaster overtook the Russians in the Ukraine as Odessa, Kiev, Kharkov, and finally Rostov were reduced. The rich iron-mining region of Krivoy Rog, the valuable hydroelectric plants on the Dnieper, and at last the very heart of Russian industry in the Donetz Basin fell into enemy hands. But these captures netted the Germans surprisingly little immediate gain, since the "scorched earth" policy of the Chinese was applied successfully in a new sphere and the Russians repaired their huge losses from a seemingly endless supply of fresh men and material. Meanwhile the cardinal objective of German strategy, destruction of the Russian field armies, remained unachieved. A last great offensive before Moscow on the central front failed amid intense cold.

No sector of the war has been so consistently hard to analyze as the eastern front, for in no other area of combat are the unknown factors so numerous and important. The Russians have refused to allow even their allies to know what was actually taking place. Hence many persons have been puzzled by the recent German retreat, and some newspapermen have even accepted at face value the Germans' assurance that their retirement was a strategic one, made for the purpose of shortening their lines. This explanation has now lost all validity. Even if the forced retirement of high officers of the German army and Hitler's assumption of personal command did not signify a situation well out of hand, the uneasy tone of Goebbels's releases and his assurances that the war will be long and hard would do so. The German retreat has been accompanied by large losses of both men and material. For days at a time the *Luftwaffe* has been relatively inactive, leaving to the Russians the command of the air. Only out of dire necessity would the brilliant German High Command engage in so costly a "strategic retreat."

On the basis of known facts and reasonable deductions from those facts three explanations present themselves. In the first place, German lines of communication have become long and difficult beyond any previously known in modern war. All kinds of supplies have to come from Germany, for the Russians have destroyed everything they could. Russian railroads, even in the few cases where they have not been demolished, are valueless because of the difference in gauge. The construction of transportation lines is in itself a task requiring the services of hundreds of thousands of men. And their protection against swarms of saboteurs and guerrillas operating behind the German lines is all but impossible. This constant drain on men and material, increasing with distance, has taken much of the snap and punch out of German offensives.

Much more important is the fact that German troops are obviously in poor condition. They are less used to sub-zero weather than their Russian opponents and, thanks partly to the British blockade, are less well equipped for it. The Russians have shelters and facilities for recreation back of their lines, while the Germans would need weeks of uninterrupted effort back of stable lines to construct any that would be adequate. Constant campaigning has left the German troops physically exhausted. Sanitation under the circumstances is obviously difficult, and typhus, which preys on lice-covered, run-down soldiers, has already made its appearance. Such conditions have a bad effect, and the morale of even the hardened Germans is probably a matter of serious concern to the army leaders. In brief, the traditional defenses of Russia—severe winters and interminable distances—are actively aiding the Red Army.

Finally, Germany may very possibly be feeling a severe pinch in raw materials, especially in oil. An article by C. L. Sulzberger that appeared in the New York *Times* early in December cited Russian reasons for believing that the German oil supply was being expended faster than it could be replaced, and that Hitler at the time had reserves sufficient for only three to four months of extremely active conflict. While it is unsafe to assume that Germany has reached the point of economic exhaustion, the recent declines in submarine sinkings, the comparative inactivity of the *Luftwaffe,* and the enormous number of vehicles captured with engines worn out from using low-grade oils may indicate that Germany is nearing the bottom of its oil barrel.

Obviously Hitler, as personal commander of the German armies, is now on the spot. He must either deliver or be discredited. If the Germans are extremely short of raw materials, an offensive under present weather conditions might well spell their complete exhaustion before the Caucasian oil wells could be reached and utilized. With intense unrest and in some cases active rebellion in the remainder of Europe, it would probably be unsafe to reduce German garrisons in order to strengthen weakened lines in the Soviet Union. Meanwhile difficulties of transport and climate will continue to be grave.

On the other hand, the obvious face-saving expedient of withdrawing to easily held lines and starting a campaign elsewhere offers no easy solution. The plains of Eastern Europe are singularly flat and devoid of natural obstacles. In so vast a theater warfare must be active rather than passive, and any fixed position is subject to being outflanked and rendered worthless. If, as is implied, the Germans are seeking better positions, they will have a long retreat over hard-won ground before they find any relatively secure line of defense.

Further, Hitler would encounter stiff opposition anywhere except on a push through Spain and Portugal. The British position in the Near East, last summer so weak that a German attack through Turkey would certainly have succeeded, is now very much stronger. With Russia on his hands it is open to question whether Hitler could spare enough troops to achieve victory in the Near East—especially in view of the added transportation troubles such an effort would entail.

Don't Plan for Collapse

BY HAROLD STRAUSS

A GREAT deal of hokum is being talked about the inevitability of a post-war economic collapse. If the Cassandras were merely wrong, their indictment could be left to time. If they were merely prodding us to constructive action, their excessive zeal could be accepted. But actually they are fostering an almost pathological fear of the future which is inhibiting every useful effort to make that future a better one. We not only approach post-war problems in a mood of helpless resignation, but we allow ourselves to be heavily hampered in the war effort itself.

Pessimism about the future fires the determination of pressure groups to "get theirs" now. It makes industry refuse to expand. It drives labor to press its advantage. It causes forward-looking programs such as the Wagner-Voorhis resolution for the establishment of an anti-slump economic general staff to languish in committee. It undermines the work of determined expansionists like Leon Henderson. It was, according to *Life,* the common pretext for isolationism in the Middle West. It nourishes the plans of the corporate money managers for a severe deflation. It sidetracked the Reuther plan and vitiates the subcontracting program.

A few farsighted men have already denounced the inhibiting effect of our fear of the future. Sidney Blumenthal, chairman of a large textile concern, has said:

> We encounter apprehension everywhere as to the collapse when defense activity may be sharply curtailed. That fear drags on our utmost effort. That fear can be largely reduced once we convince the nation of its responsibility to continue large-scale production after the termination of the war. . . . As a part of our defense effort now, therefore, we need a plan for shifting over the full measure of our productive forces to peace-time needs.

And James B. Carey, secretary of the C. I. O., has made the statesman-like proposal that "we must lay down a guaranty of post-war production levels, assuring full employment and maximum use of facilities, to remove the chief fear blocking the present defense effort—fear of the future."

I suggest that with a moderate degree of sound planning, with more vigorous progressive leadership, and above all with general determination to make the avoidance of a post-war collapse an objective second only to winning the war, our fear of the future can be proved empty. Leon Henderson on several occasions has referred not only to the adverse effects of pessimism but to its groundlessness. On July 15 he delivered an address before the New York Housewares Manufacturers' Association in which a stirring vision of what Americans can make of their future glowed between the lines. The New York *Times* reported:

> Mr. Henderson expressed a belief that the expansion of over-all production caused by the defense program did not entail as great a danger of overexpansion as many business men thought.
>
> "There has been far too much concern within industry over the dangers of expansion, too much willingness to accept shortages of raw materials, of plant capacity, of power and freight cars as an inevitable concomitant of all-out production in this country," he said. "We have been too prone to think of vested interests, of friends in industry who might be embarrassed when the emergency is over by more plant capacity than it was thought could be used on the basis of past experience. Literally interpreted, this philosophy means that its proponents believe the country is done. . . . It assumes that because we have had unemployment in the past we can never achieve and maintain something approaching full employment. That philosophy is false, and will be proved so in the future. This armament program is going to teach the people one thing—that it is possible to have jobs, to earn high wages, to produce goods if the demand is there."

Mr. Henderson sees that the present demand has not come from the market-place but from an aroused community which insists on the production of certain kinds of goods regardless of profit and marketability. His statement is part of the modern revolt against purely financial control of production, and expresses the constructive belief that men, materials, and machines are assets that need only be organized in productive units in an orderly and balanced fashion to enhance the real wealth of the community. The London *Economist* made the same point in different words:

> The world is showing an unmistakable tendency to argue that if a thing is physically possible, whether it be fighting a war or removing unemployment, it must not be stopped by considerations of "sound finance" alone. In war, finance is manifestly a mere camp-follower, and the tendency is to reduce it to a dependent status in peace as well.

That this is not understood indicates a failure of progressive thought and progressive leadership. The greatest contribution to the immediate war effort that progressives could make would be a declaration that, come hell or high water, we will keep the workers in the factories and the farmers in the fields, producing the things that the world will never cease to need. It is useless to expect such a declaration to come from the conservative proponents of scarcity. And it has not yet come from progressives because progressive opinion today is factionalized and fragmented. Individual progressives are to be found in odd corners, grinding their private axes and nursing their private wounds. They content themselves with the consideration of symptoms and labor over the problems of the past—wages, hours, and the closed shop. One has only to go to almost any trade-union meeting to hear all the old slogans mouthed meaninglessly in a new context. Enlightened labor unions would not concern themselves with how little they can work *now*, or with how they can enlarge their share of the national income *now*. Instead, they would use their powerful strategic position to exact post-war maintenance of production, plant conversion, and retraining guaranties. Trade unions might thus become the practical apostles of full production and regain the social leadership they have forfeited to the dollar-a-year men by their regressive policies.

LEGISLATION AGAINST FEAR

Politically the focal point of progressive effort should be the joint resolution introduced by Senator Wagner on January 9, 1941, calling for the establishment of a post-emergency economic advisory commission and a national unemployment commission. Senator Wagner's concern with the continued production of the things we shall never cease to need was indicated when he said: "Most emphatically I do not have in mind merely another relief program on a gigantic scale. What I look forward to is a fully efficient and vigorous system of free enterprise moving progressively toward higher standards of life for ever-widening groups of people." The *Wall Street Journal*, sensing an attack on the artificially induced scarcities so dear to bankers, first tried to identify Wagner's program with "the familiar stop-gap spending programs of the past"; then, forced to backtrack, it suggested that the resolution was a measure "to forestall other investigations of the defense program." The progressives gave the resolution a shockingly apathetic reception. Only Richard L. Strout of the quasi-progressive *Christian Science Monitor* grasped its importance. In a front-page article published a few days later he stressed the close connection of Emergency Number One with Emergency Number Two, as he called the prospective post-war collapse, and showed why we must address some part of our attention to the second in the very midst of the first. For the shape of the post-war emergency is determined by our present decisions, and our war drive is hampered by fears of future collapse.

Every organization with a war job to do—and that includes government, industry, and labor—has to solve unprecedented financial and labor problems. Every procurement order signed, every tax bill passed, every agreement reached by collective bargaining involves fundamental assumptions concerning economic rights, duties, and privileges. These assumptions are valid only if they fit into a broad vision of the kind of world in which we, the people of America, wish to live. Pleas for the maintenance of the status quo are merely evasive; physical change must be met with institutional change. This is not to press opportunism upon labor; labor has come of age and must accept new responsibilities along with new privileges. Nor can we derive easy formulas from the solutions of the past. The past offers, for instance, no ethical grounds for determining a just entrepreneur's wage for a no-risk-taking capitalist who operates a munitions plant financed by the government. The past offers no simple rule for a fair adjustment of wage rates to rising living costs. The past cannot tell us how the power inherent in the union shop will be used by labor in war and peace. In the long run these are moral questions, having to do with the way we want to live together and the way we want to reward specific services to the community. And the value of various services to the community is constantly changing. To deny this is to create parasitic groups of rentiers and pensioners.

Although such questions call for long-range judgments, we are obliged to phrase tentative answers every day. The present and the future, the parts and the whole, the individual and the group, the group and society are separable only in the inner sanctum of the mind—as the French now know only too well. What part of the defense program is to be financed by taxation as against borrowing? To what extent shall we stimulate marginal factors of production by allowing price increases, as against commandeering factories and mines? The answers to such questions have little to do directly with national defense; they might make little difference in net arms output during the war. But they will determine the kind of society in which we shall live after the war. With the best will in the world we cannot, even temporarily, put social controversy on ice. Indeed, in time of war there is an acceleration of institutional change impossible in time of peace; the changes effected now will be conserved by the relative inertia of peace. That is how the shape of the future emergency is being determined now.

The only just reason for pessimism is our failure to address ourselves seriously to the problem of the future. You cannot arouse the élan that accomplishes miracles by telling people that they cannot do business with Hitler. The very word defense was an evasion and a political expedient. We now shall hear it no more. It was in essence a conservative concept; it implied defense of the status quo. And it was natural that conservatives should lead a conservative movement. The dollar-a-year men have not wormed their way into Washington or been smuggled there as a part of Roosevelt's betrayal of labor, as John L. Lewis would have it; they have ridden in on the flood tide of conservatism. The conservatives have used their advantage to sell the country the idea of a fearsome post-war collapse. I do not deny that this is a possibility, but to shape our policies upon the certainty of its advent is absolute folly. It is allowing the shape of our present emergency to be determined by fear of the coming one. I said above that net arms output might not be affected by the financial and labor policies adopted, but in practice it is often the threat or the promise of such policies that arouses the determination of pressure groups to "get theirs now."

Financial policy is now being dictated by business, which is instinctively reactionary in its philosophy and unable to think in terms bigger than itself. The crisis is being met by the world's most timorous men. Already much has been done to make the banker's dream world come true after the war, more than we can readily undo. And even if we can rectify conditions in the future, we can never undo the harm already done to our war effort —the present lack of aluminum, of power, of steel, and of a hundred other things, lacks that are the direct result of conservative policy and of the acceptance of a post-war collapse as inevitable. The conservatives know that hitherto they have prospered most under conditions of the greatest scarcity, and act accordingly. It is not too much to say that they are *planning* a post-war collapse. The consequences of dollar-a-year control are the increased cost of defense, retarded production, and deliberate planning for deflation.

HOW BUSINESS HAS BEEN BRIBED

Not much is being said about the costs of defense. Actually, they have soared scandalously. Though the public has been trained to look for war profiteers, by and large it has failed to find them because with the connivance of federal statutes the profits are concealed. Business obtained this connivance by insisting upon the inevitability of post-war collapse and the dangers of plant expansion. The business man admits that he is making a fair profit now but argues that he cannot have his profits taxed because he must accumulate liquid resources against the evil day. He has seized the initiative politically, though in his financial dealings he has found that reluctance and timidity pay; the greater the reluctance, the bigger the bribe. Business has expanded, but at a price so vast and so concealed that it can only be called bribery.

The first bribe was the five-year plant-amortization clause, which for tax purposes allows defense industries to charge 20 per cent of the cost of certified new plant construction each year to operating costs. It was originally intended that the 20 per cent amortization should be allowed only in tax returns and not in cost accounting under cost-plus-fixed-fee defense contracts (the commonest sort). For a while the Treasury tried to enforce this by insisting that certification for special amortization privileges be withheld until applicants proved that they were not "otherwise reimbursed." Now all Treasury control over certification has been removed, under the guileful plea of speed. The result is that the five-year-amortization clause offers much more than a tax remission; it allows business to eat its cake and have it too—to use up its factories, as far as tax liability is concerned, and still keep them running. For of course the paper rate of depreciation allowed by a benevolent government does not make the factories themselves wear out any quicker. Furthermore, it is not generally understood that since amortization charges are accrued in the form of cash reserves over a period of time, and since technological improvement is continuous, the amortization of a past investment usually provides funds for a much greater future investment in terms of productive capacity. This was fully developed in a TNEC investigation which showed why most great corporations no longer have to seek new money for expansion. What was not brought out by the TNEC was that the value of all cash reserves would show a staggering increase should prices fall drastically in a period of deflation. That is a major reason why business is planning for a collapse. It is possible for a corporation to have built a new plant in 1940; to have the cash that it cost returned by 1945, quite apart from profits and immune from taxes; to have the use of this plant for the remainder of its physical life, possibly fifteen or more years; to have the means of building a new and far more efficient plant; and, if costs have dropped after the war, to have a fat cash balance in hand. Thus a corporation may come out of the war with two or three times the productive capacity of its 1940 investment without having made any further investment.

The second bribe has come from the Defense Plant Corporation, which in various ways relieves reluctant business men of responsibilities. It seems obvious that the community should exact some major compensation for eliminating risk from enterprise, for it has thereby countered the traditional moral claim of business to a profit. It is not possible to calculate just how big a bribe is inherent in the Defense Plant scheme, for the final disposition of the factories built under it has not yet been settled. It is possible, however, that a future Administration favorable to business may donate or virtually donate the plants to the leasing corporations, under the smoke screen of some slogan about a return to "normalcy." The plants have cost the corporations nothing.

The third bribe is the ridiculous excess-profits tax, in both its 1940 and 1941 versions, under which defense industries, such as aircraft, steel, copper, and transportation, reap bonanzas over and above an indubitably large tax bill, while consumers'-goods and service industries, such as tobacco, merchandising, food, and utilities, pay the piper.

These are the new bribes, but there are also some of long standing. There are the scandalous depletion allowances of extractive industries. And there are the loopholes which allow corporations to conceal profits, a tendency so marked that the TNEC's Monograph XII on "Profits, Productive Activities, and New Investment" takes into statistical account what it politely calls "understatement of profits." It is interesting to speculate on the savings, in dollars and cents, which might have been the fruit of a vigorous and articulate progressive approach to long-range economic problems. Meanwhile the community, having let itself be persuaded that business needs protection against the perils of an "inevitable" collapse, is paying the price.

The increased cost of defense is only one result of the planned timorousness of dollar-a-year control; the second, the refusal of both big business and labor—as in the widespread enforcement of "featherbed" working rules—to expand production, is too familiar to need discussion. Regarding the third consequence, planned post-war collapse, it is clear that the motives are present, for the owners of hoarded cash have a vested interest in deflation, which will give their cash greater purchasing power. It is important to remember that going businesses are accumulating hoards of untaxed dollars in the guise of reserves of all kinds. These reserves are immediate deflationary offsets to government spending, a factor too little considered by those who are alarmed about inflation. Only recently Ganson Purcell of the SEC gave his official blessing to the intensive retirement of outstanding debt, out of fear of the terrible future. It is clear that all groups—business, labor, and government—are preparing to place a perversely high valuation on money as against goods. This invariably results in an accumulation of cash or bank deposits, the complete breakdown of new investment, a fall in prices, progressive unemployment, and all the other oppressive manifestations summed up in the phrase "idle men, idle money, idle machines."

After Emergency Number One has passed, business will be able to decrease production rapidly and once more effectively simulate scarcity. Provided its reserves are adequate, business can contemplate with satisfaction a period of low production, low prices, and *low costs.* Even the traditional penalty that has hitherto been exacted from business, inventory depreciation, has been greatly mitigated by the new practice of "last in, first out" accounting. Capital is able to provide for the lean years ahead, but labor eats up most of its income every day. Labor has a stake in full production, in an economy of abundance. It is labor, then, which must challenge the defeatism, the unimaginativeness, the conservatism of capital. Our job is to understand just what are the mechanisms whereby we are moving toward full production in war time, and to seek the means of carrying these mechanisms over into peace. Only in this fashion can we give substance to our determination to keep the workers in the factories and the farmers in the fields, and to lay the specter of fear.

[*In a second article Mr. Strauss will discuss how the mechanisms of full war production can be redirected to meet the needs of peace.*]

How Australia Built for War

BY HALLETT ABEND

AUSTRALIA'S strength or weakness has suddenly become a matter of vital concern to the United States, for we are now fighting shoulder to shoulder with it against an enemy both have profoundly mistrusted for decades. And it is strength, not weakness. Just returned from "down under," I am still stunned by the spectacle of a country which has genuinely gone "all out." Australia's war effort is prodigious.

It has a half-million men in uniform, eager volunteers; 120,000 of them are already overseas, and newspapers carry columns of casualty lists day after day. But the willing man-power of Australia would be of scant use to the empire if its troops, its airmen, and its navy looked to Britain for arms, munitions, and supplies.

They do not. This remote island continent, important a few years ago mostly for its vast flocks of sheep and its boundless fields of wheat, today is turning out planes, tanks, guns, ships, munitions, and the thousand miscellaneous articles that modern war demands. And these are produced in such quantity that Australia not only arms and supplies its own forces but also furnishes munitions to the British in Singapore, Malaya, India, the Near East, and Egypt. It has even helped supply New Zealand and the Dutch East Indies.

Peak employment in Australian munitions factories during the First World War was 4,000. This time it is 56,000. If persons employed in shipyards, airplane factories, and all the other war industries are reckoned in, 600,000 Australian men and women have war jobs.

Thus of Australia's 7,500,000 population—about equal to New York City's, spread incredibly thin over an area as great as the United States—1,100,000 are in the war, in uniform or out of it. That is one adult in every five. Even the city streets show the drain of men, but it is more noticeable in the back country. Hundreds of thousands of sheep went unshorn last year; much wheat could not be harvested or threshed. The men are at grimmer business.

The crowded places are new centers, without names, their location unadvertised. Flying over the lonely land, over hillsides golden with wattle and gorse, you suddenly come upon a sprawling town like those which have mushroomed near our own war plants. Lonely ranches—"stations" is the Australian word—have become vast explosives factories, deep inland to be safe from the guns of coastal raiders. Where sheep stations touched on a deep bay with an almost uninhabited hinterland, now are great shipyards. Twenty munitions towns have sprung up within two years. "It is sheer romance of production," a visiting British official said in wonderment. And this rapid transformation of an agricultural land into an industrial nation has been made possible solely by the foresight and organizing ability of one man, Essington Lewis.

He is Director General of Munitions. Against indifference and even opposition he laid the foundations for Australia's war industry when nobody believed there would be war. Now he directs 600,000 workers who have brought the commonwealth's war output close to the highest peak it can possibly reach considering the limits of its population, available machinery, and supply of raw materials.

Lewis, Australian-born mining engineer, managing director of the great Broken Hill properties (silver and lead mines, steel mills, and shipyards), went on a holiday trip in 1936. That was what he pretended it was. Actually he was uneasy over world events and set out to investigate for himself. He went to Singapore, China, Japan, the Dutch East Indies. After spending two months in Europe he arrived in New York. By that time his vague presentiments of evil had become firm conviction. He invited directors of the Bethlehem Steel Company to dinner and for two hours tried to convince them that Germany was getting ready to start another colossal war. He urged them to prepare for war production. "I am sure they thought that I was a bit cracked," he recalls ruefully.

He had no better success at home. The Prime Minister and the Cabinet were unimpressed, said bluntly they "couldn't start war talk," and in view of the humor the voters were then in, could make no appropriations for defense. Long afterward it developed that the Cabinet had inquired of the British government, in code, about the outlook and was told that Lewis was an alarmist. Lewis tried to start a press campaign; it fell flat.

But after Japan invaded China he got a more thoughtful hearing. In 1938, $5,000,000 was set aside to lay the groundwork for defense industries. To this Lewis added an undivulged sum of his own money. Attracting as little attention as possible, he directed the building of twenty-seven annexes to various industrial plants, with detailed plans for quick switchover to war production when the emergency should arise.

Seldom has foresight been more completely justified. The twenty-seven annexes quickly produced precision work that no inexperienced plant could turn out. Predictors for anti-aircraft guns, for example. One part that can be held in the palm of the hand is machined in a series of blended curves in three dimensions, and at 800 separate points it must be accurate within one-ten-thousandth of an inch. Without these predictors, anti-aircraft guns are useless; given them, it is comparatively easy to turn out the guns.

And so Australia is producing all the anti-aircraft guns it needs; indeed, is exporting them. More than fifty Australian firms are making anti-tank guns. They also made the guns which armed 200 merchant ships.

Speaking of ships, when the war began, Australia had one shipyard; now it has seven, building destroyers, corvettes, small naval craft, and freighters up to 9,000 tons. When I was there fifty corvettes were on the ways.

Behind the ships, of course, is steel. Lewis individually gets the credit for increasing Australia's steel-making capacity from 1,000,000 tons in 1939 to 1,800,000 tons for 1942. In fact, it was he who built Australia's first steel plant, the big Newcastle works, out of profits from Broken Hill mines.

Most spectacular achievement, perhaps, is the creation of an airplane industry. Until midsummer of 1939 Australia had no such thing. Now the country produces all its own training planes, from primary to advanced, and has a surplus to supply other empire pilots. It has just begun to turn out bombers and soon will be producing pursuit ships.

Deep in the center of the state of Victoria a thousand buildings spread over several square miles of what was open farm land a year ago should have begun, by the time this is published, the production of guncotton. The plant cost $28,000,000 and is to employ 11,000 men and women. Another such plant is being built in Queensland; a third is to be in Tasmania. Four factories which in peace time produced such diverse things as railway cars, illuminating gas, and automobiles are now turning out Bren-gun carriers, armored vehicles which have stood up well in action in North Africa and Syria. They are built with a special bullet-proof steel, the secret of whose manufacture was recently turned over to Britain and America by Lewis's plant at Newcastle.

Australian factories are likewise making a vast range of accessories and necessities—tank periscopes, telescopic gun sights, precision lenses, range finders, pontoon bridges, radio equipment, gas masks, parachutes. If the United States is turning itself into an arsenal for the democracies, Australia has already accomplished the gigantic task of turning itself into an arsenal for Britain's forces in the Far East.

Meanwhile, Britain clamors for beef and mutton, butter and cheese, wheat and wool, leather and canned fruits, which are being shipped in immense quantities. At the time of my visit Australian factories had in two months got orders for 3,000,000 blankets, 7,000,000 pairs of wool socks, 7,200,000 suits of underwear, 3,000,000 pullovers and jackets, 1,000,000 pairs of army boots, and other supplies on the same scale.

These are figures I got from Lewis one cold, rainy day, in his unpretentious Melbourne office. It looks like a real-estate man's office in any American town. Lewis himself—sixty, graying, a little heavy—might pass at a Rotary Club luncheon for a small-town business man. He puts on no side. He has, say the Australians, a way with men and a marvelous acquaintanceship. A notable memory for names and faces springs from his genuine interest in people.

He discussed Australia's war effort earnestly and freely, but his job saddens him. "After 1918 I sincerely hoped I should never live to see another war," he said. "But here we are, and we must get on with it."

He dropped into silences when he seemed to brood upon the baleful past and the uncertain future, while his gaze strayed to the rain-streaked window panes. He broke one of these short silences with a surprising statement: "Whatever happens, we owe a debt of eternal gratitude to the United States," he said. "America has kept nothing back from us. Anything we needed was always given freely and cheerfully—formulas, blueprints, detailed new methods. American aid did not begin with the lend-lease business. It has always been ours for the asking, and we'll never forget."

Correction

In our last issue an error occurred on page 666 in the article entitled "Warning from South America." The correct version is as follows: "Dr. Osvaldo Aranha, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Brazil, will act together with his colleague, the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Francisco de Campos, totalitarian technician of the Brazilian government. Besides these two officials, delegates to the consultative conference will also meet with General Eurico Dutra, chief of the General Staff of the Army, and with General Goes Monteiro, public apologists of a German victory. Propaganda will be in the hands of Lourival Fontes, Minister of Propaganda, whose methods have always resembled Goebbels's. The guaranties of the delegates will be enforced by the Chief of Police, the Brazilian-born German Nazi, Filinto Mueller."

In the Wind

WHEN IT WAS ANNOUNCED that Japanese submarines were off the coast of California, four members of the state House of Representatives submitted this resolution:

> House Resolution No. 37—Relative to asking the Emperor of Japan to defer action for a few weeks—*Whereas,* it is essential that the State Legislature calmly and deliberately consider what action should be taken by the State of California in its part in the present war and what steps be taken to guard the lives and property of citizens of the State of California; now, therefore, be it *Resolved by the Assembly of the State of California,* That we hereby request the Emperor of Japan not to take any action or to do anything drastic until after January 12, 1942, within which time the Legislature may make up its collective mind; and be it further *Resolved,* That we hereby further request the Emperor of Japan not to attempt to emulate in California the action of Germany in going through Holland and Belgium until at least after January 12, 1942.

DIXIANA: Uncle Remus Avenue in Atlanta recently became Lawton Place. "Proponents of the change," said the *Constitution,* "argued that most people thought they lived on a 'Negro street since Uncle Remus was the Negro character of the stories.' " . . . From a pamphlet issued by the Industrial Development Committee, Rockwood, Tennessee: "There is an abundance of common and semi-skilled labor in and around Rockwood. It is made up of the purest Anglo-Saxon population outside of a few well-behaved Negroes, there being no aliens. . . . There is almost unbelievable freedom from violence, radicalism, and unrest."

ALLEN ZOLL, sponsor of several organizations in the Coughlinite front, was in the pay of the Japanese government before the war, according to the New York Coordinating Committee for Democratic Action. The committee has revealed documents now in its possession which outline Zoll's plans for anti-Semitic pro-Japanese propaganda in this country. One letter from Zoll to a high Japanese official reads in part:

> Here our activities would be to discredit the opposition to your institution [Japan]. Just as an adroit lawyer wins cases through discrediting the opposition's witnesses, just so can the public mind be influenced by discrediting your attackers. . . . One of the most effective methods . . . is to show that a certain minority group in America, which is very unpopular here, are the ones who are opposed to you. . . . I mentioned this group in our previous conversations but for obvious reasons prefer not to put it in writing.

STATE REPRESENTATIVE CLAUDE BILBO, a relative of the Mississippi Senator, is being sued by the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Bilbo is also personnel director of the Jackson County Woolen Mills, and some of his employees recently knifed and beat two women organizers.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Bureaus on the Move

TEN thousand government employees moving out of Washington make comparatively little noise beside the thunder of the greater thousands moving in to bulge the hotels, the boarding-houses, and any spare beds anywhere. The movement of bureaus attracts little attention beside the movements of armed forces in the middle of a war. Even now, however, the transfer from the capital of a dozen federal agencies to make office space for more thousands of new office workers in war time may be as significant as a battle in shaping the future pattern of government in the United States.

Before the first fear of war Big Government in America had become necessary as bigger and bigger powers grew outside government, sometimes outside the control of any government, national or local. But sometime before the war government seemed to have swallowed the octopus itself. Not only was government big; also, so far as millions of Americans were concerned, it was absentee. It not only possessed new powers, but it sometimes seemed as far from the people as the controls exercised from a real or mythical Wall Street had once seemed to be.

Not even the anti-New Dealers have succeeded in giving the country an adequate conception of the size, measured in people, of the government which has been expanding along the Potomac shore. The expansion did not begin with the New Deal. The government was probably growing when its entire staff of 126 clerks moved with John Adams from Philadelphia to the empty river bottom George Washington had picked for our capital. Economical Calvin never got the number of his clerks in Washington down at all close to the level of those which worked for Woodrow Wilson before the first war. And when Germany invaded Poland, there were more government employees in Washington than were working there when the Armistice ended the First World War, which crowded Washington in its time. Since this war began, according to figures published by the Washington *Post*, something like 70,000 more have been added; and 40,000 more are expected. No wonder space is at a premium. Obviously the President acted wisely in sending peace-time agencies scurrying to other cities. I only hope it is the beginning of a migration—and not only for war time.

Probably nothing less than war could have pried these agencies out of the District of Columbia. A centripetal force brings more clerks where clerks are, even when the very forces of transportation and communication which have made more government necessary have made a less concentrated government possible. Indeed, even in the midst of war Murray Latimer, head of the Railroad Retirement Board, told a Congressional committee that if his agency were moved to Chicago half its employees would quit. It is on its way there all the same. And others are moving to other big cities, East and West. The rooms these peace-time agencies leave behind will make space for men and women necessary in the war effort. That is the important thing now. But also important is the fact that the moving will mean a crack in the concentration of big government in one place at a distance from millions of the people.

War, of course, is going to mean even bigger government, and government able to act quickly everywhere. Total war must bring a total country under one command. What that will mean, beyond war, is anybody's guess. It will certainly not mean less federal power. Even greater, then, in a victorious democracy, will be the necessity of getting government closer to the people than it can possibly be in one dropsical district a few miles from one coast of a continental country.

Of course, Chicago is no more American than Washington. Philadelphia and St. Louis are no closer to some parts of the United States than Washington is. But in their variety and separateness they are places where the governed predominate, and not the governors and their clerks. No one of them would be better than Washington, but the division of great government in cities across the whole land might help in the so far insoluble problem of bringing the government into closer contact with the people themselves—where they are, in shops and on farms, in cities and villages, on the roads. If the war does that, if it brings the peace-time functions of big government closer to the sprawling country, we can count it one gain. We can look forward to a democracy of great powers which governs in terms of people and not of statistics and reports—reports which now make it necessary to employ more people to keep our archives than the whole company of office-holders who first came to Washington to help make our history.

In bigness may be a power necessary to us now and in the future. But democracy must somehow find and keep closeness to the people, and not merely concentrated power far above them, far from them, all in one complex and overwhelming place.

Salvation by Semantics

LANGUAGE IN ACTION: A GUIDE TO ACCURATE THINKING. By S. I. Hayakawa. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

ACCORDING to the author this book has been inspired by Korzybski's system of general semantics. It reads like a popularization of Stuart Chase's "The Tyranny of Words." Were it presented as a textbook in rhetoric on the high-school level, its naive and crude approach to the problems of language might be held excusable on pedagogical grounds. But it is offered to all and sundry as the wisdom "of the twentieth century's newest science, semantics," as an indispensable safeguard against superstition, propaganda, and inaccurate thinking. And like everything else on the market today, stress is placed on its important but rather vague implications for democracy. There is reason to believe that the claims of the author and publisher will find wide acceptance among the fad-hungry reading public.

"Citizens of a modern society," writes Mr. Hayakawa, "need to be scientifically aware of the mechanisms of interpretation if they are to guard themselves against being driven mad by the welter of words with which they are now faced." By "mad" the author means, quite literally, insane. Failure to achieve semantic health causes not only insanity but a whole series of evils, from unemployment to marital incompatibility. Like his master, Korzybski, but not in so extreme a form, Mr. Hayakawa fails to distinguish between two very different sorts of things: linguistic confusions which may be eliminated by analysis, thus clearing the way for a fruitful approach to problems, and the causes of problems and their solutions, which are outside the scope of semantics. The notion that bad linguistic habits are at the root of our social evils and that good linguistic habits will abolish them is just as much a form of belief in verbal magic as the primitive's faith that his enemy can be slain by an incantation.

Running through the entire book is a series of fundamental confusions. There is the confusion expressed in the statement that "no word ever has exactly the same meaning twice." This is obviously false. Consider, for example, any two sentences like these about the number series: "One is less than two"; "Two is less than three." The words "two" and "less than" have exactly the same meaning in both sentences. Hayakawa, like Korzybski, systematically confuses things, no two of which are exactly the same, with relations, into which different things may enter. As things, twenty copper pennies are different from two silver dimes. But their currency value is exactly the same. As things, every copper piece differs from every other; but as pennies their value is identical.

There is a whole cluster of confusions about "two-valued orientation." This is the belief, according to the author, that every question has only two sides. Not satisfied with pointing out that the belief is not always true, he suggests that it is never true except for purposes of conflict. "The two-valued orientation produces [!] the combative spirit, *but nothing else.*" The language of everyday life, in contradistinction, shows only "multiple-valued" orientation, while that of science is "infinite-valued." This is the sheerest poppycock. The language of both everyday life and science recognizes that many questions allow only two mutually exclusive and exhaustive alternatives: for example, Shall I get married or not? Is any trace of arsenic observable or not?

There is the confusion about "intensional orientation." This concerns itself with the meanings or connotations of terms as contrasted with "extensional orientation," which takes account of the facts or "realities" noted. The first approach leads to day-dreaming, circular thinking, sometimes to insanity. Only the second is scientific. Mr. Hayakawa forgets that before we can go to the facts we must be able to deduce something from the connotation of our hypothesis about the facts. There is no recognition on his part of the role of logical implications in making explicit what we must expect to observe about facts when we entertain a hypothesis. The experiment or its reading is the end term of a process of which the manipulation of symbols, according to certain rules of inference, is an integral part. A "fact" doesn't prove or establish anything unless it confirms or refutes a prediction that *validly* follows from the connotation of the hypothesis. Despite its subtitle, this book tells us nothing about the criteria of accurate thinking. It doesn't even distinguish between logical validity and material truth.

Finally, there is the confusion on which the book culminates. The reader is asked to paste in his hat at least one basic and general rule which is a sure-fire guide for proper "extensional" orientation. The rule is: "COW_1 is not COW_2, COW_2 is not COW_3, . . ." The word "cow" (for which any term can be substituted) tells us what this cow has in common with other cows. The index number reminds us that this one is *different.* If only we can remember this, we will never identify an abstraction with a thing. Something, however, must be wrong with the rule. For if we apply Mr Hayakawa's previous rule to it—namely, "no word ever has exactly the same meaning twice"—there must be more than three cows here, since COW_2 is not COW_2. But we may let this pass; since, according to this school, consistency is important only as a symptom or cause of mental disorder. What is glaring about the error of Messrs. Korzybski and Hayakawa in this connection is their failure to observe that if, in a specific context, my attitude to cows is actually and justifiably based upon what they all have in common, the index number of any particular cow is irrelevant. In science as in common sense, it is sometimes just as important to grasp identities as differences.

The semantical rule about cows is soberly recommended for use whenever signs of mental disorder are apparent. Here is a typical situation, word for word as given by the author, in which the rule is invoked. "'I love her. . . . I love her. . . . Oh, if I could only forget that she is a waitress! . . . What will my friends think if I marry a *waitress?* . . . But I love her. . . . If only she weren't a *waitress.*' But waitress_1 is not waitress_2." There are other passages like this in the book.

SIDNEY HOOK

General de Gaulle

CHARLES DE GAULLE. By Philippe Barrès. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THE legend is already full grown in Africa that there once was a French corporal, a giant called De Gaulle, long dead and in his grave. One day the boots of another corporal, an upstart named Hitler in a tin-pot helmet, defiled the streets of Paris. Out leaped De Gaulle from his tomb and roared in fury, "I'm a general now and I'll show you something!"

Charles de Gaulle might just as well have been buried during the years when fools and traitors were digging a sepulcher for France. He put it all down, in books and General Staff memoranda—that the next war was going to roll on caterpillar treads, that the Maginot Line stopped where France's peril began, that the Nazis would pour over Belgium, divide, and conquer. He even named the exact gates of invasion, each town and river valley.

Nobody listened—except the Germans. De Gaulle invented the Germany army. It was von Ribbentrop and Hühnlein, of the *Kraftwagen Korps*, who gave M. Barrès his first tip on Guderian's "great French colleague, your specialist in mechanization." Pétain picked De Gaulle as aide-de-camp; Weygand cited him as "remarkable, bold, resourceful": but the brass hats went into battle thumbing the rules of 1914. Even Reynaud rejected his advice to withdraw to Brittany from Tours, to North Africa from Bordeaux.

Well, De Gaulle is really "a general now," and certainly showing Berlin and Vichy "something." This book, by the one-time chief editor of *Le Matin* and foreign editor of *Paris-Soir,* is badly needed. The Free French leader has no ball-of-fire personality. American newsreel audiences see more of the nose and the man's excessive, nearly freakish height than of his inner genius. The Dakar fiasco, over which M. Barrès drops a cautious curtain of "unpublishable military secrets," and the General's brash offer of African bases to Washington, which landed him in Churchill's doghouse for weeks, have encouraged the notion that De Gaulle is just another skull-bound soldier.

The author, who watched the débâcle as a captain at the Gamelin-Weygand G. H. Q. and has no illusions about frenzied futility among high commanders, sets things right. He quotes page after page of De Gaulle's writings and speeches—some of the clearest prose in modern military literature—and you see for yourself that the General was always right: not only in his warnings, but in his white-hot decisions as well; in his defiance of Vichy; in the restraint of his sorrow for the lost French fleet at Oran; in his scorn for Pétain's armistice: "We didn't need you, Marshal, to obtain such conditions of slavery. We didn't need the Conqueror of Verdun. Anybody would have done as well."

Commander at Laon and Abbeville—the only two engagements of the Battle of France which the Germans lost—De Gaulle proved how the tanks he had pleaded for six years earlier might have rewritten history. And from defeat he restored, in modest but symbolically vital measure, an army, a navy, an empire to his ally—and hope to his fatherland.

Is De Gaulle enough of a liberal and a democrat? Probably not. He is certainly a nationalist, of the type which has always regarded only dead Germans as good ones and had much to do with making Hitler possible. In the best of worlds we should like to have De Gaulle different. But the point is that Free France is at war. De Gaulle's officers and men, like all Frenchmen that have ever been or are yet to come, are divided in their philosophies. The one thing which unites them is their religion of France. Even if he were as progressive as could be wished, the General would have to stand on neutral ground politically to hold his troops' allegiance. After all, it is they who are fighting and dying. Roosevelt has accepted Churchill; Churchill, Beaverbrook; and Beaverbrook, Stalin. As De Gaulle himself told M. Barrès: "Some say I am in league with the Communists; others that I want to establish a monarchy, imperialism, or personal dictatorship. All these are forgetting one fact: France has been invaded. I am not a politician. I am a simple patriot who wants to liberate France." And he added the pledge that when the victory is won, "France herself through her popular assemblies, freely chosen, will decide the form of her government."

Hitler stands between the author and the sources necessary to a complete portrait. M. Barrès has produced less a biography than a chronicle of crisis and rededication. It tells a new story of the Republic's last days; how Churchill, at the final desperate conference, had "tears in his eyes"; how an officer barred the De Portes woman from Reynaud's door: "No, madame. If France must die, she will die decently." It salutes the Free French troops in Britain, in Africa, in Asia, and the Free French troops at home—the men, the women, the children, praying behind locked doors to the Cross of Lorraine.

M. Barrès, it must regretfully be added, has been betrayed by his translator and editor. Slovenly is the word for the English version. Gallicisms run riot in a translation monumental for its ineptitude. The rightist "Xaxier" (Xavier) Vallat, Spanish Ambassador "Leguerica" (Lequerica), the Nazi purge of "June 13" (30), 1934, are a few of the typesetting blunders. The stylistic inconsistencies, the tendency of "de" in the General's name to hop from lower to upper case, the weird misuse of italics, subheads, and footnotes, would horrify the proofreader of the humblest country weekly. Poor M. Barrès is a prime candidate for a Society of Mistreated Foreign Authors.

HAL LEHRMAN

Henry Miller, Revivalist

THE COLOSSUS OF MAROUSSI. By Henry Miller. The Colt Press. $3.50.

SOMEWHERE in the wilderness of contemporary American letters there is a man strolling around in a sheepskin with a notice-board that reads: "Don't look now but I'm pursuing God." I may have seen the notice slightly sideways and the last word may have two *o's*, but in the long run it's much the same thing. The point is that when Miller issues a book he uses his typewriter as a kind of papal throne from which to promulgate *ex cathedra* pronouncements; and to subject these pronouncements to the literary examination rather than the religious examination is silly. Miller does not write books; he makes acts of confession via the dictionary.

And the difference between his confessions and those of a dozen intelligent and tasteful individuals who also make confessions is that Henry Miller really has something to confess. Personally I find the spectacle of Miller flying off the transcendental handle at once tremendously exhilarating and incompletely comprehensible. I have the same sensation when I go, or rather, if I go to revivalist congregations. It whips up my optimism and I wonder why.

There are several categories of the mystic: Aldous Huxley, for instance, belongs to the aristocratic category that receives its revelations via historical interpretations; he is an academic mystic. Then there is the category of the inspired artisan such as John Bunyan or Henry Miller or D. H. Lawrence; and then there is the category of the natural saint such as Rilke. The characteristic of the inspired artisan, as I see it, is that he has no time for the academic mystic or the natural saint. Miller finds intolerable all those spiritual camels that have been taken through the eyes of needles by established grace. He has a camel of his own, and his books record the efforts he has made to take it through the eye of his intellect. I say all this because to me Miller is one of the few writers of the time who really preach toleration, which I take to be the negative aspect of love; but his own practice of toleration stops short when it comes up against any one of half a dozen *bêtes noires*. These include poetry, established grace, "effeminate young men from Oxford or Cambridge," Civilization, the English, decadence, etc.

For at heart the inspired artisan is simply the militant Protestant. Miller, for instance, embraces passionately the heresy that at the pinch all men are nice and good and capable of happiness. Therefore established authority is unnecessary and, what is more, immoral. This conviction leads to the most beautifully spurious bohemianism of belief, in which the individual venerates a phenomenon known officially as the Inner Light. I seem to remember someone saying that the characteristic of the Inner Light is that it leads you astray. It brings about the intolerable arrogance of minor messiahs, the private telephone conversations of hot-gospellers with God Almighty, the anarchy of minorities doing their damnedest to become majorities, and the suspicion among artists that each one of them is God. To this heresy Miller is St. John the Baptist, preaching in the deserts of Paris and London and New York that happiness is possible. He commits the magnificent crime of being an optimist. I only hope that when his optimism begins to bleed at the center, he will find something, somewhere, with which to staunch it.

Technically this book would go into the case marked Travel, but in fact it should be entered as a supplement to Miller's preceding books, and these go in the highly suspect corner marked Mysticism. Miller is not a writer any more than Pope Pius is a poet; he uses words because, as is said in Sweeney Agonistes, "I gotta use words when I talk to you." Miller's rather too deliberate exhibitions of illiteracy (he refers to The Phoenix and the Turtle as "one of the most mysterious sonnets Shakespeare wrote" and remarks, "My book knowledge is nil") seem to be intended to impress upon us his unconcern about his medium, but anyone who can make up titles as good as this particular title knows more about words than an illiterate. But he exploits only one aspect of the business, and this is the aspect where the writer adopts the toga and the histrionic pose to make melodramatic condemnations or felicitations all in prose, where the noun is abstract and the verb exaggeratedly violent. For example:

> During all the years that I have been writing I have steeled myself to the idea that I would not really be accepted, at least by my own countrymen, until after my death.

Or:

> For Durrell and myself reality lay wholly beyond the reach of their puny instruments, which in themselves were nothing more than clumsy reflections of their circumscribed imaginations locked forever in the hypothetical prison of logic. [This is about astronomers.]

But then for me Henry Miller is not a writer; he is a man going around with a notice-board about God.

GEORGE BARKER

War Leaders of the Confederacy

CONFLICT: THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By George Fort Milton. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

THE South has long needed a book by one of its own people that would show clearly how blindly the arrogant slave-holding aristocrats plunged the whole section into the suicidal folly of the Civil War, and how completely foreign that war was to the interests of all the people except a few thousand at the top of the social heap. George Fort Milton is a man who could write such a book, and in some of his earlier work, notably "The Eve of Conflict," he was within striking distance of the goal. This new book, however, rather veers off in a different direction. Although Mr. Milton is realistic and even critical in his attitude toward Southern leaders, including Lee, the tone of the book is pretty much on the conventional side.

The author lays considerable emphasis on the theory that the South, with better leadership, on several occasions might have won the war. For example, better use might have been made of Joseph E. Johnston. It is true that Jefferson Davis's lack of confidence in Johnston hampered the latter's work in the field, and even deprived him of command at important junctures of the war, but Johnston was reticent to the point of rudeness, and a better man than Jefferson Davis would have been hard put to get along with him. Again, Mr. Milton suggests that Lee was in error when he invaded the North in the campaign that ended in Gettysburg. Longstreet wanted to use a small force to contain the federal Army of Virginia, which had been battered at Chancellorsville, and move the bulk of Lee's army to the West. It seems plain now that Longstreet's plan was much better than Lee's. Moreover, the Confederate troops were badly handled at Gettysburg, whether the fault lay with Lee or with Longstreet. But even if the North had been defeated in the West, or at Gettysburg, it would probably have raised new armies and continued the war to victory.

Mr. Milton's exploration of all the military might-have-beens makes an absorbing story, and his one-volume account of four years of war will keep the reader interested all the way, even if it does not add much to our perspective of the Civil War.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

The Movies

THE year 1941 will, let us hope, be remembered as one of the worst in the history of the motion-picture industry. The public, on the verge of war, has apparently been unable to make up its mind what it wanted in the way of entertainment, and the industry has reflected this indecision by remaking old films, some of which should never have been made in the first place, and relying on the tritest of film formulas for the rest of its output. There have, of course, been several notable exceptions; "Citizen Kane," "Philadelphia Story," "How Green Was My Valley," and "The Lady Eve" here, each in its way, first-rate pictures. On the other hand, it is doubtful if any other year has seen such a batch of major horrors—in fact, there should really be a special set of academy awards; for mawkish sentimentality, "Blossoms in the Dust"; for phony social realism, "Tobacco Road"; for whimsy, "My Life with Caroline"; for bad taste, "Honky Tonk"; and for sheer nonsense, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The holiday films are just about what one would expect from the year's record. The most pretentious offering is "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," adapted from J. P. Marquand's novel. The chief quality of the book was a gentle but caustic irony which has emerged on the screen as rather heavy-handed humor; moreover, the picture doesn't seem to be about Boston more than any other city, and as everyone knows Boston is what Mr. Marquand writes about. Hedy Lamarr, through some strange quirk of the casting director, plays a brisk American business girl; an occasional ripple of motion plays over those statuesquely beautiful features, and everyone will be pleased to hear that she is getting on very well with her English.

"The Shanghai Gesture" was in its original form a somewhat daring melodrama with a good deal of gusto, but the film version has had to make such vast concessions to the Hays office that nothing much remains but silly dialogue and unintelligible situations. Mother Goddam has become Mother Gin Sling, and her establishment is now devoted to gambling; Sir Guy Charteris, the wicked Englishman, has also been cleaned up in the interests of Anglo-American solidarity, and his daughter is only permitted to drink and hiccup her way to doom. Josef von Sternberg, who directed the picture, has used a technique reminiscent of barnstorming days, and Gene Tierney contributes a performance which adds up to make this probably the worst, and unconsciously the funniest, picture of the year.

"How does a girl of your obvious background and culture happen to live in this strange jungle paradise?" (or something to that effect) asks the aging Professor of Maureen O'Sullivan in "Tarzan's Secret Treasure." Miss O'Sullivan's answer may satisfy the professor but certainly not the audience. However, Johnny Weismuller is as good a Tarzan as ever, and masses of crocodiles, elephants, monkeys, and natives on the warpath fill the screen. Children as well as adults in attendance will probably enjoy this.

The best picture showing at the moment is a Russian film, "The Girl from Leningrad," which up to a few months ago could not have been shown in this country. The action takes place during the Russo-Finnish War and tells a simple story of a nurse who goes to the front, thinks her fiancé is dead, is wounded, herself, recovers, and finds he is not dead after all—certainly not much of a plot. What makes the picture so moving is the simplicity, humor, and lack of bravado with which it is treated; moreover, it is free from the self-consciousness which pervades most Russian films made for foreign consumption, and in addition it should correct the impression that Russian women are homely, for in this case the star is a girl of great charm and appeal.

Also on Broadway at the moment are "Hellzapoppin" and "Remember the Day." For those who can stand a good deal of noise the first may be enjoyable; the second is strictly for the very sentimental, being concerned with the unhappy reminiscences of a schoolteacher whose lover was killed in the last war. Miss Colbert gives a nice performance, but even that doesn't make up for the fact that the film isn't exactly happy Christmas fare.

ANTHONY BOWER

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The Foundations and the Future of International Law. By P. H. Winfield. Macmillan. $1.25.

Collective Bargaining Contracts. Techniques of Negotiation and Administration with Topical Classification of Clauses. The Bureau of National Affairs. $7.50.

MUSIC

A YEAR ago, rejoicing over the coming of Virgil Thomson to the New York *Herald Tribune,* I said that I expected to be irritated by his perversity as often as delighted by his penetration. Today I can speak not of expectation but of fact—of the writing Mr. Thomson has done, some of which has been wonderful and some terrible. Discussing Large Questions like a five-year plan for the New York Philharmonic, or mere pet ideas like the wow technique of Toscanini, Mr. Thomson has occasionally been terrible; but about pieces of music and performances he has often been wonderful. And one example is good and important enough to quote from here.

"Dimitri Mitropoulos has taken over the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts like an occupying army," he began the other day. "To the outward ear all is discipline, machine finish, tension, and power. To the inner one that listens less *to* music than *for* it, there were slim pickings yesterday afternoon." One of the works performed by Mitropoulos was David Diamond's Symphony No. 1; and speaking correctly of Diamond's "constant employment of hubbub as a substitute for interesting complexity," and later of the absence in the music of "American ways and means" except "a substratum . . . of steady short-beat rhythm that, if it isn't wholly of this hemisphere, is certainly local in its origins," Mr. Thomson went on to say: "Mr. Mitropoulos seemed to misunderstand this rhythmic substratum, to take it as the deliberate effort on Mr. Diamond's part to depict nervousness. Now David Diamond has a healthy, though not always interesting, musical mind. His thought is often imprecise and quite regularly self-indulgent. But jittery it certainly is not. Jittery and musically unsure are what I suspect Mr. Mitropoulos of being, underneath all the panoply of his technical command. He makes every piece I have ever heard him conduct sound nervous and violent"; and summed this up with a reference to Mitropoulos's "Panzer division tactics."

This review is important because it was only after Mr. Thomson had spoken out about Barbirolli last year that some of his colleagues spoke too; and only under this pressure that the Philharmonic-Symphony directors acted—but then only to be ready to capitulate to the Mitropoulos blitz tactics. Now that Mr. Thomson has said his say on Mitropoulos some of his colleagues may follow his lead again; the directors may follow the lead of the press; and we may be saved from Mitropoulos as chief conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony.

More and more I prefer to listen to music at home from records and broadcasts. They don't give me the sound of a great orchestra playing under a great conductor in Carnegie Hall; but on the infrequent occasions when a great orchestra and conductor are in Carnegie Hall—when, for example, Beecham conducts the Philadelphia Orchestra in superb performances of Haydn and Mozart—I can go, and do. And on other occasions listening at home offers priceless advantages: I was, for example, able to shut off the radio when I had heard as much as I cared to hear of the Diamond Symphony; whereas at a concert of the National Orchestral Association I had to endure William Schuman's Cantata "This Is Our Time" to the end. And even at the Beecham-Philadelphia Orchestra concert I had to sit through all of Virgil Thomson's Symphony No. 2, when at home I would have stopped after one movement. As a composer too Mr. Thomson can be very good and very bad; and as a composer too he is, apparently, bad when he is concerned with pet ideas—in this symphony his pet hates of "the static rhetorical symmetry of thematic returns and recapitulations" that "depersonalize the expression," and other "structural continuity devices" of classical sonata form that distract listeners' attention "from whatever direct and personal communication the music may have to offer them." But it is my impression that all these devices were part of an ordered use of the medium for the purpose of ordered "direct and personal communication"; and while a composer who doesn't like these particular devices may use any others that suit him better, the principle of free association which Mr. Thomson seems to have used made incoherent a "personal communication" that impressed me as inconsequential.

B. H. HAGGIN

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The Shape of Things

MR. EDEN, BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY, WAS able to give a very cheerful report on his return from Moscow, where he had spent two weeks in conferences with Stalin and other Russian leaders. The British and Russians now seem to be working together in genuine harmony and to have banished the suspicions which poisoned relations even after Hitler began his eastern offensive. Mr. Eden declared: "When our communiqué states our identity of views on all questions relating to the conduct of the war, those words are not mere diplomatic jargon; they tell the literal and absolute truth." The Foreign Secretary had been able to see for himself the effects of the relentless pressure against the Nazi lines. And he was able to announce that although Soviet production had suffered heavily in the invasion, industry was making a come-back and output had begun to climb again. In the past week the Red Army has made significant progress in more than one area. On the Moscow front it has driven new wedges into the German line and has succeeded in practically surrounding the strongly fortified town of Mozhaisk, which is the kingpin of the Nazi position. In the south the recapture of Kerch and Feodosiya in the eastern Crimea promises to bring relief to the garrison of Sevastopol, which has stoutly beaten off every Nazi assault for three months. And if this should prove possible, German evacuation of the whole peninsula and a retreat of the Nazi forces still clinging to the edge of the Donetz basin are likely to follow.

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THE DESCENT OF THE BRITISH COMMANDOS on two widely separated Nazi outposts in Norway not only provided thrilling holiday reading but produced significant results. Nine or more German ships were sunk, a considerable number of prisoners taken, installations destroyed, a hundred Norwegian volunteers brought back to England, and German shipping interrupted all along the coast. The combined land, air, and sea operations seem to have proceeded like clockwork, and casualties were very light apart from the loss of eleven planes covering the more extensive of the two raids, that on the islands of Vägsoe and Mäloy. The value of attacks of this nature is not to be measured by the immediate dividends. The intangible profits are harder to assess but probably still more important. There is good evidence, borne out by the raids themselves, that the Nazi forces in Norway have been reduced both in quality and quantity. After all, seasoned winter warriors are badly needed in Russia. The knowledge that the British can swoop down with blazing tommy-guns is not going to improve the nerves of the German garrison, while the High Command is going to be concerned lest these forays prove the prelude to a full-scale invasion. Nazi fury sought a futile outlet by the slaughter of eleven Norse prisoners at Stavanger. Such tactics cannot expunge the lift given to Norwegian spirits by the raids; they can only strengthen Norwegian hatred and determination. We hope it may prove possible for the British to carry out such raids with increasing frequency not only on Norway but at many different points on the long Nazi-held coastline, which has hitherto been an Axis asset owing to the facilities it offered for carrying out air and submarine raids. Since it is far too extensive to be fully guarded, it can be turned into a liability as Allied strength grows.

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JAPAN'S DEFEAT AT CHANGSHA AT THE hands of the Chinese comes as a welcome relief after the succession of Japanese triumphs elsewhere in the Pacific. The attack was the fourth attempt the Japanese have made to capture this important city, and the setback appears to have been even more serious than those ending the previous attempts. Both the Japanese and the Chinese tactics seem to have paralleled closely those employed in the October drive. On both occasions the Japanese closed the Milo River and marched down the Hankow-Canton railway virtually unopposed by the Chinese forces. But as the Japanese neared the city, the Chinese attacked from both flanks and the rear, trapping the invader and inflicting tremendous losses. In striking contrast to reports from the Philippines, there is no mention of the use of Japanese planes in support of the ground forces. This suggests a very definite limit to Japanese air resources which must ultimately become apparent on other fronts. But the fact that Japan was unable to use planes in no sense detracts from the victory of the Chinese, who have increasingly demonstrated their ability to deal with whatever mode of attack the Japanese choose to employ.

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THE STATE DEPARTMENT DOESN'T LIKE "free" movements. It has said so. It has advised "free" Americans to steer clear of them. It has called the De Gaullists "so-called Free French," as if to suggest that the authentic Free French are the functionaries who sit at Vichy with a Nazi noose around their necks. To justify its outrageous attempt to oust the forces of Admiral Muselier from St. Pierre and Miquelon, the department has gone so far as to imply that the Free French are not even French. Through its "utensil"—to use Winston Churchill's happy epithet—Arthur Krock, the State Department has put out a curious apologia for its behavior: it pretends that its opposition to De Gaullist control of the islands was necessary under the provision of the Havana convention which held that no non-American state should be permitted to attempt, directly or indirectly, "to replace another non-American state in the sovereignty . . . which it exercised over any territory located in the Americas." The absurdity of classifying the Free French coup, even if it had not been indorsed by the almost unanimous vote of the population, as a change of sovereignty is obvious to any but a State Department mind. The argument has certainly made no visible impression on the public, which continues in letters to the press and to public officials to express its distaste for our government's violation of the principles of freedom for which the war presumably is being fought. (The State Department is said to have received many protests addressed to the "so-called State Department.") Meanwhile Admiral Muselier remains in St. Pierre, and the French fleet has not yet been turned over to Hitler.

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FREE SPANIARDS ARE EVEN LESS POPULAR than Free Frenchmen with the reactionaries in the State Department. Republican or Socialist, worker or minister, all Spanish Loyalists look alike to the Berles and Longs: they all look like reds. It must be embarrassing to these officials to observe the recent behavior of Dr. Negrín, last Premier of Free Spain. Dr. Negrín, whose followers are shut out of a country to which representatives of Franco and Pétain have easy access, has performed a service for the Allied cause which even a State Department official might recognize as patriotic and courageous. As one of twenty scientists he volunteered to help Dr. J. B. S. Haldane test the effects on the body of various gases under high pressure, with the object of making escape from submarines less hazardous. A news dispatch describes one of the experiments in these words:

> For hours Dr. Negrín and the other volunteers have been cramped into a small steel chamber. They have undergone convulsions as severe as those in an extreme epileptic fit. They have had almost unendurable headaches. They have been in frequent danger of death from air embolisms.

Here we have an act of gallantry which is beyond praise. When one recalls the not too distant past and the treatment of Dr. Negrín's country in its blackest hour by the British government then in power, the magnanimity of his service stands out in bold relief. The explanation is, of course, simple. Dr. Negrín is one of those suspect cases—a man who is willing to risk death for freedom.

A NEW WAVE OF UNREST IS SWEEPING OVER France. In Brest a "serious incident," the nature of which has not yet been disclosed, has led to suspension of the city council. In Paris there have been bombings of Germans, riots suppressed by machine-guns, and the execution of an unknown number of hostages. Not only Nazis but French collaborationists are feeling the sharp edge of popular anger. Yves Paringaux, who is believed to have been murdered, was a fascist of long standing and the chief assistant of Pierre Pucheu, who owed to Nazi support his appointment to the key position of Minister of the Interior in the Vichy government. Simultaneously with this outbreak of violence the German-controlled Paris press has opened a new campaign against Pétain, who is accused of lack of zeal in collaboration, and German sources have been hinting at growing strain between Vichy and Berlin. We suspect that this effort to depict the Marshal as stiffening in his opposition to Germany should not be taken at its face value. The maintenance of the Pétain myth is important to the Nazis, for while the ancient Marshal still commands some popular respect, no open revolt against Vichy is likely. Moreover, it makes it easier for our State Department to keep up its appeasement policy, for which the only possible justification is the theory that Pétain still has some freedom of action. Any indication that belief in this theory is waning is always a signal for the kept Paris press to assail Vichy for being too pro-American. We must not be misled by such maneuvers. We must not forget that the only obstacle to Nazi insistence on full collaboration is the determined opposition of the mass of the French people. We shall only confuse and weaken that opposition by continuing to appease Vichy.

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THE RESIGNATION OF GANDHI FROM THE leadership of the All-India Congress Party and the tentative gesture of cooperation with Britain made by the party's executive committee provide the British government with a new and favorable opportunity to enlist the whole-hearted support of the Indian people in the war effort. In order to achieve this end it will be necessary for London to give India forthright pledges of self-determination after the war and meanwhile to admit Indian leaders to a real partnership in the government. These are, in effect, the proposals made by a group of fifteen distinguished Indian moderates in a cabled appeal to Mr. Churchill to act while there is yet time. The expiration of the term of Lord Linlithgow, the present Viceroy, makes possible a change in policy which could be dramatized either by the appointment to this office of some Englishman known to India as a genuine friend or better still by naming an Indian commanding the respect of all parties. Gandhi resigned because personally he felt compelled to continue the civil-disobedience movement for freedom of speech against all wars, while the majority of the Congress executives believed that this attitude was no longer realistic now that the war was approaching the gates of India. Its resolution indicating a shift toward collaboration with the British made it clear that this move was dictated by sympathy with the victims of aggression rather than by a feeling that Britain itself deserved support. "Only a free and independent India," it declared, "can be in a position to undertake the defense of the country on a national basis and be of help in furtherance of the larger causes that are emerging from the storm of war." The next step is plainly up to the British government.

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IF ST. ADOLF OF BERCHTESGADEN AGREES TO the plan for a new *Ersatz* religion worked out by Apostle Rosenberg, the German people are in for some of the grimmest hilarity since the Saint's misbegotten beer-cellar putsch. The budding Faith has thirty articles, the first of which is to grab all the property, including the churches and chapels, belonging to existing religions. This is not as harsh as it may seem because these other religions "will not be tolerated in Germany by the National Reich Church" (Article Four) and therefore will have no use for places of worship anyway. Mr. Rosenberg, with a sense of delicacy rare for a prophet, insists that "these living monuments of German culture" will be subjected to "no structural alterations" whatever (Article Six); far from intending any such desecration, the new faith will simply "remove from the altars of all churches the Bible, the cross, and religious objects" (Article Eighteen), in place of which "will be set that which must be venerated by the German people and therefore is by God, our most saintly book, 'Mein Kampf,' and to the left of that a sword" (Article Nineteen). For "the Christian cross" will be substituted "the symbol of invincible Germany—the swastika" (Article Thirty). Nothing sacrilegious is intended by these provisions; they will merely implement the National Reich Church's "one objective: to destroy that Christian belief imported into Germany in the unfortunate year 800" (Article Five). As a matter of fact, the good Nazis who file into church on Saturday nights ("with festive illumination") will be instructed to "recognize God and his eternal work" (Article Nine), though of course "there will be no kneeling . . . as this action is undignified to a German" (Article Twenty-six).

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CHARLES LINDBERGH'S OFFER TO SERVE IN the army air force was inevitable, and perhaps some who opposed his conduct during the past two years think he should be given a chance to redeem himself. We are all for unity and as much sweetness and light as the traffic will bear, but to give Mr. Lindbergh any important role in the war effort or even to accept his advice at face value would seem to us to go considerably beyond the limits of safety. What might be a sporting gesture in the annual Rose Bowl game would come close to criminal irresponsibility in a war in which every decent tradition of the United States is at stake. What would be the spirit of men sent into battle by an officer who thinks that "this war was lost by England and France even before it was declared"; who was certain that Germany's air force could beat any coalition that might oppose it; who asserted that "we cannot win this war for England regardless of how much assistance we send" and warned us against fighting a war at the side of that country lest it betray us just as it "turned against France"; who declared publicly, "It would not be best to see Germany defeated; I would prefer to see neither side win"? For that matter, what could be the morale of the ex-Colonel himself in serving a government whose right to office he has repeatedly questioned? And as for his "advice," which Secretary of War Stimson politely announced "will be gratefully received and carefully considered," wasn't it scuttled at Pearl Harbor by an enemy that could never attack across a span of three thousand miles of water? Or was it perhaps beaten to a pulp by a Red Army that couldn't fight?

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THE EXTENT TO WHICH PRIVATE BUSINESS groups have hampered the defense effort out of fear that their control over industry would be endangered by increased production is stressed by Assistant Attorney General Thurman Arnold in his annual report to Congress. Mr. Arnold asserts that "there is not an organized basic industry in the United States which has not been restricting production by some device or other." This will not be news to readers of *The Nation* who have been following I. F. Stone's analyses of the shortcomings of the defense effort, but it is none the less a powerful indictment of organized business and the responsible government officials who have permitted this situation to exist in a period of national emergency. The recent ban on the production of automobiles and tires indicates that the government's policies are changing under the duress of war. But as Mr. Arnold points out, the problem is not confined to a few industries. We face a fundamental conflict of interest when we seek to get maximum production through the instrumentality of men who must, as part of their jobs, take into account the post-war capital value of the industries they control.

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EVERY AVAILABLE PIECE OF EVIDENCE indicates that the government is strictly living up to the high standards it has set for itself in the treatment of aliens from enemy countries. It has so far attempted no general reclassification of such aliens, and perhaps that is just as well, although refugees from Hitler's terror naturally dislike finding themselves in the category of "enemies." But a general separation of the sheep from the goats would prove an enormous job and might easily lead to abuses in quarters where prejudice runs strong. The Department of Justice has adopted the sensible attitude that most aliens are doubtless pro-American and are neither to be discriminated against by the government nor bullied by misguided citizens. Certain minor restrictions have been uniformly imposed on all aliens technically rated as "enemy." They have been ordered to turn in to the police short-wave radios, cameras, and firearms and to give a week's notice before taking trips. Such inconveniences will be accepted without complaint by refugees, who are only too glad to feel that their Nazi or Fascist compatriots are under surveillance and restraint. At the same time civilian boards are being set up in every city to pass on cases of aliens charged with acts of disloyalty. While not all of them are satisfactory as to personnel, the system promises a generally unbiased consideration of each case on its merits. We have every reason to hope that under the enlightened guidance of Attorney General Biddle the alien problem will be handled with tolerance and wisdom as well as firmness.

Hanging Together

THE Declaration of the United Nations, like the Declaration of Independence, is a recognition of Benjamin Franklin's horse sense, for "we must indeed hang together, or, assuredly, we shall all hang separately." It has taken a long time for this simple idea to be accepted, but now the United States, in common with many other of the signatories, has felt the hot breath of the executioner on its neck, and we acknowledge that the price of survival is to fight together, work together, and stick together. At Washington twenty-six nations have mutually pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. They have agreed to employ their full resources, military and economic, in the fight against the Axis powers, to cooperate with one another, and to make no separate armistice or peace. This is a solemn oath, and if it is to be honored in the spirit as in the letter the signatory nations must be prepared to make more than a material contribution; they must also endeavor to overcome their jealousies and sink their prejudices.

A good start has been made in giving practical effect to the Declaration of the United Nations by the agreement reached in Washington for unified command in the Far East. We hope there will be no heart-burnings in the American services at the appointment of a British commander-in-chief. General Wavell has made a great record already in this war. He has won his victories against heavy odds, and his defeats have been in the face of even heavier odds. The decision to place him in charge of all the Allied forces, land, sea, and air, in the southwest Pacific is a very wise one; the course of the war has proved that victory demands the complete coordination of all arms. The first Libyan campaign was won because Wavell secured perfect cooperation among the British army, navy, and air force. And in so doing he proved his tact, for on that occasion his authority extended only to the army. It is a quality likely to be often needed in carrying out his new task with the aid of colleagues from half a dozen allied nations.

Unified command cannot be confined to the Far East, and it is probable that before this issue of *The Nation* appears the Washington conferees will have reached agreement in regard to other theaters. A most pressing need is for a single commander-in-chief for the Atlantic, where we must be prepared for a new and furious offensive in the next few months. Even more urgent is the case for the creation of a joint General Staff to work on problems of total strategy and supply. There is little point in setting up unified command in the Far East or elsewhere if decisions as to what reinforcements and supplies shall be sent there are to be taken separately in Washington and London. Presumably President Roosevelt and Premier Churchill have reached an agreement as to the distribution between the different fronts of men and material now available or soon to be available. But new arrangements will have to be made as the fortunes of war change and sway, and in deciding how to dispose of our pooled production to the best advantage we must also provide for a pool of brains and information.

Hints have come from Washington of some kind of Anglo-American supply council which would coordinate the industrial efforts of the two countries. Some progress in the standardization of weapons is believed to have been made since the Lend-Lease Act was passed, but it is probable that a great deal of duplication of effort could be avoided by a closer gearing of supply services. Some kind of continuous joint supervision over the allocation of raw materials would also make for greater efficiency. We must make as certain as possible that excess stocks of commodities urgently needed in one country are not allowed to pile up in another. A further need—and one which may be well on the way to satisfaction—is for a pool of shipping. Among them the United Nations control a vast merchant fleet, but the demands on it are enormous. We must try to streamline its operation so that the turn-around of ships in harbor is expedited and sailings in ballast are avoided whenever possible. Cooperation between the British Minister of Shipping, the United States Commission, and the shipping authorities of Norway, Holland, and other allies with extensive fleets cannot be too close. In fact, it might be wise to put all Allied vessels under one supreme control.

The first point of the Declaration of the United Nations is a pledge to pool material resources; the second is a promise to follow a common political policy, for without that the agreement not to make a separate peace can hardly be fully effective. The declaration is clear enough on the subject of what we are fighting *against*, but on the question of what we are fighting *for* it has been content with the rather blurred outline provided by the Atlantic Charter. But even this may serve provisionally as a basis of foreign policies provided that the signatory nations agree on an interpretation which honors the spirit more than the text. Concretely this means a coordinated propaganda which appeals to the democratic elements in both neutral and conquered lands. It means a common policy in regard to such non-belligerent collaborators of the Axis as Vichy France and Franco Spain, and this policy must turn its back on appeasement. For the United Nations cannot remain united if some of them insist on dickering with friends of the enemy. That is the way to breed fatal suspicions. One other point. We welcome the announcement of the State Department that it will receive statements of adherence to the declaration from "appropriate authorities which are not governments"; this gives the Free French, the Free Danes, and other democratic groups an opportunity to align themselves with the signatories. But we should welcome still more recognition of the Free French as a fighting associate in their own right. We should also like to suggest that the decision as to who is an "appropriate authority" ought not to be left to the State Department but should be the task of a representative committee of the United Nations. Otherwise we may find semi-recognition being conferred on such spurious democrats as Tibor de Eckhardt or even on hopeful royal exiles such as Otto of Austria or Carol of Rumania.

Roosevelt Must Act

IN OCTOBER, 1940, the nation's leading automobile manufacturers met in New York City and adopted a resolution pledging themselves to "subordinate work on automotive model changes to the necessities of the defense program and specifically to aviation procurement." They called on the president of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association to appoint a committee "to cooperate with all those in the automotive industry, the aviation industry, the tool-and-die makers, and automotive body shops in determining and listing all available facilities adaptable to airplane-parts production." The action was hailed at the time as a great contribution to the defense program, but little ever came of it. The industry went ahead on the second greatest production year in its history, consuming huge quantities of steel and other strategic materials while important armament work was slowed up for lack of the same supplies. Had the industry produced only 1,000 planes instead of the 5,000,000 cars it built last year, MacArthur might have been able to keep the Japanese out of the Philippines.

We believe that the results of the automobile-industry conference being held in Washington as we go to press will be equally disappointing if too much reliance is placed on the industry's promises. At the end of the first day's meeting the industry's representatives had given no indication of any willingness to pool their facilities or to convert them to defense on a large scale. On the contrary, automobile manufacturers on the eve of the conference had inserted a full-page advertisement in the country's leading newspapers accusing the "men who ran the sitdown strikes" of attempting to take over the automotive industry. At the conference itself they sat ominously silent, neither accepting nor disputing the proposals put forward by labor. The only industry representative to speak, C. E. Wilson, president of General Motors, indicated no change in the characteristic and unpatriotic greediness of automobile makers. He asked for further production of automobiles in February and for more liberal treatment of the industry on taxes and arms contracts. The conference adjourned without going on record for conversion or pooling, leaving behind it a ten-man labor-management advisory committee to palaver in Washington and in Detroit and report to Knudsen and Hillman as heads of the OPM. The committee has no power to force large-scale conversion of the automobile industry; and while Knudsen lacks the desire to compel conversion, Hillman lacks the personal force and fighting ability to put it over.

In our opinion the automobile industry has no intention of embarking on large-scale conversion of its facilities to war production unless it is forced to do so. Its strategy is to deceive the public about the results of this conference, to keep labor as far as possible from participation in management, and to go its own sweet way on the basis most profitable to it. This means obtaining as much truck work as it can, since trucks require the least change in automotive machinery, and leaving as much other armament work as possible to be done in new plane and tank plants now beginning to operate.

After more than a year and a half of Knudsen and Knudsenism the defense of our country is still being subordinated to the profits of the automobile industry. After all these months no survey has yet been made of the industry's capacity to move into war production. We think it is time the President acted. Under Section 9 of the Selective Service Act he has full power to place compulsory war orders in industry. Under this section he can establish a joint labor-government-management board to pool the automobile industry's facilities, to allocate orders on the most effective basis among these facilities, and to order the necessary conversion. We believe it is Mr. Roosevelt's duty to cut through the fog of false reports and industrial malingering and draft the automobile industry for war. The responsibility is his, and his failure to act will cost us heavily in lives lost and strategic positions abandoned for lack of the arms which the automobile industry could produce if properly organized.

Manila Falls

THE New Year started about as inauspiciously as possible for American arms. Within its first few hours Manila, capital of the Philippines, and Cavite, our great naval base in Manila Bay, were captured by the Japanese. With a lack of candor which seems inevitable in war time, the press has generally sought to minimize the loss of these two vital points. Much emphasis is being given to the fact that Manila Bay is largely useless to the invader as long as the American flag flies over the island fortress of Corregidor. This type of manufactured optimism is, to our way of thinking, most unfortunate. The truth, as most of the military experts will readily admit, is that the Philippines have been all but lost. The isolated garrison at Corregidor may hold out for days, or even weeks, but barring a substantial American counter-offensive it cannot hope to prolong its resistance indefinitely. Since no reinforcements whatever reached the Philippines during the first month of the war, it is hardly likely that our military authorities have prepared the way for an effective counterstroke at this stage.

Although it is true that the Philippine Islands are not in themselves of paramount strategic importance, their loss greatly increases the difficulty of defending Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies. It also complicates the problem of striking effectively against the main Japanese bases. It is for these reasons that the Japanese threw all their resources into the attack on the islands. Having achieved their primary purpose, they will doubtless divert a large part of their forces to the even more important job of reducing Singapore. If Manila had been able to hold out for another month, the Allies might have been able to mobilize enough strength to insure the safety of Britain's great naval base. But the early collapse of our defenses in the Philippines raises a real doubt that Singapore—and with it the East Indies—can be held.

Responsibility for the defeat at Manila rests almost entirely with the army planners in Washington, who seem never really to have thought in terms of a joint Singapore-East Indies-Philippines defense. As an isolated outpost, Manila was helpless. As one of the essential elements in the joint defense of Anglo-Dutch-American possessions, it could have been saved. Even as it was, the Japanese had real difficulty overcoming the gallant little Philippine army under General MacArthur. Had MacArthur had effective naval and air support and some hope of reinforcements, he could have doubtless held Manila much longer. But the tiny Asiatic fleet under Admiral Hart was helpless against the superior Japanese, and air support was almost non-existent.

What was needed long ago, of course, was a program of unified strategy in the Far East such as now seems to be evolving with the appointment of General Wavell to the Supreme Allied Command. Several weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor we were given to believe that such a plan for joint defense had been worked out. It now appears that if any plan existed, it was of a most rudimentary type. Nothing that has happened in the past month would suggest that plans had been laid for moving the American battle fleet to Singapore or the Australian bases, or that a program had been worked out for rushing American air and ground reinforcements from Hawaii to threatened points in the Pacific. Nor do preparations seem to have been made for moving Indian or Australian forces to aid the Philippine defense.

Although seriously belated, the working out of a program of unified strategy as a result of the Washington conference between Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt should prove of inestimable value. There is no sector of the war where a Supreme Command is more essential than in the Pacific. Without it, the Americans and British, and to a lesser extent the Dutch and Chinese, have tended to conduct their defenses as if they were fighting alone. It is now possible to think in terms of the larger strategic opportunities presented through a pooling of men and resources. It is only unfortunate that this should have come after the loss of Hongkong, Manila, Guam, Wake, northern Borneo, and northern Malaya—most of which will have to be retaken before offensive operations against Japan can begin.

Production Politics

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 4

WHAT *does the President really think?* I pass on two stories, from equally reliable sources. The first is that after an all-night session with Beaverbrook the President told a Cabinet meeting that he was ashamed of America's production effort. The second is that at the first SPAB meeting after Pearl Harbor the President slapped Knudsen on the knee and said, "Bill, I want you to know that I think you have done a wonderful job, but we've got to do even better now." The first story comes from a source which believes a drastic shake-up of defense is impending, the second from a source which thinks Mr. Roosevelt is still a long way from recognizing how badly this country has been betrayed by its big business men.

The Problem of the Vice-President. One of the problems in reorganizing the defense effort is how to "save face"—so Oriental are we becoming—for the Vice-President. Mr. Wallace now heads both the SPAB and the Economic Warfare Board, and if he were energetic enough he could, indeed, be an assistant President, as the publicity releases after the election said he would be. Unfortunately the Vice-President's courage has never been the equal of his vision. As Secretary of Agriculture he did many good things but in a showdown knuckled under to the packers and the milk trust and the big agricultural interests. Neither at SPAB nor in Economic Warfare has he yet shown capacity for the kind of leadership needed. Generally speaking, big business still dominates the former and the State Department the latter. Some progress has been made by both agencies, but not enough to matter. If Wallace were a fighter, he might have used these two agencies in a way that would have reformed both the production effort and our foreign policy.

One can hardly "fire" the Vice-President, and it is difficult to promote some ordinary mortal over his head. I have heard that Judge Samuel M. Rosenman was warned of these complications when he drew the blueprints for the SPAB. It is now hoped that the creation of an Inter-Allied Council will offer a way out, and that the executive secretary of this council can in effect become the one-man boss of the American war-production effort, exercising control over both the mobilization of industry and economic warfare. This is the job for which a great undercover struggle is being waged, led by Tom Corcoran on one side and Harry Hopkins on the other. What will the President do about all this? One of his favorite devices, when beset with contending factions, is to make a move that can be made to appear a victory for either side. In such cases the action taken by the President may, indeed, become a victory for either. For, in effect, while appearing to resolve a conflict the President will merely have transferred it to a new plane.

"Undermining" Jesse Jones Again. A good example is the President's appointment of Jesse Jones to the SPAB, which has felt that Jones was being much too slow in expanding production of basic materials. This new move may subordinate Jones to the SPAB or it may subordinate the board to Jones. The latter is the more likely, for three reasons. None of the liberals on the SPAB, including Donald Nelson, have shown any real fighting power. Jones is a stronger character than any man on the board except Knudsen, and they are

two of a kind and will work together. While Jones was given a place on the SPAB, the board was given no power over the RFC or its subsidiary Defense Plant Corporation. Thus the SPAB has no authority to tell Jones what to do about plant expansion. This appointment to the SPAB is the latest of a series of attempts to "undermine" Jones's power by extending it.

Can the SPAB Succeed Where F. D. R. Fails? The President himself seems unable to control Jones. The story of the Puget Sound Power and Light negotiations is typical. In August, 1940, Emil Schram, then head of the RFC, promised to lend Washington public-power authorities the money they needed to buy out the Puget Sound Company. The promise was made in writing, but after Schram left the RFC Jones refused to keep the promise. The President himself intervened last July and named Jones, Ickes, and Chairman Eicher of the SEC a special committee to work out all details of the acquisition. Jones is still giving the public-power people from Washington a run-around. The state of Washington, which produces lumber, metals, aircraft, ships, and chemicals for defense, now has more than a billion dollars in contracts. The territory served by the Puget Sound Company is already suffering from a power shortage, and defense orders are expected to double the load within the next year. The company is too heavily overcapitalized to expand its facilities. Important areas of arms output are endangered, but the delay continues though the President has personally heard the story from visiting Washington delegations and has shown his sympathy with them.

"Marie Antoinette" Jones. Until the President musters the will to get rid of Jones, Knudsen, and others like them, we shall not hit our production stride, and we shall have a succession of Pearl Harbors and Manilas. In this connection I want to tell a story I heard yesterday about Jones. I know the source well and I know where he got it, and I am sure that it is literally, as well as symbolically, true. I think the story will some day rank with Marie Antoinette's "Let them eat cake." It has to do with the disastrous fire which destroyed 20,000 tons of rubber recently at the Firestone plant in Fall River, Massachusetts. Everybody knows by now that while the Japanese are well supplied—thanks to Hull and appeasement—with American oil and scrap, we are very poorly supplied with Malay and Dutch East Indian tin and rubber. For this we have to thank Jesse Jones. A subordinate came to Jones wringing his hands over the 20,000 tons of rubber lost in the fire. Jones couldn't understand why this man was so upset. "The rubber," Jones said, "was fully insured."

Footnote. Chairman Edward J. Flynn of the Democratic National Committee has just designated Oscar R. Ewing, assistant chairman, to take charge "of the party organization's activities in furtherance of the national defense program." Ewing is counsel and Washington lobbyist for the Aluminum Company of America.

Balance Sheet of the War

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

AS WE enter a new year, the third year of World War II, it might be well to pause and consider our failures and successes, our position and its possibilities. The outstanding feature of the present war up to the point of active American naval aid in the summer of 1941 was the fact that it had gone overwhelmingly in favor of the Axis. Brilliant victories on the continent of Europe had left Hitler master of vast resources of labor and materials. British successes at the expense of the Italians were secondary, and the only real accomplishment of the Allies was the R. A. F.'s defeat of the Luftwaffe in its attack on England preliminary to an intended invasion. The victory saved Great Britain but did not bring the defeat of Hitler any nearer.

In the spring of 1941 Germany launched an attack on the Balkans for the purpose of getting raw materials and destroying the British position in the Near East. The extremely well-managed campaign in Yugoslavia and Greece and against Crete proved that bravery of opponents and difficulty of terrain could not stop the German army. The British suffered large losses, and their position was further compromised when Rommel pushed the weakened North African forces back into Egypt. Even Britain's hitherto loyal ally, Turkey, betrayed Axis leanings.

When the final history of the present war is written, the failure of Hitler to follow up his victories in Europe by an attack through Turkey against Egypt, Iran, Iraq, and India will doubtless prove one of his greatest blunders. The greatly weakened British were then in no condition to resist successfully. But after preliminary gestures in Iraq and Iran which were promptly countered by the British and Russians, Hitler turned toward Russia, and the British were given valuable months for the reorganization and reinforcement of their entire position in the Near East. The great bulk of American equipment went there rather than to England. In the meantime attempts by the Axis to reinforce Libya, necessarily a secondary operation, led to a series of defeats accompanied with heavy losses administered by the British Mediterranean fleet.

Continued Allied victories on this front seem likely. However, their limited significance must be kept in mind. Save as a base for attack, Libya is quite worthless to the Axis. The British have successfully maintained a position which is of great importance to themselves but which, aside from prestige, means little to Germany. However, Hitler is sensitive to loss of prestige, and if he does not soon attempt to retrieve the Libyan campaign, possibly through the use of Tunis, it will probably be because he is unable to do so.

In early 1941 by far the most important front was in the North Atlantic. Sinkings by submarines and planes rose to such high levels—with ship losses reaching a figure a third of a million tons greater than replacements—that Britain was threatened with starvation in late 1941 or 1942.

President Roosevelt, however, proved to be keenly alert to England's danger. By midsummer the United States, at the cost of seriously reducing its strength in the Pacific, had transferred enough ships to provide adequate escort for convoys. Many merchant ships were handed over, and the earlier entirely inadequate American shipbuilding program was greatly augmented. The wolf packs continue to operate, but they are claiming fewer victims. Replacements are now at least even with losses and before the end of 1942 should go markedly ahead. The turning of German energies to the east, coincident with American aid, has enormously diminished the submarine's chance of success.

But this triumph in the North Atlantic cannot alone defeat Germany; it merely prevents it from giving the British Empire a knockout blow. It remained for Hitler himself to open a front against an opponent whose strength on land may ultimately bring about Germany's downfall. Aside from the counterfeit crusade against communism, the German objectives in the war against Russia have been defined as (1) destruction of the Red Army as an effective force, (2) acquisition of sufficient raw materials to make Germany blockade proof. Neither objective has been attained. Instead, after vast but largely profitless gains on land, the German army itself is being defeated by the powerful Red Army, aided by the enormous distances and by the Arctic cold, which in early January has not yet reached its greatest intensity. The really large gains of industrially valuable territory have been rendered temporarily worthless; their exploitation will require time and uninterrupted effort, and neither of these seems likely to be granted to the Germans by the Red Army, which instead promises to regain a large share of the hard-won German conquests of 1941. Since the Russian campaign has necessitated huge expenditures of those very raw materials whose lack caused Hitler to attack Russia, it is entirely reasonable to assume that the Germans are now beginning to experience critical shortages of materials. Of the European theaters of war, the Russian is by all odds the most important.

On the home fronts the greatest gains of 1941 have accrued to the Allies. Bombings of cities have proved unprofitable. In territories conquered by the Axis as well as in Italy cooperation with Germany has been reduced to the minimum as Russian successes have given a promise of ultimate deliverance. Internal differences of long standing have recently been aggravated in Germany, but it is doubtful that they will interfere seriously with the prosecution of the war.

By far the greatest gain on the home front has been registered in our own country. With the outbreak of war the United States experienced the greatest upsurge of war-time unity in our history. Difficult labor troubles, inadequate planning to achieve success, the slogans of "defense" and "aid short of war," and even worse military rubbish were quickly dumped overboard. For the first time since September, 1939, the nation faced facts and tossed aside wishful thinking.

Early defeats in a war with Japan were made inevitable by geography. The loss of Hongkong, Guam, and other points does not constitute ground for valid criticism of the military services. But there are other causes for dissatisfaction. The whole United States was far too confident of the outcome of a war with Japan, and it is obvious that the services shared this feeling to a point of being far too complacent. Despite preliminary warnings by Secretary Hull, they did not take those precautions which would have made a surprise at Pearl Harbor militarily impossible. A serious error of administration was the failure to provide sufficient air power in the Philippines to make such projects as the landing at Lingayen Gulf enormously costly. A further fault of the American public is the tendency to assume that in the Far East time at least is on the side of the Allies. If Japanese aggression is sufficiently successful and Japan is able to consolidate its gains, it will possess most of the raw materials it now lacks, and the economic weapon will lose most of its force.

In short, 1941 has been the first year of the war not dominated completely by the Axis. In the Near East and at sea Great Britain with our aid has held its own but has not regained lost ground. America has shaken off the shackles of "defense" for a tremendous all-out-effort; beyond that, our greatest hope lies in Russian resistance. With Hitler distracted for another year, ships can be safely tranferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific and time will be gained for the organization of an expeditionary force.

Hitler's Restless Reich

BY HEINZ POL

THE removal of General von Brauchitsch and a number of other high officers in the German army, the taking over of the Supreme Command by Hitler personally and his bombastic and ridiculous proclamation accompanying that action, Goebbels's call for warm clothing for the soldiers fighting in Russia—all point to more than a German military defeat on the eastern front; they substantiate reports of a critical situation within the borders of the Reich. This situation has been latent for months, but it came to a head only with the realization on the part of several groups extremely important to the Nazi regime that at best the war could not be won within a period of time even approximating what Hitler had promised. When it became apparent late in the fall that the Russian campaign was lost, the crisis entered an acute phase which was still further intensified by the declaration of war against the United States.

What is the nature of this crisis and what are the groups involved? First, a steadily growing circle of important German industrialists and business men has seriously begun to ponder the possibility of liquidating the Nazi Party, and even Hitler, in order to obtain a compromise peace. They are prepared to make territorial and political concessions in return for substantial freedom of action to German industry and commerce in Europe. Second, the Russian campaign was undertaken against the better judgment of a number of officers associated with the General Staff, and thus an opposition trend has developed even among the brass hats. At present it is confined to a small group, but that group is extraordinarily powerful. It is much more radical in its conclusions than the industrial group, and takes an even more pessimistic view of the chances for German victory. Since the army will not act on its own, the leaders of the military opposition group have approached the leaders of the industrial opposition group with the purpose of discovering whether there are men ready to take over the government if the Nazi regime is overthrown. Naturally they would have to be to the taste of the army and of the conservative, non-Nazi elements of the population. Also, to negotiate a peace successfully, they would have to be acceptable to Britain and the United States.

There are cogent reasons why such plans are being mooted. German industry is in the middle of a process of consolidation. In recent months crucial industries in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, and the Danubian and Balkan countries have been combined into great iron, coal, steel, and dye trusts, under German corporate control. Thus the promised harvest from the seed Hitler has sown is slowly being garnered. German industry in the Ruhr and Saar regions has merged with French and Belgian heavy industry. The I. G. Farbenindustrie, the famous German dye trust, is now associated with the Kuhlmann Works in France. The German potash industry has acquired the last remaining non-German potash deposits in Europe, those in Poland and Alsace-Lorraine, thus assuring an air-tight monopoly. The firm of Wolff is reorganizing Polish industry; and the recently formed French Trans-African Company, financed by the Deutsche Bank, bids fair to assume economic control of the French colonial empire. An ever-growing number of German industrialists and bankers are asking whether these fertile developments are to be wrecked by a protraction of the war. As long as the war continues, the resources of occupied territories cannot be properly exploited. That was proved in the First World War, and the situation is no different today, even though much more territory has been occupied. In a word, the time has come to cash in the chips.

But can the war be ended with Hitler in the saddle, or must he be removed? That is the great problem facing the industrialists in the opposition camp. One group, composed chiefly of men whose interests are concentrated in France and the Balkans, believes that a new Europe can be organized with Hitler at its head. This would require the complete destruction of Soviet Russia, a clean sweep in Europe, and a compromise peace with Britain—a peace that would be very close to a dictated peace. A second group, led by men whose interests far transcend Europe, takes a much more pessimistic view of Germany's economic situation and regards anything resembling peace as out of the question so long as the Hitler regime is in power. This is the more active group. It works with people who officially represent the Nazi regime even though they are not party members, and its reasoning runs along the following lines: The only obstacle to the conclusion of peace is Hitler; the war aims of Churchill, Roosevelt, and all the other enemies of Germany start with the removal of the Nazis; quite apart from the question of whether Germany can continue to wage war without Hitler, it is clear that the moment Hitler is displaced Germany's enemies will lose all their moral reasons for continuing the war. The group believes that those enemies would become reconciled to any other government in Germany.

It is reported that the leaders of this group include numerous Catholic industrialists in the Rhineland (especially the firm of Klöckner), as well as representatives of the dye trust and, more recently, of the Krupp Works. Mr. Iselin, the dye trust's Swiss dummy who was forced to cool his heels in Lisbon from October to December, 1940, apparently unable to continue his trip to New York, had not only been charged with the task of straightening out certain matters in connection with the American dye trust, but was supposed to put out peace feelers on behalf of certain industrialists—indeed, to make certain offers. In Lisbon Iselin seemed to be certain that war between Germany and the United States was only a remote possibility, though he endeavored to explain that "something" had to be done immediately to keep Hitler from committing another act of insanity. In certain German industrial circles the act of insanity committed since then has undoubtedly created a profound shock. It must at the same time have substantially strengthened opposition sentiment.

The phalanx of dissatisfied industry has found strong support in recent months in the German Ministry of Economics. Dr. Clodius, who has concluded nearly all of Germany's foreign commercial treaties, is one of the white hopes of the "Second Front" now in the process of formation behind the back of Adolf Hitler. Clodius, a man of great energy, is under the jurisdiction of the Economics Division of the German Foreign Office rather than directly under the Ministry of Economics. He is, moreover, a diplomat rather than an economic expert, even though his diplomatic manners are somewhat crude. When his mask of courtesy fails to meet with instant success, he gets tough, and his outbursts of fury during the negotiations in Vienna, Bucharest, and Ankara have become famous. He has never been a Nazi but is a cold opportunist who has always been able to jump off the train in time.

Another whose name must be mentioned is Dr. Helmuth Wohlthat, an outspoken non-Nazi who has managed to advance his career in the industrial bureaucracy of the Third Reich with amazing speed. After the First World War Wohlthat spent many years in the United States, where he was active in the oil industry, among other things, and often visited Mexico. Today he is the Third Reich's great oil expert, the founder of the Continental Oil Company. Related to Schacht by marriage, he is Schacht's confidant as well as disciple. As for Schacht himself, officially his activities are circumscribed, but he continues to be very busy behind the scenes—not entirely along orthodox Nazi lines. Wohlthat works closely with representatives of the General Staff in the Ministry of Economics, and these generals, headed by Thomas, form the core of the dissatisfied brass hats. Their first aim, already achieved to a surprising degree, was to free industry from party interference.

The circle around Wohlthat is extremely powerful and has at its disposal numerous underground channels that lead abroad. For some months these channels have been used to establish contact with circles that favor a compromise peace, to be concluded once Hitler has been removed. But Hitler's removal, to say nothing of breaking the Nazi Party's influence, is impossible without direct intervention by the army. No one knows this better than Hitler himself. Up to the outbreak of the war Hitler's relations with the army were governed by a number of compromises which gave him the chance to place party tools in key positions. His success—from the Rhineland occupation to the invasion of Crete—so strengthened his position that even none too friendly army circles had to keep quiet. But in the Russian campaign Hitler and his *Blitzkrieg* strategists miscalculated, and the first who had to go was the Nazi Brauchitsch. There are indications that Brauchitsch disappeared because the generals who had objected to the Russian campaign from the outset—Thomas, chief of the Economic General Staff, and Halder, chief of the General Staff—were clamoring for his head. Generals von Bock, von Rundstedt, Ritter von Leeb, and Guderian, all of whom are now reported to have been discharged, are officers who not only enthusiastically promoted Hitler's *Blitzkrieg* strategy but have records as party members that antedate 1933. If it turns out that Halder too has been shelved, it is likely that this eminently capable General Staff officer, who loathes the Führer and is hated by him in return, has withdrawn voluntarily. It is known that he offered his resignation at the beginning of the Russian campaign and that it was not accepted.

Among the more important generals still retaining Hitler's confidence because of their political attitude is Keitel, chief of the High Command. Keitel is not a friend of the Nazi Party, but he still regards Hitler's personal prestige as great enough to be equal to any situation. In recent months quiet has descended on the circle around fashionable General von Reichenau, who in 1938 unsuccessfully attempted to Nazify the army. Generals Jodl and Varlimont, of Hitler's personal staff, are reported to be more expert as toadies than as strategists.

Hitler's assumption of the Supreme Command may have been an emergency solution to which he was forced to resort because there was no one with brains on the General Staff willing to assume further responsibility. If Guderian's last general order as published by the Russians is authentic ("Maintain iron discipline. Everyone must remain in his unit"), it shows clearly that the morale of the troops is at zero level, and that the generals are face to face with the specter of 1918.

But let us beware of miscalculations: there has been no revolt of the generals. What does exist is a crisis that becomes accentuated from day to day. On the one hand

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this crisis forces Hitler to make increasingly rash decisions both at home and on the battlefield; on the other it gives the conservative officers a chance to strengthen their influence, especially over and against the party.

The handling of the hostage problem in France is a good example of this continued clash. Hitler's decree of October, 1940, suspending the mass shootings of hostages in France was the result of an outright ultimatum by the General Staff. A highly personal role has been played in this particular tug-of-war by General Otto von Stülpnagel, commander of the German occupation troops in France. As a major in the First World War he had the task in northern France of arresting hostages and ordering them shot, as well as of sending many Frenchmen as labor slaves to Germany. After the war the French pilloried him as a "war criminal" and demanded his extradition. He in turn created a "Commission of Inquiry" which proved that not he but the Allies had committed atrocities. From that time on Stülpnagel developed an anti-French complex, and he swore that in the Second World War he would actually do what he claimed the Germans had falsely been accused of in the First World War. The future treatment of the hostage problem, that is, whether the wishes of the Gestapo or the army prevail—will be a good indication of the strength or weakness of the "Second Front."

On the battlefield the army has scored a partial victory over the party. The armed force of the S. S., which has always been the backbone of the party, numbers some 400,000 to 500,000 men, equipped with the best and most modern weapons and including Panzer divisions and bombing squadrons. This force has been decimated daily on the Russian front. One version has it that it was Hitler himself who, expecting swift victory on the eastern front, ordered large-scale participation by the S. S. In another version it was the General Staff that threw the S. S. into the front line—to fill gaps and perhaps for other reasons. Whatever the reason may be, the Elite Guards are being bled white.

In addition to the opposition from business and army circles, the church too has come to the fore again. Catholic bishops, for example, have bitterly complained against certain measures taken by the Gestapo and other party organizations. Protestant bishops act in concert with their Catholic fellows. Dr. Wurm, Bishop of Württemberg, has openly attacked the Nazi system and spoken of a shattered home front, and the few chaplains admitted to the front have been known to hint more or less openly to the soldiers that the Nazis can never win, let alone attain an acceptable peace. In this sphere of opposition the "Second Front" reaches the people themselves. Many industrialists, generals, and even high clergymen are haunted by the fear that each passing month of the war will serve to arouse the generally stolid masses. They would prefer to liquidate the Nazi system "from above," to avoid both military defeat and the threat of revolution. But how much time is left? That is the decisive question. Can Hitler achieve during the coming year what he failed to achieve in 1941? If not, can the "Second Front" close the gap by means of a "negotiated peace without the Nazis" before the inevitable collapse?

Don't Plan for Collapse

BY HAROLD STRAUSS

II. Program for a Peace Economy

SECOND only to military victory as a major problem of American society is the transformation of full war production to full peace production when the struggle is over. If we can put our finger on the force that is now making our gigantic industrial mechanism tick, if we can discover the true initiative, the propulsive agent behind our armament drive, we might be able to housebreak this force to the uses of peace. The impetus toward industrial expansion is not now coming from within business; it comes from an aroused community. Something is happening now which is striking the shackles of financial control from production. We are making certain kinds of goods now regardless of their marketability and regardless of profit. It happens that they are war goods; they might just as well be peace goods.

The theorists of the thirties, wrestling with the problems of the Long Depression, almost always came face to face with the question of new investment. Every student predicted that a resumption of new investment in adequate volume would banish the depression, for it had been amply shown that full employment and full production are dependent upon the rate of new investment, at least in a society in which there exists an irresistible inclination to save. The great problem then became: how was new investment to be initiated?

Traditionally, business was supposed to initiate new investment automatically, in response to the lure of profits. But in the middle thirties the lure was there—to no avail. Although profits were large, there was no substantial new investment, no real dent in the number of unemployed. The business man attributed this to lack of confidence in the New Deal, which was equivalent to admitting that there were factors other than profits, such as his power and prestige in the community, which controlled the business man's actions. Slowly everyone began to see that new investment was only to a slight degree an automatic economic response. Business men became quite mystical on the subject. They said, kick out the New Deal and we will give you new investment. Whereupon the Temporary National Economic Committee, in one of its most useful projects, undertook to bring the discussion back to the realm of economics. TNEC Monograph Number Twelve, "Prices, Profits, and New Investment," shows exhaustively and conclusively that in general new investment is much more responsive to the ratio of capacity to current output, and to technological advances, than to the rate of profit or business "confidence." This simply means that business will usually fill orders, and that it will use the best available processes. It will do this regardless of its frame of mind, for the plea of "no confidence" is a political smoke screen.

The TNEC analysis is shrewd enough in terms of academic economics, but it falls short of the mark in two respects. It is strictly quantitative; and it is merely descriptive of what happens in a society that allows itself to succumb to cyclical depressions. For continuous new investment restricted to going industries tends to raise capacity in relation to output. And technological advances are necessarily irregular and uncontrollable. That is why depressions have invariably succeeded periods of new investment. Therefore, even if we can attain a rapid rate of new investment after the war in order to transform war industries into peace industries, there nevertheless remains the prospect of subsequent collapse; that is, even if there is a boom immediately after the end of the war, the inevitable outstripping of market demand by new productive capacity in going industries will subsequently precipitate a collapse.

So runs the argument of even the most optimistic. Fortunately, however, the nature of "demand" is not adequately apprehended by economists who take this purely mechanistic approach. They fail at this point because they are economists, and not politicians or moralists; they take no note of the possibility of the continuous mobilization of demand by means that have not hitherto played a part in the economic structure except during time of war. They simply make an unimaginative audit of past experience. This accounting approach is trustworthy only in a static economy. It is not likely that it will be useful in the face of the vast change now taking place in our economic structure—the huge expansion in its physical base. The accountants say we shall be poorer after the war; but of course in terms of our ability to produce the things men need, we shall be much richer.

"LEAKAGE": THE FUTILITY OF RELIEF SPENDING

But will this new plant be "excess capacity," or can it be put to fairly continuous use? There are some who say that it can if we enlarge the government spending program of the thirties, if we simply subsidize consumption on a vaster scale. They are wrong. There is an essential qualitative difference between relief spending and war spending. A government deficit in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1941, of 5.1 billion dollars has so stimulated the economy that we are in fear of an inflation based on real shortages; but a 1936-37 government deficit of not so very much less—4.6 billions—resulted only in piddling inventory speculation and early collapse.

The difference between war spending and relief spending brings us close to the central economic problem of our century. Relief spending left the economy flaccid, while war spending has galvanized it. The difference is that the war boom has induced investment, while relief expenditures simply put money into the hands of consumers who purchased goods for the production of which there was ample plant. Relief kept people from starving, but it did not increase our real income sufficiently because of what is now referred to as leakage. When money is put directly into the hands of consumers and they spend the entire amount, as would be the case with relief funds, only about two-thirds of it passes on from the vendors of consumers' goods to a new set of potential consumers in the form of wages and material-purchases. The other third is accumulated in the form of profits, depreciation and other reserves, and debt retirement. These are in effect savings; and to these savings by business must be added the savings of individuals. If we could be certain that these savings would find an outlet in real investment, they need not be deplored. But we know that we cannot count on their finding such an outlet. When they do not, savings are leakages. And the leakages persist in every round of expenditure by consumers, until ultimately the entire amount of money that has been paid out as relief by the government has been retired to idleness.

In the arms program not only does the government invest directly in new capacity and induce private investment in new capacity, but beyond that these investments are in themselves investment-inducing. That is, the new plants put up by or on behalf of the government are not only real assets capable of increasing our real income; but they induce investment on the part of the suppliers of the new plants, and on the part of the suppliers of the suppliers. To put it simply, the demand is for a kind of goods for which there are inadequate productive facilities. A single investment in a new aviation plant may induce expansion of steel mills, metallurgical industries, power plants, and much else. This is statistically confirmed by the huge current expansion in commercial loans, and by the employment of large, hitherto idle, cash balances by industry.

Such a situation requires a new interpretation of economic demand. The use of the word demand by classical economists was static, and referred to the actual possibilities of selling anything at a given moment. It was synonymous with marketability. Thus the Ricardian analysis assumed that consumption is always equal to output, and made allowances for neither expansion nor contraction of the whole economy. Modern economists have improved upon Ricardo by concerning themselves with changes in the volume of production originating within the economic structure. But a truly progressive analysis of demand will go beyond the mechanics of the market-place and put great stress, not only on cyclical change, but also upon those changes imposed on the economic system from without, by mobilized demand. The most striking of such changes have hitherto been imposed by war. The classical economists always had a lot of trouble with war, because they were trained to think of demand as something automatic. The progressive economist thinks of demand as something human, something originating within the community, something that can be planned.

WE CAN AFFORD "WASTE"

Demand is obviously present now—the demand for arms; but one thing stands in the way of an objective perception of its economic function. That one thing is humanitarian sentimentality. The view is widespread that arms production is pure waste. In an economic sense that view is wrong. The fact that munitions are destined to go up in smoke has no more economic significance than the "waste" of gasoline spent for joy-riding or the "waste" of fabrics lavished on women's silly hats, which, even if they do not, should likewise go up in smoke. Nor does the fact that bombs are used to kill people alter this proposition. Our dislike for the way a particular article is used does not entitle us to deny that it is consumed. Any such denial would dismiss all activity not productive of sheer animal necessities as waste. It is the triumph of our technology that we can afford "waste" of this kind. In fact, the fundamental pattern of our lives, of our industrial society, of the way we live together in cities and work in factories is the result of our determination to afford just such "waste."

The error that stigmatizes battleships as unproductive is not a new one. There was a time when the Physiocrats denounced *all manufacture* as waste, and insisted that manufacturers and their employees were parasites preying upon the true producers—the agriculturists. Adam Smith exploded this fallacy by showing that agriculture enriched itself when it became able to support manufacture by its surpluses. The enrichment was not the *money* it obtained by selling its produce but the goods it obtained in exchange. Adam Smith in turn was unable to see the whole picture. His peculiar materialism, as Alvin H. Hansen points out, forced him to argue that only those who produce material goods were productive, thus excluding "churchmen, lawyers, physicians, men of letters of all kinds, players, buffoons, musicians, opera singers, opera dancers, etc." This of course was pure prejudice, for we can now see that any activity that satisfies human wants is productive. All such activities cannot at once be "economized" or drawn within the economic system; but economic progress consists essentially in the ability of existing factors of production to accumulate surpluses by greater efficiency and by technological advance, so that there may be a continuous withdrawal of factors of production from present activities, and a devotion of these factors to new activities. Surpluses are the real assets of civilization. In a transition period, surpluses reflect themselves in unemployment. This simply means that hitherto we have been intolerably slow in recognizing our assets and in using them. We sin constantly, as Smith sinned in his time, when we fail to see that the work of his list of non-material producers not only satisfies human wants but can also be "afforded" by industry and agriculture as soon as these are able to produce a surplus.

Adam Smith's error has been largely rectified. But some who see that he was wrong in respect to buffoons and men of letters repeat his mistake in respect to government expenditures. They assert that public investment in parks, roads, schools, and hospitals is unproductive, while private expenditures are generally productive. But this view will not withstand careful analysis, for it is only the device of payment that differs. We pay for a pleasure car directly and individually, but we pay for the roads on which we drive that car indirectly and collectively, through taxation. The distinction has some moral significance, because there is an element of compulsion in taxation, but it has only slight economic significance. It is clear that a well-built road performs a service which we enjoy and for which one way or another we must pay.

Clearly, physical security against an armed enemy is a human want as genuine as the desire for fluff and feathers. This want is served by tanks and warplanes and battleships. We may deplore on moral grounds that our productivity must now be channeled toward the manufacture of instruments of death; but on economic grounds we should rejoice that we are impressively able to afford the undertaking. We as a community, *by extra-economic processes,* have conceived the need for arms. We have imposed this new demand upon the productive plant of the nation. Once we have understood the nature of this conceptual act, or, if you will, of this imaginative act, we can see how we might adapt it to the purposes of peace. We can see that the core of the job is the continuous formulation of new demands for necessary, useful, or enjoyable products, and the deliberate imposition of these demands upon the productive plant of the nation.

Some may fear that this process can loose such a flood of goods that man will drown in it. In answer it is necessary only to say that the formula does not deal only with material things; it envisions the production of nonmaterial services, and of the things of the mind and the spirit. The process cannot be too rapid in any case, since there is available at any one time only a finite surplus of current production. The rate at which new demands are formulated must clearly be governed by the availability of man-power, materials, and machinery. But the fact that at this point in our argument we must seek a limit to new demand is proof that, in the words of Henderson, "the philosophy that we can never achieve and maintain something approaching full employment . . . is false."

I shall not discuss here the kinds of new demand that can be formulated after the war. Any forward-looking, imaginative person can supply a list. The making of lists of this kind has long been a progressive pastime. The important matter is not the kind of goods that are in question, but the precise fashion in which new demand can be imposed upon the economic system.

FORCED PRODUCTION: A PEACE-TIME PROGRAM

Let us now suppose that the need for arms abates, so that we come face to face with the much-heralded post-war collapse. In terms of the marketability of goods, to content ourselves for the moment with so repugnant a criterion, there quite clearly will be some impairment of the economy. There will be a simultaneous release of munitions workers from employment and conscripts from the army—and neither will have a prospect of reemployment in a private industry confessedly devoid of the intention of new expansion, and already making plans for the drastic reduction of output. But if progressives come to understand the real nature of surpluses and how they enable society to afford new undertakings, post-war disemployment should be welcomed rather than deplored. For available (unemployed) man-power and surpluses are but two aspects of the same phenomenon, and surpluses are an asset. Our responsibility, of course, is to use this asset as rapidly, as efficiently, and as constructively as possible.

There is a likelihood that the war effort will have materially reduced consumption for a time. There may then be a sudden increase in the demand for consumers' goods, notwithstanding widespread unemployment. But an increased production of consumers' goods alone, as we learned in 1937, is not sufficient to float our economy, particularly if the lid is removed from prices. When peace comes, we shall be able to make automobiles and refrigerators and radios without much new investment. The output of consumers' goods can be vastly expanded without requiring new factors of production. The regular depreciation of machinery and its replacement by machinery that is more efficient are alone sufficient to expand the output of consumers' goods steadily—without new investment, and therefore without absorbing the newly disemployed. It must be remembered that the cost of replacing worn-out machinery is not new investment, for depreciation charges are a part of current operating costs. The only hope of avoiding a situation similar to the unpleasant one of 1936-37, when there was a high volume of output of consumers' goods concurrently with widespread unemployment, lies in a systematic, balanced, and coordinated expansion of the entire economic system: that is, in the demand terminology which I have stressed, the only hope lies in the imposition of new demands by extra-economic processes.

We can do this with the same techniques we use to obtain war production. We can authorize government agencies to prompt expansion; and if prompting fails, to command expansion; and if commanding fails, to undertake expansion directly. (By prompting I mean the use of such devices as tax remission and subsidy. Some of these devices, such as the five-year amortization of new defense plants and the Defense Plant Corporation loans, are being used now to obtain war production. In my last article I denounced them as bribes to business. They are bribes because they are secret. But certainly if they are used in an open and honest fashion for the constructive purposes of peace, they can be more readily accepted as a useful mechanism.) The sequence of the three methods, prompting, commanding, undertaking, is important, and offers a concept now much more useful than the old concepts of socialism and capitalism and their various modifications of state socialism and state capitalism. In the mixed economies of Great Britain and the United States there are some fields in which production is governed by marketability and private initiative, some in which production is prompted, a few in which it is commanded, and one or two in which it is undertaken directly by the government. In Germany the first form has practically vanished, and production is largely prompted or commanded. In the Soviet Union it is, of course, undertaken directly. It seems clear that the form adopted should be chosen not for ideological but rather for pragmatic reasons, in accordance with the availability of surplus man-power and the workability of the more traditional methods.

This view rests upon one cardinal principle, clearly demonstrated by the arms effort: the people, at any time, are able to conceive new demands, and to impose them on the economic system. More specifically, the people, acting collectively, can open up many new channels of production not of themselves inviting to private capital. Where the *sine qua non* is not profit but rather the satisfaction of human wants by an increased flow of useful or enjoyable goods and services, there are staggering possibilities for the organization of production. The forms of organization are many and flexible: we have had experience with public agencies such as the TVA; with semi-public agencies, such as the Port of New York Authority; with private organizations operating under government subsidy, such as the merchant marine and air lines. The significant thing is not whether an agency is public or private; the significant thing is that the initiative that brought the agency into being has passed from private hands to the government, which is to say, to the people acting collectively.

This is a production program. It has nothing to do with the spending program of the thirties, with their confusions, their fumblings, their social tensions, and, above all, their continued unemployment. Unemployment is a storm signal, the sign that we must initiate new enterprises. The government's efforts must be directed toward keeping the workers in the factories and the farmers in the fields, and toward increasing our capacity to produce *new* types of goods and services. It must charge itself with the responsibility of imposing new demands upon the economic system. This requires a program of government investment, or a program of investment induction, or, better still, a combination of the two.

It is not possible to expect conservatives to support a program such as has been outlined here. They will rely on institutional inertia to bobble back into the groove of scarcity, of limited production, of inequitable fluctuations in prices, of idle men, money, and machines. That means an enormous deflation, falling commodity prices, and an increase in the value of the dollar. That in turn means that those with an accumulation of dollars will be able to increase the concentration of ownership of the means of production, while those dependent upon the velocity of the turnover of dollars, chiefly labor and small independent enterprisers, will be in for a period of suffering that will make 1932 look like a honeymoon.

If democracy means anything, it means that the people of America can and will find a way to avoid such a collapse. The meek acceptance of the inevitability of collapse is erroneous and stupid. More than that, it is immoral. Our way of life is largely governed by our disposal for factory production and bulk distribution. Unless we achieve the objectives of production and distribution with reasonable success, we should dispose ourselves differently. Not to do so is, in Darwinian terms, the fundamental immorality. It may, of course, be merely an American mannerism to talk of the "inevitability" of post-war collapse, and then to set about avoiding it with ingenuity, determination, and a good chance of success. But it is about time that ingenuity and determination be summoned; success will take care of itself.

[*The first of Mr. Strauss's two articles on the expected post-war collapse was published last week.*]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Can Japan Exploit Its Gains?

SUPPOSING the worst happens in the Far East in the next few months and Japan overruns the Philippines, Malaya, the East Indies. Obviously the strategic consequences would be serious in the extreme, for we would have to fight from bases far removed from the ultimate objective, and that would mean the prolongation of the war, perhaps by years. But it is not my task to discuss military affairs. The question I wish to pose is this: Would Japan's conquest of these countries so increase its economic strength as to offset its fundamentally unsound economic position? Certainly we should suffer by the loss of raw-material assets of the first importance, but would Japan secure an equivalent profit? Would it, like Germany, succeed in exploiting the resources of the lands it occupied and thus be able to furnish the needs of its war machine for an indefinite period?

Japan's economic deficiencies are well known. It can barely feed itself under favorable conditions, and it lacks almost all the basic raw materials. It has insufficient coal, iron, and other metals and practically no oil. Except for silk it does not even produce the raw materials for its great textile industries. Nor is its industrial equipment equal to the demands of modern warfare, and on this point I quote the cold assessment of its Nazi allies. The 1938 edition of the *Kriegswirtschaftliche Jahresberichte*, that final authority on the peculiarly German science of war economics, passes the following verdict: "In the event of war with one or more big industrial powers, Japan's present industrial capacity is not great enough to supply its needs, particularly with regard to iron and steel, the production of which, in addition, is largely dependent on foreign raw materials." Another leading German publication, *Der Deutsche Volkswirt*, supplements this finding with some interesting statistics:

> A total of 2,369,277 workers are employed in 85,174 factories employing a minimum of 5 workers, that is, an average of about 27 workers per factory. In view of the fact that in 1914 there was an average of 29 workers per factory employed in 31,717 establishments, it becomes astonishingly clear that, despite a very considerable extension of its productive machinery, Japan retains its original organization of production in small and even minute units. . . . The backwardness of the Japanese engineering industry . . . and the very narrow basis of iron and steel production, despite all the efforts of the state to develop heavy industries, represent two of Japan's main weaknesses.

The countries now threatened by Japan's drive into the western Pacific are all rich in raw materials. The Philippines produce large quantities of hemp, sugar, and cocoanut oil and possess extensive though only partially developed mineral resources, including gold, lead, zinc, copper, iron ore, coal, chrome, and manganese. Malaya is the world's largest producer of both tin and rubber, but Japan has already adequate quantities of these commodities at its disposal in Indo-China and Thailand. As far as tin is concerned, however, Japan must still solve the problem of smelting the ore, for the two great smelters of the Far East are at Penang and

Singapore. The former has already been destroyed, and undoubtedly the latter would be also before Singapore was surrendered. Has Japan the material and technical resources to rebuild them rapidly?

The same question arises in regard to the oil fields of the Netherlands Indies, which, if captured intact, would supply the conqueror with lavish supplies of oil. But the Dutch have long been prepared to apply scorched-earth methods to their coveted wealth, and there is no reason to believe they would hesitate to pull the switches if the fatal moment came. Could the Japanese produce the steel, the drilling equipment, the machinery, and above all the engineering skill which would be required to restore these fields before their own oil reserves were exhausted?

In attempting to answer such questions it is most illuminating to turn to the Japanese record in China. Ten years ago Japan took over Manchoukuo as a going concern by a sudden coup. It is a fertile land which has been called "the granary of Eastern Asia," and it is rich in minerals. The Japanese have set up there a complicated economic organization which has succeeded in increasing production of coal, iron, and other industrial goods. But this result has been achieved at the cost of heavy investments of capital which Japan could not really afford. Its balance of trade with Manchoukuo has been consistently "favorable," which means that in order to build and maintain its various projects Japan has had to export there far more goods than it has received in return. Moreover, it has had to send capital goods of the kind with which it is insufficiently supplied at home. The situation is the exact opposite of that resulting from Germany's conquests. Hitler's victims have mostly been fairly advanced industrial states from which he has been able to force the export of billions of dollars' worth of goods, financed either by "occupation charges" or by German I. O. U.'s.

China proper has yielded Japan even smaller economic benefits than has Manchoukuo. The invaders have instituted an impressive paper organization of half-public, half-private development companies with strings of subsidiary corporations for the promotion of such industries as coal, cotton, tobacco, and furs. The actual results seem much less impressive. Cotton was one of the commodities which the Japanese hoped to get out of China and so relieve their dependence on the United States and India. *Fortune* of September, 1941, reports that in 1937, before the China "incident" started, Japan imported 53,000,000 pounds of cotton from China. The next year the figure jumped to 191,000,000 thanks to the looting of warehouse stocks, but in 1939 there was a slump to only 8,500,000 pounds. Influenced both by patriotism and the Japanese policy of paying low fixed prices, the Chinese peasant cotton-growers had undertaken a most successful sitdown strike. Apart from a minor increase in coal exports from China, Japan's attempted exploitation of other raw materials has been equally disappointing.

Japan's only hope of rendering its Chinese conquests profitable lay in conciliation of the peasants and workers. But the "honorary Asiatic Aryans" are as arrogant as their Nazi brothers, and their regime of terror, corruption, and avarice has thoroughly convinced the Chinese that they are being asked to cooperate in their own enslavement. There is no reason to suppose that the Japanese would handle Filipinos or Malays any more intelligently even if they were able to find solutions for the innumerable technical problems which they will encounter in making economic use of their conquests.

In the Wind

BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN now occupies one of the old New York offices of the America First Committee. . . . The Yorkville Casino, which showed German films prior to America's entry into the war, closed on December 8. It has reopened and now shows Russian motion pictures.

ALTHOUGH HE HAS VOLUNTEERED for service against the Japanese, Colonel Lindbergh still holds, in addition to his Nazi decorations, a medal from the Order of Merit of the Rising Sun.

THE LATEST PLAN to speed up defense work is the "Bridges plan" for shipping, sponsored by Harry Bridges's friends in the West Coast maritime unions.

THE NEW NAME of the Keep America Out of War Congress, which fought the interventionists largely on the ground that war would inevitably put an end to democracy, is the Provisional Committee Toward a Democratic Peace. Many of the former isolationists who worked with the K. A. O. W. C. will not cooperate with the new committee.

RUDOLPH HESS'S last New Year's greeting to Hitler is recalled by the British Press Service: "My Führer! The whole German nation accompanies you with ardent wishes into the New Year which will bring the final victory."

A BRITISH AIR-RAID WARDEN recently wrote this parody of the first verse of Gray's "Elegy":

> The sirens sound the knell of parting day,
> The bombing planes drone loudly overhead,
> The warden outward plods his weary way,
> And warns the town it's time to leave its bed.

AN ATTEMPT to organize a debate on state medicine was made by a faculty-student group at St. Bartholomew's, one of London's largest hospitals and medical colleges. The debate could not be held because no student would speak against socialized medicine.

FROM AN ARTICLE about Russia in *Illustrated,* a British picture magazine: "Owing to the revolution, the question of officering the navy has been a difficult one. This is illustrated by the fact that both Vice-Admirals Tributs and Oktiabrsky, who have now respectively commanded the Baltic and Black Sea fleets for over two years, began their naval careers as lower deck-ratings in 1919."

[The $5 prize for the best item received in December goes to S. R. of New York City for his story on tank production, published December 27.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Waging War Between Week-Ends

IF Mrs. Roosevelt is anything like my wife, that descent of unexpected guests on the White House just before Christmas helped make no holiday. I know that Mrs. Roosevelt did not have to run to the store and buy an extra turkey for Mr. Churchill and his companions who appeared out of secrecy. Without her help over the mixing bowl, there was enough plum pudding to go round. She had a job in the house all the same on that Christmas which the President and the Prime Minister filled with conferences. But on Friday morning, as she has stated in her capacity as reporter, she was back at her job in the Office of Civilian Defense. Her staff had arrived before her. But, she wrote in telling America about her day after Christmas, "so many people left Washington for the week-end that there was comparatively little to do."

Mrs. Roosevelt may have intended no rebuke in that sentence, but the sound of it ought to be still cracking in Washington like a whip lash out of the White House. Obviously, under the circumstances, when she wrote in the Office of Civilian Defense nineteen days after Pearl Harbor that "there was comparatively little to do," she meant that comparatively little could be done. And it could not be done because so many of those in the national government charged at this hour with important duties took not only Christmas Day off but the long week-end after it as well.

Already there has been plenty of talk about longer hours for labor. An admiral and a general have already been put out of their places because of the general suspicion, supported by Secretary Knox, that they did not have their men on the alert on that Sunday morning, which they thought was a Sunday in peace time, in Hawaii. Still, on the published testimony of the best possible witness in America it is clear that in the third week of a war which had produced nothing but bad news a great many officials in Washington had not yet learned that we can't win this war between week-ends.

There seems to be something peculiarly symbolic about week-ends in the weaknesses of the English-speaking peoples. Maybe, as Lady Astor has said, the Cliveden set was never anything but a cliché in a political mythology. The world was told anyhow that on long week-ends at Cliveden the languidness of appeasement grew with the leisure of fine talk by elegant people. Even since the war began, some Englishmen have charged that other Englishmen at home and in embattled colonies could not get along without their week-ends. Even in Washington some of our defense chiefs have had their splendid places and their excellent parties over the week-ends in the hills of Virginia. Outside Washington in other American cities the people far below the plutocrats have packed the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday roads with their escape from serious concerns. It certainly has been nice. It still is pleasant. But the spectacle of so many officials in Washington going off to enjoy themselves that the wife of the President in her capacity as one of the war's working women couldn't get work done looks more damaging to me than anything the Japanese have got.

Every American knows that straight through Christmas as well as the week-end that followed it many men in Washington, including the President and many anonymous Americans, worked night and day on the war effort, just as men in the Pacific fought straight through a holiday marked by death and not rejoicing. From Cabinet ministers to messenger boys there was no need to take down the sign "Men at Work." But as Mrs. Roosevelt herself tells us, many others were not at work. Their telephones did not answer. While the country was being asked to "Remember Pearl Harbor," they apparently didn't even remember there was a war. As far as they were concerned, Christmas ran from Wednesday to Monday. And during that time the war could wait.

Maybe I'm unduly indignant. It is easy to exaggerate the importance of some officials merely because they are in Washington. In spite of the fact that Mrs. Roosevelt could not get them when she tried to get them, maybe if they had stayed at their desks they would not have added much push toward victory. Everybody knows that there are plenty of week-enders who are more useful on a week-end than at any other time. There are probably some such in Washington. But if we are really serious about this war, they ought not to be there long. As long as they are there, they may do more damage than use up space in a crowded town. They can dampen enthusiasm in a hard-pressed America. They can confuse the quality of all leadership. Not only did their action constitute a sort of self-indulgent walk-out on a desperate war. Also, it provided—and might provide again—an example in complacency which might make a plant builder or a ship worker slow, if it did not make him, as a citizen, sick both at his heart and at his stomach. We cannot have the work we need to win this war and long week-ends in Washington at the same time.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

New Year Poem

Love, and do what you will.—St. Augustine

BY GEORGE BARKER

Rise from my hand like the martyr from fire
Aspiring to prove that nevertheless it is love.
So like the criminal liberated from prison
The lesson is taught: otherwise we cannot live.
Too little time is left now, too little time.

Pretty my pretty who curl your hair with love
This is not it, the crush and rub in the prison
Of the double clutch that makes the time take fire.
For all this, for which too much we live,
Too little time is left now, too little time.

From hand to hand the human in their prison
Pass love like cigarettes. Thus love, like fire,
Keeps us all warm no matter where we live:
The ashes in the mouth speak best of love.
Too little time is left now, too little time.

The saint is happy in the forgiven fire.
Its liberated kiss, whereby he shall live,
Proves that the Evil is what is not loved
Loathing itself in its so lonely prison.
Too little time is left now, too little time.

And now, unless we love, no one will live
To see all creatures rise kissing from the fire
Like liberated birds from that luxurious prison
Where they have everything excepting love.
Too little time is left now, too little time.

A Letter from Paris

[*The following report was recently received in New York. For obvious reasons the name of the writer cannot be given.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

IN THE cinema the other night there was a film showing German soldiers goose-stepping up the Champs Elysées toward the Arc de Triomphe. As French people have been forbidden to whistle, many of them began to cough in an unmistakable way. The film was stopped. Lights were turned on. An officer from the *Kommandatur* demanded who had started the disgraceful noise. For ten minutes the German officer shouted threats. Finally, an old gentleman with a white beard stood up. "It was not me, Monsieur," he said. "It was the Unknown Soldier."

Of course, after the cinema one must take the Métro—or walk. Naturally, the Métro was crammed. In our car one couldn't even bow to one's friends. But everyone knew, somehow, that there was a German officer among us. After the second stop I saw—and I think everyone else realized—that someone had pinned a gigantic paper *V* to the officer's back. At the next stop everyone in the car got out. None of us wanted to be shot. I saw an old lady rush into the car. She sat down and looked about wonderingly. She saw the officer's back. She ran to the door. She was trembling so much that it took her some time to open it. When the train was starting she jumped out. If I hadn't been there she would have fallen.

A few days before this a workingman had stabbed a German officer in the Métro station of the Bastille. Everyone on the platform and on the train was arrested. A certain number of them were allowed to see their families. They were optimistic and said they would be home soon. They were executed the next day.

Paris looks sad. The swastika flies above every public monument, and now Paris is called *"La ville sans regard."* Since the war against Russia many German soldiers have disappeared, but they have been replaced by ***Frauen in Uniform.*** All night clubs are open and filled with Germans and their collaborationist friends. Life is very gay, and champagne flows like water—but French people (if there are any) must leave at 11:30 or stay until the curfew ends at five in the morning. The Bœuf sur le Toit has been forced to move four times, each time having to remove its enormous and famous cellar. The reason given was that Jews and odd intellectuals frequented the place. The "Bœuf" still exists, thanks to the intervention of Jean Cocteau, who is an active collaborationist.

Theaters begin at 7:30 because the last Métro is at 11:15, and every person must be home by midnight. German officers and soldiers and collaborationists (in evening dress) are predominant at the opera. Very few French people go and then in ordinary dress, as a sign of mourning. Serge Lifar's ballets had an enormous success last winter, and he himself is now resting in Venice. Pablo Picasso has been released from prison and is now working at a big statue which he hides jealously even from his admirers. Derain and Dufy are also working in Paris and keeping very much to themselves. On the other hand, Sacha Guitry collaborates actively with the Germans. Jean Giono, who recently wrote "Le Bout de la Route," invited General von Stülpnagel, head of the *Kommandatur*, to the première.

The most popular book in the occupied zone is the "Journal" of André Gide, now unobtainable. The Germans asked Gide to make a new cheap edition in which he should omit the "offensive" passages. Gide answered No. He has also handed in his resignation to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, which is now divided into two camps. I suppose everyone knows that *L'Illustration* has become practically a German magazine—in fact, one of Hitler's favorites. *Match* (the French *Life*) no longer exists, but has been replaced by the German picture magazine *Signal*. Parisians no longer read newspapers—which is the same as saying Americans no longer chew gum. But the edition which announced the attempt on Laval's life was sold out within two minutes.

Marcel Bataillon, a professor at the Sorbonne and a specialist on American questions, has been arrested because of his "spirit of rebellion." In university circles professors as well as students are against collaboration. In spite of the danger, one often sees students demonstrating in the streets.

In the Louvre there are only empty rooms; many chefs-d'œuvre have been put in the provinces—the provinces of "the other France" as it is ironically called in the occupied zone. All Jewish collections—given or lent to the state—have been taken by the Germans, not only from the Louvre, but from other museums also. All Jewish property has been requisitioned, and that's only a little finger of what they do to the Jews. Hostages?

Food and cigarettes scarcely exist, though the tobacco crop is much larger than normal. Nevertheless, a man in France is allowed two packages of ordinary cigarettes every ten days. Women are not allowed to buy tobacco in any form. Each person in France is allowed one egg each month. Wine—ordinary red wine—is so closely rationed that a workingman can have but one bottle a week. I thought that at least the lack of wine—which grows in France and which France exports—could not be blamed on the English blockade. But yes. The newspapers say that the lack of wine is caused by the fact that the African colonies can no longer ship as much as usual to the mother-country.

However, the black market exists. And at the Cafe Weber one can have an omelette (two eggs) for sixty francs. Prices are so astronomical that money hasn't a normal value. Everyone tries to buy something solid—land, pictures, diamonds.

All the pigeons of Paris are dead. Some have been eaten, which is natural, but most of them have been condemned to death because they carry messages.

Roosevelt's State Papers

THE PUBLIC PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. Compiled and Collated by Samuel I. Rosenman. Volumes for 1937, 1938, 1939, and 1940. The Macmillan Company. $30.

DID any other President of the United States ever have so keen a consciousness of history as has Franklin D. Roosevelt? He has not only established the library at Hyde Park, where eventually all his papers will be collected, but he has also taken care to publish the more important of them along with notes that seem designed, consciously or unconsciously, to clothe many of his public acts in their most pleasing dress. The four volumes under review cover the second administration, and are thus a continuation of the five similar volumes published in 1938, which covered Mr. Roosevelt's first administration and his two terms as Governor of New York.

Books like these, of course, are intended first of all for reference, but there is much in them of high and immediate interest. This statement applies not only to the introduction which Mr. Roosevelt has written for each volume and to the notes which he has appended to some of the documents but also to many of the messages and speeches and, above all, to the reports of the press conferences. It is in them that Mr. Roosevelt's love for life and for his high office bubbles forth in all its amazing gusto. He teases the reporters, he lectures them, and he laughs with them and at them. He even laughs at himself. The humor will perhaps not split your sides, but it will serve; and can you imagine it happening anywhere else in the world during this period? Historians may find it significant that in their great day of trouble the democracies were led by a man who could laugh.

Three of the conferences were with special groups, and one on April 21, 1938, with the American Society of Newspaper Editors, is worthy of special mention. The President was in high fettle. Earlier on that same day he had spoken to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and he had told them: "Remember, remember always, that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists." The Daughters had not liked it much, and the newspaper editors were not too pleased when the President said he was putting them in the same category with the D. A. R. He gave them a lecture of straight, hard facts. Nor were these editors stooges: they asked questions that were just as sharp as his answers. The conference was a long one, for it covers thirty-five printed pages, and at the end the President said: "I enjoyed all the shafts, and I think I returned them with interest, so it is all right [*applause*]."

Another occasion when the President was in good form was on December 18, 1940, when he vetoed the Walter-Logan bill to regulate administrative agencies. Without wasting a word Mr. Roosevelt tears the bill to shreds. First he declares that in our times the administrative tribunal is a necessity for cheapening, expediting, and simplifying the judicial process. Then he shows that the bill was intended, not to improve the administrative process, as was claimed for it, but to hamstring New Deal reforms. Finally he finishes off the bill with the assertion that it was so sloppily drawn as to be unworkable. It is worth recalling that the veto was sustained. This veto message is Mr. Roosevelt at his best, and it is a model of what a state paper ought to be.

The President is not always so felicitous. In the introduction to the 1938 volume he refers to the so-called "purge" of that year and makes what seems to me the unassailable point that as leader of his party he had the right to express his choice in the primaries. But Mr. Roosevelt neglects to mention the not unimportant fact that the "purge" was generally unsuccessful, nor does he adduce any reason for this lack of success. Some people have suggested that the "purge" failed because the President's prestige *as President* is so great that when he opposes a candidate the people are inclined to support that candidate through their natural sympathy for the under-dog. A more important reason in 1938, I think, was that wherever the President failed, the state or district party organization was in the hands of his enemies. It will scarcely be disputed that the party organizations, especially in the South, and to a lesser degree in the Northern cities and states, are still in the hands of the reactionaries, who are biding their time to take over. Does this throw some doubt on Mr. Roosevelt's foresight as a politician? He has been acclaimed as the master-politician of his time, but he is not without weaknesses, especially with regard to building the party for the future.

Mr. Roosevelt deals more candidly with the Supreme Court fight. His position, as he outlines it in the introduction to the 1937 volume, is that there is nothing wrong with the Supreme Court as an institution. The fault lay, he writes, with the reactionary members of the court, who he charges were determined to remain on the bench as long as life continued—"for the sole purpose of blocking any program of reform." After reading this strong indictment, it is surprising to discover that no such charge is made in the message sent to Congress on February 5, 1937. Here the emphasis is on insufficient personnel, aged judges, and crowded dockets. Mr. Roosevelt now acknowledges that this was a major mistake. He writes: "I did not place enough emphasis on the real mischief." However, Mr. Roosevelt regards the real battle as having been won when the Supreme Court suddenly began to reverse itself after March 29, 1937.

But will Mr. Roosevelt be remembered as the architect of the New Deal or as a war leader? It was Woodrow Wilson's fate to have the New Freedom washed out in war, and such may be the fate of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal. About the first foretaste of war occurs in the 1937 volume, May 1, when the Spanish arms embargo was proclaimed. In an appended note the President still appears inclined to defend the American policy in the Spanish war. He declares, first, that a vast majority of Americans then believed in complete isolation in so far as sale of military supplies was concerned, and, second, that Franco controlled more shipping than did the Loyalists, and would thus have benefited more than they from arms shipments. Will either point bear expert examination?

The next foretaste of war is in the famous "quarantine" address, delivered at Chicago on October 5, 1937. The speech seems rather vague now, but it was a warning of what has come to pass, and if attention had been paid to it, the war might have been averted. By the time of the Munich crisis it was probably too late. The President's message to the powers on September 26, 1938, and his appeal to Hitler on September 27 are presented here without comment. They make strange reading. They seem so utterly detached from the realities of the gathering conflict that one wonders why it was considered worth the tolls to cable them abroad.

Now it grows very late. It was on January 3, 1939, that the President said to Congress: "There are many methods short of war but stronger and more effective than mere words . . ." of coping with the aggressors. Oh, how late this was: in nine months Europe would be at war. How perfectly clear it is now that the short-of-war policy was not announced until long after war was inevitable. Even so, American complacency remained unshaken until the fall of France was imminent, and it was not until May 16, 1940, that Mr. Roosevelt asked Congress for $896,000,000 in additional funds for defense. On June 10, the day that Italy attacked France, Mr. Roosevelt pledged the material resources of the United States to the Allies, and a few days later he repeated the pledge to Premier Paul Reynaud of France. The pledge to Reynaud was straightforward and emphatic, and there appears to be no basis, so far as the text of the message is concerned, for the oft-repeated charge that Mr. Roosevelt's reply to Reynaud was ambiguous and no pledge at all.

After the message to Reynaud, however, there is a lull, for this was an election year. The American people were

"He is one of the deepest thinkers of all times."—ETIENNE GILSON

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comforting themselves back into complacency as neither candidate faced the war issue squarely. Mr. Roosevelt's five campaign speeches are printed here, and the great speech at Cleveland is worth reading again. It was an extremely serious speech for a campaign (as it is printed there are no indications of laughter), and it reads just as nobly as it sounded. Mr. Roosevelt that night stood on a mountain top.

Many people expected that immediately after his reelection the President would act strongly on our relation to the war, and they were disappointed when nothing happened. But on December 17, at a press conference, when Mr. Roosevelt outlined his lend-lease plan, it was apparent that he had been thinking to good effect. What a perfectly brilliant plan this was, how reasonable, and yet how inevitably it would, if vigorously carried out, force the Nazi powers into defeat or oblige them to accept the onus of shooting first. This was the war of nerves stretched almost beyond endurance, and it would be the Nazis' nerves that broke, not Mr. Roosevelt's. If it is true that under great stress Hitler chews the carpet, he must have eaten a wide swatch of it that day.

The four volumes are now almost at an end. There are three more documents worthy of mention. On December 29, the President gave a fireside chat in which he promised that the United States would be "the arsenal of democracy." On January 6, 1941, he outlined to Congress the lend-lease plan and formally presented the "four freedoms." And finally, on January 16, the President asked Congress for $300,000,000 for emergency cargo vessels. That is the last item. But it is clear now that all that came afterward had to be. The American people did not know it, and whether the President knew it or not is for history to answer, but we were inevitably on our way to our "rendezvous with destiny" at Pearl Harbor. CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Bedtime Stories

HOW TO BECOME EXTINCT. By Will Cuppy. Illustrated by William Steig. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

DO YOU know all you really should about the habits of the viviparous Blenny? If not, please consult Mr. Cuppy, who is at the top of his form and up to his old trick of making natural history—to say nothing of natural historians—look foolish. Most of his facts are derived from the best sources, and he is right up to date when it comes to disputed points, but the man who first thought "sober" the correct adjective to go with "truth" was probably not a biologist. One famous geneticist known to the present reviewer rereads Mr. Cuppy's previous treatise "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes" once a year, and "How to Become Extinct" belongs on the same shelf. What advice could possibly be sounder than "When you hunt rattlesnakes, be sure to take along some high shoes, a pair of leather puttees, and, if possible, Dr. Ditmars"? And how can one be redeemed from a vulgar error more pleasantly than by reading the following passage:

> I'm sorry, but Chameleons do not turn the color of their surroundings as they certainly should. Their color changes are caused by light, temperature, and mood, and not by what they are on at the time. Professors who watch Chameleons to find out these things are called Chameleon watchers. They watch Chameleons for hours at a stretch and often change their colors much more than Chameleons do. In bright sunlight a green Chameleon turns brown with lighter blotches. The professor turns purple with reddish spots. Little is known of the Chameleon's private life, and that is always a bad sign.

Mr. Cuppy is evidently sound on the subject of evolution but plainly has some doubt concerning its direction. Or so at least I deduce from such footnotes as that on the brain development of the Stegosaurus ("The animal mind was not perfected until the Pleistocene period, when it developed the ability to worry") or the one in the fish section which reads: "Much of the Minnow's sexual behavior may be ascribed to reflex or involuntary actions. Voluntary actions are the result of thought. That is why they seem so foolish." The plain implication seems to be that the Dodo had the right idea.

Since one of the chief rewards of reviewing is the occasional opportunity to shame one's betters in print, I should like to point out that Mr. Cuppy is seriously in error in implying that the Tetras and the Danios are viviparous, when, as a matter of fact, they lay eggs more profusely than the most extravagant hen that ever figured in a how-to-get-rich-on-poultry-farming ad. Perhaps this will teach him to show a little more sympathy for Aristotle and even to wonder whether or not anyone will ever put him in a poem as "the master of those who know." If not, I will add: "The book has, unfortunately, no index."

It does, however, have a lot of very fine drawings by William Steig, which suggests the old story about the marine painter who remarked when over-persuaded to do a friend's portrait: "All right. I'll paint your portrait. But I warn you it's going to look sort of like a ship." Mr. Steig's sticklebacks and garter snakes bear a strong family resemblance to those little boys and girls of his who always look as though they knew more than they should—and about the wrong things. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Problem of Power

DESIGN FOR POWER. By Frederick L. Schuman. Maps by George D. Brodsky. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

ALL but the final twenty pages of this book represent a history of the Second World War, right up to the moment when it became a *world* war in fact. There may be some question about the value of such a work, lacking, as it must, any new sources of information not available to the careful reader of the daily newspaper and the wider historical perspective without which a historical catastrophe of the kind in which we are involved cannot be fully comprehended. Such a history cannot be much more than journalism. It is, in fact, somewhat similar to the afternoon newspaper which contains only the score of the first half of the football game.

Nevertheless, Professor Schuman is amply justified in what he has done. For his journalism has a purpose. He intends to give us as comprehensive a picture as possible of the stupidity, the evasions, and the incredible blindness of the various anti-Nazi forces as they met, or failed to meet, the threat and the reality of Nazi aggression. While all the facts are familiar enough, there is value in having them strung as beads upon this tragic historical rosary so that we can "tell them over one by one."

The basic purpose of this survey is fully revealed in the final chapter of the book, which is devoted to an impassioned plea for a democratic federation of the world, as the only possibility of salvation for our civilization. We cannot suffer the tyrannical unification of the world which the Nazis propose, but neither can we survive under the anarchy which must inevitably be the consequence of the extension or the merely minor modification of the policies which the democracies have thus far pursued. "Anarchy in world politics," declares the author, is "incompatible with unity and order in world business and world civilization. One or the other must go."

The tremendous sense of urgency in this final chapter is justified by the urgency of the problem which it confronts. We must find political instruments of world organization, compatible with the necessities of economic interdependence on a world scale, or perish. The difficulty with the chapter is that its arguments are more impassioned than discriminating. We are told that "the next instalment of the price [of redemption from anarchy] is the abolition of the 'sovereignty' and 'independence' of states." Quite obviously the author is thinking in terms, not of the limitation, but of the total abrogation, of national sovereignties, which means that he wants a world super-state. But he does not discuss either the political feasibility or the desirability of such a proposal. Where will the locus of this state be? How will the international impartiality of its armies be guaranteed? In what sense will it be democratic?

One cannot be at all certain that the author is thinking of a democratic world order. He speaks of a "new élite" supplying its "political leadership." He compares it with the Roman Empire and holds out the hope that it will abolish "international conflict and class conflict" as "did the empire of ancient Rome." (The idea that the Roman Empire abolished class conflict is rather breath-taking.) Where will the hegemony in this world federation be rooted? The author suggests an Anglo-Saxon hegemony in the words: "[The world] will be federated either by the triple alliance and its vassals or by a dynamic Anglo-America, supported by Latin America, by Russia, and by free India and China." It is realistic to assume that the victorious nations will in fact have a hegemony in a new world federation. But the important point is to provide constitutional instruments to prevent such a hegemony from being nothing more than Anglo-Saxon imperialism in a new guise.

The whole problem of power is dealt with as inexactly as is that of the relation of central authority in a super-state to the constitutional forms which must prevent the central authority from becoming tyrannical. We are told that "power politics" must go. Yet there is no other kind of politics than power politics, in the sense that the problem of government is to organize, harmonize, and arbitrate the conflicting vitalities and powers of life on every level and in every breadth of human existence. What Professor Schuman really means is that the anarchy of conflicting power must go. He would bring harmony out of chaos by the imposition of an imperial

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power, which is certainly "power politics." But he leaves the important question unanswered: how the imposition of imperial power can be so modified by democratic techniques on a world scale that it will not degenerate into tyrannical power. It is certainly better to approach the problem from his end than from that of those utopians who dream of a world federation without asking where power and authority are going to reside. They would not get much farther than present anarchy. But if Professor Schuman has gone beyond imperialism in his projected rule of the élite (as he undoubtedly has in his mind) he has not specified it in his program.

Every major and minor prophet in the land is talking world federation now. The desperate necessity of this new advance in world organization cannot be denied. The prophets could be left to supply the fervor if the political scientists would give us precise specifications on how this stupendous task of world organization is to be achieved.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

More About South America

THE BATTLE OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Albert E. Carter. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.75.

SOUTH AMERICA AND HEMISPHERE DEFENSE. By J. Fred Rippy. Louisiana State University Press. $1.50.

PARADOXICALLY speaking, Hitler has become a Columbus in reverse; he has rediscovered South America for us. The plain truth is that our sudden interest is motivated by fear of Nazi control over the lands south of the Panama Canal. Much to our dismay we realize how deeply the Nazis have intrenched themselves in countries which we had neglected for generations. One of the by-products of this situation is that the market is swamped by books on South America. A host of cruise travelers feel the irresistible urge to record their impressions, mainly based on official tourist folders, reference books, enlightenment derived from English-speaking hotel clerks and sympathetic night-club entertainers. On a higher level than these irritatingly false travelogues are the summarizing reports, covering in streamlined fashion all republics, by economists, journalists, and writers. The trouble with such otherwise valuable accounts is that the visitors are often after the same information, see the same places, talk to the same newspapermen, politicians, professors, and that, consequently, they arrive at the same conclusions. John Gunther's "Inside Latin America" is the most successful example of this type of political reportage. Relatively rare, however, are serious studies either on special problems concerning all states or dealing thoroughly with one country only—the South American states are as different from one another as states in Europe. Only such studies, based on a more than superficial knowledge, are of real value.

Mr. Carter's book is a report by an observant newspaperman who had studied the general subject before he went "on location." He knows the tricks of his trade and has the ability to size up complicated political situations neatly and intelligently. The book lacks the brilliance of Gunther's presentation in spite of many verbal flashes; it avoids also Gunther's crude mistakes. But it suffers from the superficiality of hurriedly gathered information in too many countries. Its main merit is that it offers a reliable guide through the maze of internal politics in each state. Naturally enough, like any recent visitor, the author is struck by the extent of Axis influence, but he seems to overestimate the beneficial results of our Good Neighbor policy, notable as has been its success in alleviating apprehensions about the "Colossus of the North." Many of the governments are purely opportunistic; only the masses are democratic and pro-Ally. The recent outburst of hemisphere solidarity should not be mistaken for a genuine change of mind on the part of the fence-sitters, many of whom have been driven to our side by sheer fear of the Axis. If a third front is opened against the United States, the invader is likely to find his Quislings and bandwagon-climbers not only in the well-organized German-Japanese fifth column but also among the governing classes which now protest their solidarity with us.

Professor Rippy's book cannot be exactly fitted into any of the categories mentioned before. Certainly it is not a travelogue. But the form which one of the best experts in Hispanic history and politics has chosen militates against comprehensiveness and density of presentation. The book is made up of four lectures given at Louisiana State University, two of them dealing with South American history and politics, two with economics and finance. Replete with facts, admirably objective, it offers to the serious reader more reliable information than many more voluminous and pretentious books on the subject.

KARL LOEWENSTEIN

Clara Barton

CLARA BARTON: DAUGHTER OF DESTINY. By Blanche Colton Williams. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

CLARA BARTON, five feet high and forty years old, was a clerk in the Patent Office in Washington when the Civil War broke out. "This conflict is one thing I've been waiting for," she said. "If I can't be a soldier, I'll help soldiers." It was characteristic of her that she did not join the Sanitary Commission or the nurses organized by Dorothea Dix, but got her supplies direct from the Quartermaster, rode with them to the front, and distributed them to the men with her own hands, while cannon shot fell around her. She went about overcoming the popular apathy and official opposition to the Treaty of Geneva in the same direct way and naturally grew to think of the American Red Cross as her own baby.

When at the age of eighty she was deprived of her personal control of the organization, she was indignant, hurt, and bewildered. It was at this time that she secreted the diaries and documents that Dr. Williams discovered and now makes public. The rows within the Red Cross have of course lost their interest, but Clara's own record of her frenzied activities "in the field"—during the Franco-Prussian War, at the Johnstown flood, and in Cuba—is fresh and revealing and justifies the subtitle of Dr. Williams's book. Destiny not only thrust Clara Barton into cataclysmic situations; it gave her the belligerency, the tenacity, and the amazing self-confidence to make the most of her opportunities.

GRACE ADAMS

IN BRIEF

THE WAR, SECOND YEAR. By Edgar McInnis. Oxford University Press. $2.

Although written by a Canadian professor of history, this narrative of the current war is certainly no history, for many events are known only in so far as the belligerents wanted to reveal them. But it is not propaganda either, or rather it is excellent propaganda since one cannot help being impressed by the author's cool objectivity. It covers the occurrences from the Battle of Britain to the Battle of the Ukraine and finishes appositely by reviewing "the gyrations of Japanese policy." Because of the interest focused on the rushing scenery of the world drama this fortunate blend of journalism and scholarship is a useful reference book now, and because it is so meticulous it may prove helpful to the historian after the war. The author, in spite of his British viewpoint, is not only a reliable guide in the jungle of dazzling facts; he does not refrain from criticism, and he warns us particularly against unwarranted optimism. The book is written in a lively style and should be read by everybody who wishes to obtain an over-all view of the bewildering events of our time.

A MIRROR FOR CALIFORNIANS. By Oliver Carlson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THEY WERE SAN FRANCISCANS. By Miriam Allen de Ford. The Caxton Printers. $3.50.

Written in a pleasantly journalistic style and a spirit of tolerant observation, the first of these two books is accurately described by its title. Those who know California will recognize its image while remembering that a mirror reflects only the surface. Cynics among them may be inclined to believe that a deeper examination might not produce very much more; but in his analysis of recent social and political trends Mr. Carlson reveals California as something more than an exhibit. No generalizations about California apply to San Francisco, which, Mr. Carlson agrees with Frank Norris, is, with New York and New Orleans, one of America's three "story cities." Miriam Allen de Ford's gossipy and readable stories of some of San Francisco's "characters," famous and not so famous, are flavorful samples of the city's teeming history.

FOUR YEARS IN PARADISE. By Osa Johnson. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

Readers of "I Married Adventure" will remember Mrs. Johnson's brief account of the lost lake which she and her husband rediscovered and christened Lake Paradise. Her new book describes the four years they spent photographing animals there, and it ends with a letter from an English lieutenant whose company camped next to their old house late in 1940. Like its predecessors, "Four Years in Paradise" owes its appeal to its pleasant simplicity rather than to any really sensational adventures or any literary quality. The writing is simple almost to the point of naivete, but it does manage somehow to communicate the fact that the Johnsons were very likable people happily doing exactly what they wanted to do. No wonder that it makes very pleasant reading indeed. As usual there are some fine photographs and dozens of agreeable little anecdotes about animals, about native servants and helpers, about everyday life in a community of several hundred persons living far from the remotest outpost of civilization. Like "The Swiss Family Robinson," Mrs. Johnson's books are, whether she knows it or not, part of the eternally rewritten legend of the Golden Age.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

Canton Captain. By James B. Connolly. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

Remaking America. By Jay Franklin. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

The Southern Negro and the Public Library. By Eliza Atkins Gleason. Chicago. $2.50.

Time Was: Death of a Junker. By Heinrich Hauser. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

Brazil in Capitals. By Vera Kelsey. Harper. $3.50.

Twelve Decisive Battles of the Mind. The Story of Propaganda During the Christian Era with Abridged Versions of Texts That Have Shaped History. By Gorham Munson. Greystone. $3.50.

The Entertainment of a Nation. By George Jean Nathan. Knopf. $2.50.

The United States and Civilization. By John U. Nef. Chicago. $3.

Swift and Defoe. A Study in Relationship. By John F. Ross. California. $1.50.

A Wavering Friendship: Russia and Austria, 1876-1878. By George Hoover Rupp. Harvard. $5.

From the Land of Silent People. By Robert St. John. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

The Plain Dealer: One Hundred Years in Cleveland. By Archer H. Shaw. Knopf. $4.

Arms and the Aftermath. By Perrin Stryker. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

The Creation of Purchasing Power. A Study in the Problem of Economic Stabilization. By David McCord Wright. Harvard. $3.

DRAMA

The Unbeautiful People

WITH almost perfect unanimity the critics turned thumbs down on Clifford Odets's new play "Clash by Night" (Belasco Theater). The tone of the reviews was, indeed, one which seems reserved almost exclusively for dealing with works by new authors previously greeted with wild enthusiasm, and it is difficult not to feel that the reviewers, in the process of cooling off, frequently do somewhat less than justice to those they are afraid of having praised too much. Nearly every fault found in "Clash by Night" is, to be sure, really there. Certain scenes, for example, are unquestionably over-long, and the catastrophe, like that in most of the author's other plays, seems weak or at least less imaginative than the opening passages lead one to hope. But Mr. Odets, being a good writer, cannot be adequately described as the sum of his defects, and to me it seems positively monstrous to treat him as though he could. Whatever its faults, the new play has originality and power, and I am willing to wager that its severest critics will remember it long after they have forgotten other pieces successfully launched on the wave of their enthusiasm.

In subject matter and tone "Clash by Night" belongs in the category with "Rocket to the Moon." The setting is equally drab, the persons equally unbeautiful, and the story deliberately banal in much the same way. But like "Rocket to the Moon" all this is both more interesting and less painful than it seems to have any right to be because Odets has qualities very few of his contemporaries possess in anything like an equal degree. He had them from the very beginning, and they were responsible for the impression which "Awake and Sing" was able to produce, but they have become clearer and clearer as he has abandoned the preaching of a doctrine and left the plays to stand or fall by their imaginative force.

The first of these qualities is one of the most mysterious and most nearly unanalyzable in the whole repertory of artistic magic—namely, the power of making things seem real. This has, of course, no necessary connection with what is called realism, and it is, on the other hand, identical with what ought to be the primary meaning of the word "imagination," or the power of creating imitations of reality which seem like reality itself. One recognizes it when one finds oneself accepting personages and actions directly and on their own terms rather than as typical characters or situations, when they remind one of nothing except themselves and not of either fiction or, even, experience. The quality is not incompatible, as in this case, with the fact that both the characters and the situations can be crudely described as banal or, as in the case of Shakespeare, with the fact that they can equally well be described as directly in an established convention. They are merely so completely realized that their existence is independent of either the actuality or the convention with which it is possible intellectually to connect them.

This power Mr. Odets has to a degree unequaled by any of his American contemporaries except Erskine Caldwell and Eugene O'Neill. In addition he has the power of communicating a special sort of compassion peculiarly his own. The preacher takes us down into the lower depths to arouse our indignation, the sentimentalist in order that we may discover there impossible virtues, and the decadent merely that we may wallow with him in congenial mud. Mr. Odets has been occasionally a preacher, but never a sentimentalist or a decadent, and at his best he is none of these. His people are certainly not beautiful people, and in "Clash by Night" there is not a single character "sympathetic" in the ordinary sense of the word. Yet there is not one with whom one does not sympathize, not one who is not pitiable, not one whom the spectator does not understand.

In his earlier plays Mr. Odets had a villain, "the social system." His best characters are still persons to whom lack of money is recurrently the dominant fact in life, but he has grown less and less interested in demonstrating this fact as a fact, more and more interested in picturing from the inside the tragedy of men and women who are victims of passion no less than of economics. Many of them have, like Odets himself, the gift of compassion, but suffering and frustration generate an egotism which overrides even compassion, and the result is a kind of tragedy which his plays define more and more clearly—the tragedy of those who hurt others not in blindness or malice but only because they are themselves in agony.

None of this could mean much if Mr. Odets did not have the power of imagining his people with extraordinary solidity. But since that power has been given him, he is already one of the most impressive dramatists of our generation, and about "Clash by Night" I should like to make a prediction. If it is not too precipitately removed from the boards it will find a rewarding audience.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

FURTHER December releases from Victor include "Great Songs of Faith" (Set 850, $3.50): the beautiful "He Shall Feed His Flock" from Handel's "Messiah" (18324), with "He Was Despised and Rejected" on the reverse side; the deeply affecting "Es ist vollbracht" from Bach's St. John Passion (18326); and the less consequential "O Rest in the Lord" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "But the Lord Is Mindful of His Own" from his "St. Paul" (18325). These are sung by Marian Anderson with an orchestra conducted by Charles O'Connell. Reports that Anderson has been singing with less constriction and forcing and less consequent tremolo are confirmed by these records: never in recent years have I heard her sing with such freely flowing luscious beauty of voice—and also such beauty of phrasing—as in "He Shall Feed His Flock"; and the improvement can be heard in lesser degree in the other pieces. Least satisfactory is "Es ist vollbracht," where possibly she is hampered by a rhythmically amorphous accompaniment that has one groping for the structural outlines of the piece. In my review set grit is heard with the sound near the centers of the records.

The sets of Glière's "Ilya Mourometz" Symphony and Fauré's Requiem have not yet arrived; and that leaves E. Power Biggs's single disc (18292, $1) with simple but satisfying performances on the organ of Bach's beautiful Chorale "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" and Brahms's surprisingly unpretentious and engaging Chorale-Prelude "Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen," which is here recorded for the first time. Personally I prefer to hear Bach's chorale in its original form for chorus and orchestra, as it is recorded on Columbia DB-507.

From Columbia there is Dvorak's Quartet Op. 51, one of his best works, well played by the Busch Quartet (Set 480, $4.50); but I prefer the Lener Quartet performance in Columbia Set 369 for its greater tonal beauty. My copy of the new set has several noisily defective surfaces. Columbia also gives us Chabrier's Trois Valses romantiques for two pianos, played by Robert and Gaby Casadesus (Set X-209, $2). Nos. 1 and 2 are moderately good; No. 3 I know to be hauntingly beautiful from the way Balanchine uses it in the most affecting episode of "Cotillon"; but I would not know it from the way it is rattled off on this record. My copy of this set also has defective surfaces.

You would do better to choose Beecham's performance of the Hungarian March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" rather than that of Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony on a Columbia single (71287-D, $1), with the Coronation March from Meyerbeer's "Prophète" on the reverse side. And Toch's "Pinocchio," subtitled "A Merry Overture," and well enough performed by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (11665-D, $1), can be neglected.

In addition to the ballets discussed by Virginia Mishnun the Ballet Theater gave "Giselle," with Markova's performance which some day will be as legendary as the dancing of Taglioni, whom she impersonated enchantingly in the performance of "Pas de Quatre." And though Markova did not bring to the part of the young bride in "Lilac Garden" the youthfully romantic warmth it asks for and usually has, her cool classical distinction made the performance exciting in an unusual way. "Princess Aurora" offered Baronova in feats of virtuosity that were increasingly difficult and increasingly boring, with an agonizing climax in circus-style even to the accompanying snare-drum-roll. Its Blue Bird variation required of Ian Gibson only his breath-taking air-turns and other technical feats; but in "The Specter of the Rose" he proved unable to create the continuous line of movement in which such turns and leaps are important points. His dancing, in other words, was largely raw technique—without maturity, without style; whereas maturity and style were striking in Yura Lazowsky's brilliantly virile dancing, and contributed largely to making him—even in the small things he was given to do—the company's outstanding male dancer.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Why No Negro College Teachers?

Dear Sirs: Cynicism about democracy is tragically widespread in this critical hour, and nowhere is it more in evidence than among the Negro citizens of our country. On every hand one can hear Negroes saying, "Is it worth our while to die to defend a system that doesn't let us live?"

The government, recognizing the basic economic causes of the disillusionment of Negroes, has taken some steps toward correcting the condition. The President's recent order forbidding any form of discrimination in civil-service employment is one such step.

We wish to direct attention to another area, not as important perhaps in point of numbers affected but extremely significant in its implications, where restriction of employment opportunities for Negro workers has done great spiritual and physical damage. We refer to the field of college teaching.

The facts are clear. There is not a single Negro professor in any one of the four free colleges of New York City. The sole Negro ever permitted to teach in the City College was the well-known Dr. Yergan, the popularity of whose courses increased steadily over a four-year period; but in spite of the obvious ability of the man and the growing attendance at his lectures, his status was never above that of special lecturer. Last spring the authorities took advantage of a general hysteria to dismiss him. It is true that Dr. Reddick, another Negro scholar, has been appointed in place of Dr. Yergan, but interested committees report their belief that the City College has little interest in the continuation of the course or in engaging other Negro instructors.

The four free colleges of New York City employ more than a thousand instructors of various ranks. Why should there not be a proper proportion of Negroes on faculties which serve a city one-tenth of whose citizens are Negro? If the principle of proportional employment were carried out, there would be close to one hundred Negroes in the four colleges instead of the one at present so precariously on the pay roll.

The situation throughout the country is no better than in New York City. Only in Negro colleges, such as Howard and Tuskegee, are any large number of Negro intellectuals employed as teachers. For example, of seventy-five Negroes who obtained Ph.D.'s between 1931 and 1941 and who are teaching in colleges, only one is employed in other than a Negro college.

The excuse has been advanced by some persons, including some college presidents, that no Negroes are qualified to teach in our colleges. Is this true or merely another reflection of the Jim Crow attitude which leads the United States navy, for example, to find no Negroes competent to serve as gunners, machinists, radio operators, or in any other capacity than that of mess boys and lavatory attendants?

The Committee for the Advancement of Negro Studies in the Colleges has been provoked by this challenge to attempt some research. Its findings, even after a superficial study, are conclusive and startling. In the ten-year period from 1931 to 1941 more than 170 Negroes earned Ph.D.'s at colleges and universities of the highest standing in the United States, exclusive of Negro universities and honorary degrees. This should be a sufficient answer to the cry that there are no Negroes qualified to teach in our colleges. It must be pointed out that many teachers at present employed in our colleges do not have the Ph.D. degree. Many are given the opportunity to acquire it while earning and learning at the college itself. Surely most persons qualified to study for a Ph.D. degree should be qualified to teach, especially in the college which grants the degree. But only one of these 171 Negro Ph.D.'s from non-Negro colleges has been allowed to teach. For example, the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Michigan, Ohio State, Harvard, the University of Chicago, Cornell, and Columbia have each given thirteen or more degrees to Negro scholars between 1931 and 1941. But only the University of Chicago has given a teaching job to one of these qualified Negro American intellectuals. If these scholars still have faith in democratic processes, is it not a miracle?

What are the present occupations of these Negro Ph.D.'s? As far as could be ascertained, they are grouped as follows: seventy-five are teaching in colleges (seventy-four in Negro colleges, one in a "white" college); six are teaching in elementary and high schools; six are in other professions; and the occupations of eighty-four are unknown.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn from this research is that a situation exists in American intellectual life that is a gross mockery of the ideals of democracy. What steps must be taken to change it? First, the free colleges must lead the way by employing Negro instructors in ever-increasing numbers until a condition of proportional parity has been reached. Suitable instructors are immediately available, if nowhere else, on the staffs of the so-called "Negro" universities, which can be relied upon to employ more Negro scholars than the other institutions for some time. In the meantime the President's stand against discrimination must be adopted as a basic principle by such groups as the Board of Higher Education of New York City. Second, governmental agencies, backed by people's committees and organizations, must demand the employment of Negro teachers in the privately endowed colleges and universities. Third, the colleges, public and private, must take up the serious task of equipping an ever-growing number of young Negro scholars, supplying the aid, financial and other, that will enable them to succeed in obtaining degrees and college teaching posts. And, finally, there must be promoted a program of studies in Negro history and culture that will inspire Negro and white students, and college authorities as well, with proper respect for the contribution of the Negro to the development of our American heritage.

Committee for the Advancement
of Negro Studies

New York, January 2

Shelter for a Mobile Army

Dear Sirs: With every industrial nation concentrating on the production of bombers aimed at maximum property damage, you might think we would begin to adapt the *targets* to the changed conditions. We are told what single bomb hits already have done to huge hangars at Hickam Field, to super-barracks at Wheeler Field, and to super-battleships at Pearl Harbor—all from putting as many eggs in one basket as if the bomber did not exist. Meanwhile, we go right on designing ships, barracks, hangars, storage depots, hospitals, and super-housing projects in the identical pre-bomber mode, as if the chief considerations were the pleasure of the pet contractors, labor unions, and materials purveyors on the receiving end. Army and navy egoes continue to be gratified, apparently, at American ability to pay for elephantiasis and extravagance without thought that they are creating bomb targets no enemy with a glass eye can miss. Otherwise, why since the last World War has there been no progress in the design of military shelter forms?

Obviously such forms have lagged a generation behind (a) the swiftly growing mobility of military science; (b) the growing range and destructiveness of the bomber; (c) the world scale of military actions; (d) the danger of waiting till *after* an enemy threatens from some unexpected point before sending tradition-minded contractors, technicians, and craftsmen and traditionally handicraft tools and raw materials to build targets that can't possibly house our forces until *months* subsequently—if they aren't all captured in the meantime, as at Wake Island.

No army can be any more mobile than its shelter. How are we to surprise the enemy if forced to advertise a year beforehand for bids to build the base the attack is to be launched from? Just as we are in the midst of spending a billion dollars to fortify a dozen foreign bases, the enemy attacks us elsewhere. Shall we spread ourselves so thin over the globe as to be strong nowhere, or shall we begin to realize that the day of defensive bases has gone with the bomber, that attack is the only defense, and that for attack our troops need small, insulated, prefinished, demountable shelter units they can carry compactly with them and erect and dismantle themselves in minutes—when and where they *attack?*

Prefabrication of a somewhat saner type than army engineers have evolved could meet this problem except for the unwillingness of military men to accept civilian advice, plus the resistance of those who profit from keeping shelter complicated, expensive, handicraft, conservative, and monumentally built for display or permanence. Must we, for the sake of those who fought Representative Engel's attempt to reduce the cost of military shelter and for the sake of those who pulled the behind-the-scenes wires against the Currier contract for prefabricated houses in the Detroit area, delay housing suitable to our army's mobility, thereby frustrating its ability to launch a surprise attack where the enemy is vulnerable at the time of its own choosing? Shall we dissipate our energies on fixed bases, none of which can be particularly strong, and tie our forces down by their coat-tails to defensive positions?

What shall we pay in blood, defeat, and destruction for the hindsighted inertia of those who, living in an era of mobility and property destruction, persist in thinking of military shelter in terms of giantism, immobility, and cost-plus swank permanence? Either we shall crawl out of ruts beloved by those who profit from such grandfatherly ineptitude or we shall be blown out. Immediately, unless we itch for a licking, we should put fewer military eggs in one basket, reduce target area, diffuse the targets at each camp, cease all construction for conspicuous display, and provide light, low-cost, insulative, demountable shelter units adequate for any climate, and thus make our army irresistibly *mobile* in attack.

CORWIN WILLSON

New York, January 5

Lerner vs. Chamberlain

Dear Sirs: Except for the fact that it had very little to do with the book, John Chamberlain's review of "Ideas for the Ice Age" in your issue of December 6 was first-rate reading. It had some good quips, it said some nice things about my style, and it carried on a long-standing debate in which John and I have been indulging ourselves on the possibilities of economic planning and democratic socialism. But this review might better have been written of any of my previous books, since what I have written about planning and socialism is found chiefly in them. I had flattered myself that there are ideas in my new book which I had not developed to the same extent in earlier books. But since Chamberlain never so much as mentions them, perhaps I am wrong. Maybe book reviewing is supposed to be a form of public debate, and maybe Chamberlain was right to address his review primarily to a chapter in my book which had originally been written as a review of his "American Stakes."

He challenges me at the end of his article to a debate with either him or Willi Schlamm. I would be glad to take part in one with either or both of them, on any topic, including economic planning, democratic socialism, methods of winning the war, or the nature of a post-war world. I will do it orally or in writing or in any other sign or symbol language they may choose. But I would still like to know sometime what Chamberlain thinks of my book.

MAX LERNER

New York, December 22

Reves, British Journalist

Dear Sir: In your issue of December 6 Franz Hoellering in his review entitled Thyssen Explains refers to me as "the Hungarian journalist, Emery Reves." It is true that I was born in Hungary, but I am a naturalized British subject and am very proud of it. At the moment when Great Britain, which is my country and to which I owe all my allegiance, is at war with Hungary, I resent being referred to as a Hungarian and shall be grateful if you will publish this rectification

EMERY REVES

New York, December 10

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The Shape of Things

THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EASTERN WAR remains grave, with the Japanese retaining the initiative everywhere except in China. There they have suffered a striking defeat which they have endeavored to minimize by reporting withdrawal from Changsha after "having accomplished our objectives." Actually it seems that they never succeeded in entering the city but were forced to beat a hasty retreat from the suburbs when the Chinese counter-attacked. Chiang Kai-shek's forces have followed up this victory with harassing movements against Canton and other important centers held by the invaders, and reports from Chungking speak of plans for a general offensive in China which, should it prove practicable at this time, might have very important effects in relieving pressure on other fronts. Meanwhile, however, the Japanese offensive in the western Pacific is developing with increasing power. In Luzon General MacArthur's small army is holding out against heavy odds. Its battle is in the nature of a forlorn hope, but it is immobilizing a considerable enemy force and inflicting heavy losses on it. Moreover, Manila Bay remains useless to the Japanese so long as our flag flies from Corregidor. By their capture of Davao at the southern end of Mindanao the Japanese secured an air and naval base which they are now using for attacks against Dutch Borneo and Celebes. Landings have been made at several points on these islands, and the oil center of Tarakan has been captured, but only after the destruction of its wells and installations. Oil, however, is only one objective of this new Japanese invasion; a more important consideration, probably, is to secure bases from which the sea routes connecting Australia with Java and Singapore can be attacked. Such moves are dangerous to us, but they are also risky for the Japanese, who with the wide dispersal of their forces have greatly lengthened their lines of communication.

* * *

SHOULD SINGAPORE FALL, JAPAN'S PROBLEM of communications would be greatly simplified, and we should be faced with immense difficulties in staging any kind of counter-offensive. The loss of the great British base would not mean the loss of the war, but it could mean that victory would be postponed for several years.

That is why the reinforcement of Singapore has become a strategic necessity. By the capture of Kuala Lumpur, the second city of Malaya, the Japanese have advanced a long way toward their objective. In numbers, in equipment, and apparently in tactics they have a marked superiority over the imperial defenders. Even so their rate of progress suggests serious mistakes on the part of the British command. Could not the island of Penang have been turned into a Tobruk? And if its evacuation was necessary, could not steps have been taken to destroy the small vessels there which the Japanese have since found so handy for landing troops behind British lines? And could not more have been done to check these coastal expeditions, especially as the Japanese have no naval forces in the Straits of Malacca? A great deal of ground has been lost in Malaya, and a great deal of material, but there are some indications of an improvement in the situation. As they withdraw toward the narrower southern end of the peninsula, the British have a shorter front to cover and shorter lines of supply. They appear to have received air reinforcements and are now able to attack Japanese airfields and other objectives more aggressively. At the same time the R. A. F. and the American volunteers in Burma have successfully beaten off a number of raids and have begun to blast enemy-held bases in Thailand. This may presage a land invasion of that Asiatic Rumania by combined British Indian and Chinese forces which could force the Japanese to retreat from Malaya even more rapidly than they have advanced.

*

WE MUST NOT ALLOW ANXIETY ABOUT THE Far East to distort our perspective on the war as a whole. Russia's recent successes, which have been a tonic to all the United Nations, might not have been possible if British troops and American supplies had been diverted to the Far East before Japan struck. Defending British policy, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Minister of Air, asserted that the concentration of resources on the Russian and African fronts had brought results commensurate with the risks involved and stressed the assistance given to the Soviets by R. A. F. activities that "compelled the German air force to keep more than half its fighter squadrons stretched along the coast from Norway to France." As a result, the Russians were able to regain that ascendancy in the air which proved invaluable in turning back the Nazis. Their counter-offensive now seems to be gaining momentum all along the line. On the central front the Russian wedges driven into the German lines are being steadily enlarged, and the relief of Sevastopol and the development of the campaign for recapture of the Crimea are endangering the whole Nazi position in the eastern Ukraine. In the far north a new counter-offensive is pressing the Germans and Finns back from the neighborhood of Murmansk. Finnish war weariness is evidently growing rapidly as doubts about the effectiveness of German aid increase and the food position grows more and more desperate. The Social Democratic Party is openly talking about stopping the war, although the latest official pronouncement from Helsinki continues to demand not merely the territories lost in 1940 but "favorable strategic frontiers." There are signs that an early opportunity may be afforded for wise Soviet diplomacy to harvest the gains of Russian arms.

*

LAST WEEK WE PRINTED AN ARTICLE BY Heinz Pol on Hitler's Restless Reich. The theme of the piece was the growing preoccupation of certain German industrial and military circles with the happy thought of liquidating their Führer in order to obtain a compromise peace. Since then scarcely a day has passed without some additional rumor of unrest in Germany, and even before Mr. Pol's article reached our readers a representative of one of the United Nations had filed with the American War Department a detailed report of disease, hunger, and dissension in the German forces. One need not be a Pollyanna to believe that the successive losses of the Battle of England, the Battle of the Atlantic, the Battle of Russia, and the Battle of Libya have jolted the *Herrenvolk*, but the over-all situation of the Axis forces is still so favorable and their reserves in men and material so formidable that it would be dangerous foolishness to dream of victory before we have begun to fight. Without minimizing the importance of such unrest as there appears to be in Germany, we suspect that Dr. Goebbels, making the best of a major Nazi defeat, is not averse to having it bruited about that the great Aryan barrier to Bolshevism is beginning to give way and all Europe is in danger. This is the stuff appeasement is made of. Certainly one is warranted in sniffing dubiously when Goebbels lends substance to rumors of revolt by rousing foreign correspondents from their beds to hear the official denial. In evaluating reports of the feverish fortifying of Germany's eastern boundary and of machine-gun nests on the roofs of Berlin it is well to note that pro-Nazi propaganda here and elsewhere is sounding the theme that only a compromise peace can save Europe from red revolution.

*

ADMIRAL MUSELIER CONTINUES TO SHOW A lack of consideration for the American State Department, and its delicate affair with Vichy, that warms the cockles of our heart. On January 9 it was reported confidently from Washington that "Free French leaders will withdraw their forces from the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon soon and announce their adherence to the twenty-six-power pact. . . . The chief problem now is getting [the Free French] off the islands with the least embarrassment to all concerned. . . ." This formula was obviously designed, not to make sense, even as English composition, but only to save the faces of the gentlemen in the State Department. On January 10, Admiral Muselier, refusing to take the hint, issued a statement in which he said:

> I am not looking for any opportunity to withdraw from this position under circumstances that will save us from embarrassment. . . . If the Free French naval forces should be driven out, then I suggest that the Normandie be sent here to take off the civilian anti-Vichyites. No smaller vessel would be sufficient. . . . But the embarrassment in that case . . . would belong properly to those who say they are fighting for democracy elsewhere, but who have placed themselves indelibly on record here as against it.

The Admiral's lèse majesté, coupled with a rising volume of protests at home, appears to have unmanned the State Department completely. In a statement that recalls nothing so much as the verbal jiu-jitsu of pre-war Tokyo Secretary Hull asserts that the department's phrase "so-called Free French ships" was not intended as a slur at all; the "so-called" referred to the ships and not to the Free French. Unless it turns out that the Admiral and his crew approached the islands on surf boards, this quaint explanation will save very little face; and that is as it should be.

*

THE PRICE-CONTROL BILL WHICH FINALLY passed the Senate turned out to be worse than the highly unsatisfactory House version. Although some improvements were made, such as the substitution of one-man control for a five-man board and the setting up of a licensing system, the last-minute amendments forced through by the farm bloc killed any hope of effectively regulating the prices of agricultural commodities. The Senate not only voted to give Secretary Wickard veto power over any ceilings on farm crops but wrote a new definition of "parity" which would prevent any curb on farm prices until they have risen approximately 25 per cent above their present level. In actuality this would prevent any type of price control, since industrial prices cannot be restricted if the prices of food and agricultural raw materials are unrestricted. And since any compensatory rise in industrial prices permits a further increase in farm prices under the "parity" concept, there is no point at which the vicious spiral of inflation can be checked. It is probable that the Senate-House conference committee will seek to revise the bill so as to make it of some value, but with the farm bloc in control in both houses, there seems little chance of salvaging real price control. Barring a political miracle, the door to inflation will be left wide open. In the last war we suffered from inflation because we had not yet learned the technique of controlling our fiscal system. Today that knowledge is available, but a powerful minority stands in the way of our making use of it.

OPTIMISTIC REPORTS ON THE CONVERSION of the automobile industry to war purposes continue to fill the columns of the daily press, but actual progress is somewhat disappointing. The ten-man committee set up last week by the automobile-industry conference was quickly scrapped because the employers objected to giving labor any managerial authority. It has been replaced by a seven-man committee, including three labor representatives, which is to be mainly advisory. Although the industry has accepted all-out conversion "in principle," it continues to oppose the Reuther plan on the ground that it would place labor in a position of "control." This attitude has been reflected by conservative papers throughout the country. *Barron's* admits that the union leaders believe that they are acting in the best interests of the nation, but declares that "their proposals, if successful, *could* substitute union management of that huge industry for its present form of management." This is a surprisingly frank confession of lack of faith in the present system from one of the country's leading financial journals. For such a development would only be possible if management failed utterly in carrying out the conversion program. Admittedly management has lacked and still lacks vision regarding the necessity for an all-out effort, but, given the will, one cannot doubt its ability.

*

IN THE YEAR THAT PRECEDED OUR ENTRY into the war the issue of "intervention" versus "isolation" cut across all party lines, produced bedfellow combinations painful to recall, and in general tended to blur political distinctions of the first importance. During those days the Union for Democratic Action, limited in resources and membership, struggled to keep before American progressives the demands of a two-front fight: for all aid to the forces combating fascism abroad and for the extension of democracy at home. Many honest liberals felt that the approach was too complex, that the crying need was to rouse the country to the dangers that faced it from across the seas, and that only a front that ranged leftward from Carter Glass could serve the purpose. What the straight interventionist committees were unable to accomplish in a year was done in an afternoon by a few hundred gentlemen of Japan. The committees have not dissolved, but it was natural that with the turn in events their more liberal members should turn to the Union for Democratic Action as the logical instrument for their political purposes. As a result of two full-day conferences, the U. D. A. has now expanded into what promises soon to be a mass organization "left of center." It is no disparagement of the Administration to point out the necessity of concerted pressure from this direction. The U. D. A. may well serve as the democratic conscience of a country at war and the inspiration of the peace to come.

Political War in Rio

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AN INTERNATIONAL conference is a time-honored device for concealing international realities. There the lowest common denominator reigns supreme, and courage and clarity seem a form of indecent exposure. There the diplomatic confidence-man faces stiff competition in the old game of deceiving the innocent and trapping the unwary.

This week at Rio the Foreign Ministers of all the American republics meet to discuss problems arising out of the state of war between the United States and the Axis. Seated together in the elegant Palacio Itamarati will be a group of delegates representing dictatorships and democracies, powerful states and virtual colonies, governments that support the Allied nations and governments that expect or hope for an Axis victory. The men themselves will vary as widely as the governments they represent. Members of Hitler's fifth column in America will face outspoken anti-fascists. And every delegate will of necessity adopt the diplomatic pretense that his fellows are all good democrats, devoted to the cause of pan-American unity. On this basis the game will begin.

How it will end can safely be predicted. It will end in a compromise dressed up in the language of hemispheric solidarity and defense. The United States will emerge from the conference without either the material or the moral backing of several important South American states. The recalcitrance of the Argentine government, elaborated by its Foreign Minister, Dr. Ruiz Guiñazú, in terms of "neutrality" and a deep devotion to the convention of Havana, will be indorsed by at least two nations under Argentine influence. This bloc will be opposed by the United States and its neighboring satellites, together with Uruguay and some of the other smaller republics. Brazil, tied to the United States both by tradition and heavy economic bonds, but drawn toward the Axis by the fascist sympathies of many of its officials as well as by its desire to play safe in case of a Nazi victory, may well act as "moderator." Its delegates will probably be charged with the responsibility of discovering the happy formula which will at once bridge differences, conceal truths, save faces, and present to the world an appearance of unanimity.

The United States will get a formula of unity. But it will not get unity.

It will not get unity because no sound basis for unity exists. Effective unity, rooted in a common democratic attitude, has been impaired by our curious diplomatic strategy of supporting our enemies and alienating our friends. Several governments in Latin America either expect or desire an Axis victory and have no wish to throw in their fortunes with the anti-Axis powers. The test of the sincerity of those governments is their willingness to end their relations with the Axis—in fact as well as formally. Hitler doesn't expect the Argentine to declare war on the United States. All he asks of any Latin American state is neutrality.

The United States has one strong card to play—its huge economic power. Undoubtedly Mr. Welles hopes to buy with American dollars what he cannot win by other means. The Latin American countries are acutely in need of markets. We need the raw materials they can no longer sell in Europe; and we need other resources which can be developed in the Americas and which we can no longer get from the East—rubber, above all; quinine, kapok, tin, and many other indispensable minerals. On the solid basis of mutual advantage we have much to offer the Latin American countries, including the Argentine. It is assumed by our policy-makers in Washington that even governments with pro-Axis leanings will hesitate to antagonize the one great remaining market for their surplus goods. This assumption is the one that has lain at the heart of our whole disastrous policy of appeasement. It has been proved wrong over and over. Today a war is being waged on issues that brutally cut across the simple concepts of old-fashioned imperialist diplomacy. Today national policies are determined by political and ideological alignments even more than by economic advantages. A man like Acting President Castillo of the Argentine plots his politics not along the curve of his country's economic interests, which are undoubtedly tied up with the United States and Great Britain, but along the line of his own-pro-fascist inclinations.

Mr. Welles may bring home an excellent trade agreement, and our war program may be strengthened by the resources of the Latin American countries. But in the end democracy and the security of the Western Hemisphere will be advanced very little if they depend upon purchases of wheat and wool from nations governed by pro-Axis reactionaries. In the hour of decision it will be the political aims and sympathies of those governments that count. Our generous contributions of oil and iron did not prevent Japan from striking when the chosen day came. And our continued support of Franco has not dissuaded his agents in America from working for a Nazi world order. Feeding American dollars to fascist politicians has never yet turned them into democrats.

The economic power of the United States is a good card, but we have played it stupidly according to rules that have become meaningless in the course of the fascist struggle for power. The other day the New York *Times*, discussing the difficulties facing Mr. Welles at Rio, remarked virtuously: "The United States has no desire to coerce Argentina. We can only hope that her people will come to see that their own best interests . . . lie in willing cooperation with the anti-Axis powers." In those words lurk almost all the futile, vacuous, idiotic fallacies that have brought the democratic nations to their present desperate crisis. The Argentine government is not "Argentina." The people are already overwhelmingly "with the anti-Axis powers." They are living under a state of siege declared by a pro-Axis Acting President and are not permitted to express their opinions or demonstrate their feelings. Their government meanwhile follows a policy designed to preserve the fiction of inter-American unity while refusing all genuine collaboration. Is this government not to be "coerced"? A war is being waged —a political as well as a military war—and its front is in every country where Nazi agents and pro-Nazi officials plot against democratic victory. Are we to go on forever using our economic power to hold in office men and interests that are fighting on the other side, hoping that somehow, sometime, in defiance of all experience, we can buy them into our camp? Today we fight for the freedom of the world, and in this fight we find our battle lines drawn in strange places and new weapons in our hands. Even a pro-Axis dictatorship could not long survive if the price of its policy were the loss of its North American markets. Mr. Welles goes to Brazil armed with some of the most important weapons in the arsenal of political warfare. If he hesitates to use them he, and democracy itself, will face defeat.

A Job for the Guild

WE HOPE the American Newspaper Guild will investigate the report that pressure from certain Administration officials recently forced Robert S. Allen and Drew Pearson to withdraw from publication a "Merry-Go-Round" column critical of the navy. We think it important for a group of newspapermen to find out whether there was any material in that column properly subject to criticism as military-naval information valuable to the enemy. In this category we do not include information on the long and hilarious week-ends spent by some high naval officers. We think it important to learn how these officials obtained advance copies of the column, and what methods were used to force Allen and Pearson to withdraw it. Their independence of mind is sufficiently well known to warrant the inference that the means used must have been of no gentle character. Was a threat made to withdraw their White House correspondents' privileges? What part was played in this affair by Stephen Early, the President's secretary in charge of press relations? Was he approached by naval officials to do the job? Did he consult with Mr. Roosevelt before he had Allen and Pearson "on the carpet"?

Inquiries made by *The Nation* cast doubt on the version of the story being spread by Early, and we think the whole affair ought to be brought into the open. There is no need to argue the case for a limited censorship in war time. It is freely admitted. It is equally necessary to recognize the inevitable bureaucratic tendency to use the excuse of "military secrets" to suppress criticism of officials in office and to suppress facts which would provoke criticism. It is not always easy to determine whether publication of a given fact would be more useful to the enemy than to ourselves by enabling us to get rid of incompetents and to correct dangerous defects. The doubt is best resolved in favor of publicity. A free press is never more necessary than in war time when a country's safety depends on the efficiency of its government; and newspapermen, who hold their trusteeship from a free people, must jealously guard their privileges.

We understand that the American Newspaper Guild in a letter to the President has suggested the setting up of a kind of "industry committee" before which cases like that of Pearson and Allen may be aired. We add only the suggestion that a committee of this kind should represent working newspapermen and women rather than their publishers, many of whom are "newspapermen" only in the sense that they happen to have enough money to own a newspaper. And we suggest that left and liberal opinion be well represented on that committee. The fact that the Administration has picked an Associated Press executive as censor is not encouraging, for the Associated Press has been only too willing to exercise upon itself a voluntary censorship in peace time in behalf of the vested interests of our society. If the standards of the censorship are to be those of the A. P., we shall not have a very free press. The choice of censor makes it all the more important to set up a committee that can speak for newspapermen against the brass hats of the profession as well as those of army and navy.

The War Budget

THE response given to President Roosevelt's budget message has been almost entirely favorable. Newspaper editorial writers and Congressmen who begrudged the spending of a billion or two to prevent starvation or to rehabilitate the unemployed have accepted the outlay of $53,000,000,000 for the war effort during the next fiscal year without question. This, of course, is highly encouraging. It would be impossible to mobilize our full resources against the Axis if Congress were to wrangle over every dollar spent as it has so frequently done in the past. We cannot allow the outworn concepts of orthodox finance to obstruct a truly "all-out" effort.

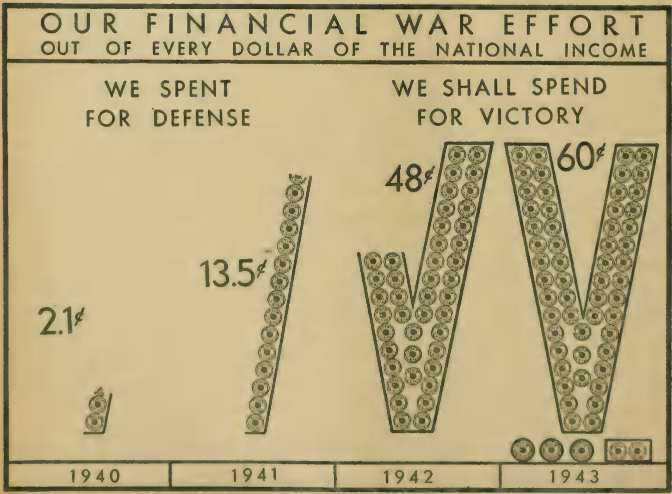
But though the unanimity of opinion on this point is heartening, there is a less encouraging aspect of the situation. Real danger exists that the staggering sums mentioned by the President and the urgency of the need may result in our adopting unsound fiscal policies which would normally be rejected. While it is true that the money for the war effort must be found regardless of sacrifices, it does not follow that it makes no difference how the money is obtained. On the contrary, the policies adopted for financing our $59,000,000,000 budget for 1942-43 are of far more crucial importance than the methods used for financing our "normal" pre-war budgets of approximately $13,000,000,000. The decisions which are made in the next few weeks with regard to our war-time fiscal policy will determine, to a large extent, the type of our post-war society.

In this connection the President's message is not wholly reassuring, while the reports of preliminary discussions in Congress are alarming. We will concede that the President's request for $9,000,000,000 in new taxation is about all that may reasonably be expected of Congress. It is not, however, enough. The estimated increase of $35,000,000,000 in our national debt during the 1943 fiscal year is bound not only to lead to serious fiscal disarrangements but to place a disproportionate share of the war burden on the low-income groups. If money can be borrowed, it can be obtained in taxation. And the Administration's decision to borrow the bulk of the money required for the war effort reflects a different attitude toward capital from that shown toward manpower in the Selective Service Act. Capital is to be enticed into patriotism; men are given no choice. This applies, of course, only to sums borrowed from individuals and private institutions. The bulk of the money will probably be borrowed from banks and will represent an inflationary expansion of credit. Inflation may be regarded as a concealed form of taxation, but it is of a type which falls chiefly on the wage-and-salary-earning portion of the population.

No decisions have as yet been reached as to how the $9,000,000,000 in new taxes is to be raised. But the President indicated that $2,000,000,000 might be obtained by increased social-security taxes. This represents a complete reversal of the Administration's previous tax policy. The social-security taxes are highly regressive. They fall almost entirely on wage-earners and only on the first $3,000 in personal income. Such a tax would inevitably curtail the living standards of the lowest-income groups without materially affecting the moderately well-to-do.

The Treasury Department would offset this tax on the poor by raising most of the remaining $7,000,000,000 from the well-to-do by increases in the income, estate, corporation-excess-profits, and "selective excise" levies. But Senator George, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, and other Congressional leaders have gone on record as opposing any strengthening of the present flabby excess-profits tax. Sentiment for a general sales tax—which again places the burden squarely on the lower-income groups—seems stronger than ever before. The President reiterated his opposition to a general sales tax, but he largely nullified the effectiveness of his stand by suggesting that it might be necessary to reopen the question later. His indorsement of "selective excise" taxes is also being quoted in support of the principle of the sales tax. Such an interpretation is, of course, wholly unjustified. An excise tax on luxuries and semi-luxuries tends to fall on high rather than low-income groups, and is particularly useful in war time for reducing consumer demand for non-essentials.

Taken as a whole, the President's program is realistic and deserves support. Its shortcomings are minor in comparison to the positive dangers in the reactionary program being shaped in Congress. We cannot, of course, expect Congress to be any more enlightened in its fiscal policies in time of war than in time of peace. Nor can we expect any relaxation in the activities of pressure groups and business lobbies. This places a heavy responsibility on progressive citizens throughout the country. Although their efforts must be concentrated on winning the war, they should not allow the magnitude of that task to divert their attention from basic social policies at a time when far-reaching decisions are being made. Vigilance was never more necessary.



Graphic by Pick-S

On Industry's Battle Front

BY I. F. STONE

Detroit, January 11

THE fate of the world will be decided in America's factories, and I am on a bird's-eye-view tour of the industrial battlefield. My ears are full of the din: hammers two stories high beating like giant steel tom-toms in the grimy forges of Detroit; small machine-shop owners in Racine complaining that they cannot get war orders; union organizers in Chicago with fiercely accusing figures on idle equipment which might be turning out guns; a small automobile manufacturer in South Bend resentful of the suggestion that labor help share the war responsibilities of management; all the clang and uproar of a nation's smithy reorganizing to beat plowshares into swords.

Before I took the late night plane Wednesday in Washington for Detroit, I had heard the stupendous figures set by the President for this and next year's war output. And sitting with other newspapermen outside the room at the OPM where eager automobile unionists and reluctant executives argued about the industry's conversion to war production, I had heard angry voices and pleading voices trickle through the ventilator. There were no open covenants openly arrived at in the automobile-conversion conference. We waited until 9 p.m. for the meager and carefully worded announcement that ended the meeting, and it was to see for myself the problems of conversion that I left Washington.

Over the Alleghanies snow was falling, and the plane rocked like a ship in an angry sea. Later the skies cleared, and we could look down and see ice floes like gray clouds in the black waters of Lake Erie. It was 6 degrees below zero on the airport thermometer at 3 a.m. in Detroit, but I found rising temperatures that day at the famous West Side local of the U. A. W.–C. I. O. Nobody knew quite what the final formula adopted at the automobile conference meant, but everyone agreed that it was a long way from joint labor-management-government pooling of the automobile industry. A joint committee was to "assist in the development of the best method for the utilization of labor, tools, machinery facilities, etc., for the most expeditious conversion of the automobile industry for the production of war materials." This vaguely outlined task, only a shade better than advisory, was itself to be "subject to the determination of the Office of Production Management," and this in turn meant William S. Knudsen, General Motors' Greek gift to the defense program.

The mood of the automobile workers is, nevertheless, far from one of discouragement. They are tough and tenacious, and accustomed to scaling citadels by toeholds. The men who made Detroit a union town are confident that they can make the automotive industry an industrial democracy for "the duration." The men who fought their way to the kingships at the top are worried, and—from what I gathered in their offices—came to Washington under the impression that they would not even have to sit down in the same room with a labor committee to discuss conversion. Their glum silence at the one big joint meeting held in Washington was broken only by the revealing plea of C. E. Wilson, president of General Motors, for new tax and contract privileges. I have no doubt that in the long run labor not only can win a place on the industry's board of directors but can prove the value of its advice to the magnates themselves, as the unions have already proved that collective bargaining increases efficiency. The danger lies in the time that may be lost if the President permits the industry to wage a long rear-guard action against the pooling of its machines for war and against their conversion under joint labor-management-government auspices. Not to act soon is to permit 60,000 planes and 45,000 tanks this year to remain a White House daydream.

As I write this in my hotel room, a call from New York brings word that Cyrus Ching has been named chairman of the committee to "assist in the developing," etc., of the automobile industry. The choice seems a good one, for the rubber-company executive is well regarded by both the companies and the union leaders in the industry. He made a good impression on labor during his service on the Mediation Board, and to judge from an "off the record" conversation with an automobile manufacturer yesterday, Ching's name seems to have been submitted to both sides in advance and accepted by them. Under the Selective Service Act the President has power to place compulsory orders and to commandeer idle machines. If he delegates these powers to the committee, there is hope of quick and adequate action. If he delays, there will be more Manilas.

No one can spend a few days talking with the men who manage and the men who work in automotives without seeing how easy, in many ways, and how necessary, in every way, is the task before Ching's joint committee. The industry is already a great cluster of parts factories and assembly plants around the rim of the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Milwaukee. Its normal method of procedure is precisely that applied by Beaverbrook in Britain and suggested here by Reuther for the making of planes and tanks. The blueprint of the automobile is broken down into a multitude of parts, and these are farmed out every season among thousands of subcontractors. The rivulets of parts merge into a mighty flood on the assembly lines of the big companies and the small. From a production point of view, the automotive industry, behind its many-sided corporate façade, is one great integrated machine for the making of automobiles. Pooling and farming out are normal processes of the industry which it is proposed to apply on a new level to arms production.

The farther one gets from the industry's dollar-a-year men in Washington and the closer one gets to the production men and the tool engineers in the factories the more one's respect grows for the men who built the business. An auto-factory machine shop, with its overhead drives, its interlaced belts, its rows of strangely gnarled machines, is a grimy enchanted forest in which one is amazed at the miracle of mass production. But it is when one gets right down to the details of finding war purposes for these machines that one understands the crucial necessity for over-all pooling and direction in their use. An automobile factory is a giant special-purpose tool designed to do a specific job. Dismantled, it has infinite possibilities, and we enter an area where ingenuity and imagination determine results.

Unless the many problems arising are separated and allocated, no plant's little hierarchy of engineers can apply the concentration required to make new war tools from old machines. The machines themselves must be brought into new productive patterns, and an over-all board is needed to find in the stray idle machine at one plant the "missing link" needed in the new production line at another. Otherwise the management of each plant with a limited number of tools, must stand harassed and bewildered before an endless number of possible armament products. Without central aid and direction, the tendency will be to pick the easiest job and the one least disturbing to "business as usual."

Vichy Bait for Washington

BY WAVERLEY L. ROOT

WHEN the news that France had signed an armistice with Germany reached Syria in June, 1940, Governor General Puaux handed an envelope to a member of the French consular staff at Cairo then in Beirut but expecting to return to Cairo in two days. The envelope was addressed to the British military authorities in Egypt. It announced that Syria did not consider itself bound by the terms of the armistice, and that the important Near East army organized by General Weygand would continue to fight side by side with the British. Before Puaux's messenger had left, the United States indicated its intention to continue diplomatic relations with the French government. Puaux took his letter back. "I thought I understood what had happened," he said, "but if the United States approves of the Vichy government, I must have been mistaken."

That was the first act of the State Department in support of Vichy. As a result the British had to fight the Syrian campaign to acquire a strategically valuable territory which would have been with the Allies from the beginning if Washington had taken a different course.

American relations with France again occupied the spotlight when, against British opposition, the United States insisted on delivering supplies, including oil, to French North Africa. The theory of the State Department was that General Weygand's position was strengthened by these deliveries, and that General Weygand could be counted upon to keep the Germans out of North Africa. The fact that the supplies from the United States were helpful in the hurried building of the Trans-Saharan railroad from the Mediterranean to Dakar—a line of no conceivable immediate importance to the French, but of obvious strategic value to the Axis—did not seem important to the State Department.

Then the Germans decided that Weygand was an obstacle to their plans and ordered his removal. Vichy complied. At last the State Department, having apparently seen the light, stopped shipments of supplies to North Africa. American observers who had seen the evil effects of appeasement diplomacy on Europe breathed more easily. The State Department, it seemed, had learned its lesson. Washington moved nearer to recognition of De Gaulle. A sort of semi-official legation, the Delegation of the Free French Forces, was established in this country to obtain supplies under the Lease-Lend Act. It was a great shock, therefore, when the seizure of the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon by the De Gaulle forces, at the request of the population, was promptly disavowed by the State Department. It seemed grotesque for the United States to demand the return of the islands from an unrecognized but de facto ally to a government under the domination of a declared enemy.

Behind this incident is a State Department policy directly in the appeasement tradition of Neville Chamberlain. The futility of the whole appeasement theory was summed up brilliantly by the British cartoonist David Low in a drawing made some time before the outbreak of war. It showed Chamberlain, Daladier, Eden, and other European statesmen huddled fearfully in the corner of a room in the center of which stood Hitler, arms akimbo, glaring balefully at them. The caption read: "What will you fellows give me not to give you another kick in the pants?" The kick in the pants which Pétain has been threatening to deliver to the State Department is the handing over of the French fleet and empire to the Axis. It is an imaginary threat. Pétain is prevented from taking such action by the pressure of public opinion. He is unable to deliver the fleet because its crews would scuttle their ships first. He is unable to deliver the empire because the native populations would revolt. Indeed, for three indecisive days after Weygand's recall it was none too certain that North Africa would not react by going over to De Gaulle. Governor General Noguès, son-in-law of Delcassé, creator of the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale, and an appointee of Léon Blum, was on the verge of taking this step, but lacked the courage.

The destiny of the French fleet and the French empire is beyond the control of any one man or small group of men—including the American State Department. But the threat of their transfer is useful to Pétain. Through it he has succeeded in committing the State Department to his support. And that support is unconditional. The State Department does not say, "Send your ships to neutral ports, allow neutral control commissions to be placed in your colonies, and we will support you." It gives the support without demanding any change in the situation. Pétain can therefore continue to use the situation as a bludgeon with which to demand further support.

Pétain's motives need not be examined on the basis of surmise. His closest collaborators—Lucien Romier, Minister of State; Dr. Menétrier, his personal physician and confidential private secretary; Henri du Moulin de la Barthète, his *chef de cabinet*—have explained them. Pétain believes the war will end with a compromise peace between the exhausted enemies. France, because it got out of the war earlier with small losses, will be relatively strong—in a position to dominate the peace conference and recover its status as a great power. But if the war should end with an Allied advantage, it might be De Gaulle, not Pétain, who would represent France—an insupportable prospect. Pétain is therefore striving to keep the United States on his side in order to freeze out De Gaulle. He is also preparing for the possibility that Germany may dominate the peace conference by telling Berlin that only his influence with the people is keeping the fleet and colonies from joining the Allies.

The State Department has taken the bait. The Nazis apparently have not. As this article is written, they are preparing to bring pressure upon Pétain for greater collaboration by threatening to set up a new French government in Paris.

The steps by which the State Department became committed to Pétain's support are as follows: Marshal Pétain informed American representatives that if Darlan were pushed too far by the Germans, Pétain would resign, after ordering the fleet and the colonies to defend themselves against all comers. But, he pointed out, the colonies lacked the supplies necessary for their self-defense. The United States, he suggested, could make it possible for them to defend themselves by providing the supplies. It was not too practical, however, especially after we entered the war, for the United States to deal with German-controlled Vichy concerning the defense of French possessions against Germany, and so it was arranged that the State Department should deal with each French colony directly, and their governors were given carte blanche to carry on such negotiations.

In its direct dealings with General Weygand the State Department had negotiated with two special emissaries sent by Weygand to the French embassy in Washington—MM. Marschal and Guérin. When Weygand was removed, these two gentlemen assumed that their mission was ended. To their astonishment the State Department appeared to think otherwise. The reason behind this became apparent later when the department, in accordance with the understanding with Pétain, prepared to resume sending supplies to Morocco. This was after it had discussed the "neutralization" of Dakar—from which no ship or plane clears without German authorization—with General Barraud and Admiral Colligny.

Now an almost comic situation developed—one in which the falsity of the department's position was exposed with cruel clarity. The principle of resuming oil shipments had been established. But, the State Department asked, what guaranty could it receive that its tankers would not be torpedoed on the way? The French embassy in Washington asked Vichy. Vichy referred the matter to the Wiesbaden Armistice Commission. Wiesbaden passed it on to Berlin! This left the State Department with the prospect of having its whole policy knocked on the head by a simple "no" from Berlin. On the other hand, a "yes" would mean that United States policy is exactly what Berlin wants it to be. It is difficult to see what excuse can be offered in time of war for a diplomatic policy which can only be pursued with the consent, implicit or explicit, of the enemy. This single fact is sufficient to brand that policy as mistaken and dangerous.

Appeasement of Vichy has worked no better in other parts of the world. In the Far East, France has certain island positions which could be of use to us—notably Noumea in New Caledonia, the only Clipper stop on the southern route still available to us. General De Gaulle controls all France's Pacific possessions except Indo-China. He has offered us any bases we need in them. But the State Department's agreement with Vichy obliges it to deal with Admiral Decoux, the former Governor of Indo-China, whom Vichy hastily named Governor General of all France's Pacific possessions for the express purpose of providing someone to negotiate with the United States. If we want to use French Pacific bases we must ask permission of Admiral Decoux, who can't deliver them. We cannot accept General De Gaulle's offer because by doing so we should grant him recognition.

In the Western Hemisphere the State Department made an agreement with Admiral Robert of Martinique. This was actually reached on November 14 although it was not revealed until much later. Vichy denied knowledge of it, in accordance with the State Department-Pétain plan for direct negotiations between Washington and French possessions. The agreement included an assurance from Admiral Robert that the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon would not be used to serve the Axis. Yet at the time it was signed, a wireless station built after the armistice and controlled by an engineer sent especially from Vichy was already operating on the islands, sending out messages useful to German submarines and raiders. So far as is known, the State Department agreement contained no clause silencing that station.

Meanwhile Admiral Muselier, sent to Ottawa by General De Gaulle, informed the Canadian Admiralty that the islands had asked the Free French to take them over. Ottawa consented, but United States Minister Pierrepont Moffat asked Muselier not to take this action. Muselier was willing to comply but was overruled by De Gaulle, who informed him that Vichy was planning to make greater use of the islands to further Axis purposes and that they must therefore be occupied quickly. Muselier applied for a visa to go to Washington and explain the situation to the State Department. He was refused a visa! He then sailed for the islands, without American sanction and to a degree without American knowledge, but with the blessings of the Canadian government.

The State Department, instead of accepting the *fait accompli,* chose to make an issue of the occupation of the islands, thereby giving powerful pyschological comfort to the Axis, which the German-controlled French press and radio were quick to exploit. This decision demonstrated how thorough-going was the State Department's willingness to play Pétain's game against De Gaulle. Further proof was furnished by another event not made public: General De Gaulle, in the belief that common action against a common enemy made it essential that his delegation in the United States should include a military attaché, named a World War veteran to that position. The State Department found him, like Muselier, undesirable, and refused him a visa.

This record of State Department policy toward Vichy indicates that our diplomats have become so involved in what they no doubt consider a policy of the greatest cleverness that they have lost sight of basic principles. It might be worth while to hang in every office of the State Department a sign reading: "De Gaulle is fighting against the Axis. Pétain is the prisoner of the Axis. Nothing the United States can do will alter these two facts."

Our Plan for Victory

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

PERHAPS the most significant news item in the period immediately preceding the war went unnoticed by the vast majority of the American people. On December 4 the Chicago *Tribune* published large sections of a war plan purported to have been prepared many months ago by the Joint Board of the Army and Navy for the victorious prosecution of the war. No one in an official position has attempted to deny its authenticity, and it gives excellent internal evidence of being genuine.

In this plan the war is divided into three phases. In the first the Allies are frankly on the defensive and are to be kept going by economic and military assistance while the United States prepares itself for large-scale participation. This introductory phase, ended somewhat prematurely by the Pearl Harbor episode of December 7, was to be preparatory to a second stage in which the United States, its plans well advanced, was to abandon the defensive completely and send a second A. E. F. to Europe.

Invasion of Europe was considered out of the question until Germany had been weakened by aerial and naval attack. Prior to this step the following conditions would have to be created:

> 1. The surface and sub-surface vessels of the Axis must be swept from the seas, particularly in the Atlantic waters contingent to Europe.
>
> 2. Overwhelming air supremacy must be accomplished.
>
> 3. The industrial and economic life of Germany must be rendered ineffective.
>
> 4. The combat effectiveness of the German air and ground units must be weakened by dispersion and shortage of materials, including fuel.

5. Popular support of the war effort by the peoples of the Axis powers must be weakened, and their confidence shattered, by subversive activities, propaganda, deprivation, and the destruction wrought.

In order to prepare for the worst likely set of circumstances, the Joint Board assumed the complete defeat of the Soviet Union by July, 1942, an entire year before it expected to have available enough ships or enough men for an invasion of Europe. The land attack was to be directed at the reduction of outlying bases where the German hold was weakest, beginning with Norway; before an attempt should be made to conquer the citadel of Hitler's strength.

The third period of the war was to see the total military defeat of Germany and its allies.

Needless to say, the forces required to accomplish so difficult a military task would be enormous. A total of more than 10,000,000 men would probably see service during the course of the war, their exact number depending upon circumstances not yet certain; the navy and marine corps were expected to jump to 1,250,000 men, the army air corps to about 2,000,000 and the army itself to about 7,000,000. The plan stated that a certain number of troops were to be used as garrisons for advanced bases and home defense, while the rest, 215 divisions in five field armies, a large proportion of them mechanized and armored, were to serve as an expeditionary force to defeat Germany on its own soil. The equipment of so large an army would demand drastic increases in the manufacture of weapons, and 17,000,000 tons of additional merchant shipping, twice our pre-war merchant marine, was expected to be needed to transport the men and keep supply lines running. The aerial increase envisaged was only slightly less spectacular, the goal being a force of 7,000 bombers, requiring a 40 per cent increase in air bases.

Japan's entrance into the war on the side of the Axis was fully expected. The eventual military cooperation of German-occupied territories, Vichy France, and possibly Spain and Portugal was also anticipated. To counter Japan's activities, American aid in defending Siberia and Malaysia by land, a Chinese offensive, extensive air raids, and an economic blockade were to be used.

Such in brief was the original plan of operation. Wherein will it have to be modified as a result of the events of the past six months? How valid are the assumptions on which it rests, and what are its essential weaknesses?

One obvious weakness lies in its time schedule. July, 1943, is an extremely late date to start a decisive campaign. The plan itself recognizes this, saying, "But time is of the essence, and the longer we delay effective offensive operations against the Axis the more difficult will be the attainment of victory."

The fundamental assumption that sea power and air power can prevent the war from being lost but cannot retake conquered territory or alone bring a decision is regarded as reasonable by all experts save those naval and aerial enthusiasts who consider that their own arm is the only one likely to win a war. Soviet defeat by July, 1942, now looks constantly less probable. If the United States is able to rely on continued heavy Russian pressure on Hitler by land, the American forces that will be engaged, the time that will be required to achieve victory, and the probable losses are all subject to reduction. Less dependence, however, can be placed on air power, since accurate devices now detect planes regardless of altitude or weather conditions.

It has become plain that the defensive measures outlined will not defeat Japan and that there must be a large-scale offensive in the Pacific. By its conquests Japan has already gained access to rubber and tin and a limited iron supply. If its aggression to the south and west is sufficiently successful and it can consolidate its gains, it will be amply able to withstand the strain of a long war. Even to defend Malaysia, as contemplated by the Joint Board, superior sea and air strength must be attained. Until the United States achieves that superiority, the Allies will continue to meet defeat in the Far East.

What progress have we made in carrying out the plan?

In the European theater we have made definite gains. The German submarine offensive in the North Atlantic has bogged down so badly that ship losses have been reduced to a fraction of their former extent and the Germans are reported to be experiencing the greatest difficulty in supplying trained crews for their undersea raiders. British air supremacy over large areas of Western Europe is already an accomplished fact. All Europe is seething with unrest, and even German morale will probably suffer if the losses in Russia continue; German air and ground strength has already been decreased. Whether the economic and industrial life of Germany can be seriously disrupted from the air is open to question; the example of Great Britain leaves room for grave doubt. It is more likely that the Axis will suffer from a shortage of raw materials, especially oil and manganese, as a result of the enormous and continued consumption in the east and the failure to gain new sources of supply by conquest.

Viewed as a whole, the European phase of the American victory program, enormous as is the task set, appears entirely feasible. Germany may easily be so weakened that a successful land attack can be made by the time we have enough men and shipping to launch one.

Much less can be said for the Asiatic phase. Not only were the original measures considered by the Joint Board inadequate, but Japan has badly upset their timing by its raid of December 7 and its subsequent rapid successes in the Far East. This part of the American scheme for achieving victory must be revised.

Need We Fear Russia?

BY RALPH BATES

I

IT WOULD appear that in one vital matter the "British imperialists" of Mr. Eden's and Mr. Churchill's kind are in advance, not merely of public sentiment in this country, but of much liberal opinion. The British Foreign Minister, upon his return from Moscow, spoke sensibly and frankly of the problem of Anglo-Russian relations. There were, he said, suspicions on both sides. In declaring that wisdom and statesmanship would allay them, Mr. Eden implied that these suspicions were not unreasonable or fundamental. Nothing like this sobriety exists as yet among various liberal circles. Too many conversations have suggested to me that certain progressives dread Russian successes somewhat more than they fear Russian defeats. It appears that what this liberal Clivedenism would like is a Russian setback short of catastrophe, or modest—and expensive—victories short of triumph.

This state of mind is much more widespread than is supposed, and if unchecked will have evil consequences. There is no utility in merely urging trust in the wisdom of governments, either in London or in Moscow. To inform the world that a little dog might like to nestle in Stalin's lap is faulty propaganda. The world is not a little dog. To attempt to convince people that the Soviet Union has never made a mistake, that the Russo-German pact was just an effort to gain time in order to come to the relief of the democracies, is similarly to mistake the problem and to perpetuate it. It will be useful, therefore, to mention the several fears which exist in liberal circles.

The root of them all is the one passionately expressed by Norman Thomas in a recent debate with the writer at Boston. It is, incredible as it may seem, the one utilized by Hitler in his speech "explaining" his invasion of Russia: that by defeating the Reich we shall surrender all Europe into Stalin's hands. Next in importance is the often expressed fear that at some opportune moment the Soviet Union will back out of the war. Sometimes the argument takes the form that protracted reverses might cause Moscow's defection. At other times, it is said that a victorious Stalin might choose the same course. Again, it is suggested that the Soviet Union, having been aided to survive, might not observe the conditions of the peace treaties. Variantly it is feared that the Soviets will gain influence in certain quarters of the world, for example, the Balkans or the Far East, and that this will lead to Communist Party control of those regions. One observes, also, the lively fear that Russian triumph or unchanged survival will lead to such a strengthening of the Communist Party elsewhere that at some moment when that party is enabled to turn a leaf in its anthology of theory and tactics it will be in a position to work mischief comparable to that which it has recently eschewed. And, finally, one meets the peculiarly dreamy regret that in coming to terms with Moscow we may be enabling Stalin to carry his regime, unamended, into the Russian future.

Some of these possibilities may frankly be given the status of certainties. All aid to the Soviet Union is support for the existing regime. The Red Army is a stable army. It is firmly controlled by the Russian Communist Party. And though the belief is not relevant to the argument, the conduct of Communist troops in Spain gives one every reason to believe that that control, quite as much as the patriotism incorporated in it, has in part provided the foundation of the Red Army's magnificent showing. The true answer to this particular fear was given by Mr. Eden and will be dealt with later. Again, it may be conceded that the Soviet Union's survival will entail the extension of its influence in the Balkans, possibly of Communist Party influence. The case was certainly no different when, before Russian participation in the war, liberals urged the destruction of the Nazi regime, nor would the consequences of collective security in 1938, or of voluntary belligerence of the Soviets in September, 1939, have been otherwise. The price, if it must be so regarded, is a small one to pay for victory. And if Rumania is compelled to restore Bessarabia, as it ought, or if the Communist Party becomes predominant there, that also would surely be a small price. One can imagine better solutions for the Rumanian people than a Communist dictatorship, but if we know anything of the predicament of that people we would be hasty in assuming that this would be worse than preservation of the old feudalism. To confront the last of these cloudier fears, Soviet survival may strengthen the Communist Party in Britain and the United States. That result may be disturbing to some and exasperating to others; that it can be a danger is beyond belief.

The other fears originate in difficulties that can be met by wise statesmanship. The similar fears in Moscow must be so met. Progressive opinion should not have needed instruction from Mr. Eden. We are not making war upon Germany because its own regime is fascist, however much we may have disagreed with *Izvestia's* unforgotten statement that fascism is a matter of taste, but because Germany has gone to war with the aim of establishing fascism throughout the world. Prior to 1933 no Socialist advocated rearmament against the feeble Italian regime, much less war upon it. The same rule is to be applied to the Soviets. The case of Finland will be promptly adduced. The Russian demands upon Finland in the summer of 1939 were inordinate. Temporary occupation of areas strategically necessary for Soviet defense against the Reich was reasonable, but to demand outright cession was to conflict with the unmistakable character of the oncoming war as one for national liberty. The Finnish people, therefore, were justified in their resistance, just as certainly as they are doing a foolish wrong to themselves now. But when the Finnish instance is advanced as proof that the Soviet Union has a permanently aggressive character, one must disagree. That Moscow is still aware of its past blunder is as apparent now as it was in the dropping of Kuusinen.

II

The Soviet Union, like any other power, behaves according to its fundamental character under two conditions—when no alternative action is possible, and when, at the same time, it is put in a position to do so. To refuse all collaboration with the Soviet Union at Munich and shortly afterward to guarantee that Britain would go to war if Poland were invaded was to invite the Russo-German pact. London's stupidity opened up deceptive possibilities, for the Soviets, of military preponderance and security in Europe, with the additional lure of world revolution, or at least of the all-important German revolution, to be stabilized by Soviet intervention. To ridicule Chamberlain's stupidity, is not, of course, to assert that the Russian demands in 1939 were justifiable, but to recognize the circumstances under which the disaster occurred. Those circumstances are universally determinant. The case is not otherwise with Britain. Had there been any way to avoid war, over the Polish issue, Chamberlain would have taken it. There was no alternative; hence the British people's respect for democracy became his. Criticism of the two errors of London must be the basis for sound thinking.

Whenever one begins to advance this preliminary argument it is rarely long before someone interjects, "Very well, since Stalin has no alternative but to fight, let him fight. The minimum of collaboration should be directed to the end merely of enabling him to do so." The cynicism is as revolting as it is unstatesmanlike. And when this attitude, disguised with the name of realism, is combined with one of puling protest that the Soviets do not attack Japan, one confronts futility raised to the level of a moral virtue.

The plain duty of self-preservation compels us to a collaboration of a fulness which no existent treaty envisages and no public trend at present fosters. Even if we grant that victory might be ours without the most ample partnership, it is still true that victory so obtained would be far more costly than it need be, for us as well as for the citizens of the Soviet Union. To shy away from collaboration, or to set impossible conditions for its achievement, is to kill men, our men. To revert, then, to the argument presented above, simple inspection of the reality informs us that the Russians are fighting superlatively well and at formidable cost to themselves because they must. The intentions of states and their political tactics derive from such implications; their defection from prudent and moral courses or their acceptance of them is so determined. All states pursue this major or that minor objective, adopt this theory of behavior or that modification of it, according to these imperatives and possibilities. In the case of the Soviet Union, which, after supporting democracy and instructing the Spanish Communists to check the momentum of the Spanish revolution, reverted to a support of revolutionary defeatism which inevitably served the purposes of Hitler, the consequences are so immediately dramatic, so confusing of values, so entangled with emotional consequences that the laws governing such changes are forgotten.

Proper understanding of these laws would incline us to reason that because the Russians must fight at the present moment, earnest collaboration and unstinted help are likely to be repaid with honest partnership. For Russian security is more important to the Kremlin, as Spain showed, than any particular theory of revolution. The Russian imperative is our imperative, and both constitute the condition of partnership. To treat the Soviet Union with the indifference and the Machiavellian opportunism secretly approved by too many in our democracy is to create the state of mind, on both sides, that led to the Russo-German pact.

Military efficiency demands far more intimate collaboration than exists, for there are few areas of the war in which the Soviets' help is not of vital importance. The situation in the Far East, which for long must be adverse, cannot be fully remedied without Soviet collaboration. Let us be frank about the Soviets and about ourselves, in this Far Eastern question. The situation now existing there is not unlike that which prevailed in Europe prior to June 23, 1941. The Soviets' eventual enemy, Japan, is being engaged by other countries, thus permitting the continuance of Soviet neutrality. What some apparently fear is that the Soviet Union is abstaining from action with the definite intention of allowing the ABCD powers to take the strain without regard for the results. There is no proof that this is so, but if it were so, and if as a result the Japanese appeared likely to conquer positions whose retaking might become disproportionately costly to us and to the Soviet Union, what would be the correct course to follow? Granting for the sake of argument that Moscow's point is correct, that the German campaign must come first, one course is inevitable. It is to put the Soviet Union in such a position that its strategically placed troops may be utilized at the very first moment of confidence. It is not impossible, however, that Russian territory might be lost in the process. If, therefore, Moscow quite reasonably made it a condition that its frontiers should be restored during the war, by American troops, it would be honorable and expedient to give that guaranty in contractual form.

Asia Minor and the Balkans pose similar questions. The force of the argument is not apparent, however, when one takes its items piecemeal. For the mere glueing together of tactical plans, however competently it may be done, does not constitute a grand strategy. A grand strategy exists only when the economic and military apparatus of a group of allies is treated as one system, when the characteristic strength of a consortium is thrust against the characteristic weakness of its rival. A grand strategy can only be evolved when the common political denominator of a group of allies becomes the basis for a vigorous morale. Such a morale must itself close the gap in the allied ranks. In this case the gap was precisely the disunity between the Western powers and the Soviet Union. The entry of America into the war and the defeats in Russia will have begun to corrode German morale. Nothing could be more violently disruptive of that morale than a final, contractual, implemented, and visibly working unity of the powers. No grand strategy can exist if the allied powers are reluctant to impose their solution, the whole solution, and make it work. The Atlantic Charter, accepted in principle by the Soviets, points the way to its own complementary agreements.

III

At present there is an increasing unity between Britain and the United States. That rapprochement, patently and deeply sincere, has caused some to believe that the two countries must form, and are forming, a bloc to balance the Soviets and the eventual turbulence in Europe. Such a conception, if carried out, would be disastrous. Fortunately, to take the more readily assessable case of Britain, the understanding between London and Moscow is better than is commonly realized. That understanding, sealed by a treaty already amplified by secondary contracts such as that between the Polish government-in-exile and the two major powers, has had profound consequences for public feeling. Britain is committed, subject to modification of frontiers by discussion, to a restoration of the Polish state; so is the Soviet Union. Moscow, agreeing to make no separate peace, has expressed its willingness to help create a stable Europe. Military conversations between the two powers are intimate. A Russian trade-union delegation is in Britain, invited by the Trades Union Congress, which has a fraternal solidarity pact with the Russian federation. The full significance of this is apparent if one remembers that it was the British trade-union and labor movement which in 1920 put an end to the British government's intervention against the Russian Revolution, and that the head of the recent British labor mission to Moscow was Citrine, the moderate who declared during the Russo-Finnish War that the labor movement would not tolerate a "switching" of the war against the Soviets. The intention of the Foreign Office in welcoming the Russian mission is doubtless to give the Soviet leaders confidence and perhaps, in addition, to clear their heads of any lingering dreams concerning Communist influence in Britain. To conclude this hasty survey, the Soviet Union has been invited by Washington to adhere to the declaration arising out of the Atlantic Charter. It has accepted. The United States is granting generous lease-lend aid to it. All this is admirable but insufficient.

The clearest indication must be given to Moscow that its regime's stability is a Russian concern and that its frontiers will be the subject of mutual guaranties by the victorious states. This, surely, is merely to extend to Moscow the cardinal assurance that is the essence of the Atlantic Charter. There can be no stable peace without a Russia free from fear of the rest of Europe. The organisms required for full collaboration, as they are created, must be supplemented by others of post-war reconstructive purpose, and these, as areas are reconquered, must be set to work. There is no need to wait for the end of the war to elaborate the new League or whatever regulative institution is envisaged. It should be the prerogative of that League to elaborate peace aims now with candor and amplitude. The Soviet views must be taken into account here. Economic aid for reconstruction of devastated areas may be granted to Britain as well as to the conquered countries. It should be extended to the Soviet Union also. Relaxation of economic restrictions, promised by the Atlantic Charter, together with creative schemes for enrichment, must include the Soviets. Great as the recuperative powers of the Soviet Union may prove, the reconstruction of European economy demands that its recovery be rapidly accomplished.

Over and above unstinted fighting, the Soviet Union has a contribution to make and one which will test the nerve of its leaders: eventually it will have to work out general disarmament plans with other powers. Its willingness will depend on circumstances within our control, just as British and American disarmament must depend on the Soviets' good sense in aiding us to create a stable Europe. Doubtless there are other contributions that the Soviet Union may be called upon to make, and some it may proffer without prompting. Whatever may be the case, this one may believe: without collaboration between all the anti-Axis states, in war and peace, we cannot be confident of profitable victory. The Soviet Union is one of those states, and one of the most powerful. Because it is the one most likely to be ignored, or feared, it is time we began to be precise in our thinking about it.

Paris in the Morning

BY IDA TREAT

THE noise of the plane waked Henriette. She held her breath. She could not help it. What made them fly so low? People said they did it to scare the Parisians, to remind them the Germans were there. As if they needed that to remember.

The plane passed over, but the throbbing went on in her head. She must have been crying in her sleep again. She never cried when she was awake, but she could not help her dreams. Perhaps the pills the doctor gave her to make her sleep were to blame for the nightmares.

Her back ached, too. It felt as if her spine had rusted and grown together. That came from sleeping huddled in a heap. It had taken her so long to get warm when she went to bed. It could not be anything else. She still had two months—. The doctor did not like those pains. He warned her she was not getting enough to eat. Of course she wasn't. People had to fight for every mouthful these days, and there were days when she did not feel like fighting.

Henriette lay looking at the room. In the drab December light it looked blighted. The dark splotch on the wallpaper had spread. That meant the gutter was leaking again, and now the landlord would never fix it. The muslin curtains hung limp at the window, like gray rags. No wonder they were gray. She had not washed them in months. She had to save the three cakes of soap. Her pillow was a smudgy gray too, like the sheets. She longed to make her bed up fresh again—smooth, clean sheets. But she would need all her linen later on. Staying in bed so much was what dirtied the sheets. Bed was the only place where she could keep warm.

Through the mica panes of the salamander in the fireplace she could see the black curling fragments of the books she had burned the night before. It was silly to have burned them—they flamed with a roar and gave off the merest flicker of heat. In twenty-four hours the salamander could burn a whole scuttleful of coal—one-third of her fuel ration for a month. The fuel ration, though, was purely theoretical. There wasn't any coal.

It came over her that this was Monday. She must go to the *mairie* for her allocation. That meant more standing in line, for she could not get there before ten o'clock and there would be crowds ahead of her. If she went to the *mairie* at once the milk store was sure to be closed when she came back. The doctor said she had to have milk.

Henriette crept out of bed and stood shivering in the damp cold of the unheated flat. She longed dizzily for a cup of coffee. Jean always used to bring her her coffee in bed mornings before he went to work. Throwing a coat about her shoulders she pattered to the kitchen in her bare feet. There was no coffee, only roasted barley, but it would be hot. She held a saucepan under the faucet; a few drops tinkled into the pan, then the faucet gagged. The landlord had turned off the water again; he was afraid the pipes would freeze. The only faucet that worked was in the court five flights down.

She tilted up the water pitcher. Just enough for her coffee. Washing could wait. She would wet a towel in the court and rub her face and hands before she went out. Anyhow there was no soap. As for the white powder they sold at the market as a soap substitute, she would not risk using it again. Her hands still stung from it. Luckily she had not tried the stuff on her face. She peered at herself in the glass above the sink and wondered what Jean would say if he could see her, so yellow and thin. That was what war had done to her. It was funny how neither of them had thought of war except as fighting and maybe dying—never in terms of food, coal, and soap. Though perhaps she should not lay it to the war. It had all come with the defeat.

She stood warming her hands at the gas flame while the water heated. What did people do who had no gas? Perhaps they gathered twigs and fallen branches in the Bois de Vincennes. The concierge had brought back a whole sackful last Sunday. She said the Bois was full of people picking up wood. The *agents* were there, too, to stop people from breaking off branches and keep them away from the part of the Bois the Germans had shut off. They had something hidden there—tanks or an ammunition dump. If the Bois had not been so far away, Henriette would have asked the concierge to let her go along the next time. But the Bois was too far, and the doctor had forbidden her to walk. That was why he made her give up her work at the bank. After the buses stopped, the only way to get there was to walk. So now she must get along as best she could on her allocation. Twelve francs a day. Could anyone live on twelve francs? The money she had saved from her salary could not be touched. She would need it later on. In two months—she never dared think beyond that date. It was as if everything stopped there.

The water sizzled on the side of the saucepan and burst into noisy bubbling. Henriette poured it carefully through the filter over the little mound of ground barley. It came through a watery brown. She decided to add half a lump of sugar. There were thirty lumps left in the box and still twenty days to go until the end of the month. The doctor had been so cross with her for sending all her last month's ration to Jean. Sugar was food, he said—she had to think of herself. As if she could forget Jean, up north in a prison camp. She wondered whether Jean ever got the sugar.

She drank down the bowl of brown liquid and tried to hurry into her clothes while the warm feeling lasted. She wished she dared let the gas burn while she dressed. The company had warned her they would shut it off if she went beyond her quota—just one-half of what she burned the year before. Keeping away from the mirror, she buttoned her dress and smoothed her hair. She knew she looked a fright, but what difference did it make? No one cared how she looked; she didn't care herself.

Locking the door of the flat behind her, Henriette started down the stairs. From the street came a crashing noise like rushing water. The concierge at the door turned to speak to her.

"That's the third truck since yesterday."

Across the street, before the Lufthansa offices, soldiers in green uniforms were unloading coal.

"If we had a few Boches living here, there would be coal for us," grunted the concierge.

Henriette was glad no Germans lived in their house. She could not bear to look at them, with Jean a prisoner. She passed the coal truck with averted head. The noise followed her, sacks and sacks of coal rushing like water down the chute. A wave of hate welled up inside her so intense it was like nausea. All that coal for grown men in warm uniforms. What would happen if she went across and asked them, "Just a little coal, Messieurs, for the new baby—"? She felt herself grow hot. Not even for the baby would she ask anything of the Germans.

Halfway down the block a line of people stood huddled against the wall, outside the *charcuterie*. She heard a woman say they had been there since before daybreak. The *charcutier* had blood-sausage on sale. For blood-sausage, *boudin,* you did not need a ration ticket. *Boudin*—she could actually smell it, rich, dark, crackling, bursting in the pan. The thought made her feel giddy, and for the moment she forgot everything except that she wanted desperately a piece of *boudin*. She took her place at the end of the line.

In the line everyone was talking. That was where you got the news, for few people read the papers any more. As the woman beside her said, it was not worth spending fifty centimes on a paper just to get mad. Henriette asked her what had become of the old man who used to sell papers on the corner. He was a brave old fellow; when he shouted *"Paris-Soir,"* he always added, dropping his voice a fraction, "and its lies." *"Paris-Soir—et ses mensonges."* The woman said she guessed the Boches had heard him. Anyhow he wasn't there. She said her husband had just lost his job because of the Boches. They had fired all the *boueux*—they would not let Frenchmen work in the sewers any more. They were afraid someone might plant a bomb under the Hotel Majestic or some of the other places where German officers were quartered. The woman just beyond said that was not the only reason. They did not want the French to know they had mined the whole city. She lived next door to the Lycée D———; every night she heard their drills burrowing in the stone. "They're going to blow up Paris if they have to leave."

The man next in line said the British would blow up the Boches before they got a chance to leave. He hoped they would; he did not care what happened to him. "They can blow up the whole place and welcome, provided they get the Boches." The woman next to Henriette said she felt the same way. She would not mind being bombed by the British if only the Boches were too.

Farther down the line they were talking about potatoes. A woman said she stood four hours in line the day before and only got two pounds, and they were frosted. Someone said the Germans chalked *Deutschland* on the cars of potatoes they didn't take, so people would think they came from Germany. The speaker said he knew it for a fact; his son worked at the freight yards. From potatoes talk switched to the riots at the Villette abattoir—sixteen killed the day the Germans took all but 600 cattle out of 4,000 destined for Paris. "One man stuck two Germans with his butcher knife before they shot him—and it's only the beginning."

A woman in a shabby gray shawl moved along the line holding out a bottle. "Buy my *saladine*. You won't miss oil on your salad if you use my *saladine.*" She poured a few drops on her palm—a pasty, yellow mess. Henriette felt her gorge rise. What was it? Probably something that made you sick. Her neighbor in the line asked her if she had tried boiling lichens. You got them at the drugstore; they made the water thick. "But it has no taste," another woman put in. She had tried it, she'd rather go without. So many people were sick from eating these substitutes—not to mention the rotten food. The fish they sold at the market—one look at it was enough.

"Do you know the fish man gets a basket by truck every day from the coast? He sells it privately. People go to his house after dark."

"Yes, and what do they pay for it? Fifty francs a pound and more. *Une honte!"*

"There's no defeat for the ones with money—."

"The people can starve—."

Henriette felt faint as she listened, huddled against the wall for shelter from the wind. The damp cold of the pavement seeped through her thin soles turning her feet to ice. The shoes needed mending, but there was no leather at the cobblers, and how could she afford a new pair? Six hundred francs for a pair of shoes! She found herself hating the people who could pay 600 francs—the same sickening hate she felt for the Germans. A lucky thing she had bought wool for the baby's things last summer. Now there was no wool in the shops, even for the rich.

Step by step the line shortened. Henriette had almost reached the door of the shop. She could hear the hubbub inside. People were shoving and shouting: "Only one left . . . she gave it all to her friends . . . it's an outrage . . . two pounds to the first ones and now nothing left for us . . . *Monsieur l'Agent!*" A policeman jogged around the corner, his cape flapping, and elbowed his way through the door.

"Look what she gave me for four of us." The man who had spoken about potatoes pushed past Henriette holding out a few inches of dirty gray sausage stuffed with what looked like red clay. Was that the *boudin?* The *agent* reappeared in the shop door, driving people before him. "All out! All out!" he shouted; then the door crashed shut. "That's how it always is," a woman's voice called shrilly; "stand in the cold for hours, and for what? *Peau de—!*"

Henriette glanced at her watch. Already half-past nine. And still the milk to get, and the trip to the *mairie;* she would have to show her "mother's card" at the *crêmerie* and try to be served first. She had the right though she hated to use it. She knew how it would be.

It was worse than she anticipated. The crowd before the milk store resisted like a wall when she tried to force her way in. The outer rim gave a little, stretched, and closed in behind her. She was caught, hemmed in, powerless to stir. A back resisted, an elbow jabbed. Voices spoke about her: "No, you don't, my girl . . . where's her card? . . . she's another one with a pillow under her skirt . . . show your card." She could not reach her card; her arms were pinned to her sides. She tried to protect her body. They were crushing her. She couldn't breath. *"Monsieur l'Agent!"* she screamed. Then she knew she was going to faint.

She did not faint, for the policeman had her by the waist. He had got her out of the press and was telling her to sit down on the curb until she felt better. He was a burly Corsican with a kind voice.

"You're all right, *petite dame,* you're all right," he kept repeating. "I'm a family man myself. Anyone who looks at your face can tell what's the matter with you. I'll tend to your milk. Where's your card? In your bag? Better let me see it—just for the sake of these people. You mustn't mind them; they've all got their own to think of."

He brought her the half-filled milk can and helped her to her feet. Henriette staggered a little when she tried to walk. She still felt queer and breathless. She hoped she would not have to stand in line too long at the *mairie* for her allocation.

In the Wind

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, the book and magazine writer who was recently appointed publicity director of the Republican National Committee, has been identified with isolationist-America First elements in the party since the beginning of the war. When Verne Marshall organized the No Foreign War Committee, Kelland would not join but gave it his indorsement. When Wendell Willkie spoke of his followers as the "loyal opposition," Kelland argued that the phrase was a contradiction of terms. Last April he was listed as one of the sponsors of the meeting of Women United from which Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt fled in embarrassment when anti-Semitic catcalls filled the hall.

THE UNITED MINE WORKERS are organizing Helena Rubenstein's cosmetics business. . . . The Cannery and Packinghouse Workers are organizing gravediggers throughout the country.

WELL-TO-DO HOUSEWIVES in New York's suburban areas are hoarding soap, sugar, and other commodities, and the chain stores are rationing sugar in sections where hoarding has threatened to curtail the supply. . . . In one of the city's most expensive department stores a mother was observed outfitting her six-year-old son for the next six years.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY is backing the action of the State Department in rebuffing the De Gaullists on the seizure of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

EUGENE TALMADGE of Georgia was the only state governor who did not support the pledge of loyalty to the President sponsored by Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Talmadge sent this wire in reply to the Admiral's request: "It doesn't take anyone from New York or any other state to notify us of our duty in times of an emergency like this. All we ask is for New York to come up with us, which I am satisfied they will do."

COMMENTING on some of Colonel Knox's restrictions on news of the navy, Gene Lindberg, Denver *Post* columnist, wrote:

> The boy stood on the (censored) deck
> Whence all but he (deleted)
> (This message gives out shipping news
> and cannot be completed.)

THE LONDON *News-Chronicle* reports that some of the native English fascists interned in prison camps have been demonstrating against their treatment. "I thought you would play the game," said the camp commandant. "I can tell you that unless you do behave as is expected of you, we shall be using disciplinary measures." The *News-Chronicle* added, "Among the men are some who went to public schools."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Shall the Poorest Pay the Bill?

ON SATURDAY, December 6, the day before the war broke out, H. L. Mitchell, secretary of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, and I had breakfast together in New York. He went back to a middle South already altered by bombs on Honolulu. I went back to North Carolina. Not even humanitarians hear—or want to hear—as much about Mitchell as they once did when angry landlords in the Arkansas delta called him the "pants presser from Tyronza" because he had deserted small-town dry-cleaning to try to organize the tenant farmers. He is still working at it. But he wrote me across the South, "We are not likely to be heard above the war." He counted without Senator Byrd of Virginia, who has proposed as a war measure what he has been incessantly proposing as a peace measure—that practically all government aid to the littlest farmers be whacked away. Also Byrd proposed it again almost in coincidence with census reports, just coming out, which indicate that the number of farmers in the lowest income group of farmers has practically doubled in the years which led through the New Deal to war.

When Senator Byrd drew up his figures to show how much a government in need of all its resources could save out of the poorest farmers in America through destroying the Farm Security Administration, I doubt that he knew how their need of help had increased. Not many Americans realize what has happened to those farmers. I know I was surprised to learn it from the census reports. I suspect that the Department of Agriculture was. Actually from 1929, the year the depression began, to 1939, the year this war began, the number of American farms bringing their operators only $600 or less, including everything used or sold, had increased from 28 per cent of all our farms to more than 47 per cent. And this had happened even though in the Southern states 200,000 of the poorest families, which pulled every income average down, had been squeezed entirely out of agriculture. In those Southern states the number of farmers making $600 or less a year out of all their efforts has risen from a little more than one-third to just a fraction less than two-thirds of all.

Such little farmers, of course, are a long way from Senator Byrd, who as Farmer Byrd is the biggest apple grower in America on his five thousand acres of beautiful orchards in the Valley of Virginia. Even in his poll-tax state, however, a good many of those little farmers must be numbered among his constituents. In 1929, the Bureau of the Census reports, a little more than 10 per cent of the farms in Virginia received in total value of farm products sold, traded, or used at home less than $250 a year. That meant approximately 17,424 Virginia families living at so low a level. But in 1939 the Virginia families living at that level amounted to a fourth of all the farm families of Virginia. With a family on every farm, 43,035 Virginia farm families were down at that bottom level.

Such figures, of course, cannot be regarded as encouraging to those in the New Deal who have tried to help raise the standard of living of all American farmers. Incidentally, the figures do not include government payments, but such payments naturally go in greatest sum to the biggest farmers. Such payments certainly would not pull the poorest up very far. It is also true that 1939 was not agriculture's best year. Neither does 1929 stir happy memories. Since 1939 undoubtedly, as Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau has reported, farm income has risen. For millions it is still down there below even the conception of people who live in cities.

There are implications in these figures that deserve the study of our agricultural leaders. There are suggestions in them of the failure of our high plans in the past for a better America in the future. They show how little the Farm Security Administration has accomplished in terms of the hope with which it was created—that it could make reality of the American's dream of a decent free life on his own sustaining land. By these figures the dream seems almost a bad joke. But one thing these figures do not suggest is that the United States of America can load the cost of the war effort on the backs of the little farmers.

Senator Byrd is not the only American who realizes the necessity for sensible retrenchment in some peacetime functions of government at a time when America will need all its resources for a war which will be costly beyond all past computations about anything. But not many Americans aware of the facts will wish retrenchment to begin with stopping aid to the poorest people of the farms. We shall have to sacrifice certainly, but the strength of America in war will not be served by Senator Byrd's suggestion of putting the ax first to the necks of those who are already most bowed down. We are not going to save this democracy by sacrificing those who are already hurt most and who qualify for the sacrifice only through being least able to make themselves heard.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WILLIAM JAMES: 1842-1942

BY IRWIN EDMAN

IT IS hard to realize that we are celebrating this month in America the hundredth anniversary of the birth of William James. He is, it is true, already a classic in American philosophy and American literature. "Pragmatism," which he termed "a new name for some old ways of thinking," has become an established—though ambiguous—part of the philosophical vocabulary. "The Varieties of Religious Experience" has been read and has been an influence all over the world. James, none too disciplined or technical an expert in philosophy, has for at least fifty years now been a refreshing and revolutionary influence on more technical philosophers. He as much as any man was responsible for liberating American thought, in so far as it has been liberated, from the heavy dialectical chains of German metaphysics. He is, moreover, a span from the classic tradition of American writing and thought to the present. His life, like his thought, is a link between the era of his birth, in the golden day of the New England mind on an isolated continent, and these times, when American fate is involved with the fate of all free men on all the seven seas.

What makes it hard to realize that we are celebrating the century of an American intellectual classic is that there are many people alive, some of them still in their prime, who remember the man in his habit as he was. Their eyes light with enthusiasm as they recall the generous sallies and the humane wit of this "Irishman among the Brahmans," this révolté in the genteel tradition, this philosopher who started as a doctor and remained to the end a healer of men's souls, this psychologist with the instincts and the gifts of a poet and a painter, this inspiring teacher and perpetually outgiving friend. The generation of his Harvard students is still alive, and James lives not only in the memories but in the pages of many philosophers, including John Dewey. Though some of his more technical reflections date—just as the most up-to-date discussions in the journals of philosophy will be dead in a few years—there is much in him that seems only of yesterday, or, one hopes, the intimation of a better tomorrow. "The Principles of Psychology," for example, is in its essence far more living and penetrative about human behavior than many textbooks published within the last month. And "The Moral Equivalent of War" expresses a hope and a necessity now become more poignant and central than ever in the predicament of mankind.

The very character of James's gifts had in it the seeds of the decline of his reputation and early reservations about it. As long ago as 1923 Santayana expressed the distrust his fellow-philosophers had of the professional contribution of the personality they so much admired. "He made," said his one-time colleague at Harvard, "raids upon philosophy." James would have loved the phrase and might even with pleasure have used it about himself. In the hands of a critic it was intended as something other than praise. It was a way of calling attention to the sporadic, episodic character of James's thought, never a consistent or comprehensive system, never marked by clear or consistent principles. It was, rather, a kaleidoscope, vivid, varied, and disorganized. In one sense James *did* make raids upon philosophy. He repeatedly attacked, and from many different quarters, the widespread ramparts of metaphysical systems, of "system" itself in philosophy. He had the artist's sense of the multiple aspects of existence for any sensitive and living spirit. Ideas were visions and perspectives, and they were the changing visions and perspectives of knowledge that was always an exploration, an adventure, a journey of constantly new unfoldings and discoveries. James had, too, the poet's sense—and that of the poet of action—of the reality of the changing, the moving, the primitive urgency of life itself. James was not the first in philosophy to emphasize the fact and the primacy of fluency and change. The Greek Heraclitus had beaten him to it by two thousand years. But philosophy had in the hands of the logicians and the rationalists emphasized the static, the coherent, the unified character of "reality." James, like the poet that he was, restored men to the innocencies of their more immediate experience. He was fond of recalling his readers and hearers to the plural, many-sided, changing aspects of experience as we have it, to the fact that we are living in a "pluriverse" rather than a universe. He accented, however, not simply the plurality but the moving character of existence. The universe was for him not a static system but a plurality of goings on, of processes.

In such a view of the world all views were relative. They were projections and hypotheses for action. They were themes for guidance, programs of navigation by which one might control the waves of the future. A great deal of emphasis has been placed on James's theory of truth. He insisted that truths were always to be measured by consequences, that there was no such thing as *the* truth, finished and final. Truths were hypotheses that worked. The panoplied idealists at home as well as abroad laughed at this "cash-in" notion of truth. James had unfortunately used the phrase himself. Bertrand Russell accused James of trying to elect God by popular vote. Technical critics pointed out the ambiguities to which James's not very critically expressed version of truth led. It seemed at times, especially when James dealt with religious matters, where he was very tender to the sensibilities of sick souls, that one not only could but should, in the interest of living more hopefully, believe what one wanted. His essay "The Will to Believe" was parodied as "The Will to Make Believe."

In the assaults on James's loose and often contradictory theories of truth, in the criticisms leveled against his rather happy-go-lucky versions of "experience," his main intentions and his central insights have often been forgotten. The most careful analysis of truth in terms of operations, subscribed to by the most sober-minded logicians and philosophers of science, has James to thank for the original impulsion he gave to the treating of existences in terms of movement and knowledge in terms of operation. In the easy pickings possible to technical criticism it has also been forgotten how much James did to retrieve philosophy from the dialectics of the academy to the concerns of the whole man in a whole life. Grant that he lacked Greek composure and Spinozistic detachment, though he could on occasion eloquently set forth both, he did, nevertheless, no less than his great predecessors, take philosophy with human seriousness. Philosophy was a window for the soul, a clarifying way by which life might be lived; religion was a salvation, an adventurous belief, an audacious but justifiable commitment to the not impossible good.

James has of late been criticized for his lack of any "social" philosophy. In retrospect he does seem to belong to the tradition in which his father grew up and in which he was brought up. He belongs morally in the line of liberal transcendentalism and Protestant individualism. He is nearer Emerson than Dewey, and nearer even to Swedenborg, his father's prophet, than to statistics and economics and sociology. Thus he could consider war and its equivalent apart from the economic and social causes and consequences. He was an American moralist paddling his own canoe on a New England stream or on Walden Pond. But it is forgotten how acute and how responsible a social critic he was, in the way that Emerson was. He was a democrat in the sense that he resented all assaults of organized bigness on the independent human psyche. He would have hated totalitarian government as he hated totalitarian systems of thought. He was a liberal, an internationalist, an anti-imperialist, a civil-service reformer. He wrote of himself, "In my earlier years my whole political education was due to *The Nation*." And he valued E. L. Godkin as the gadfly critic of American life. *The Nation*, incidentally, can boast of book reviews, like all those of that period anonymous, and letters from James on many things, from the Galileo festival in Padua to the abuse in medical advertisements. It is incidentally of interest to readers of *The Nation* that James's "Principles of Psychology" was reviewed in this publication by Charles Peirce. He began by remarking that "the 'Principles' was probably the most important contribution that had been made to the subject for many years." He continued, however, by charging the book with "idiosyncrasies of diction and tricks of language." He complained that it was superficial and untested, despite its pretensions to scientific method.

James was a member of a "royal family" intellectually. The brilliance and originality and saltiness of his father are only beginning to be recognized, just as the great stature of his artist brother is beginning to seem less at this distance of time. William James is a member of a greater family: the spiritual kinship of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and the intellectual fraternity of those philosophers from Aristotle down who have thought to find a way of thought that should be a saving way of life. Philosophy in James's hands, as in those of Socrates in the "Charmides," was in more than one sense a charm.

One might sum up one's impression of James's whole philosophy in the terms that a young reviewer in 1891 used in the *Atlantic Monthly* about "The Principles of Psychology": "But it would be pedantry to regret the loss of logical unity in a book so rich and living, in which a generous nature breaks out at every point, and the perennial problems of the human mind are discussed so modestly, so solidly, and with such a deep and pathetic sincerity." The reviewer was George Santayana.

Debunking the Debunkers

THIS AGE OF FABLE. By Gustav Stolper. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE war will end in a peace, and the peace will consist of as much wisdom as the democratic victors—if they win—possess. Their wisdom will be measured by the popular understanding of the nature of the world, of its political structure, and of its economic realities. In the United States twenty years of writing and teaching have been devoted to an exposition of what was called the post-war world, an exposition which, as we now realize, was generally negative. Until the United States found itself again at war, a great number of persons described as intelligent were beset with deep doubts about Europe's war, about the future of capitalism, and about the validity of democratic principles as practiced in the United States and Great Britain. They had accepted concepts about the nature of war, about imperialism and collectivism, about spending and inflation, about planning and security which persist today as part of the fabric of public thinking. And as such they are likely to be woven into the peace.

It is appropriate, then, to examine these concepts and appraise them as suitable material for the building of a brave new world. They are, in the main, bitterly negative concepts in that they were adopted to take the place of discarded ideas, abandoned in disillusionment. The last twenty years have belonged to the debunkers. And the social philosophy of debunkers is not what one would turn to for construction and reconstruction after the world's greatest war.

So it is of great service to have someone debunk the debunkers, and in so doing to picture the world once more in perspective, with a line drawn between reality and illusion, hypothesis and fact. This Mr. Stolper has undertaken with clarity, vigor, and, all told, great persuasiveness. He was not thinking specifically of the peace to come. He wrote before America had the shock of finding itself in greater danger than the warning prophets had dared to say. But the value of his book is its contribution to the solution of the problems of this crisis.

Mr. Stolper is an unashamed protagonist of liberal capitalism and democracy. That is not to say his book is a defense of capitalist democracy as practiced since the last war. Mr. Stolper can thump the capitalists; many of the most tragic mistakes of the past generation have been committed by capitalists or the politicians of capitalist lands. He does not write in praise of capitalism as such. This is not a broadside of propaganda. It is a patient, lucid exposition of the chief fables of this age. Some of these fables are intricate and have been built up gradually. Being an economist, Mr. Stolper devotes much time to correcting popular misconceptions about economics, such as the fear of bankruptcy because of an increasing national debt; he explains the working of the gold standard, the realities of inflation and deflation. Then he gives the socialist planners a going-over. He analyzes the problem of poverty amidst plenty as it appears to his liberal-capitalist mind. He sternly rejects the concept of production-for-use as against production-for-profit, that prime comfort of most left-wingers. He is sure that full state control of major economic processes inevitably leads to dictatorship and the loss of individual freedom.

He takes up, too, the fables about Germany and Great Britain. His estimate of British progress in the period between the First and the Second World War will be read with some astonishment, and enormous profit, by many Americans, for this period of British development has had almost no exposition in this country. It may be bizarre that one of the best summaries of British development to appear in this country should be the product of a writer of German background. Mr. Stolper—and Mrs. Stolper, who had a share in this part of the work—sees Britain more clearly than most Americans because he is a European in culture and knows the magnitude of British achievements measured by European standards.

Here is a book that should be welcomed by anyone willing to put his concepts of the world to a sharp test. If he can come out of its cross-examination with his suppositions intact, he will be entitled to feel himself on solid ground. Not that everything Mr. Stolper says in arguing for liberal capitalism is puncture-proof; a writer who is answering bad reasoning is entitled to a few liberties of over- and understatement. But Mr. Stolper has made a notable contribution to the greatest social understanding there can be, the knowledge of the realities we have lived by and shall continue to live by.

RAYMOND GRAM SWING

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A BOOK on Australia could not be more opportune. Hartley Grattan, after years of preparation, has hit the right moment for publication, just as the Labor Prime Minister of the Commonwealth is impelled by events to remind his countrymen and the world that the South Pacific is a single oceanic region inseparable from the American continent. Mr. Grattan enjoys advantages for his study such as fall to very few Americans. He has paid three visits to Australia, the longest of them as a Carnegie traveling fellow. He has a cordial liking for the land and its people, and he has been able to observe them under the pressure of war.

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City—a fact which to Americans seems hardly credible. The vast northern and central spaces are almost uninhabitable. White settlement may never stretch far from the ocean, and there would seem to be no possibility of changing the extraordinary balance by which half the population is crowded into five large cities. The national community is in all respects unique. There is no parallel on earth to these basic realities. The Australians must tackle their problems with a minimum of help from the experience of other peoples.

Among all those problems Mr. Grattan moves easily and with ample knowledge. His chapters on economic resources, on production and trade, are lucid and admirably compressed. He describes the remarkable industrial expansion, especially in steel, since the First World War and gives a valuable summary of the facts as to Australia's present production for war. The people, of course, are completely united, and were so before the deadly menace of Japan appeared in its stark outlines. But, needless to say, war-time unity does not diminish the difficulties of Australian politics, which during the forty years of the federal commonwealth have displayed a queer complexity. Here is one democratic country where political parties are built upon the hardpan of vital interests, upon sharp conflict between the great cities and the "Outback," with a relatively large wage-earning population possessing an advanced trade-union system. Australia, like New Zealand, has established minimum standards and upheld them with marked success, and although Sydney and Melbourne reveal an astonishing tolerance of slum misery, the national minimum itself is unchallenged. There is no question in the English-speaking world more interesting than this—whether Australia will be able to continue along its present lines, and, perhaps above all, whether the grim issue of population will not compel a drastic change of policy as to immigration and everything else.

Mr. Grattan describes the setback to political Labor twenty years ago, and the recovery. He follows the career of the singular Welshman W. M. Hughes, active still, so long after the fall of Lloyd George, his crony at the Paris peace conference. Hughes insisted on Australian expansion over the islands—a policy possible only with United States backing. Mr. Grattan explains the turn of fortune by which Robert Menzies, a seemingly significant figure in 1940, lost the premiership after his resounding tour of England and America. (Not yet is it easy for a dominion statesman to find his place in the imperial scheme.) Mr. Grattan throughout is fair and animated, and frequently challenging. I cannot, for instance, accept his remark that Australia does not make the appeal of the exotic. For all English people, I should say, the fauna and flora are attractive because of exceeding strangeness, and the limitless "bush" seems to them the remote opposite of any European forest. Australians are irritated, and rightly so, by the pervasive references to early penal settlements, which by the way nobody recalls in relation to the American colonies. Two facts in this connection ought always to be stressed: first, that the settlement of that vast country—a heroic achievement—was influenced only to a limited extent by the imposition of penal institutions; and, second, that a large percentage of the men and women transported were not criminals but decent victims of an inhuman legal system.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Novel of Mexico

NAYAR. By Miguel Angel Menéndez. Translated from the Spanish by Angel Flores. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THERE could be no better introduction to "Nayar," the novel that received honorable mention in the recent Latin American prize contest, than the three documentary movies "The Wave," "Chico," and "The Forgotten Village." The landscape of Mexico, the types of Mexicans and Indians, and their customs, as revealed by the camera, can serve as a frame of reference when we enter Nayar.

The narrator of this story, Enrique Salerit, happens to be a government official working in the Treasury Department at San Blas, a deserted town on the western coast of Mexico. He establishes a firm friendship with Ramón Córdoba, a halfbreed, whom he accompanies on his hunting trips through the virgin forests of the nearby estuaries. Understanding the dismal compulsion that forced Ramón to kill the judge who dishonered his wife and then to burn his house, he flees with his friend into the jungle. They have many adventures among the salt workers in the region. But it is only when the two reach the Nayar Sierra that the novel reveals its depth. The regional nomenclature—María Jesús, Santa Teresa, San Francisco, San Juan de Peyotán, all hamlets in the neighborhood of Nayar indicated only on a very detailed map of Mexico—smacks of religion and Europe, but the reality behind defies both.

The Cora Indians, whom the fugitives reach in their fastnesses in the Sierra Madre, reluctantly tolerate them. Suspicion, resentment, and distrust separate Ramón and Enrique from these Indians. The Cristero rebellion is let loose in the meanwhile by the reactionaries; fire and rapine spread through the settlements. To make matters worse, the rainy season sets in, and the Cora Indians, in order not to be embroiled in the fighting, determine to maintain their furtive aloofness by abandoning their huts to hide from the storms of nature and of man in the innumerable mountain caves.

With the exception of their chieftain Gervasio, the Indians are haunted victims of ignorance, superstition, and magic. Against the storms the Elders seek help from their obsidian idol Tláloc. A ceaseless downpour rages on, destroying the crops, while the fifteen Elders in the cave adjure their god. Nothing can match Chapter 30 of this novel, which describes the ceremonies of propitiation in the cave as dimly perceived by Enrique, whose white skin excludes him from participation.

Calamities pursue the harassed Indians. Their food supply is destroyed; the enemy infest their land; the weather discourages them even more than their other misfortunes. So deeply ingrained is their resentment against whites and *mestizos* that reports that the triumphant government forces do not wish to harm them come as a surprise. As the besieging troubles of storm and rebellion subside, the inner savagery of the Cora Indians comes to the surface. Gervasio's wisdom and common sense are defeated in the council called to decide whether Uchunchu, the sorcerer, is to blame for the sterility of the soil and the sudden death of their animals. Once the death sentence is imposed on the self-confessed sorcerer, Ramón rises to uphold the simple notions of justice and right. "It may have been that in his blood rose the two immensities the halfbreed has to bear within, and from this clash issued the thunderbolt which unbalanced his thought." When the government troops arrive, it is too late to save Uchunchu, and Ramón also lies dead beside the hot ashes of the victim.

"Nayar" is derivative in more than one sense. For its theme and philosophy it goes to the indigenous *parti-pris* so widespread in contemporary Latin American literature. What startles the reader is to find the rhetorical and highly sophisticated devices developed in the twenties employed here in the presentation of a social problem. If the author's flamboyant style is inappropriate for action and conflict, it is most felicitous for the creation of moods.

M. J. BENARDETE

America, America!

THE MIND'S GEOGRAPHY. By George Zabriskie. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE POEM OF BUNKER HILL. By Harry Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

ONE poet is concerned with America simply because he was born and brought up here. He is not interested *qua* poet in ideas or his interior life or in culture or politics; so he writes about the scene. The second poet is in a hurry to be successful; if Americanism is the order of the day, then Americanism is his thing.

But Harry Brown is the victim instead of the exploiter of fashion, for fashion corrupts whatever native poetry he may have in him. "The Poem of Bunker Hill" tries to be an epic, a patriotic manifesto, and a properly modern poem all in one—which requires no small facility on the part of the poet. Brown has facility, indeed, but it does not extend to narrative verse. Technically, the best passages of his poem are the inspirational ones—which are coincidentally the falsest and most offensive. Nor can I deny Brown the ability to perpetrate howlers with a certain plausible finish. Read fast, he can get away with murder. The best part of the poem so far as I am concerned is the description of the actual business of the battle, since it gives information, and gives it with a directness that only a peculiar confusion of genres could permit. Brown has managed here to get the best, or the worst, out of both prose and verse. The latter's conventions relieve him of any trouble about his periods, while prose sanctions his neglect to keep some sort of beat or measure. But since prose is the lower common denominator, he would have done better for his reputation as a writer to have kept to it. For example, this is verse, but awful as verse or prose: "And then he smiled. But his smile was pitiful/ And injured and sad." This is not verse, but acceptable as prose: "And as they retreated the volleys of the Americans/ Grew less intense."

For the rest this poem is a passage of high-toned flag-waving, a shameless bid for applause, a dive into the swim, a well-timed jump upon the band-wagon, executed with pretension and chic. It is impossible today, and has been for a long time, to conceive of a historical event both important and simple enough for epic treatment. Brown is sensitive enough to suspect this but not wise enough to be convinced. He spends hyperbole and affects ignorance in the effort to convince himself as well as others that his theme does meet these requirements. Instead of elevating and simplifying his manner to fit the theme, he must inflate and oversimplify the theme to fit his manner, claiming for the American Revolution a content of such purity and historical force as can just barely be argued for Christianity. (It was all right —within limits—for certain modern poets to be simple-minded about the Socialist revolution, which has not yet happened; it is another thing to be that simple-minded, given the present state of the historical sciences, about something which has already happened.) To keep such a long narrative going in up-to-date verse, the poet pillages almost every notion, catchword, and device hallowed by the usage of the correct contemporary poets, and by Homer too; does it with an infallible instinct for the chichi that is nothing else but chichi.

There is History, for instance, which is derailed not once but a dozen times in this work. Prescott's men go "walking into History"; they approach a little hill "Where the course of History would begin to undergo/A revision not mentioned in the Sibylline Books"; and "A bud of History was about to burst into flower." Love too, which is beginning to share History's bull market among the younger poets, is pulled in by the feet like Hector's body and thrown on the daedal heap along with the despoiled corpses of Homer, Auden, and sundry others, for ". . . men had walked across the world and found a thing called Freedom,/Discov-

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ered a thing called Love. . . ." Love, that is, was discovered by Columbus along with America and syphilis. Poetry, like this is produced by a poet without modesty and without convictions. And we would disbelieve the importance of the creation of the world to hear it rehearsed in this idiom. "The Poem of Bunker Hill" is as spurious, flatulent, and vulgar as neo-Americanism itself. American patriotism—the real national kind, not the positive fear of Hitler—is dead, has already happened. As Marx says, the second time anything happens it comes as a bad joke.

George Zabriskie is a different story. The best of this first book of poems is descriptive, panoramic writing that effaces itself for the sake of the object or scene. It presents the dingy neighborhoods of tin-can-littered lots, the wide dull streets, the neat and airless suburban purlieus of the greater New Jersey that is the America most Americans know. Against this, the poet invokes the escaping railroads, Daniel Boone, and the frontier; he can only fall back on what excited his boyhood. This is slight, strictly minor poetry, of course, but I read it with more immediate pleasure than I have got from the work of better poets. The pleasure is in the smooth sliding numbers, Zabriskie's ease, his remarkable metrical skill, and the poise, unusual in such a young and provincial poet, which enables him to keep everything, even his faults and his influences, under control. There are faults, there are falsities, but never a false tone. This is Zabriskie at his best:

> Westward, the stinking marshlands green with spring,
> And east the Hudson, where the soiled gulls cry
> From docks; for here the ships come in from paradise
> And hell, the soiled waters lick the laden bottoms
> Of a busy world.

"From paradise and hell" is not so good, nor is the last half-line. But the effect of this poetry is not in detail or phrase, it is cumulative; it makes its point by insisting with sincerity and perfect tact.

But Zabriskie's ear is so careful and he has so much tact that he is in danger of having no style at all. His verse is too neutral and almost too transparent, lacking the momentum of a manner of its own to carry it over the inevitable voids. Realizing this, he sometimes tries to force a style in the "modern manner" by combining terse syntax with periphrastic diction:

> In your ears the ivory click of poised precise
> Synthetic spheres, the muttered curse and slight
> Laconic word . . .

(Note, incidentally, the duplicated enjambement and the repetition on the same beat of the adjectival "ic.") The pool-parlor resists the writer's poetic faculties. He cannot intensify what he feels about it into poetry without recourse to artificial means; he strains after a pregnancy of statement where there is nothing to be pregnant with. (And "muttered curse" is a cliché.) This all relates itself to Zabriskie's most serious defect—thinness of feeling or the inability to touch it. When Zabriskie attempts to evoke more than the immediate scene he falls into air, launches himself on big but used-up words like "torrential" and "shattering" in the effort to approximate emotions he may feel but does not yet possess for poetry. Zabriskie is a recorder, not a maker. But to be a poet is to make. Such skill and tact as his argue a genuine vocation for poetry, but they are not enough. They do not promise enough by themselves. The poet also needs culture. He must leave New Jersey.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

Nazi Economics

THE NEW ECONOMIC WARFARE. By Antonin Basch. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

HITLER'S COUNTERFEIT REICH. By Karl Robert. Alliance Book Corporation. $1.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE NAZI ECONOMY. By Maxine Y. Sweezy. Harvard University Press. $3.

OF THESE three additions to the avalanche of books on the Nazis and the Third Reich, Dr. Basch's study is by far the most important contribution. The title of his study is misleading, for Dr. Basch has covered ground going well beyond that of economic warfare proper. In fact, this publication of a series of lectures delivered recently at Columbia University represents an excellent introduction to the entire subject of war economics. The topics treated range from the Nazi technique of peaceful economic penetration to the problems arising from the shift of the economic system from a war-time to a peace-time basis. The experience of Europe, especially of Germany and Great Britain, in preparing for war is described in a manner which permits the reader to draw clear-cut conclusions about the vast efforts that are still called for from the United States. Dr. Basch does not provide any soothing words for those addicted to the business-as-usual mentality. He explodes the fallacies on which this mentality is based just as ruthlessly as he lays bare the hollowness of various assertions about the imminent collapse of Germany through economic or financial causes.

The pseudonymous author of "Hitler's Counterfeit Reich" was apparently the economic mentor of American correspondents stationed in Vienna. His little book is essentially a collection of outbursts and exhortations against the Nazis and their tricks, and does not offer anything new either in facts or in interpretation.

In "The Structure of the Nazi Economy" Maxine Y. Sweezy has attempted to provide a comprehensive picture of the Nazi economy at work. The actual achievement, however, falls far short of the aim in three respects. First, the exposition is too heavy-going for the non-professional public Secondly, Dr. Sweezy goes over much ground that has already been covered at least as competently by other authors, notably by R. H. Brady in "The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism" and by G. W. Guilleband in "The Economic Recovery of Germany, 1933-1938." Her distinct contribution is limited to two chapters dealing with German corporation profits and the distribution of German national income. Finally, Dr. Sweezy's interpretation of the economic development of the Third Reich suffers from leaning too heavily on the point of view of the German Social Democrats. The latter regard the Nazi economic system largely as a scheme devised for the protection of the capitalist system.

THOMAS REVEILLE

IN BRIEF

GENESEE FEVER. By Carl Carmer. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Mr. Carmer has real feeling for the Genesee country, and as long as he sticks to the landscape or to his historical sources he writes an interesting tale of the settlement of upstate New York in the early 1790's. But when he departs from his sources, and when the lights of the landscape are out, the characters are revealed as concoctions of arrant bookishness. His females, arch, pliant, and very pulpy, deserve no better fate than this description by one of the men in whose love they are framed: "Her even teeth were a white gleam in the gold-brown of her long face."

DRAGON'S TEETH. By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press. $3.

The sequel to "World's End" and "Between Two Worlds" carries Lanny Budd and his family through the years from 1929 to 1934 and involves them, of course, in the blood-curdling events accompanying Hitler's rise to supreme power in Germany. The incomparable Lanny meets the Führer, Göring, and Goebbels, has further dealings with Sir Basil Zaharoff, pursues his researches into the nature of the spirit world, and culminates a busy five years by intriguing for the release of a Jewish prisoner from Dachau. Once again Mr. Sinclair has endowed a novel with the irresistible attraction of a living newspaper, a fictionized "Berlin Diary," and admirers of the first two books in the series will certainly want to follow their hero through his new adventures; but the writing seems less skilful, more hurried, than that of "Between Two Worlds"—as if the pell-mell rush of events in the past few months had driven the author to finish this book under forced draft for fear it might sound ancient before it left the press.

DAKAR: OUTPOST OF TWO HEMISPHERES. By Emil Lengyel. Random House. $2.

This timely historical, geographical, and political survey by the author of "The Danube" and "Turkey" is said to be the only comprehensive book on Dakar in any language. It is also concise and illuminating. Considered in its relation to French West Africa, the Atlantic islands, and Brazil, Dakar is shown to be of absolutely vital importance to the United States. At this juncture in history the general reader anxious to understand our world situation will find Mr. Lengyel's new book as interesting as its predecessors and very important. The end-paper maps are extremely useful.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

The Dry Season. By Malcolm Cowley. New Directions. $1.

Ireland, Past and Present. By Tom Ireland. Putnam's. $5.

Conversation in London Between Stephan Laird and Walter Graebner. Morrow. $1.50.

Outline of Zionist History. By Lotta Levensohn. Scopus. $1.50.

Vitamins and Minerals for Everyone. By Alida Frances Pattee. Putnam's. $2.

We're the People. By Irene Paull. Midwest Labor. Cloth, 50 cents. Paper, $1.

Poems from the Book of Hours ("Das Stundenbuch"). By Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by Babette Deutsch. New Directions. $1.

Our Landed Heritage: The Public Domain 1776-1936. By Roy M. Robbins. Princeton. $5.

Radio Goes to War. By Charles J. Rolo. Putnam's. $2.75.

Netherlands Overseas Territories. Information Department Papers, No. 28. Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford. 75 cents.

Some Historians of Modern Europe. Edited by Bernadotte E. Schmitt. Chicago. $5.

A Shortened History of England. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green. $3.50.

China Builds for Democracy: A Story of Cooperative Industry. By Nym Wales. Modern Age. $2.50.

Land, Labor, and Wealth: A Handbook of Ecomomic Terms. Compiled by Ellen Winsor Evans. Caxton. $2.

DRAMA

Old Man of the Tribe

THERE is a theory—widely held by those who go in for theory-holding—that the greatest and most popular plays are those in which papa, or someone in papa's shoes, finally gets it in the neck. This is supposed to account for the enduring charm of such plays as "Hamlet" and the Agamemnon trilogy, to say nothing of many modern works, including "The Playboy of the Western World" and "Desire Under the Elms." The explanation is, of course, that all men hate their fathers; and a very good explanation that doubtless is, though I must confess that I have always been troubled by one thing: how is it that members of the female sex, who are supposed to love their fathers and hate their mothers, manage to endure such plays, and why don't they demand an equal number of purges adapted to their own particular spiritual complaint? Can it be merely because men have done most of the writing in the past; and will the time come when the Old Woman of the Tribe is as popular a victim as the Old Man?

In any event Freud's theory may throw some light on the bright prospects for the Theater Guild's new comedy "Papa Is All" (Guild Theater). Of course the fact that the performance is rather unusually good and that the writing and production skilfully impart a slick theatrical finish to what might otherwise have been a piece a bit too folksy for current Broadway taste may have something to do with it also. But at least there is no missing the fact that the pattern could not be more unmistakably clear if it had been devised by a psychoanalyst for therapeutic purposes. Papa is as unmitigated a nuisance as he ever seemed to any son, and papa is neatly disposed of by the son himself.

The scene is near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, the characters are "Pennsylvania Dutch," and the particular household chosen is one of those least touched by modern life because presided over by a patriarch who "doesn't hold" with any new-fangled notions or new-fangled machines—especially if they tend to make it any harder to keep an eye on his wife, his daughter, or his son. Patterson Green, the author, is said to be an outlander who resided briefly in the region he has made his setting, and I am certainly not prepared to say how accurate or how searching his presentation may be, but at least he has got enough of the language and the characters for light theatrical purposes. Too earnest students of folklore have a way of writing plays incomprehensible without footnotes and of getting dialect so confoundedly accurate that any audience not composed exclusively of philologists has a hard time finding out what the personages are talking about. Mr. Green writes a dialogue easy to understand but full of quaintly amusing words and delightfully surprising syntax, and he has also caught something else which supplies rich humor—namely, that practical realism in matters amorous as well as material which seems so often characteristic of those with a rigid code of conduct. "Papa Is All" means, by the way, "all in," or in other words, dead.

The plot is rather ingenious, even though it has its relation to Synge's "Playboy," and it is provided with a sufficient number of surprises at the proper points to keep the action in lively movement. Obviously they mustn't be given away, but it can do no harm to say that Papa is so plainly no good to anybody that no one in either the play or the audience has occasion for anything except unmixed gratification when his son, a budding mechanical genius little likely to realize himself in a family where the devil is regarded as the patron of mechanics, seizes a God-sent opportunity to crack the old man over the head with a monkey wrench and to stow him away in a coal car bound for parts unknown. The performance, as I have already said, is rather conspicuously smooth and brisk. Carl Benton Reid plays the father well but as a somewhat conventional "heavy." Celestine Holm and Emmett Rogers act, respectively, the daughter and the son also well, though in a similarly "straight" fashion; and I should say that the acting honors go to the more colorful performances of Jessie Royce Landis and Dorothy Sands. Miss Landis, a very competent actress who deserves much better opportunities than she has had recently, gives very rich though quiet humor to the part of the mild wife with more spirit than one would give her credit for, and Miss Sands is extremely good as the talkative neighbor who spills the beans while trying to assure everybody that she won't.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WOODROW WILSON'S epic struggle for a just peace based on the League of Nations is a weighty theme for a play; it could easily bog down even a notable effort. But Howard Koch and John Huston had enough courage to tackle it, and the result, "In Time to Come," justifies their endeavors. And the theatergoer who, in his turn, musters enough pluck to spend an evening on so elevated a plane will be rewarded. "In Time to Come" is a first-rate play. More than a chronicle, it is a study, even a penetrating study, of Wilson the man. Both his fatal weaknesses and his great qualities are part of the complex personality which unfolds itself at the Mansfield Theater. As the play progresses, one has increasingly the feeling that Wilson's passionate identification with the cause for which he is fighting, because it makes him unable to meet cynical political maneuvering, first dooms the cause and then dooms him because the cause is doomed. This, rather than Wilson's failure to win support, is the essential tragedy of the play. Richard Gaines plays the role of Woodrow Wilson with a real sense of its tragic implications.

M. K. C.

MUSIC

TWO readers have objected to my high estimate of Virgil Thomson's music criticism. They are New York Philharmonic subscribers who have been tearing up their tickets for the Mitropoulos programs of contemporary music which Mr. Thomson has been urging on the Philharmonic directors as the only thing that will give their orchestra a secure place in the intellectual life of the city and nation. And when Mr. Thomson tells these readers that the music of 150 years ago which they are deeply affected by is really as incomprehensible to them as the painting and literature of the past because it was produced by men "whose modes of thought and attitudes of passion were . . . different from ours," and that they can really understand only the contemporary music which they dislike, since it is the product of the processes of thought and feeling of their own time—when Mr. Thomson does this, he drives these two readers to a violent denunciation of writing in which they insist he has his eye not on his subject but on the audience which he wants to impress and shock with his cleverness, his perversity, his daring. And from this they go on to the other things which they claim to detect in the writing—the special pleading for causes in which he is not disinterested, the personal friendships and animosities, and other such motivations.

These readers attack in Mr. Thomson the things which deflect or corrupt a critic's judgment; what I value is his judgment when it is not deflected or corrupted. That is the distinction one has to make constantly. The late William J. Henderson wrote about Walter Damrosch with loyalty to a friend; he wrote about Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic with an old man's crotchety notion about prima donna conductors; but at other times his competence, honesty, and vigor produced some of the best writing on music of his day. Today Mr. Thomson may evaluate a book with graciousness to a fellow-member of his Critics' Circle; or as a composer he may tell the New York Philharmonic directors that the only way to give their orchestra a place in the life of the American public is to have it embark on a five-year devotion to the music of contemporary composers, which I suspect would leave the orchestra without an audience after one year; but about music and performances he often writes with exciting penetration (often, I say, not always).

Whenever I write anything of this sort there is someone who asks: "Isn't it the business of a music critic to criticize music? Why, then, do you criticize criticism and critics? Why do you, when other critics don't?" It is true that the others don't; and this has given people the idea that no critic should. But many years ago Bernard Shaw, who wrote some of the finest music criticism I have ever read, observed that "musical criticisms, like sermons, are of low average quality simply because they are never discussed or contradicted," and advocated the formation of "a Vigilance Committee of musicians for the exposure of incompetent critics." He did this because he considered good criticism important; and good criticism was important for him because music was important. And those are my reasons—for reading criticism, for being concerned about it, for getting enthusiastic about Shaw, Tovey, Turner, even Thomson, for getting angry about some of the others.

Shaw not only believed that criticism should be discussed, but himself acted on his belief; and scattered through the brilliant volumes of "Music in London 1888-1889" and "Music in London 1890-1894" are paragraphs on the subject that are pertinent to the criticism of today. Thus, the proposal to form a critics' club elicited the statement that "clearly a critic should not belong to a club at all. He should not know anybody: his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against his." And explaining why one of the London critics was disliked and attacked by the others, he wrote:

> He has the force to write individually, originally, making his mark with every opinion he delivers. Of how many critics in London is it possible to say as much? When one thinks of the average critic, with his feeble infusion of musical dictionary and analytical program, the man who has no opinion, and dare not express it if he had, who is afraid of his friends, his enemies, of his editor, of his own ignorance, of committing an injustice (as if there were any question of abstract justice involved in the expression of a critic's tastes and distastes), it is impossible not to admire L. E., who, at an age at which all ordinary journalists are hopelessly muzzled by the mere mass of their personal acquaintance, can still excite these wild animosities in the breasts of his colleagues.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

"By Their Fruits . . ."

Dear Sirs: I celebrated New Year's Day by reading Miss Adams's review of Dr. Zilboorg's book in the December 27 issue of *The Nation.*

I feel chagrined about this review because I think it puts *The Nation* in a somewhat absurd position, even though I know you are not responsible for the opinions of your reviewers. I do not know Miss Adams, and perhaps it is not presumptuous for her to be so opinionated regarding a field of science that is rather highly specialized. But on the face of it, her strictures represent a reactionary position and spirit which are entirely incompatible with the ideals of your journal. To defend the racial-purity theory of Hitler or to criticize an author for not adhering to it would be precisely parallel to the position taken by Miss Adams. For her to sneer at Zilboorg and that which Dr. Zilboorg represents—namely, the psychoanalytic developments in science—is not only unbecoming but, in my opinion, anachronistic.

Furthermore, her review is full of misstatements. Dr. Zilboorg does not belong to "a school of psychiatry"; he in no way indicates that he believes that one school is the "only possible scientific one"; he is not "forced to defend Mesmerism"—which is now a universally acknowledged piece of reality and a widely used technique which poor Miss Adams evidently does not know; Dr. Zilboorg's statement that the discovery of a specific cause of syphilis was a step backward for psychopathology is not at all astonishing but quite well known; Miss Adams's fine writing about "the patient men working" in laboratories does not contradict the fact that many other patient men work in psychological clinics and use hypnosis, psychonanalysis, and other psychological techniques with the same hopes that her sentimentally portrayed laboratory men have; it is a canard to say that Dr. Zilboorg classifies laboratory workers with witch-burners. What peculiar personal experiences and attitudes have led Miss Adams to her emotionally charged "review" I, of course, have no idea, but I do think it is unfortunate that so important a book about so important a subject should have been so poorly represented in your pages.

It is perfectly true that psychoanalysis is not understood by a good many scientists, including a few psychiatrists, and that these few psychiatrists, some of them very emphatically, voice their objections. It is also true that some psychoanalysts either by bad manners or ill-chosen exhibitions give the reactionaries plenty of ammunition. But these things no more invalidate psychoanalysis than the behavior of some Americans and the arguments of some totalitarians invalidate the principles of democracy. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The spirit of Grace Adams's review would burn witches, say what she likes in defense of it. KARL MENNINGER

Topeka, Kan., January 8

Why Is There No Plan?

Dear Sirs: I quite agree with Mrs. Reyher's criticism of Louis Adamic's "Two-Way Passage" in your issue of December 20. But she spoiled the pungent taste of her little article by ending it with a rather sweeping flourish: ". . . the blueprint itself [of a democratic federated United States of Europe] may be regarded as a little naive and amateurish by the professional architects."

I am tremendously curious to know who are these mysterious "professional architects." And how does it happen that in spite of their feverish activities before and since the League of Nations, and in spite of scores of millions of dollars donated by Carnegie, Rockefeller, and other gullible Americans, there is not even a vague outline of a practical and acceptable plan for the world order? ELY CULBERTSON

New York, January 7

No Third World War!

Dear Sirs: On the day that the United States declared itself officially at war President Roosevelt stated that "we will not only defend ourselves to the utmost, but will make very certain that this form of treachery shall never endanger us again."

On the evening of our declaration of war fifteen leading Chicago organizations sponsored a meeting at Orchestra Hall in this city in order publicly to vow that this purpose shall be fulfilled. These organizations were the Committee to Defend America; Fight for Freedom, Inc.; the Keep America Out of War Congress; the Fellowship of Reconciliation; International House; the Chicago Church Federation; the Young Women's Christian Association of Chicago; the Chicago Rabbinical Association; the Cook County League of Women Voters; Federal Union, Inc.; the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; the Campaign for World Government; the League of Nations Association, Midwest Office; the Commission to Study the Organization of Peace, Midwest Office; the World Citizens Association, Chicago Group. The chairman of the meeting was George V. Denny, president of Town Hall, Inc. The fifteen sponsoring organizations had taken divergent stands on the war issue, and one of them went out of existence on the day the meeting was held. They represented hundreds of thousands of Midwesterners.

The meeting adopted unanimously a resolution which may do its part to prevent a third World War. It reads:

> At this time, when thoughts are centered on the war, we recognize that it is also important to plan for winning the peace.
>
> We, as Americans experienced in the progress of justice, stability, and security through the democratic federation of states, aware of the economic interdependence of the peoples of the world, convinced of the impossibility of attaining a just and lasting peace under the anarchy which is inevitable in the absence of appropriate institutions of international governments, in order to promote international and national welfare, which we deem to be one, request the President and the Congress of the United States immediately to establish a commission to study the improvements in world organization necessary to provide security to nations and freedom to men, as stated in the sixth article of the Roosevelt-Churchill declaration of August 14, 1941.

JOHN R. VAN DE WATER,
General Chairman
Forum on World Organization

Chicago, December 26

An Immense Change

(Excerpts from a letter recently received from London)

. . . Things have been quiet here for three months. But we are not giving up precautions of any kind. I personally am absorbed in fire-fighting, and if you were sufficiently unconscious and unable to protest, I could bump you downstairs and save your life, if not your bruises. We learn to deal with smoke and to use pumps and to suspect upholstered armchairs. Yesterday we were thrilled to the marrow to lie in a puddle while directing water upon a burning room—fortunately only a practice one. It is like going back to childhood's adventurous games and even more exciting.

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Food is extremely well managed here. If we never have less than at present, we may count ourselves lucky. Now that rationing has been extended to subsidiary things—not all, of course—there is a much more even distribution and not such a struggle to get things. Where they are not rationed, the shop-crawlers—people with time—of course get the best of it. I don't think anybody can complain that they don't get enough, and, personally, I should stop all extra parcels, kind as you all are about that. They take up shipping space and are luxuries we could go without.

I don't think the next six months will be easy, but you have only to look back over a year to see the immense change in the situation. I always felt Russia might easily have come in against us, and while I can't admire sufficiently its bravery and stubbornness, I feel that the help to us is something to be thankful for, but not to be overwhelmed by. We have a common cause at present; that is all. This is not to say that I am anti-Russian; very far from it, and I think we have been immensely stupid about it hitherto. But Russia has been difficult, too, and I feel that while it has made immense progress, it has mounted from a much lower level than many other nations, and it is rather stupid of enthusiasts to regard it as in the forefront of civilization. Some of our people hold up Russian housing as an example. I don't think ours is very good, but it seems to be the common thing for people to live four in a room in Moscow. And that isn't the case here, with a few horrible exceptions, which are regarded as horrible and not as a commonplace.

MURIEL HARRIS

Collecting Scrap Is Fun

Dear Sirs: In view of Keith Hutchison's article in *The Nation* of December 27 entitled From Scrap to Tanks and dealing with our government's need for scrap metal, it may interest you to hear of a project carried on during the Christmas vacation by some of our second-year-high-school boys and girls.

These youngsters were very eager to do something concrete and helpful in the present situation and therefore decided to see how much old metal they could collect during the holidays. They telephoned a great many persons in the vicinity and classified those who responded favorably according to their geographical location. Then on Saturday afternoon, January 3, one of our parents borrowed a truck and drove out to collect, with four of the boys along to help. The excitement when we found a beautiful heavy winch or a completely broken down but very metalliferous boiler was worth the trouble and hard work of hauling.

To our great surprise we collected four truckloads of metal in one afternoon, and we have only begun our researches in this community. One of our local contractors says that when we feel we are ready, he will send us a junk man, arrange a price with him before he sees the metal, and have the weight checked for us on a local coal dealer's scales.

In addition to telephoning, many of the youngsters went scouting to outlying farmers who perhaps had no telephone, and to rubbish heaps, which suddenly take on a strange desirability.

Here, I feel, is a real contribution that young people of high-school age all over the country can make.

FRANCIS H. ELWYN,
Chairman of the Staff,
Hessian Hills School

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., January 9

"God Help the Nation . . ."

Dear Sirs: For the last two years I have not liked *The Nation*—it wasn't the good old fighting *Nation* that I had known for so many years.

But finally I found once more something in *The Nation* that was like the old one. That was Jonathan Daniels's article on the Negro firemen in the issue of November 22. If ever there was a blot upon our country it is the Negro problem. You that live close to it, where you see many Negroes all the time, cannot sense the injustice as we Westerners do when we go back East. We have two Negroes in our whole county, a county that is as large as Rhode Island; can you imagine the impact of the Negro question on me when we traveled leisurely from here through the East and South? God help the nation that lets this evil thing fester—at least the President could appoint one of his many fact-finding committees.

EMILY H. LOTT

Buffalo, Wyo., December 27

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The Shape of Things

BY ESTABLISHING THE WAR-PRODUCTION Board under the supreme command of Donald M. Nelson the President moved away from the balance-of-power theory which has caused so much confusion and overlapping of authority in the past. We hope Mr. Nelson will prove to have the "touch" of his great naval namesake, who knew that victories were won by imagination combined with organization. He is one of the few business men brought to Washington during the emergency who has enhanced his reputation there and won the respect of the New Dealers without losing that of the business world. Mr. Nelson was formerly a kind of procurement chief for the greatest merchandising organization in the country—a job which required not only buying skill but the ability to inspire and assist manufacturers in the mass production of popularly priced goods. This means that his chief experience has been with the light industries; now, as I. F. Stone points out in his Washington letter, he has to tackle the capital-goods monopolies. Among his greatest recommendations are a real vision of what is needed to beat the Axis and a strong belief that America can and will do the job. In some quarters, however, there are doubts about whether Mr. Nelson is as tough as he will have to be. Among those who must now take his orders are some very hard-boiled gentlemen who will want to go on running things their way and will be out to get him if they can.

*

HITLER HAS BROUGHT THE BATTLE OF THE Atlantic right up to our shores, perhaps with the design not merely of destroying valuable shipping but of upsetting American morale and influencing the Rio conference. Another objective may be to present proof to Japan that Germany is in a position to offer something more than moral support. Certainly this foray into our home waters is going to add to the present burden on the navy, and it might necessitate convoying coastal shipping. It may prove possible, however, to simplify that task by instructing all ships to keep close to shore and providing constant patrols of shore-based aircraft. The sinking of four ships within five days between Nova Scotia and North Carolina indicates that a pack of submarines is in operation. Survivors of a torpedoed Panamanian freighter who have reached Canada report U-boats as "thick as catfish," including one or more "little ones." Since only the bigger types have sufficient range to cruise independently from European bases, this suggests either that a "mother" ship is being employed or that Germany has the use of some base nearer than the coast of France. Could this be the Azores? A third possibility is that secret depots have been established somewhere on this side of the Atlantic. Despite the vigilance of the British and Canadian navies, it is not inconceivable that a hide-out could be found in one of the innumerable bays of northern Newfoundland.

*

POLITICAL WAR IN RIO HAS DEVELOPED during the first eight days of the conference fairly closely along the lines predicted in *The Nation* last week. Sumner Welles delivered one of the best speeches that could have been made, and to judge from reactions in Latin American quarters he has employed his considerable talents in trying to smooth out the difficulties of a very complex situation. But the most subtle envoy could hardly correct in a week the mistakes his own department has been making for a year. A year of appeasing Castillo, in direct disregard of the advice of our real Argentine friends, is having its effects in Rio. Whatever formula it may agree to, Castillo's Argentine remains the *grand saboteur* of hemispheric solidarity. Largely for geographical reasons Chile, with its long coastline and its islands in the Pacific exposed to the threat of Japanese attack, is also showing a hesitation that must be disheartening to the Chilean delegation itself. It can be assumed that in the end some sort of resolution indorsing a break with the Axis powers will be adopted, with the Argentine, Chile, and perhaps one or two other small South American countries abstaining or agreeing to a compromise. But this will not wipe out the fact that a political battle had to be fought at a conference where spontaneous and unanimous agreement should have been the normal course. It is that feeling which makes it difficult to discount entirely the confidence with which the spokesman of the German Foreign Office referred on January 20 to the prospective resolution in Rio supporting the rupture "of certain Latin American countries with the Axis" as "a pure technicality."

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THE SURRENDER OF THE AXIS FORCES IN THE Halfaya Pass will considerably ease British communications over the long line which now separates their Egyptian bases from the army fighting General Rommel in eastern Tripolitana. It should also release troops and equipment for that battle, which seems to have reached a temporary stalemate. There are indications that despite the havoc wrought by the British fleet in attacking convoys some additional Axis reinforcements and equipment have reached North Africa at a time when the strengthening of the British position in that region must be weighed against the urgent demands of other fronts, notably Singapore. Rumors of Nazi plans for a spring drive in the Mediterranean, including possibly an attack on Turkey, may have been deliberately circulated as part of the war of nerves. But there are indications that they cannot be taken lightly. In the past week the much-bombed fortress of Malta has been facing aerial assaults of increasing intensity, suggesting that an effort may soon be made to remove that very sharp thorn in the side of the Axis. Malta's importance as a naval base is no longer very great, but as an air base it has been playing a great part in the Battle of the Mediterranean, sending out bombers north and south to attack both Sicily and Tripoli and to harry Italian shipping transporting men and supplies to North Africa.

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ANOTHER SHARP THORN CAUSING ACUTE pain to both Germany and Italy is the growing guerrilla army of General Draja Mikhailovich, recently honored for his services by being appointed Minister of War in the Yugoslav government. This force has scored repeated successes against the Axis armies of occupation. It now appears that Hitler has given up hope of wiping out the resistance of these bold fighters, at least during the winter months, and has withdrawn his troops to the larger cities. Reports from Turkey in the New York *Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* speak of strong pressure being put on Hungary and Bulgaria by Berlin with a view to using their armies to accomplish the costly task of "pacification" which has baffled the Reichswehr. Neither one of these puppet states seems very enthusiastic. Recently Hungary has received visits from both von Ribbentrop and Count Ciano. The former is said to have proposed that the whole Hungarian army should be placed at the disposal of the German High Command, that Hungary should supply more food to Germany, and that German troops from Russia should be allowed to take up winter quarters in Hungary. As a sweetener for this program the Nazi Foreign Minister offered southern Transylvania, which is now in Rumanian hands. Even von Ribbentrop is said to have been embarrassed when Premier Bardossy produced documentary proof that Germany had recently promised Rumania sections of Transsylvania assigned to Hungary by the Vienna award. Nevertheless, he was able to insist on the acceptance of part of his demands, including that for more food, although the Hungarian population is becoming increasingly restive because of the shortage of supplies. Swiss sources report that one Hungarian and three Bulgarian army divisions have now entered Serbia to undertake "police duties."

THE AXIS GENERAL SITUATION SEEMS TO BE going from bad to worse. Field Marshal Walther von Reichenau is now reported to have succumbed to poor health. Berlin says that he died of apoplexy; Moscow insists that the Gestapo nursed him in his last hours and that Dr. Hitler was the attending physician. Moscow reports further that Marshal Wilhelm Keitel "suddenly has fallen ill." Stockholm estimates that altogether some twenty Nazi generals have been confined—victims of an epidemic which began somewhere west of Moscow early in December. In Berne the Berlin correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* reports that "many high-ranking German officers on the Russian front have fallen sick because even at their headquarters there is a general lack of comfort." We don't doubt it. Meanwhile Great Britain reports that its collection of Italian generals in the African theater has reached the operatic total of seventy-nine—which reminds us rather irresponsibly of that well-known musical phrase, "Repeat ad Libya."

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PLANS FOR COMPENSATING WORKERS thrown out of their jobs by the all-out war-production program were drawn up last week at a White House conference of Administration and Congressional leaders. Although details of the legislation remain to be ironed out, the plans call for reimbursing the unemployed workers at a rate of 60 per cent of their normal wages up to a maximum of $24 a week, provided they use their time training for jobs in the war industries. Since most state unemployment funds pay only 50 per cent of wages up to a maximum of $15 or $18 a week, and that only for fifteen or sixteen weeks, the new scheme will require federal financing. The President has approved of an appropriation of $300,000,000 for this purpose, but doubts have been expressed that this sum will be sufficient to provide for an estimated total of over 4,000,000 unemployed. While there will be some hardship despite these plans, the forehandedness shown in drawing up these proposals contrasts most favorably with the dilatory manner with which Congress met the vastly greater problem of unemployment during the depression.

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ONE NEED NOT BELIEVE EVERY DETAIL OF this week's John L. Lewis story to be pretty sure that Honest John is cooking up a new sensation for labor—object: a return to power. Opinions vary considerably as to whether Mr. Lewis, as reported in the New York *Times* of January 19, conducted unauthorized negotiations for an A. F. of L.–C. I. O. merger, with George Meany to be president, Lewis vice-president, and Philip Murray, much to Murray's surprise, secretary-treasurer. Some labor leaders think, or profess to think, that the story was spun out of the finest gossamer; others believe it follows the general pattern of the Lewis ambitions and is at least a trial balloon. Still others consider the release of the story—supposedly by Meany's office and with Lewis's knowledge—a brilliant tactical move, combining advance propaganda for the scheme with a subtle variety of blackmail. According to this theory, whether or not Lewis actually conducted secret negotiations—he is reliably reported to have tried Hutcheson and Tobin before striking it lucky with Matthew Woll—he emerges before the public as the champion of unity, while those who denounce his alleged maneuvering stand revealed as opponents of what many a Gallup poll will tell you is an extremely popular objective of the American people. For all its shrewdness, however, it is improbable that the Lewis plan, if any, can be put into effect. Mr. Murray, while explaining for the record that he considers the stories of Lewis's underground dickering "a lot of newspaper bunk," has made it clear that peace between the two organizations can only come "in a democratic way," that is, without benefit of those delicate services of John L. Lewis which would enable him to pick his ticket.

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THE WAR DEPARTMENT'S PROJECT FOR AN army of 3,600,000 men by the end of 1942 illustrates the value of advance planning. In the last war the army did not reach this size until nearly a year and a half after our entry into the conflict. Although the plans for mobilization which were worked out during the years of peace have not been followed in any exact sense, they have served as a yardstick for the present program. In every case, however, the M-Day plan is to be accelerated. Particular attention is being given to the expansion of the air corps. To make this possible the educational requirements for pilots are being relaxed, and the lower age limit for applicants is to be reduced from twenty to eighteen. It is estimated that this will create a reservoir of 2,000,000 additional young men eligible as candidates. Although details of the army's program have been kept secret for obvious reasons, its general outlines appear to be sound. That an immediate expansion is called for can hardly be disputed. Whether it will be wise to expand it beyond the 3,600,000 mark in view of the demands for war materials to fill our own and lend-lease requirements is a question which can only be decided by the course of the war. Obviously, increasing care must be shown by the local draft boards to avoid calling up men who can best serve their country in factories or in technical capacities.

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STEEL PLANTS IN THE YOUNGSTOWN AREA were operating last week at only 84 per cent of capacity, the lowest rate in eighteen months. This was not because of any slackening of demand—there are customers waiting for every ton of steel that can be turned out—but for lack of sufficient scrap metal to feed the furnaces. Other leading steel districts are also reporting falls in production for the same reason. Mill stocks of scrap are steadily declining as consumption keeps ahead of new deliveries, and there seems a strong probability that further reductions in steel output will occur in the coming weeks. OPM officials are scurrying around trying to move supplies from the scrap dealers' yards to fill the most urgent needs. They are also reported to be taking an inventory of scrap in the automobile graveyards, which it is believed are capable of producing a good deal of additional material. The difficulty here, however, is that car junk dealers are more interested in selling spare parts than in reducing body-work to scrap and are inclined to hold out for higher prices. Consequently there is now some talk about requisition. Little or nothing apparently is being done by the OPM Bureau of Industrial Conservation to engage more public interest and cooperation in locating and collecting supplies from normally neglected sources on the lines suggested by Keith Hutchison in *The Nation* of December 27, 1941. A letter from the Hessian Hills School in our last issue suggested what could be accomplished even by small groups in small communities. In Georgia the Department of Education has just inaugurated a state-wide scheme for the collection through the schools of waste materials of all kinds. If Washington would only supply a little stimulation and direction, similar efforts would no doubt be made throughout the country.

The Truman Report

THERE are only a few matters in the report of 288 pages submitted by the Truman committee with which our readers are not already familiar. The committee's findings in respect to the fumbled planning of aluminum, steel, and copper expansion, the failure earlier to mobilize the automobile industry for war, the cold shouldering of small business in the defense program, the dangerously dual position occupied by the dollar-a-year men, the scandalous handling of amortization privileges, and the War Department's sloppy supervision of camp construction—all have been discussed in our pages and in our Washington correspondence. The report is in many respects confirmation of disclosures first made in *The Nation.* In other fields we are ourselves indebted to the committee for first insights into outstanding flaws in the arms program.

Of the new material in the report perhaps the most striking and the most disturbing is that dealing with aviation.

> Apparently [the committee says] there has never been and is not now any real planned and coordinated program for the production of aircraft. Our services have merely purchased what the manufacturers had to offer instead of planning to use available facilities to produce what they needed at maximum capacity. Though it was seemingly created to organize and manage production facilities, it appears that as far as aviation production is concerned, the Office of Production Management simply acted as a rubber stamp for the service agencies, allowing them to follow their own policies of procurement.

The committee reports a shortage of planes so acute as to hurt the morale of our pilots.

> It may be claimed that this shortage existing with our own forces comes as a result of huge shipments diverted to foreign consumers. Actually, the facts do not indicate that to be the case. Information made available to the public has shown that of the best types, our shipments abroad have been very limited.

The report also tells in full for the first time the story of the Bethlehem Steel contract being negotiated by Jesse Jones, a contract worse, if anything, than that with Alcoa. It tells the full story of the Wolf Creek Ordnance Plant, and of the carelessness of the War Department in supervising it. It tells of the exorbitant profits being made in the shipyards and of the navy's failure—perhaps intentional—to keep the books of its own yards in such shape that they can be used as a yardstick with which to measure costs in the private yards.

We are sorry that the Truman committee lacked the courage to say in public what many of its members have said in private of Jesse Jones, Knudsen, and Stettinius. We are sorry to see its weak acquiescence in proposals to revise the tax-amortization law to make it easier to fleece the government. We are sorry to note that while "pulling its punches" on the principal malefactors in business and the dollar-a-year men, the committee exaggerated the bad effects of strikes on the defense program. It said that strikes cost defense 26,000,000 man-days of labor, but this is the figure for time lost in all industry. The OPM figure for time lost in defense industries is 2,500,000 man-days, less than a tenth of the figure used by the committee. We note, too, the contrast between the vague recommendations in this somewhat hastily put together report and the far-sighted program of the Tolan committee.

Nevertheless, after all these criticisms have been made, the fact remains that the country is deeply indebted to Senator Truman and his colleagues. Mead and Wallgren deserve special mention with the chairman, and even the conservatives like Brewster, Ball, and Connally showed a vigorous readiness to probe the shortcomings of business men that does them honor. The committee has already paid back many times over the meager $40,000 it had to spend. The revisions which have taken place in aluminum, steel, and shipbuilding contracts as a result of its revelations are worth several millions of dollars. It focused attention on the worst abuses in the arms program, and an advance copy of its report and a conference between the President and Senator Truman preceded the current reorganization of defense.

In England the Select Committee on National Expenditure of the House of Commons has made extensive and continuous investigations of arms expenditures straight through the war. We need such inquiries here. As censorship closes down on the facts and begins to shield incompetence in office, the people and the press will become more and more dependent on Congress for knowledge of what is going on in arms production. *The Nation* would like to see the Truman committee's life extended "for the duration," with an ample budget. An expenditure of $250,000 a year on the committee would yield many times that amount in the correction of extravagance and the disclosure of corruption.

The East Is Vital

EACH week that passes brings home more clearly the shocking unpreparedness of both the United States and Great Britain in the Pacific. It is now admitted, for example—some six weeks after the opening of the war—that no reinforcements were ever sent to the Philippines. Nor do any substantial number of Americans appear to have been sent anywhere else—to Singapore, the East Indies, or Australia. Some planes have been getting through, but in small numbers. The British record, as Donald W. Mitchell shows elsewhere in this issue, is fully as bad. London is reported to be restive not only because of the strategic effect of the defeats but to an even greater degree because of the blow which British prestige has suffered throughout the Far East. Australia is bitter over what it considers Britain's tendency to minimize the East in its strategic plans.

Under these circumstances Secretary Knox's statement on the importance of keeping our eyes on Hitler as the No. 1 enemy was singularly unfortunate in its timing. Despite the recent Nazi reverses in Russia, no one will care to deny that Germany is the most powerful member of the Axis. In the long run it will probably prove the most difficult to conquer. But war is indivisible, and a setback on one front is bound to have unfavorable effects on the others. The loss of Russia, with its huge manufacturing capacity and rich stores of raw materials, would of course be disastrous for the Allies. But it would be hardly more so than the loss of East Asia, with its incredible wealth in rubber, tin, oil, and various tropical products.

Loss of this storehouse of strategic materials, moreover, might prove less serious in the long run than the disillusionment of millions of our allies, real and potential, throughout the East. The Chinese, particularly, have been seriously disturbed by our conduct of the war and Secretary Knox's disparaging comments on the importance of the Eastern front. Several Chungking newspapers have expressed apprehension regarding the apparent trend of Allied strategy. Sun Fo, chairman of the legislative Yuan and son of the founder of the Chinese Republic, went so far as to question the wisdom of China continuing to fight "if the United States and Britain intend to allow Japan a free rein in the Far East while they are finishing off Hitler." If the Chinese, relatively strong in their present defensive position, feel thus let down, what of the Filipinos, the Malays, and the inhabitants of the Dutch East Indies, who are being left to bear the brunt of Japanese imperialism? Will these peoples ever again have confidence in American and British promises of support? Or may we expect to see other native leaders following the example of the Thai military clique or of Premier U Saw of Burma? It is not to be supposed that U Saw, who has been detained by the British on charges of having communicated with the enemy, has any illusions about the Japanese proffers of friendship. But he must have enough doubts regarding British strength to have considered it advisable to play both sides of the game.

Secretary Knox's argument that once we have disposed of Hitler we shall have little difficulty with Japan is plausible so far as it goes. But it could also be argued that we should smash Japan first, as the weaker member of the Axis—after which we would have vastly greater resources to turn against Germany. From the standpoint of practical military strategy this plan has at least several advantages over that advanced by Mr. Knox. In the first place, it would be comparatively easy for us to amass overwhelming military superiority in the Far East, but there is no hope of achieving this in Europe during the present year. Secondly, there is no convenient way in which the United States can immediately throw its immense resources against Germany. The only fronts on which Germany is now fighting are in Russia and Africa—where American supplies rather than man-power are needed. While we dare not cut off this flow of supplies or relax our efforts in the Battle of the Atlantic, we should have enough resources left for offensive operations in the East. The position of the Soviet Union also plays an important part in the picture. We cannot readily send an expeditionary force to Russia, but defeat of Japan would release Russia's huge Far Eastern army for use against Germany.

As has already been indicated, we do not wish to minimize the importance of Hitler as the chief threat to American security. But at the moment Hitler is being held in check on all the chief fronts where he is fighting. On the other hand, our failures in the East show rather clearly that the importance of this sector has been underestimated. Any steps now being taken to remedy the situation are of course military secrets. But the events of the last fortnight demonstrate that adequate steps were not taken either before the outbreak of war or in the early days of the conflict. It is difficult, therefore, to have confidence that the East is getting its full share of attention today.

Free and So-called Free

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THIS isn't a dissertation on the State Department. I'm tired of the subject. If a word or two about the vagaries of Hull's bad boys creeps into these lines, it's a typographical error. This article is going to deal with movements, free and so-called free, and how they should behave. Never a word about the State Department. Or hardly ever.

When Adolf Berle wrote the strange composition on free movements put out by the department right after we got into the war—remember, the one saying that in general free movements weren't officially considered in the best of taste and perhaps American citizens had better steer clear of them—a lot of confusion was created in the minds of people who had thought we were fighting Hitler for the preservation of freedom or the restoration of freedom or something like that. The confusion wasn't cleared up by the opposition of the department to the freeing of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon by the Free French. People began to wonder: Are we against Hitler and his puppets or are we against the people who are fighting him? A question like that is disturbing in war time. People like to know whom they're shooting at and why.

Well, some of the officials in Washington evidently decided that something ought to be done to unscramble people's minds. Who they were I don't know, but I suspect the President and a few other liberals and nonconformists. They believed that it would not advance the Allied cause to have every anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist in every country of the world asking himself and his friends why the United States, which had just plunged into the war against Hitler and Japan, should be run by officials who dislike and distrust anti-Nazis and anti-Fascists, especially organized ones. So when the inter-Allied pact—the anti-Axis pact—was drawn up during Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Churchill's talks in Washington, it was announced that in addition to the original twenty-six signing nations, the United Nations would welcome statements of adherence from "appropriate authorities which are not governments."

This was a shrewd gesture and it worked fairly well. No sooner did the word go out than the line of appropriate authorities formed both on the right and the left. Free groups old and new, so-called and genuine, hurried to Washington to declare their adherence to the pact. Whether this signatorial get-together had any beneficial effect on democratic opinion in Paris and Delhi and Buenos Aires, I don't know. It proved at least that some people in Washington recognized the necessity of placating that opinion, if only verbally and symbolically. But I must confess that I wish the gesture hadn't worked so well. I wish the democratic groups had shown a little more skepticism and restraint and had asked for at least a crumb of substance to back up the broad, sweeping promises of freedom—like a dollar paid down to bind a contract. Only a few of them hesitated or ignored the invitation.

This was natural enough. The free movements long for support and acceptance. Most of them, as Mr. Berle's composition indicated, live under the shadow of official disapproval. And since those that do can work for their cause in the United States only by sufferance of the government, they are inclined to respond to even the most evanescent gestures of good-will. There were other motives at work, too. Lively competition exists between organizations representing different tendencies in the various national groups. And each one wants to be among those present when the roll is called up yonder at the Peace Conference. Take Hungary as a rather typical example. Democratic Hungarians in the United States have formed a federation headed by such proved believers in freedom as Rustem Vambery and Ladislas de Fenyes. They have met with representatives of the other states of Eastern Europe to lay plans for a post-war democratic federation and for the basic economic changes on which ultimate peace in that part of the world must rest. But another "free Hungarian" movement has been launched by Tibor de Eckhardt, spokesman of Hungary's landowning aristocracy, anti-Semite, reactionary, and, at a date not far enough in the past to be forgotten, active participant in the Horthy white terror. The first group has been trying patiently to lay before the authorities in Washington the elements of a democratic reconstruction of the Danube Basin. Mr. de Eckhardt, however, has the jump on the democrats. His "free Hungary" movement has been approved by the State Department—definitely and unequivocally. All the more reason why the democratic federation should want Hungary's adherence to the pact registered under its name also and not left to Eckhardt. Thus competition hastens the accumulation of signatures, and freedom finds new and strange names among its sponsors.

The plan to invite adherence from these varied groups may have been innocently conceived as an encouragement to forces that have been ignored and rebuffed. I think it was. But it has tended to create a pleasant fiction which is likely to draw attention away from a nasty fact. And I believe that the genuine democratic groups among the European émigrés would have been wise to withhold their signatures from a pact of freedom until the recognition of freedom becomes part of the policy of the United States government.

The Free French have done so. To their credit they have taken the position that they must be accepted as one of the fighting allies before they sign the pact. They are not interested in helping to wipe out the evil effects of the State Department's blunder. They are not hurrying to accept unspoken apologies for unrevoked insults. They are waiting for Washington's attitude to become clarified and defined. By holding aloof they have greatly enhanced their prestige and dignity.

I wish the other genuine free movements had exercised the same restraint. The process of clarification would have been much accelerated if free Spaniards and Austrians and Hungarians and assorted anti-Nazi Germans had bided their time until Mr. Berle and his colleagues had made up their minds whether they want a post-war Europe dominated by Eckhardt and Otto, Pétain and Franco, and other similar crusaders for freedom, or whether they want democrats.

Can Nelson Deliver?

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 17

I CAME back from the Midwest feeling very optimistic. Some of the optimism has worn off in Washington. To tour the plants of the automobile industry, to see their marvelous organization, to talk with the production men in charge of them and with automobile labor and its leaders, is immensely to increase one's confidence in America's fighting power. The business men one encounters in the factory make a very different impression from the business men one sees dollar-a-yearing in Washington: the man in charge of the gear-grinding is not at all like the man with an ax to grind.

The production men and the engineers of the automobile industry command one's respect. They know their business, and the spirit they show now is quite different from the spirit of a year ago. When I was in the Midwest last year to get the story of the Reuther plan I found automotive executives engaged in long theoretical arguments to prove that their plants, with the exception of possibly 10 or 15 per cent of their machinery, could turn out automobiles only. Today, with automobile production about to be finally curtailed, they are buckling down to the task of finding other uses for their machines in making arms.

I visited many small parts plants, as well as the Studebaker factory in South Bend and Ford's River Rouge plant in Detroit. After looking at many of the machines and asking many questions of the engineers and production men who took me around, I was convinced that there are few machines in an automobile plant which cannot be put to other purposes. When one gets down to it, it is hard to find any special-purpose machine for which some other use cannot be found. The only special-purpose machine, in an absolute sense, is the automobile factory itself. It is the arrangement of the machines, the pacing of the inspections, the flow of the materials, the timing of the labor that make the plant so wonderful an instrument for turning out motor cars.

Once automobile production is stopped, one has a collection of machines which can smooth, grind, mill, or bore parts for a plane, a tank, or a gun. New attachments must be made—new tools, dies, jigs, or fixtures—and new production and assembly lines must be planned, but the old machines need not stand idle till automobile production is resumed. Plans already being made contrast sharply with the 10 to 15 per cent estimates still current among the automotive dollar-a-year men. A Ford engineer preparing to make a new tank engine four or five times the size of the comparable engine formerly produced in his plant showed me his machine-tool requirements. Eighty per cent of them will be met by retooling existing machinery in Ford production lines.

Only a tank factory can turn out a whole tank and only a plane factory can turn out a whole plane, but any factory equipped to do metal work, whether automotive or otherwise, can turn out parts for planes, tanks, and other kinds of armament. Ordinary methods of procurement, however, are nowhere near sufficient for the task of mobilizing this widespread machine-tool equipment for the arms program. What we need is over-all production boards, here for a whole industry, there for a whole city or a whole busy river valley, which can break down blueprints for tanks, planes, and guns and parcel them out in accordance with the capacity of each individual plant. This job of reorganizing industry for arms production is a jigsaw puzzle—the larger the number of pieces the more combinations become possible. We need a production board which can move an idle drill press from Kenosha to complete a new gun-part production line in Chicago, and find the machines needed at South Bend in a machine shop at Flint.

We need the present management men for their experience, their ingenuity, their engineering genius. We also need labor on these boards, for three reasons: first, to get those simple, obvious ideas—like the ones embodied in the Reuther plan for automobiles and the Murray plan for steel—which do not occur to management because they run counter to management's interests; secondly, as a means of siphoning up from the man at the bench the suggestions and complaints which can do so much to improve efficiency; thirdly, in order to inspire labor to greater effort by making it a partner in production. I am not suggesting debating societies for each industrial area—every board must have a government chairman empowered to make final decisions. But even in ordinary business an executive can benefit by listening to his workmen, as well as his engineers, before he makes up his mind. No enterprise can be run by soliloquy.

I had hoped to see some such scheme emerge from the industry conversion conferences, though the first one in Detroit last Wednesday ended with nothing more than an agreement on what nine points were to be discussed at the next meeting. Automotive executives are worried over talk of labor participation in management. The automobile workers' union is a glacial force which has already transformed a citadel of the open shop into the union town that is Detroit. Management is afraid labor may win this battle, too. But it has been afraid in the past of many other things which have since proved less than disastrous. Management fought seniority as disruptive of efficiency, but has since found it profitable. Seniority has required the training of men to handle more than one job, has given the manufacturer a much better-trained and more flexible labor force. Labor participation in management may some day prove as profitable on the books of business as on those of society.

Before we win this war, we shall have to turn to great industrial pools and to labor representation on the boards controlling them. There is no other way to obtain the full mobilization of capacity and enthusiasm needed to overtake the Axis. It is in this perspective that the new war-production shake-up in Washington seems but a first step in the organization of industry for maximum arms output. The centralization of authority in one man was necessary, but equally necessary is the creation of new supporting organizations, by industries and areas, to bring about wider participation of both men and machines in the war effort.

Donald Nelson is an able and progressive business man, but it remains to be seen whether or not he can do the job and how far the President will support him in it. As Director of Purchases in the old NDAC, Nelson had to deal with consumer-goods industries—textiles and shoes—in which output is more than ample for any army. That is quite a different task from the one before him now, in which he must deal with the monopolistic heavy industries and with the job of converting industries like automotives and radio to war production. Even in the smaller job as Director of Purchases, Nelson was not always successful in impressing his own ideas on his dollar-a-year subordinates. There was some scandalous ax-grinding, and the prices paid were often exorbitant.

In the past Nelson has not been much of a fighter, though the reorganization was itself the result of an undercover fight in which Nelson was partly a leader, partly a convenient rallying point. His problem is an enormous one, for no organization can be reformed merely by changing the men at the top. Patterson in the War Department and Forrestal in the Navy have both learned a good deal in Washington, but neither has been too successful in changing the methods of the procurement officers under them. Nelson and Knudsen do not get along. Nelson has long been critical of Knudsen and the automobile industry. Will Knudsen's job of Director of Production in the War Department be that of a mere figurehead—as Nelson hopes and has been given reason to believe? Or will the "Lieutenant General" be in full charge of army production and procurement—as the White House statement on the new setup would lead one to conclude?

The War Production Board itself is merely a new name for much the same cast of characters that has been running defense straight through the shifts from NDAC to OPM to SPAB. Under the executive order the board's power would seem to be chiefly advisory. The strongest characters on it are Jesse Jones and Knudsen, in that order. None of the New Dealers on it are fighters. Will Nelson be able to keep the board in its place and outfrown Jones and Knudsen when it meets? He can give orders to Jones on the financing of plant expansion, but so can the President. How far will Jones, who often flouts Roosevelt's wishes, obey Nelson's?

So long as the actual placing of the contracts lies with army-navy procurement officers, it will be hard for Nelson to get new ideas across, to adopt new methods of procurement. He may find it easier to veto army-navy plans than to force them to operate in accordance with his ideas. What are his ideas? How far is he prepared to abandon ordinary buy-and-sell methods of procurement for the virtual organization of production itself under government auspices? I should say that he is beginning to see the need for a new approach, but the question is whether officials whom he cannot hire and fire will obey him. Will he fight to take over the supply services? Or will he put "his own men" into the army-navy procurement? Many of these men are dollar-a-year men hostile to new ideas that disturb ordinary business methods. If he puts them into army-navy procurement, will he be taking over the army and navy supply services or will they be taking him over? The probability is that he will try the method of "infiltration. It remains to be seen how successful it will be.

How to Lose the War

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE war in the Pacific has thus far brought nothing but defeats to the United Nations. Pearl Harbor, the sinking of the Repulse and Prince of Wales, the capture of Hongkong, the occupation of the Philippines, the sucessful campaign in Malaya, the penetration of the British and Netherlands Indies, the loss of tin and rubber resources vital to American defense—all these blows have fallen in a period of less than two months. Upon our understanding of what has happened and why it has happened and the avoidance of further blunders the final outcome of the war may depend.

Japan's initial strategy of striking a surprise blow preceding the declaration of war and then launching rapid attacks against its superior but divided opponents is exactly the same in its essentials as that which enabled it to win the war against Russia. Many persons laughed off Russia's defeat in that war as the result of inefficiency and corruption; yet the United States and Great Britain are not even faring as well as did the Russians. Nor can the Allies legitimately plead Japanese bad faith as the cause of their misfortunes. In twentieth-century warfare surprise attacks are merely good strategy. No war of modern times has been so long and persistently predicted as one between Japan and this country. Yet no heed was given to the presence of Japanese warships in the mid-Pacific or to the warnings of the Secretary of State.

The surprising successes at Pearl Harbor and in the Far East assured Japan what it needed—complete sea and air dominance in the vital theater of operations. Its achievement of this end was greatly aided by the enemy's failure to have sufficient forces in the crucial areas to make it pay a heavy price for every military gain. The persistent falsehoods with which the British have tried to disguise their inadequate preparations in Malaya have fooled only themselves and their allies. Division of the United States navy between the Atlantic and the Pacific, carried out in the summer of 1941 against expert naval advice, made the Pacific fleet, even before the disaster at Pearl Harbor, inadequate to undertake the rapid offensive needed to safeguard the Far East. The planes which should have caused the Japanese thousands of casualties in their attack on the Philippines were sent elsewhere. Yet it is still too early to pronounce those decisions mistakes. The air power sorely missed from the Philippines aided the British in Libya, and American naval aid in the North Atlantic may have staved off defeat by submarines. In the Pacific, however, these diversions made Japan's task infinitely easier.

It would probably be unjust to dwell on the mere extent of Allied losses. Guam, Hongkong, and Wake were written off in advance. Theodore Roosevelt forty years ago termed the Philippines the "Achilles heel of American defense" and, regarding them as indefensible, issued preliminary orders for the evacuation of the Asiatic fleet in the event of war with Japan.

Not the fact of losses but the manner in which they were incurred should cause profound dissatisfaction to every citizen of the British Empire and the United States. For these early defeats have been accompanied by a succession of national, administrative, and purely strategical mistakes on the part of the Allied powers. All the Allies except the Dutch must plead guilty to the cardinal sin of underestimating the opponent. Stories of Japan's economic weakness were repeated and exaggerated out of all proportion to the facts. Its army and air force were ridiculed, and the idea that it could fight a power of the size and strength of the United States was made to seem preposterous. Americans appeared to be—some still are—drifting in a world of fantasy untouched by the harsh reality of war.

The British were evidently even less troubled by facts. The commanders in Malaya failed in preliminary planning and felt confident that the Japs were bluffing—making exactly the same mistake that anti-Axis pacifists committed for years prior to 1939. Now that uncensored eyewitness accounts of the fighting in Malaya are reaching us, it is becoming increasingly and painfully obvious that the earlier commanders at Singapore were not the flower of the British army. Realization is wanting that this is a war which we can lose and are losing at present.

With the underestimation of Japan there existed—and may still exist—a fundamental error of strategy. Wars are won only by offensive action, and yet our plans for defeating Japan in the Pacific, as drawn up by the Joint Board of the Army and Navy after July, 1941, contemplated defense of Malaya and Siberia, economic blockade, bombing raids, aid to China—all essentially defensive measures or strokes of attrition. The Japanese upset this "Maginot Line" psychology in exactly the way Hitler beat France—by an attack not covered by the calculations. Unless the Allies rid themselves instantly and completely of this defensive concept of warfare they may well lose the war in the Pacific, for Japan's weaknesses—its lack of economic resources and its attenuated lines of communication—will not operate to bring about its defeat unless they are exploited by strong opponents.

The basic error of strategy has been accompanied by colossal military mistakes. Evidently neither the far-flung submarine patrol near enemy harbors nor the army and navy intelligence service had any advance information, though Japanese warships had maneuvered near Pacific islands for weeks. The menace of fifth-column work, to which Hawaii by reason of its population is particularly subject, was likewise neglected. Yet even with these failures, distant aerial naval patrols, reconnaissance by surface vessels operating nearer to home bases, close aerial patrol by the army, inshore surface patrol by small craft, and finally the army's air-raid detectors should all have afforded warning of an approaching attack. Not even the elementary routine precautions of torpedo nets about anchored ships or of camouflage and decentralization of the air force were employed. Fuel dumps supposedly sunk in rock protection deep underground burst into flames at the first bomb. This much is clear from the facts of attack. Further investigation will uncover more.

Elsewhere than at Pearl Harbor Allied mistakes have been less concentrated. In Malaya the British have been repeatedly caught napping by the extreme adaptability and trickiness of their Japanese opponents. Their "scorched earth" policy has been a ghastly farce. Huge supplies of tin, rice, and rubber have been allowed to fall undamaged into Japanese hands. Bridges, tugs, and docks have not been rendered useless. Even a radio station was left intact for the use of the ready Japanese propagandists.

Much of the American poor showing in the Philippines has been due to indecision about whether the islands should be defended or evacuated, which left us prepared to do neither. Had there been a sufficient air force to attack invaders, the transports that came into Lingayen Gulf at night would have been an easy target. Loss of the Philippines was expected, but so quick and easy a Japanese victory was not.

Given the blunders in strategy, the lack of adequate forces, and the obvious ineptitude of various Allied commanders, the deeds of the average sailor, soldier, marine, and airman have been heroic. The defense of Wake has already taken rank as a service classic. But though Americans have fought ably and well, the complacency of many civilians and the mistakes of some of the higher officers in the services have been a discouraging feature of American participation in total war. We should frankly face and recognize these blunders. To continue them may be fatal.

The Limits of Liberty

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE question of civil liberties in war time has divided liberals and progressives today into two groups—"absolutists" and "relativists." The absolutists, thinking in terms of absolute rights, refuse to countenance any restriction of liberty of expression, and are inclined to hold to their position without regard to the political consequences which may flow from it. The relativists insist that freedom of speech should be withheld from those political groups which intend to destroy liberty.

As one who is in broad agreement with the relativist position in the matter of freedom, as upon every other social and political right or principle, I should like to outline a position which, while it does not agree with that of the absolutists, represents a modification of the views of the relativists.

The idea that freedom of speech is an absolute right, inherent in "natural law," which we cannot abridge without destroying it *in toto* comes to us from eighteenth-century thought. The eighteenth century appropriated and reinterpreted conceptions of "natural law" originally elaborated by Stoicism and later incorporated into medieval Christianity. "Natural law" is a law of reason and supposedly gives us absolutely authoritative moral and social norms and "inalienable" rights. In a sense theories of natural law refute each other because each generation, or at least each culture, believes that the natural law embodies different specific norms. Everything from liberty and equality to property, the obedience of children, and the prohibition of contraceptives has been regarded at various times as a requirement of natural law.

The Stoics and the medievalists were wiser than the eighteenth century at least in this, that they regarded liberty and equality as requirements of the absolute, but not of the relative, natural law. This is to say they believed liberty and equality—equality representing ideal justice—to be ultimate but not immediate social norms. Neither one can be fully realized in the complexities of actual history, if for no other reason than that they come into conflict with each other. Eighteenth-century nationalists disregarded this wise reservation of Stoic and Catholic thought and made liberty an absolute norm and freedom of expression an absolute right.

The difficulty with this conception is that man requires community as much as liberty, and he has never been able to achieve community in large units of social cohesion without an element of coercion. Since both liberty and community are basic requirements, libertarian social theories which are founded on the assumption that liberty is the basic requirement of man's nature are just as erroneous and just as dangerous as the opposite theories which maintain that liberty must be completely subordinated to the requirements of community and social cohesion. Nor can we maintain that the individual requires liberty and that society requires cohesion. Both the individual and society need both in order to express their true nature and fulfil their proper function.

The relativists are just as correct in resisting those absolutists who would make liberty an absolute right as in resisting those who would make peace, as against war, an absolute social norm and who are easily betrayed by this dogmatism into the false peace of capitulation to tyranny. But the relativists are wrong if they imagine that liberty should be denied only, and always, to those groups which do not believe in liberty. They are wrong first of all because they have by implication adopted their opponents' conception of democracy. Democracy does not consist merely in the preservation of liberty. Democracy is a social and political form which preserves unity in terms of liberty; and since no democracy has ever achieved unity without some measure of coercion, no democracy has ever maintained pure liberty.

It might be just as dangerous to allow anarchist sects to spread their propaganda in a time of emergency as to allow totalitarian sects to do so. We ought not to define our problem merely in terms of immediate exigencies. We do not happen to be threatened by anarchist sects, but no one can deny that libertarian philosophies have, in recent years, seriously impaired the unity and striking power of the democracies in their battle for existence with tyrannies. They have brought confusion into our counsels by defining every coercive act of government—the Conscription Act, for instance—as "fascist." It is possible, furthermore, that a national community might be seriously threatened in an emergency by groups which did not question the basic creed of democracy but merely took a defeatist attitude toward the political and military situation.

If the relativists should achieve a more complete relativism in evaluating the various "rights" in a social situation, they would, paradoxically, be able to find a larger area of agreement with the libertarian absolutists than they have found thus far. A relativist position which could support the libertarian position in so far as the latter makes a genuine contribution to democracy but which would have to challenge its absolute dogma would analyze the democratic problem about as follows: The democratic norm is the largest measure of unity together with the largest possible measure of freedom. A time of emergency—that is, a time when the community is threatened by internal or external peril—requires closer social cohesion than an ordinary period. This greater unity is partly achieved by voluntary efforts based on emotions prompted by a common danger. But it is not completely achieved by purely voluntary efforts. There must actually be a greater measure of coercion, partly to eliminate recalcitrant and even traitorous elements and partly to save time, for a community must act quickly in an emergency.

Against the absolutists, the relativists must insist that it is not possible to lay down absolute principles about the preservation of liberty. The degree of liberty which we can maintain depends upon the intensity and extent of an emergency and the degree of unity achieved by purely voluntary efforts. Britain, for instance, can afford to preserve liberties to a greater degree than some other democracies because various traditional and other resources give this nation a unity in an emergency which has been the envy and despair of other nations.

The relativists must also insist that no such sharp line can be drawn between freedom of speech and freedom of action as the absolutists draw. However, it is frequently necessary to draw a line between the freedom of speech of a private individual, which ought not to be abridged at all in a democracy, and the freedom of organizations to spread subversive propaganda, which may have to be restricted. Hitler was not merely speaking but acting when he corrupted the youth of his nation with his lies. The restriction of his liberty to do this would not necessarily have saved Germany, since his propaganda both aggravated and expressed a sickness in German society. The sickness of a society cannot be cured merely by coercive unity; but it may be important to prevent a social disease from spreading while society seeks to find the real cure for its ills.

Relativists can agree with libertarian absolutists that all societies tend, particularly in times of crisis, to apply coercive remedies for their ills too precipitately. Relativists can join with absolutists in resisting those forms of coercion which have nothing to do with prudent statesmanship but are merely the tools of a fanatical tribalism, striking out venomously against that which is "alien." Such resistance is particularly to be desired in the present war, in which loyalties are determined not primarily by racial but by ideological differences, and in which the appeasers of yesterday will be inclined today to persecute aliens who fought Hitler long before they did.

The relativists will also make common cause with the absolutists whenever they remind the nation that coercive means of unity can never be more than an alloy in the amalgam of social peace. If the coercive alloy becomes too important, democracy is imperiled. The relativists can furthermore join the absolutists in reminding the community that every bureaucracy seeks to discourage criticism of its own mistakes by interpreting it as criticism of democracy itself. Freedom of criticism is necessary for maintaining the efficiency of a democracy. Every restriction upon freedom of speech must therefore be carefully scrutinized and grudgingly granted.

There is a final point on which absolutists and relativists ought to find partial agreement, though it is the point on which their disagreement is most obvious at the present moment. The relativists should insist that the right to preach doctrines which challenge the foundations of a democratic society ought not to be abridged unless such a challenge results in a "clear and present" danger. They cannot regard such a right as absolute, and they would not allow a community to be thrown into confusion rather than restrict this right. But they know that the uncoerced consent of a community depends to a large degree upon the prestige which its government enjoys, and that nothing enhances the moral prestige of a state so much as the inner security which allows it to indulge in the "luxury" of permitting criticism of its basic doctrines. A policy of coercion, on the other hand, suggests weakness, and may therefore lead to further disaffections which require further coercive restrictions.

The relativists will, of course, part company with the absolutists at the point where the latter would sacrifice the unity of the community rather than restrict liberty. Any community in a time of crisis will tend to preserve its unity; it will use coercive means as a last resort. If the community is either very sick or very imprudent, it will use too much coercion and become involved in the vicious circle of repression which ends in tyranny. But it is silly to assume that moderate restrictions inevitably end in dictatorship.

Communities may, like individuals, face emergencies and diseases which need not be fatal. To be sick in bed does not doom the patient to stay there until he dies. Coercive means of unity are analogous to the doctor's medication and stimulants. The constant use of a stimulant will not restore a weak heart, but neither will its momentary use necessarily prove fatal. Deeper sources of health must of course be found. The Weimar Republic may have destroyed itself by its doctrinaire libertarianism, though of course the suppression of Hitlerism would not alone have prevented its destruction.

It is important, in other words, to consider all factors in a social situation, and to have a flexibility in tactics which does justice to momentary contingencies while maintaining an inflexibility in strategy which does justice to the basic principles of human society. But loyalty to principle does not mean loyalty to one principle, when human society is governed by more than one principle. No democratic society can survive if it acts upon the assumption that liberty is the only principle of democracy and does not recognize that community has as much value as liberty. The absolutists like to regard the relativists as opportunists who are devoid of principle. But decent relativists merely recognize, as absolutists do not, that life is governed by more than one principle, and that not even the relation of these various principles to one another is fixed. They know that history is full of novel situations and surprises and that a wise statesmanship must know how to do justice both to immediate exigencies and to perennial human needs.

Bavarian Evening

BY TONI CHRISTEN

WHEN the air raids on cities of western Germany became severe, Frau van Druten, widow of a privy counselor and recipient of a generous state pension, went to live at a boarding-house in Tegernsee, Bavaria. Nights spent snugly in bed were better for the health of a lady past seventy than frequent descents into air-raid shelters on cold nights.

Though she missed her furniture and her knickknacks, she wasn't really homesick for Münster, her home town, for on her first walk through the village she recognized many of the promenaders as people she knew who had left Münster ostensibly to live with married daughters or nieces elsewhere. Settled in furnished rooms or boarding-houses at Rottach or Tegernsee, they continued to enjoy one another's company, play bridge and rummy, and exchange food and clothing acquired outside their ration cards.

There were no bombings in this part of Germany, and Frau van Druten quickly settled down to the pleasant routine. Tegernsee was a popular resort for Germans on furlough from the army, navy, or civilian defense, and this gave you a chance to meet friends or relatives from the four corners of the Reich. It was delightful to rediscover old friends and incidentally get answers to many questions you could not ask in your letters—like whether Cologne bridge and Hamburg harbor were really a shambles, whether Göring was sealed up in Karin Hall, and whether those Bodelschwingh children had been bombed by the enemy or subjected to mercy deaths.

In August she had the joy of welcoming her nephew Robert and his family from Duisberg. His daughters were pretty and well-behaved, though the un-Aryan curve of their noses, which they inherited from their mother, was a bit embarrassing at times. Robert, a general practitioner, looked—at least during his first vacation days—more as if he were sixty than the forty he was.

They went to the Tegernseer Hof for tea and discussed their friends. "Oh dear, did the Windhorsts really lose their son before Moscow?" And, "Look, Robert, over there by the music stand, at the table by the potted palm; it's lawyer Tannenbaum from Essen. He came here four weeks ago, and at first looked very thin and yellow and jerked his head back and forth. People said he had been in a concentration camp. Do you think he might have Jewish blood? How foolish of him to attempt to win a case against a party official."

She inquired after some Jewish acquaintances in Duisburg and expressed contentment that they had left the country. Not that Frau van Druten was anti-Semitic. Oh, no; her husband had been a liberal and so was she. After the pogrom in the fall of 1938 she had been one of the first to visit her smitten Jewish friends and bring them food and plates to eat from.

Robert and his family stayed for two weeks, then left refreshed for home and new bombing ordeals. Later Gerichtsrat Heine, a friend of the late Herr van Druten, arrived to stay. The Herr Rat, also pensioned and over seventy, called on Frau van Druten every day and asked her to walk with him. Frau van Druten easily forgot her aching ankles while the Herr Rat told juicy stories from the days when he was a judge in a divorce court. Afterward they would stop at a pleasant inn for a cup of acorn coffee and some artificial pastry with three real plums under *Ersatz* whipped cream.

The Herr Rat developed into quite a trusted friend. Once or twice Frau van Druten felt he might become even more than a friend. He had hemmed in an embarrassed way and started a sentence with, "Now, gnädige Frau, I am coming to a rather delicate question." However, each time the delicate question had not been so delicate after all but had been aimed at rather prosaic things: whether Cousin Strombeck had really left a million to his widow when he died last year, and whether at some time of his early life he hadn't been involved in bankruptcy and barred from Münster's fashionable *Verein* for that reason. The Herr Rat had quite distinctly relaxed when he learned that Strombeck had left nearer two millions than one and that the bankruptcy debts had been paid long since. Thereafter he had gone almost out of his way to be nice to Ida Strombeck, who was staying at the pension with them.

In spite of the war and the bombings and the low food and clothing rations people were full of unserious ambitions and interests. Take pretty Ella von Stumm for instance. Frau van Druten saw her at the Tegernseer Hof, the only hotel which offered afternoon tea with music. Ella, who must have arrived just yesterday, was too busy flirting to come and greet Frau van Druten properly. Someone said the man with her owned quite a big country place north of Hanover, with chickens and cows, which had of course their value in these meager times. But Ella, though only twenty-five, had a very nice husband of solid Westphalian stock, doing well, too, with the manufacture of vacuum presses.

Frau van Druten did not like people to be adventurous even in peace time. In war time it was outright indecent; it showed lack of respect for the sacrifices of our heroes at the front. Frau van Druten began to think of her nephew Willy, who was with the army in Russia. Willy, a World War flier and now a colonel in the air force, had been distinguished by the Führer for valor only a few weeks ago. Dear, dear, at times she felt very much in need of seeing him if only to get the idea back that somewhere this war was really happening and that all this discomfort and general vague depression they were experiencing at home was really good for something. Of course, some wounded men were in convalescent homes around Tegernsee, but they were almost well. She guessed they kept the more serious cases nearer the front.

Their Sunday supper was as usual—liverwurst sandwiches and herb tea and Mondamin pudding. Afterward the pension members sat around in their winter coats because the house was showing the November cold. They all felt a bit chill, possibly because they had had so little to eat. (Frau van Druten remembered she still had tucked away a piece of pastry sent to her by mail. It came from her former cook, Elsa, who was married to a Münster *Conditor.*) The Herr Rat saved the situation by suddenly producing a bottle of "Cloister" liqueur—a Benedictine imitation made by the monks in Ettal. Possibly he wanted to be attentive to Ida on her birthday. Ida looked wonderful in her black lace dress from Madame Lölgen's Düsseldorf establishment and her double string of pearls, but she was even sharper tongued than usual, choosing to make the poor old Mosler woman a target of her wit. True, Frau Mosler annoyed them all a bit by bragging about the information she received through her daughter in Switzerland about how the war was really going—that America would come in now any day, and that the German High Command had made a terrible mistake by going into Russia, and that losses before Moscow were beyond conception. Ida picked all her arguments to pieces until the woman got up, quite pale, and left the room.

At just the right moment the doorbell rang. The maid rushed to the door and let in an officer, dazzling in the blue-gray uniform of the air force with the insignia of his colonel's rank shining on his shoulders. It took Frau van Druten some time to realize that this tall, bony, weather-beaten stranger was her nephew Willy. What a surprise to see him in Tegernsee all of a sudden!

They crowded around him full of curious questions. Willy, it seemed, had flown to Munich from Reval in twelve hours the day before and taken a car to Tegernsee to see his aunt. He had to be back at the front tomorrow night. He took his aunt's arm and politely guided her away from the group and upstairs to her room. "I have some business to talk over with you, Auntie."

They sat down opposite each other.

"I hope nothing is wrong, Willy," said Frau van Druten somewhat worried. "Is it Egon again?"

It might well be Egon. Willy's only son had been a problem child ever since his mother died. And though he had been sent to fine National Socialist schools he had not improved with the years. He was a snob and lazy and had been thrown out of every school he had ever been sent to. Now he was in a labor camp. He could not be dismissed there—they had to keep him—and he knew it.

Willy shook his head. "No, it isn't Egon. He seems to be all right for the moment."

"I hope the war is going on all right," said Lucy Druten. "Sometimes we hear things."

"Leave that to the Führer," her nephew interrupted her sharply, adding as an afterthought: "Russia is awful—nothing but misery and fear! When you see faces that smile as your friends do here, you can hardly believe your eyes." He had never talked like that before. Lucy Druten looked at him in astonishment.

Willy said after a silence: "I really came to ask your advice, Aunt Lucy. Do you remember Fräulein Emmy from the War Ministry? You met her in Berlin in 1939."

Lucy Druten nodded.

"I never could make up my mind whether to marry her or not; my first marriage wasn't such a success."

No, poor Willy's wife had run off with a Rumanian consul. Fräulein Emmy, Lucy remembered, came of rather modest background and had no dowry, but was sweet and unassuming and terribly in love with Willy, at least she had been at the time when Lucy knew her.

"I suppose she has a lot of character," said Lucy hesitantly. Nowadays, she had heard, people married for character rather than for money, position, or good looks.

"Yes," said Willy without enthusiasm; "her health is rather frail, though. But it isn't that which bothers me so much as her age."

"Her age?" said Aunt Lucy surprised. "I imagine she is a good deal younger than you, in her early thirties, I should say."

"Thirty-two, to be exact," said Willy with a frown. "A girl in the twenties would be easier to train. Anyway, she came to Munich last night to meet me and put the question squarely to me whether I'd marry her or not. What shall I do, Aunt Lucy?"

"Really, Willy," said Frau van Druten, "I'd rather not advise you. When I think of the disappointment your stepmother turned out to be—"

Energetically Willy put down his mother's picture, which he had been holding all along. "Of course, I knew you would have the right answer." He got up, looking very much relieved.

"But I haven't said a word," said his aunt bewildered. "What will you do?"

"Not marry her, of course. Here, Aunt Lucy; I almost forgot to give you your present. I picked it up in Reval two nights ago. So long, Auntie."

It was a bottle of Danzig *Goldwasser*. Dear, dear Willy.

There was hardly time to call after him to take good care of himself and avoid getting colds. He was down the stairs in no time, and after another second she heard the car outside give a snarl and move off in the darkness.

She felt empty. Willy had come and gone so suddenly. And talked about such silly things. Was there a knock at the door? She opened rather unwillingly, in no mood for questions. It was Frau Mosler, come to inquire for news from the front. She had a son at the front and it was just possible that the Colonel had a message from him.

But Frau van Druten had no message to hand on. The other turned to go, looking paler and more crushed than ever. Frau van Druten felt sorry for her. In sudden inspiration she went to the cupboard, drew forth the pastry, and handed it to the other woman.

"From Conditor Schüler of Bismarckstrasse," she said. "His wife sent it, but it's nothing for me. Doctor's orders."

She shoved the woman out of the room, then walked toward the alcove where her bed stood and started to undress.

Winter Solstice

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Look sharp, to see the winter day
Before the January thaw
Presume upon a longer stay
Hardly visible, though.

Beyond this light that falls on snow,
Bright orange on sheer white, behold
The lawn with softer texture glow
Green under gold.

Watch the bare tree, whose print you know
Familiar on the single cloud,
Fuse with that rounded shadow, draw
That rounded shape around
To cast on summer ground.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

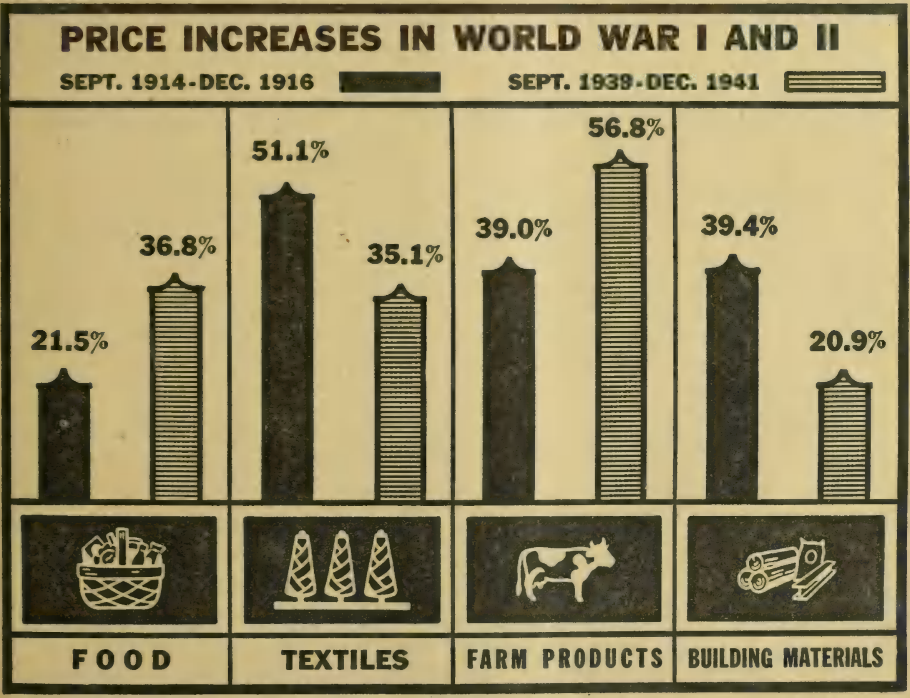
The Inflationary Spiral

IN DECEMBER, 1916, World War I had been in progress for twenty-eight months, and our entry into the conflict was still in the future. But the United States had for some time been experiencing a war boom, thanks to Allied orders, and there had been a considerable rise in prices—not so sharp a rise, however, as took place between the outbreak of World War II and Pearl Harbor.

The chart below, based on the weekly indices of wholesale commodity prices compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, illustrates some interesting differences in price movements during these two periods. In the past two years, it shows, the prices of food and farm products have risen much more steeply than in 1914-16, while prices in the two industrial groups—textiles and building materials—have moved upward more sedately. In the earlier period there was, of course, no attempt at price control; that was deferred until after we had become a participant in the war. But ever since September, 1939, the federal authorities have been attempting to discourage a rise in the cost of living.

The chart is both an illustration of the very partial success which has been achieved and a comment on the appalling dilatoriness of Congress, which after being in labor with a price-control bill for over six months seems about to give birth to a monstrosity designed to promote inflation. The Senate's parity-plus bill, unless drastically amended, is likely to give a sharp twist to the inflationary spiral forcing wages and industrial prices upward in the wake of farm products.

Up to now the manufacturers have been comparatively discreet in their demands for higher prices—their profits have been healthy anyhow—and have at least paid lip-service to the ideal of financing the war without inflation. They have been content to let the farmers carry the ball, knowing that you cannot have inflation in one economic sector without having it in another, and knowing, too, that business is better placed than agriculture not only to make money out of rocketing prices but to keep it. However, a recent note in the financial pages of the New York *Sun* was suggestive. "The way to get more munitions and win the war," wrote Carlton Shively, "is to let the most powerful of all production stimulants —price—get to work. We can preach patriotism, urge the purchase of defense bonds, implore everyone to sacrifice, imprison chiselers, and what not, but the way to get the goods is to pay for them."



Graphic by Pick-S

Congress Can Stop Inflation

BY FRANK D. GRAHAM

THE frivolity of Congress in merely toying with alleged expedients in the prevention of inflation is placing the Treasury in an embarrassing and dangerous dilemma. It is clear that the greater the sale of government securities to private individuals—rather than to banks—the greater will be the check on inflation. But unless the intelligent private citizen is assured that inflation will be stopped in its tracks, he will surely hesitate to buy government or any other bonds, and the Treasury, therefore, cannot sell to the populace at large its existing types of securities, under existing circumstances, without resorting to something very close to chicane. Though a large sale of bonds to the public would do a good deal to stop inflation, the sale of the present types of bonds can be made with a clear conscience, if at all, only as inflation is prevented, whether or not the sale of bonds is large.

Inflation could be stopped dead if Congress really meant business, but unless it *is* stopped dead, it can scarcely be stopped at all. Inflation does not just happen; it is purely an outcome of a failure to restrict the monetary purchasing power in private hands to an amount no more than sufficient to buy at preexisting prices the volume of goods currently available to the public. At the moment, this is the failure to siphon off into the Treasury, through taxation plus borrowing from real savers—not from the banks—the same proportion of private income as the Treasury's outlay for the panoply of war bears to the total national income. Inflation will not be stopped by threats to cut off heads, or by any powers given to any official for this purpose, but solely by the abstraction of enough of the people's now enlarged money income to keep private spending to the amount appropriate to the available volume of consumers' goods. For this purpose taxation and real borrowing are both complements and alternatives, each to the other.

The fact that prices are held to an existing level is always a powerful influence in combating forces under which they would rise. For when people see that prices are *not* rising, they are disposed to accumulate money balances and this keeps prices down. But when they see that prices *are* rising, the desire to spend their money before it loses in value becomes urgent, and money balances are then drawn on to a quite abnormal extent. This sends prices up and inaugurates a spiral of spending, rising prices, more spending, a further jump in prices, jacked-up wage rates to take care of the rising cost of living, and so *ad infinitum*. It is an illusion to suppose that we can have inflation in any measure that we will. On the contrary, inflation is a wild horse to which, in circumstances like the present, it is madness to give any rein whatsoever.

Unless inflation is prevented, the citizen who buys bonds of the existing type is, in the sequel, cajoled into paying taxes under the delusion that he is making an investment. It would be much better to make him pay his taxes straight, because in this fashion the job to be done can be accomplished much more effectively, and cheaply, than in any other way. If we have inflation, the money incomes—and the real incomes—of certain sectors of the population will be increased through no special virtue or contribution on their part. Such incomes will rise at the expense of others and, what is more important, to the detriment of our common purpose, since the enlarged incomes will be taken, at least in part, in goods which the demand of the recipients of higher money incomes will call into being. Such goods can be produced only by limitation of our potential military output. If, therefore, we tax by way of inflation, the tax will be harmful to our present urgent purpose, and will bear crushingly upon the most provident members of the community while sparing the wastrels.

The case against the issue of bonds under existing conditions does not turn merely on the prospective decrease in their value. For a long time now I have put by a large proportion of my very modest income in the purchase of what I hoped would be an adequate deferred annuity for my declining years. This is the great bulk of my life's savings. The terms of the contract preclude the surrender of my claim for an immediate cash consideration, and I cannot, therefore, even make the attempt to hedge myself against the menace of a decline in the value of the monetary unit. In the degree of the inflation I shall, as a result, not only be deprived of a large part of my current income but have my savings taken from me as well. This confiscation of my capital might very readily so reduce my net worth year by year as much more than to wipe out any income I might receive. Whatever the proportion of the net social income that the government would have to take to cover expenditures *completely* by taxation, I would still be better off.

My case is far from unique. If we have inflation, the whole system of "social security" which we have been building up will become a mockery. At the inception of the social-security program certain malevolently inspired antagonists propagated the doctrine that the government's obligations would be directly repudiated when the time came to make heavy payments thereunder. This was an obvious canard. The government will without any doubt meet its obligations, in the accounting sense, but in the degree that inflation has occurred it will be repudiating them in fact. The people concerned will surely be more interested in the fact than in the form, and any such repudiation by subterfuge is, as the experience of Germany has shown, the open door to the most violent social disturbances.

Since no person or corporation will buy government bonds of existing types without coaxing so long as the prospect of inflation is not scotched, the Treasury has almost no option but to spread the lime for prospective purchasers of its issues, unless and until Congress takes really effective action. The Treasury is of course entitled to assume that Congress will act to preclude the spoliation of those honest and thrifty citizens whose interests they are both supposed to serve. But the citizens, observing the actions of Congress up to the present time, would not be justified in any such assumption. The sole way that the Treasury could escape from the dilemma into which it is thrust by the tergiversations of Congress would be by the offer of a new type of bond payable as to both interest and principal according to an index of general prices or cost of living.

The expedient just mentioned is a not very satisfactory substitute for Congressional measures intelligently designed to prevent any inflation, but it would be a whole lot better than nothing. People would no doubt readily buy such bonds, regardless of the prospect of inflation, even if they were issued at next to a zero rate of interest. The buyers' real welfare, moreover, and that of all holders of claims against mutual insurance companies would be much better realized, under inflation, if these companies should also buy heavily of such bonds rather than of those that bore a much higher, nominally positive but really negative, rate of interest.

The true way to tap the savings of private individuals is to keep a stable price level. But if a vacillating legislature cannot summon the resolution necessary to avert the stupendous evils which inflation bears in its womb, the Treasury might at least refrain from duping the trusting buyer of its present issues, and give him a gilt-edged bond rather than an alleged "security" surrounded by a broad band of—perhaps temporarily invisible—mourning.

The very issue of securities carrying money interest payments, and redemption, proportioned to the money cost of living would provide a strong impetus to the adoption of checks to inflation. The money burden on the government in its purchases of war materials will rise as the price level rises, and the money cost to the Treasury of interest and redemption of the bonds would then also rise in corresponding degree. The concern of the government, as an administrative body, in the prevention of debasement of the value of the dollar would therefore run on all fours with the immediate and permanent concern of the people as a whole. It is not impossible that in the effort to prevent an increase in the money cost of financing the war Congress might screw up the courage to do its duty resolutely and see to it that inflation does not occur, thus relieving the Treasury of the dilemma into which it is otherwise inevitably thrust.

In the Wind

THE PUBLISHERS of "Mission to Moscow," the communiqués, diary, and letters of Joseph E. Davies when he was ambassador to the Soviet Union, have been displaying in their advertisements a blurb by President Roosevelt. "You exercised," writes the President, "a happy faculty in evaluating events at hand and determining with singular accuracy their probable effect on future developments." Since the most publicized feature of "Mission to Moscow" is its support of the thesis that the 1936-38 purges gave Russia the internal unity necessary for its fight against Hitler, the President's statement in the context of the ad has been widely interpreted as an indorsement of that view. The fact is that the statement was not prepared for the book at all but is an excerpt from a letter written by Roosevelt to Davies two years ago when the latter resigned his post as "special assistant to the State Department in charge of war emergency problems and policies."

AT THE NOVEMBER CONVENTION of the C. I. O. it was claimed by many anti-Lewis delegates that the United Mine Workers were trying to raid and destroy the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, a left-wing union headed by Reid Robinson. Now, with the tide running high against Lewis, the situation is reversed, and the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers are gaining ground at the U. M. W.'s expense. Several organizers from District 50 of the U. M. W. have gone over to Robinson's union, and jurisdictional disputes are developing in several sections.

THE CURRENT ISSUE of *Free World* has an editorial note apologizing for its failure to include its regular book section and promising to make amends in the next issue. Among the books listed as not reviewed on schedule is Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* first published in 1888.

TOM GIRDLER, former head of Republic Steel, on the war: "The Japanese are little yellow insects, and it is our job to build planes that will drop bombs on them."

ED KELLY, mayor of Chicago, on the peace: "We must make this nation so strong that, when peace finally comes, President Roosevelt will be able to sit down at the conference table and tell every other nation in the world to go to hell, if that will be for the best interest of the United States."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Report from the Low Country

ONCE there was a signpost on the Battery in Charleston. Tourists rode by and were amused by it. A wooden arrow pointed out across the bay, past Fort Sumter and the sea islands. It said, "To Europe," and it gave the exact number of miles. I did not see the sign when I was there this time. The bay was as blue as it ever had been in January. The park between the abrupt skyscraper hotel and the elegant old houses, many of them owned by Charlestonians-for-the-season-only, was quiet and secure. But the memory of the signboard remained, and the miles it counted seemed shorter. Maybe because Charleston had seemed so pleasantly remote from the world, it seemed closer to the war. Perhaps because it was a sort of central point on the road from the North to the sun it seemed even more significant in change than the camp and factory and seaport cities which have been overwhelmed. There is a continuing durability in Charleston's quaintness. There you can see, all on one excellent stage, what has happened to the millionaire and the migrant.

Like most grand dames, Charleston was always a good deal more hard-headed than it seemed. Even when its faith was in tourists and its trade was in antiques and charm, Charleston kept one foot firmly planted in the Navy Yard. Its aristocrats hated the New Deal but were glad to see the Santee-Cooper power project spread across the wet lands around it and between the plantations of the millionaires. Today old pipe-smoking Negro women still sell flowers on the streets. Out in the theatrically beautiful gardens the azaleas, which once seemed the most material of assets, are already in process of secretly blooming to the season. Also North Charleston sprawls in trailers and new square miles of housing projects. Even down below Broad Street and near the Battery defense workers have displaced tourists. There are ensigns on the streets, young fliers of the interceptor command, welders, bookkeepers, stenographers who are richer than they were when they worked for decorous law firms. There are Gullah Negroes who would rather work for Uncle Sam at $3.50 a day than for sea-island truck growers at $1.50. Any "foreign" construction foreman must have as much trouble understanding their talk as the tourists did. Even the biggest tourist hotel explains —"but not as apology"—that its service may not be quite what it used to be because many of its veteran employees have left to serve the country.

Still Charleston wonders about the tourists—and not only Charleston. Even Mr. Rockefeller's Williamsburg in Virginia is telling its old patrons hopefully that the brave British clung to their week-ends. It is just a little way to the Williamsburg where so much of our democracy began from the crowded Washington where it is being defended. An exhausted patriot can depend on Williamsburg for patriotic resuscitation between Friday and Monday. But Charleston knows that it is a long way for a week-end for its best old customers even by air. Old ladies in limousines have to think about tires as much as the drivers of jalopies. The Charleston season is embarrassingly close to the government's own tax season on March 15. But halfway down the road from Manhattan to Miami, it seems also at the center of the question of what war will do to the vast American touring industry, which sometimes seems as vital as any industrial priorities problem from California to Maine.

There is, of course, just as much profit for a taxicab driver in hauling sailors to town as there was in hauling tourists to the gardens. Railroads sell more tickets and meals and beer to New York boys returning to Savannah from furloughs than it ever did to patrons on their way to Palm Beach. It may be harder on the furniture, but a landlady gets as much money from three welders in a room all the time as she could collect from a season of wealthy tourists. She not only gets more money; she uses fewer sheets. Neither ensigns nor admirals buy as many antiques, but something must have happened to the import trade in Southern antiques, most of which used to come by the shipload from England.

This is written only as a report of change to a good many Americans who are going to have to stay home and work this winter or just stay home and take a load off their tires. The quaintness and the quietude of the old places they used to go to—and Charleston is only one of them—might not be quite the same even if they could get there. There may soon be an air-raid siren in the steeple of old St. Michael's Church, high over the quiet cemetery and the narrow twisting streets. That siren would be designed to warn Charleston. It would not only wake a welder; up over the quietness of Charleston it would jerk even a millionaire out of his bed, even out of a four-poster under a tester in a mansion which rents in season for $20 a night. Apparently the azaleas haven't heard all this news; they are still moving to bloom. And the sun is warm on the shipbuilders and the empty sea wall alike.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

GOOD CRITICS, RARE AND COMMON*

BY MARK VAN DOREN

THE good critic is both rare and common. The common sort is never heard from, for he is that private reader to whom the writer writes, he is that nameless stranger, wise, humorous, and sensitive, who understands everything; his is the perfect mind which perceives that the truth of a written thing is most apparent while it is being read, and that this truth, though simple to the point of delight, is also multiple beyond the power of commentary. He is a legend in whom the writer must believe, but he is more than a legend; he is any man who reads well. The rare sort reads as well, and as privately; then publishes a record of his reading. But if he is truly a rare one he does not expect too much of the record. He does not count on its being complete, either for the thing he has just read or for literature as the whole thing which I shall henceforth call poetry. He does not assume that criticism, cooled into words, can define poetry any more than poetry, having found even its best form, can be adequate to life. He is bold, or he would not have spoken at all; but he has the modesty, the healthy fear, of one who explores difficult places.

He has also the wit of one who is free to see that he may be out of place altogether, or if he belongs where he is, that his stay should be short. The rare good critic knows above all things how to be brief. This is because he has other concerns than literature alone, and larger ones, though he may not speak of them; he may only imply them in the air he has of not being overwhelmed by the duty of the moment, which indeed in his hand seems less a duty than a pleasure. The rare good poet wears the same manner with respect to his work, concerning which we can assume that it was only one way, perhaps accidentally arrived at, by which in any case he would have said what he had to say, been what he was to be. The critic can afford more often than he does to leave some space between him and his subject; to move in easy, rapid circles around it; and to dart in with judgments only when they offer themselves to him naturally, as it were on the fly. He is more likely then to say things which we shall remember—most critics never do that—and to leave his game as much alive in the end as it was before he stalked it. He can afford to keep his head up and his eyes on everything around him; to remember, in brief, that criticism is an art at which luck and love assist. The last thing he can afford to do is to move in on poetry like a beater, crouched and tensed, to seize it at the center. For it may not be there when he arrives; it may be running rings around him as he creeps; and anyhow, tension is not the tool. The relaxed man may learn more, even if it is only that when the animal charges the best thing is to step out of its way, throwing a glance over a shoulder and saying what one sees.

All of which is fanciful, but the current notion of the critic, judging by the endless articles which accumulate in the quarterlies, is fantastic. The encirclement which poetry is undergoing there is as dreadful to behold as it is humorless to hear. The environment for art which this criticism would provide is sand, not sense: deserts of ingenuity and plateaus of learning, but almost never the clear figure of a man who approaches and sees, and with a decent suddenness says what he sees. The effort, it would seem, is not to liberate poetry into a current of true and fresh ideas such as Matthew Arnold once asked for but to crowd in upon it, capture it with definitions, and immobilize it. Poetry already struggles as if bound, as if breathing were hard. And this may mean that Arnold's ideas have lost their freshness. But it may mean too that Arnold was wrong in the emphasis he placed upon ideas as a condition for poetry, just as he was wrong in assuming that he or anyone could know the relation between Shakespeare's art and the thinking of his time. We do not know that much about poetry, and we never shall. Yet the contemporary critic, more Arnold's grandson than he chooses to admit, goes on heaping dunes of ideas about the figure of poetry in the dry hope that she will then revive. The notion that she had drooped for reasons other than her own was Arnold's too. So there she sits, teased night and day to listen while the possibility of her existence is debated. No wonder she still droops, if she does.

Criticism was never more academic than it is now. But it is not about the rules and the proprieties that we are lectured. It is about the processes and the symbols; criticism, obsessed with a desire to be scientific toward poetry, limits itself to questions of psychology and language. How does it feel to think like a poet, and how does he shuffle the counters of speech? The questions are inherited from Coleridge and Wordsworth, who inherited them from Dryden and Hobbes. "What is poetry?" said Coleridge, "is so nearly the same question with What is a poet? that the answer to the one is involved in the solution of the other." The place to look was in the poet's own mind, which for Coleridge had become the special wonder of the world. As if it were more wonderful than the mind of man as such, and as if poets must be more or less than men in order to be at all. What the mind thinks is a better question than how it does it, if only because the second question, being unanswerable, begets doubts that thinking is ever done. Contemporary criticism never doubts, however, that this is the place to hover and halt; and it has already halted so long that in the perfection of its rest there is some taint of rottenness. Our literary age is sick with a distempered appetite for the latest news of itself. Its writing is about writing; the heroes of its novels are writers; the death of James Joyce moved many who will never read

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* This essay forms the preface to a collection of reviews, many of which appeared in *The Nation;* the volume will be published in February by Henry Holt and Company.

"Finnegans Wake" to lament the loss of "one who after all was so pure a writer." So pure that he cannot be read by them. But that does not matter, for is he not the most special case to date of the special mind which poets by definition must possess?

The tragedy of Joyce is a footnote to the comedy of his time, whose thoughts run so laughably in the one groove of language. The obsession with this single element among several in the art of composition is at least as old as Coleridge, who for all his promise that he would substitute poetic thoughts for poetic diction did but commit his successors in criticism to a serial, self-perpetuating revolution of the word. The series grows tiresome, begins to seem temporary; for even if it is tolerably old it cannot claim to be ancient. Language occupies a corner in Aristotle's "Poetics," but only a corner. The foreground is filled with action, character, design; with understanding and discovery; with life itself, of which poetry is a report. And if it be objected that Aristotle limited his discussion to poetry as story, the answer is that he did not therein limit poetry. He released it for the exercise of its largest function, which is to show humanity in motion. Even lyric poetry does that when it is alive: as it never again will be if criticism can help it.

Criticism is doing all it can to arrest the lyric in its flight. Rhythm, gesture, sound box, and vocal cord: it disciplines itself to be blind and deaf toward these, which it despises as the mere essentials of an art. The incidentals, the dictionary meanings, are what it loves, and little heed is paid to whether they are truly there in the poem or not. The poem is a bird that threatens to escape the net of analysis; so the net grows ever wider, and tougher with inwoven semantic threads. It will fail of its purpose, but meanwhile it yawns everywhere through criticism and depresses its victim. It can make nothing of first lines like those in Shakespeare's sonnets and songs, or of Defoe's best prose. Such things, being undiscussable, are passed over as unimportant. And indeed their only importance is that they startle us into recognition of the mystery which smiles through language whenever it succeeds. Criticism now is not greatly interested in success, just as it is nervous in the presence of genius. It prefers the poem whose author can be seen sweating at his job of extending or intensifying an image to the point of systematic dulness, to the end of an admirable aridity. Criticism, itself a puritan for work, can praise only the laborious, can respect poetry only when it groans to overreach itself and become discussable. A sensible acquaintance of mine once remarked of the semantic brethren that they missed only one meaning: some people write better than others. But they are not bothered with better and worse, they have not left themselves free to make judgments. Criticism as they practice it is at best a faulty science. It is not an art.

The art of reviewing, what is it? First it is the art of reading without prejudice, without demand, without thought of the reader's self. This is one of love's arts, for it is nothing less than a skill in surrender, a readiness to understand. Afterward comes memory of what has been experienced, and the describer's art which sets that memory down as precisely as possible, honoring its uniqueness. Only then come measurement, comparison, judgment, and perspective.

Letters to Montagu

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GEORGE MONTAGU. Edited by W. S. Lewis and Ralph S. Brown. Yale University Press. Two Volumes. $15.

THESE are the ninth and tenth volumes in the still far from completed series devoted to Walpole's correspondence, and it is hardly necessary to repeat that the edition is obviously one of the great works in its class—physically as well as in the thoroughness with which the material has been collected, arranged, and annotated. Walpole can now be read with more pleasure and completer understanding than ever before; more could hardly be said in praise of any edition.

The present two volumes follow the established plan of printing both sides of the correspondence in chronological order, and this correspondence is probably more intrinsically interesting than either of the two previously dealt with. With William Cole, Walpole discussed chiefly antiquarian matters; writing to Mme du Deffand he was both uncomfortably aware of a duty to be done and somewhat constrained by the necessity of keeping the devotion of his aged admirer within bounds; but the letters to Montagu were written *con amore.* So far as Montagu himself is concerned, he did little to justify the great name he bore except write letters to Walpole, and apparently he grew finally too indolent to do even that, but the two had been school friends and Montagu was more than a good recipient. He could write in Walpole's own style and was, indeed, probably partly responsible for the style his more industrious friend brought to perfection.

The correspondence begins with a letter to Montagu dated May 2, 1736, when Walpole was not yet twenty; it ends with another to Montagu which was written in October, 1770, many years before the writer's death but recording an attack of the gout so severe that "though seven long weeks are gone and over since I was seized, I am only able to creep about on a flat floor, but cannot go up or down stairs." In between lie more than 700 pages of letters which not only distil the essence of a lively and accomplished man but also present a picture of the political and fashionable world drawn by one in a singularly fortunate position, for Walpole was a detached spectator whose birth, nevertheless, gave him the right to come as close to the scene as he cared to at any moment, and even, when he so desired, to mingle with it. As Mr. Lewis remarks in his introduction, these letters begin merely as private if formally composed epistles but show increasingly the effect of Walpole's later intention to leave a record for posterity; and they include famous passages of descriptive narration like that of the "Richmond Fireworks" and of the entertainments in honor of the Princess Amelia. Yet it is certainly one of the charms of Walpole that few others have been able so successfully to incorporate set pieces into familiar letters while still making it seem that they belong there.

I should not be surprised if one effect of this edition should be to reduce somewhat the currency of the textbook sneers so often repeated in connection with Walpole. His were certainly not heroic virtues, though his liberal opinions were probably more sincere as well as more often publicly expressed than is sometimes assumed. God (and Sir Robert) made him self-indulgent though amiable, somewhat effeminate, and wholly a dilettante. But it can hardly be said that he failed to make effective use of the talents he had.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

First Book

POEMS. By Anna Maria Armi. Random House. $2.

MISS ARMI, we are told, came to this country from Italy only ten years ago, and since that time has mastered the English language sufficiently to use it as a medium of poetry. She does write well; and she must have had the advantage, to begin with, of knowing a good deal about poetry.

There are traces, still, of foreign idiom—the vocabulary is weighted rather beyond the normal with words of Latin derivation; a poet whose native language is English would be less inclined to rhyme, for instance, *heart* and *hart,* or *lastingness* and *nothingness,* or to say "morose canescence," even in translating Horace. The beat comes trochaic often when the native ear would expect an iamb; the pronouns, more prominently placed, are subject to more stress than we impose on them in English; the word order is occasionally wrenched, for no effect that one can see. There are many set forms; translations and poems in classical meters aside, we find many sonnets, as well as examples of the villanelle, the sestina, and another form whose name I do not know, but which Miss Armi uses with excellent effect in untitled poems on pages 53 and 87. But these matters may derive from personal as much as from foreign language.

Before a single poem had been published, Miss Armi's work had been discovered by Mark Van Doren and W. H. Auden; where and how the jacket does not say. Her discovery of Auden, I take it, must have antedated her discovery by him. This shows Miss Armi's good sense; however great pleasure the reader might derive from picking up a first book of verse without a sign of Auden's influence, he would have to face the chance that it might not be very good. For Auden's talent, of course, is the most impressive—and instructive—to come along in our time. Miss Armi has also, I surmise, read Yeats with profit.

On Miss Armi's account I wish that her poems had been more effectively organized; is nobody around Random House competent to give advice in such matters? There seems no particular order in the arrangement of the collection, which is also somewhat long for a first book, though God knows a young poet can be forgiven for thinking, these days, that a first book may well be the last, and shooting the works accordingly. The collection suffers, moreover, from not being broken up into sections; 131 pages, straight, before the 30 pages of translations begin, does impose considerable demand on the powers of sustained concentration; and the fact that many poems are untitled complicates the situation. Under the circumstances, the index of first lines, however necessary, is still cluttersome.

Miss Armi's lyrical style, so far, tends to philosophical and reflective statement; she has still to learn how the English language may be put to singing use, how to make it sharp and incisive, how to relieve allegory by getting more significant work out of the symbol. It is to be hoped that in the next ten years her work will find occasional publication, not merely accumulate, and that editors will not only welcome her original poems but use her excellent talent as translator. There can't be too many good translations of Horace and Catullus.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

War and the Writer

A LEAF IN THE STORM. By Lin Yutang. The John Day Company. $2.50.

IN TIME of war the writer suffers under the same forces of dislocation as the rest of us, but on him their effect is double, for he reacts both in his own person and in the persons and world of his creation. He is not only *in* the war, and thus disabled, but his guns are spiked, since he is deprived of his heritage as a writer. How a writer writes is, in every age and under whatever compulsion, more than half determined by the reservoir of past writing; and in time of war the stream of the tradition in which he must work is dammed up, its current cut off by the influx of new values that for the best of human reasons demand to be expressed only in terms of their own overriding urgency. In so far as it is capable of literary form, however, the writer's material cannot be expressed in its own terms; it must take its form from past writing. Consequently the old mode of expression persists while the new insists; and both are impoverished.

"Our task here," writes Lin Yutang, "is to trace what the war did to one woman, one leaf among the millions." Neither the task nor the tracing, neither the end nor the means, is as simple as the thesis, for the author is under a twofold authority: the war story, which demands its own uncompromising treatment; and the love story, which is written, as it had to be, from past literary tradition. Neither succeeds. The stories are not fused by the one woman, Tanni, or by the tricks used by every novelist, which are too patent here, especially the misunderstanding between Tanni and Poya, contrived for the express purpose of moving Tanni from the love story to the war story. Nor are the elements of the plot followed through; we are told what is to happen but we do not see it happen. And although the characters are sometimes permitted to act naturally, the action is far too often merely stated, described, recapitulated. It follows that the emotion of the characters is not felt, for the emotion is not completed in suitable action, only in action obviously manipulated by the author. The arbitrarily contrasted characters of Peng and Poya are presented fully formed and undergo but scant change because of the war or their love for Tanni. Peng is better realized than Poya, who is so static that, incapable of dying, he has finally to be killed off by the author in self-defense. I feel, too, in this book, as compared with "Moment in Peking," the intrusion in the love story of an especially Western kind of vulgarity—the flabby notion and facile routine of "romance," the groove in which the writers of so many best-selling novels play.

"A Leaf in the Storm" is a failure when it is judged by the standards Lin Yutang has himself provided in his best work, "Moment in Peking." Few novelists today have Lin Yutang's feeling for a scene, his ease in filling a room with living people; none have his beautiful sense of poise, which, when he describes voices, features, mannerisms, or even Tanni perched on a chair, makes the book inhabited by a presence that seems actually to exist in space. For Dr. Lin, who does not have that much overrated talent for condensation, the major fault of the book is its brevity. If it had been at least twice as long—it has 368 pages—the story and the plot might possibly have worked themselves out. Then the part about the war would have had the scope provided by a long novel for the blending of detail. And the characters, who seem so eager to grasp every opportunity they are given to act naturally, might have found the leisure to enjoy the ease and naturalness which are the author's best qualities.

The pages about the war (1937-38) are often interesting in themselves, but except when they are an integral part of the story they are simply informative and, as such, extraneous to a novel. Information kills the characters by establishing two levels of communication which do not meet. A novel should be an uninterrupted amplification and clarification of the author's intention, and this intention is weakened or completely nullified by the intrusion of information. Even generalizations such as "the wrong man has done to man" or "war does strange things to people" have meaning in a novel only when, in the novel's living context, they are conclusions arrived at, known, and suffered through in terms of the ordered fiction of the book. Then, as in life, such statements take on a tragic meaning.

As for the war itself, the author sees the enemy committing atrocities "not possible with normal men," killing "for the delight of it." If the enemy is the measure of abnormality, what safeguard is there for the sanity of the enemy's enemy? It is learned nonsense to suggest that "to make the matter plain . . . the realms of abnormal and criminal psychology and of mass and race psychology must be coordinated." And this affirmation of Poya's is also nonsense, more shocking even if more understandable: "But in order to have the morale to stand up under these sufferings, every Chinese must hate the Japanese. Therefore the Japanese soldiers must continue to be as brutal and beastly as they are now."

"For even as one shut out from a garden and come away still keeps thinking of the garden . . ."—I remember these words from "A Leaf in the Storm," for some such feeling as they convey kept turning my mind back to "Moment in Peking" with every succeeding page. My warm welcome to Mulan, who is reintroduced, brought home the difference between the books. In "Moment in Peking" the life of the characters and of the places derives largely from the conventions, the form, of an ordered society, providing frame, definition, boundaries, within which the individuality of the characters is projected. It is this formal restraint of conventions, of a continuity, of a base taken for granted, that must be present before the individual life of a character can have more than an isolated meaning. War, striking at the writer with doubled impact, deprives him of the security necessary to the consummation of his talent. It is no wonder that in most novels written in time of war the story is perfunctory and the characters are unconvincing. While a civilization is at war, neither the writer nor the people he writes of are capable of the orderly development through which completeness is achieved. H. P. LAZARUS

The Soviet Defense

HITLER CANNOT CONQUER RUSSIA. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

THE KREMLIN AND THE PEOPLE. By Walter Duranty. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

SEVEN months of war on the plains of western Russia are over, with neither the Soviets nor Hitler as yet decisively beaten. Defeated, utterly, are only the world's military experts, or at least the great majority of them. For the second time since September, 1939, their theories and predictions have been proved totally wrong by the march of events.

First these experts banked heavily on the impregnability of the Maginot Line and on the glorious record of the French army: the famous line cracked at the first push, and within a few weeks the "world's best army" found itself in German concentration camps. Next the experts were ready to bet their last button that the Red Army would be a pushover for Hitler's legions and that an anti-Stalin revolution would quickly follow. So was the high Washington official who confidentially told Maurice Hindus, a few weeks before the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war: "The German army will go through Russia like a knife through butter." Well, today the knife looks badly blunted, and it was the butter that did it.

Liberals, too, made a lot of mistakes in their judgment of Soviet policies and Soviet chances, not so much from the military point of view—those who had seen something of Russia with their own eyes were much less defeatist than the military experts—but in their appreciation of Stalin's zigzag course up to the fateful June 22, 1941. There are, in the main, three issues on which most liberals erred, not perhaps from an ideological point of view, but from the standpoint of a realistic policy. First, seeing the tremendous holocaust of life, comfort, and happiness which the rigorous application of the successive five-year plans exacted from the Russion people, they were appalled by what they took to be the inherent ruthlessness and despotism of the Stalin regime; second, they condemned *en bloc* the bloody purges of the years 1936-38 as the desperate attempt of a dictator to crush all opposition to his rule; third, in their dogmatic horror of aggression and natural sympathy for the under-dog they were completely swept off their feet by the "unwarranted" Russian attack on Finland in December, 1939.

Today it must be admitted, I believe, that many of Stalin's acts were dictated by necessity. Although we may never be willing to condone the methods employed in the purge, the Finnish War, and other cases, we should not close our eyes to the fact that these were preventive measures which subsequently were justified by the course of events. Everything the Soviet dictator did, or failed to do, after the advent of Hitlerism—even the nefarious pact of August, 1939, which has *not* proved a sound instrument of diplomacy in the light of later developments—was ultimately designed to strengthen Russia's position for the inevitable life-and-death struggle with the Nazi forces.

All the world admits now that if the democracies today stand a fair chance of winning this war against the fascist world front, it is primarily thanks to the magnificent staying power and push of the Soviets. But the Red Army would never have been able to withstand the Nazi onslaught if years of intensive preparation had not given it a mechanized equipment comparable to that of the Germans. It was, in Hitler's own admission, the amount and quality of this equipment—much of which was and is being produced in the new industrial districts far beyond the Urals—that turned the tables on Nazi aggression.

In his very informative "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia" Maurice Hindus presents a complete survey of this "hidden strength" of Russia, how it was built up, at an enormous cost of life and material comfort, and how it was set in motion to save the Soviet state from the new Napoleon. He takes us, painstakingly, on a tour of inspection through "the new factory" and "the new farm" of Russia—the sinews of Soviet resistance and counter-attack.

Only once under the Soviet regime has the long-suffering Russian people had a short period of ease and material comfort. That was during the winter and summer of 1935-36. It did not last long, because soon the Hitler menace took a formidable shape and the entire economic system of Russia had to be placed on a war footing. The production of consumers' goods once more became unimportant as compared with the need for machines. "Every available ruble," writes Hindus, "went into national defense." Once again hardship and privation became the Russian lot.

But it is not only because of the vastness of Russia and its tremendous industrial resources that Hitler cannot conquer that country. It is also because he has nothing to offer to the Russian peasant, no longer a mujik, to the new intelligentsia, or to the Russian worker. Next to the monumental misjudgment of the military experts, the greatest miscalculation of the Soviet war was Hitler's belief that his "crusade" would lead to a Russian national revolution. The peasants did not rise, except as guerrillas to fight the invader; the intelligentsia in the conquered regions did not cooperate; the workers moved, with their equipment, to new industrial regions far behind the front; even nine-tenths of the White Russian emigration abroad rallied to the Soviet banner.

It matters little, in Maurice Hindus's opinion, whether or not Hitler occupies Moscow, Leningrad, all of European Russia, or even more, beyond the Urals. "The formal front may collapse. The Red Army in Europe may break up into disconnected units. That will not end the hostilities. All occupied Russia will become a front. Fighting will go on, anywhere, everywhere."

Walter Duranty's book is concerned more with the political and moral than with the economic and military aspects of the "Russian miracle." His is a lively, colorful account of the why and wherefores of the frequently puzzling policy which the Kremlin has pursued these last few years at home and abroad.

The book centers around the great purge, which has been one of the principal contributing causes to the world's failure to appreciate the internal strength and cohesion of the Soviet state. It is Duranty's well-substantiated opinion that a great many, though certainly not all, of the victims of the successive purges were guilty of conspiracy against the security and integrity of the Soviet Union. This applies, in particular, to the group comprising Radek, Piatakov, and Muralov, and

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to the eight generals headed by Marshal Tukhachevsky. It is true that the trial and summary execution of these ranking officers did much to undermine Soviet Russia's prestige abroad, but it also eliminated in time a fifth column of the first magnitude. France might still live today if it too had carried out a timely purge of its generals.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

Proportional Representation

DEMOCRACY OR ANARCHY? A STUDY OF PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION. By F. A. Hermens. With an Introduction by C. J. Friedrich. Notre Dame (Indiana), The Review of Politics. $4.

WHEN the electorate has to choose one man to be, say, President of the United States or Mayor of New York, it is gathered, as it were, into a single-member constituency, and the man is chosen by the majority of the voters, with the minorities getting no representation.

If many representatives are to be elected and the area is divided into local constituencies, each electing one representative, the majority of voters in each constituency carries the day, and again the minorities are done away with. However, the party which in a given constituency is in the minority may be in the majority in the adjoining one. Thus minorities, by taking advantage of local circumstances, have a chance of winning representation here and there even if in the country as a whole they are not in the majority.

Proportional representation was devised in order to allow not only the majority but also all minorities to be represented in local councils and central parliaments according to their numerical strength. It is a perfect system of suffrage as long as no more than two parties are in the field. Then the number of representatives obtained by each of the two parties is exactly proportionate to the number of its followers. It is a good system also when the competing parties are more than two, but one of them musters a majority of the voters; then the majority gains power while all the minority parties get representation according to their numerical strength. In all these cases, with single-member constituencies or under P. R., there is a majority which rules, while the minority or many minorities supervise the activities of the majority.

Trouble arises under P. R. as soon as there come into being three or more political parties none of which musters a majority of the voters. In this case no efficient administration can result unless some of the parties form a coalition capable of capturing a plurality. Unfortunately, coalitions are more difficult to achieve under P. R. than under a system of single-member constituencies.

Under the latter system the different parties must combine during the electoral campaign into no more than two coalitions in order to get a plurality and conquer the seat. Those who refuse to cooperate with other parties, if they are not strong enough to get a plurality, court defeat. In addition, when the contest is over, the coalition which got the plurality goes to power without the electorate being shocked by this fact, since the coalition had already been working during the campaign and the winning majority in the electorate had indorsed it. Vice versa, P. R. leads each party, during the electoral campaign, to stress its own particular features as clearly and as uncompromisingly as possible. As a result, when the campaign is over, the utterances of the election period act as obstacles to a coalition among groups whose leaders, on the previous day, had boasted of being poles apart. Even when a coalition is formed, and some coalition has to be formed unless a new election is summoned, the cooperation of the different partners in it is half-hearted and inefficient because each group not only remembers the previous electoral contest but, more especially, must keep its eye on the coming one. From a mathematical point of view P. R. is perfect. But it makes efficient government difficult. And what people need is not mathematical satisfaction but government. And government is possible only if there is a solid majority which rules.

Mr. LaGuardia, and Mr. O'Dwyer, and Mr. Hartmann, and Mr. Davies might all be good or bad mayors of New York. But suppose the Mayor of New York were to be elected by a municipal council which in its turn was to be elected under a system of P. R. In the city elections of last November the Republicans, the American Labor Party, the City Fusion Party, and the Union City Party would not have been obliged to combine behind LaGuardia in order to get a majority of the votes; Mr. Davies's followers, who withdrew from the contest before Election Day, would have stood their ground, thinking with good foundation that their votes would have a considerable weight in the future municipal council; the Socialists would have got at least one representative; and perhaps also the followers of Mr. O'Dwyer would have split into minor groups. All the candidates would have hurled at one another the same charges with which Mr. LaGuardia and Mr. O'Dwyer edified the electorate. The municipal council would have contained mathematically proportional representation of all these competing groups. But a municipal council divided into so many groups, embittered by the struggle for power, would have had difficulty in agreeing on a strong personality; and in any case a mayor elected by such a council and accountable to it for the whole of his term of office would most likely be a failure.

These things and many others can be said against P. R. and are to be found in Dr. Hermens's study, to which Professor Friedrich of Harvard has contributed an excellent preface. I have to confess that I once advocated P. R. in Italy, but the experience of Italy from 1919 to 1922 and that of the Weimar Republic had shaken my faith even before I read this book. Political scientists and politicians in this country would do well to read it and meditate upon it.

It seems to me, however, that Dr. Hermens lays at the door of P. R. too many evils for which other causes were responsible in Italy and Germany, that he adorns with too many miraculous gifts the single-member constituency, and that his theory is weakened rather than strengthened by too much speculating about how much better things would have been if a system of single-member constituencies had prevailed. A supporter of the latter system could too often reverse Dr. Hermens's "ifs" and maintain that things would have gone even worse if Dr. Hermens had had his way. Arguments by "ifs," unless they are used with economy, are apt to sow controversy rather than carry agreement.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

DRAMA

"The Rivals"

I AM not prepared to say at precisely what moment it was that "The Rivals" ceased to be one of the two most successful and most durable pieces of hokum ever designed for the English stage and became, instead, a classic to which solemn school children must be shepherded by conscientious instructors. By now, however, the transformation is so definitely complete that reviewers can praise the Theater Guild's new production at the Shubert Theater for its refreshing irreverence—though just how you would play Mrs. Malaprop or Bob Acres reverently it is a little hard for me to imagine—and ordinary spectators will probably find their inclination to laugh somewhat impeded by the fear that they are being exposed to education.

So far as the play itself is concerned, it has, when considered purely as a viable piece for the contemporary stage, its weaknesses and its strength. Chief among the former are both the fact that the satire on a particular variety of romantic sentimentalism infecting young girls of the period is meaningful today only in so far as the analogy with current forms of folly is evident, and the further fact that present-day audiences are very likely to be bored by those highly conventionalized intrigues involving mistaken identities and elaborately planned deceits which everybody seems to have enjoyed for a good two hundred years and which probably nobody really enjoys now. Among the sources of its strength are the skilful use of farcical situations still serving writers less adept and flashes of wit which still coruscate.

Sheridan's writing is both more robust and more coarse-grained than Congreve's, but there are bravura speeches like that of the sensitive Faulkland on the subject of girls who dance when their lovers are absent which achieve a fine effect of cumulative absurdity, and there are bits like that when the bellicose Sir Lucius silences Bob Acres's wish that in the duel he might have a little right on his side with the pertinent exclamation, "What the devil signifies right, when your honor is concerned? Do you think Achilles or my little Alexander the Great ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it," which are just about as pertinent as they ever were. Unlike either Wycherley or Congreve, Sheridan was never equal to the intellectual feat of sustaining a consistent comic attitude throughout a play. He was, for one thing, far too ready to yield to sentiment as the easiest theatrical way out of a situation, and for another, probably too averse to sustained thought ever to be quite sure himself where he stood, so that a few years after "The Rivals" he could do on Lady Teazle one of the most disgraceful jobs of whitewashing to which a decent dramatist ever stooped. But there are flashes which reveal that his kinship with the great creators of intellectual comedy is as real as that with the modern tradition of farce which he helped to found.

The Guild production starts with a text which adds a prologue, some incidental songs, and concluding speeches by Arthur Guiterman, but which also, in addition to indulging in some minor tinkerings with the dialogue, discards the whole first scene and most of the sentimental conclusion—with the result that though the audience is spared some lush moralizing at the end it is also left with a pretty sketchy justification for the whole intrigue, which has little point unless the heroine's rooted aversion to any suitor who doesn't come over the garden wall is firmly established. Miss Le Gallienne, the director, has so many stars to work with that the production carries a suggestion of a Players' Club revival, but the presence of Bobby Clark lifts the whole thing to quite another level. Haila Stoddard is very charming as the languishing Lydia, Mary Boland very authoritative as Mrs. Malaprop, and Walter Hampden appropriately heavy as the heavy father. Several of the other performers are equally satisfactory. But it is Mr. Clark who adds the touch of genius; and, indeed, the most notable thing about the production may be just the fact that it furnishes the solidest foundation so far for the new reputation of that comedian as a "legitimate" performer. In "Men Are All Alike" he was merely gyrating in the vacuum provided by a non-existent play; in the revival of "Love for Love" he stole the show, which tended to collapse under the vigor of antics almost too much for the very fragile structure of the whole. But "The Rivals" is robustious enough throughout to furnish just the opportunity he needs, and he can be incomparably the most entertaining part of the proceedings while still remaining, as he was not before, really a part of them.

One can recognize in Mr. Clark many of the attributes usually characteristic of the best low comedians. He has the abounding energy which enables him to add those additional flourishes, those grace-notes and trills of absurdity, which make the difference between a competent performance and one which seems richer than anyone has a right to expect. Thus, to change the metaphor, he is continually adding that last straw which breaks the camel's back of solemnity and wins the roar which we cannot but emit. He has also a delight in his own antics which is irresistibly contagious, and that gleam of triumph in his eye, that conscious delight in his own folly, which asks for and gets the response of an audience. But I still do not know exactly why so simple a thing as the flourish with which he sprinkles sand on the just-written challenge is so excruciatingly hilarious. That is Mr. Clark's secret, which I can only hope he will neither keep hidden nor lose.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

HAPPILY only one war epic to report from Hollywood this week; other films are of the usual type, but showing a distinct improvement in quality. The pleasantest surprise is "I Wake Up Screaming"—the title is certainly original, if somewhat blunt—a murder story with a psychological twist, brilliantly directed and photographed, with an economy of dialogue and a consciousness of the screen as a medium which make the rather commonplace plot appear novel and exciting. The cast—Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis, Laird Cregar—is not very distinguished, and the production costs must have been almost, if not quite, in the B category, but an intelligent use of light and shadow and a well-arranged musical score which emphasizes the suspense of the plot have made this picture far more entertaining than most of the star-studded, extravagant Hollywood productions. Mr. Mature has made a remarkable recovery from his spell as a "beautiful hunk of a man" in "Lady in the Dark," and proves himself a most competent actor, while Mr. Cregar contributes a performance to make anyone, no matter what the state of their conscience, wake up screaming.

"Ball of Fire" allows Gary Cooper to exploit his talent for combining charm with gaucherie and at the same time manages to avoid being a hackneyed star vehicle simply by having hit on a rather funny basic idea. Mr. Cooper plays one of a group of professors engaged in compiling an encyclopedia, his task being, when the picture opens, to write a treatise on slang, a subject of which his cloistered life has given him no first-hand knowledge. It remains for Barbara Stanwyck as a tough night-club singer and close associate of gangsters to teach him a few up-to-date expressions and to play havoc with his bookworm-eaten heart. This would have been a better picture if an aura of exaggerated sentimentality and eccentricity had not been thrown around the professors, whose behavior is as quaint as that of Snow White's seven dwarfs.

Preston Sturges, who has to his credit such excellent pictures as "The Lady Eve" and "Christmas in July," makes a nasty blot on his copy book with "Sullivan's Travels." Perhaps Mr. Sturges, like the successful novelist, has been forced by popular demand to be overproductive, for he seems to have run out of original ideas. "Sullivan's Travels" is, I think, meant to carry a social message to the effect that everyone wants to laugh and not bother his head over silly old poverty or anything unpleasant like that. This message would carry more weight if Mr. Sturges had succeeded in being funny, but having borrowed a little from Frank Capra for his thesis and from Orson Welles for his technique, he reverts to the Keystone comedy for his humor, and dishes out a succession of automobile chases, custard pies, and comic falls which is likely to drive the audience to gloomy and private thoughts. Veronica Lake, after an initial reluctance to brush her hair off her face, generously allows us to see both eyes, and Joel McCrea lends a certain charm to the character of the movie director who wants to experience poverty in order to make a picture about it.

Elisabeth Bergner, after a long absence from the screen, is to be seen in a drama entitled "Paris Calling," all about the fall of France. It is strange that apparently no one has realized that it is impossible to exploit contemporary tragedies for entertainment purposes without making them seem incredibly false. Miss Bergner is a fine actress who deserves better material than this.

ANTHONY BOWER

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RECORDS

VICTOR'S December set of Fauré's Requiem (844, $5.50) has straggled in. All of Fauré's music is beautifully written; but this is the one work, among those I have heard, that has impressed me as proceeding from emotion which, though reticently expressed, is deeply felt. Pelletier's performance with the Montreal Festivals Orchestra, Les Disciples de Massenet, Mack Harrell, Marcelle Denya, and Roland Roy at the organ, is good and is excellently recorded. The French performance in the older Columbia set, which I could rehear only on a small machine, seemed more sensitively wrought; but its recorded sound, though good, is probably less impressively brilliant and spacious on a large machine.

With this has arrived also Victor's December set of Glière's Symphony "Ilia Murometz" played by Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra (Set 841, $6.50). The work is a minor, diffuse, and in the end tiresome example of Russian nationalist writing, much of which you have heard before in Rimsky-Korsakov and Ippolitov-Ivanov; and it must have interested Stokowski because of the opportunities it gave him for the brilliant and occasionally strident sonorities on these records.

Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra also provide the accompaniments for Helen Traubel in the January set of three of Wagner's songs to poems of Mathilde Wesendonck: "Träume," "Schmerzen," and "Im Treibhaus" (Set 872, $2.50). "Träume" and "Im Treibhaus" use material which is used more effectively in the second-act duet and Prelude to Act 3, respectively, of "Tristan and Isolde"; and the songs are only moderately interesting. Miss Traubel's voice is steady, powerful, and opulent in "Schmerzen" and "Im Treibhaus," but is afflicted with tremolo in "Träume"; as recorded it blankets the orchestral part a good deal of the time—most regrettably in "Im Treibhaus"; and "Träume" is given with its orchestral introduction lopped off.

An excellent performance by Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony, recorded with hard brilliance (Set 848, $2.50), provided the occasion to hear Sibelius's "Tapiola" again after a number of years, to hear it, moreover, with Ernest Newman's notes telling me again what marvels were issuing from the phonograph, and nevertheless to be amazed all over again by the nothing-at-all for twenty minutes with which Sibelius managed to convince himself he had produced a piece of music and to convince Newman he had produced "one of the greatest works in the whole range of symphonic music."

After this pretentious tripe of Sibelius, whose merest hiccough moves Newman to solemnity and technical analysis, it is a relief and a pleasure to listen to something even as moderately substantial and enjoyable as the music of the eighteenth-century composer William Boyce that Constant Lambert put together for the ballet "The Prospect Before Us." And the pleasure is increased by the beautifully finished playing which the Sadler's Wells Orchestra does under Lambert's direction, and the balance, cleanness, and refinement of its recorded sound (Set 857, $3.50).

Boyce's little opera "The Chaplet" was given at the final Coffee Concert of the Museum of Modern Art, and turned out to be not worth the performer's trouble and the audience's attention. The Negro cast included a contralto, Carol Brice, who was extraordinary in the beauty of her voice, the ease of her singing, the apparently natural good taste of her phrasing. The best concert of the series was "Hebraica," at which Naomi Aléh-Leaf and the Uri Taiman group offered Yemenite songs and dances, and Ezekiel Albeg gave examples of the cantillation of the Jews of Bagdad. The flaw in this program was the disturbing nineteenth- and twentieth-century contexts provided by the piano accompaniments for the group of two sixteenth-century songs of the Spanish Jews and two Chassidic songs, and the pretentious style in which these songs were done by Sarah Gorby. "Cuadro Flamenco" had the excellent guitarrist Villarino and singer and dancer Anita Sevilla, but the flashily inferior dancer Antonio Triana; the two jazz concerts also offered a few good things like Maxine Sullivan's swinging of English folksongs, Anna Robinson's extravagances, some J. C. Higginbotham's trombone-playing, and things as bad as Maxine Sullivan's swinging of Schubert's "Who Is Sylvia?", boogie-woogie played on the harpsichord by Sylvia Marlowe, and the exhibitionistic stunts and noise that are inevitable on such occasions.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

The Federation of the Free

Dear Sirs: Reinhold Niebuhr's review of "Design for Power" in the issue of January 10 appears to me, as coauthor with George D. Brodsky of the volume in question, to create an impression which is at best unfortunate and at worst misleading. This is the more deplorable as Dr. Niebuhr sees eye to eye with the authors on fundamentals. I trust therefore that neither he nor the editors will take amiss a few words of correction.

First, and least important, the book is not "a history of the Second World War" or a piece of "journalism." I am indeed guilty of perpetrating a history of the first phase of the conflict in the form of a highly detailed and documented analysis. Its title, however, is not "Design for Power" but "Night over Europe," published early last year. The scope and nature of the more recent book can be grasped quite easily by anyone who bothers to look at the Table of Contents and the design of the first seven chapters. It is—I am quite willing to let Dr. Niebuhr in on the secret—a narrative, an analysis, an atlas, and a critique of the foreign policies of the seven great powers from Versailles to Pearl Harbor. Its "purpose" is not, as Dr. Niebuhr alleges, "fully revealed in the final chapter," to the last three pages of which he devotes almost all of his review. The last chapter merely states certain conclusions regarding the culture crisis of our time and offers certain speculations about things to come.

What I most regret is that Dr. Niebuhr's reading of the last few pages of the last chapter—which incidentally, like the rest of the book, is written in quite simple English—leaves him all at sea regarding what is said there because of his fogginess as to the meaning of certain terms in everyday use. Though Dr. Niebuhr declares that he also favors a democratic world federation, it is clear that he does not know what this means. Yet the advocates of federalism as a cure for world anarchy have been crying from the housetops for years that the basic answers to the questions which Dr. Niebuhr poses *de novo* are to be found in the written constitutions and the political experience of the successful federal democracies of our time—the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Switzerland, *et al.*

To say with Dr. Niebuhr that the "abolition of the 'sovereignty' and 'independence' of states" means the creation of a "super-state," potentially "imperialistic" and "tyrannical," is all but equivalent to saying that the United States is an imperialistic, tyrannical, super-state imposed upon New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, etc. Of course Dr. Niebuhr does not believe this. He knows that it is a free federation of democratic commonwealths which have not at all suffered any "total abrogation" of their "sovereignty." He should know that a democratic federation by definition has none of the attributes which he rightly condemns and that it contains in its own constitutional structure the solution of the problems which he finds so perplexing. To equate "élite" with "imperialism," "super-state" with "federation," "power politics" with all politics, and "world organization" with "imperial power" is to indulge in semantic confusions which, I venture to believe, are nowhere to be found in the book reviewed but only in the mind of the reviewer. To say finally that "one cannot be at all certain that the author is thinking of a democratic world order" is simply an admission that he has not read through even the last pages of the last chapter of the book.

Let Dr. Niebuhr not look to political scientists for blueprints. Let him read the Constitution of the United States, the *Federalist* papers, the works of Lincoln and Wilson, and the recent writings of Streit, Humber, and Curry. Let him study Winston Churchill's belated offer of "Union Now" to France in June of 1940. Above all, let him and all other good men and true reflect that the establishment of a democratic world federation can only emerge from the imagination and the wisdom distilled out of the spirit of all free peoples in the crucible of war. The coming Federation of the Free will not be imposed from above. It will grow up from below out of the sufferings and the needs, the experiences and the aspirations, of all the peoples who know the meaning in their daily lives of the international anarchy which must be abolished and of the federal democracy which must be extended to world-wide scope if the war and the peace are to be won.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Williamstown, Mass., January 13

No Adequate Blueprints

Dear Sirs: Professor Schuman seeks to refute my rather mild criticism of a lack of clarity and precision in his conceptions of world organization by explicitly disavowing the measure of political realism I had ascribed to him. He finds the answer to the problem of international government "in the written constitutions of the successful democracies" and the blueprints for a world order in "the works of Lincoln and Wilson and the recent writings of Streit, Humber, and Curry."

This means that his thought moves on the basis of the assumption that problems of political integration on new and higher levels can be solved by application of experience gained on the lower levels. I challenge this whole assumption. The international community is as different from the national community as the nation is from the family. Every new level of political organization rests less upon natural forces of social cohesion and requires a shrewder manipulation of power and of political mechanics. National communities rest upon some degrees of ethnic unity, some measure of homogeneity in culture, and very certainly upon geographic limitation. Furthermore, the fear of foes, which prompted their unity in part, is a more potent force than the general fear of anarchy.

The international community that we must organize must harmonize vast vitalities, abridge age-old sovereignties, arbitrate between incommensurate interests, and do all this without the basis of a common history or a homogeneous culture. To prevent imperialism on the one hand and anarchy on the other in the international community is different in degree to the point of being different in kind from the same problem on the level of the national community.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

New York, January 16

Don't Coddle the Movies

Dear Sirs: You have taught me to expect a high standard of criticism in your book, theater, and music reviews. So it is somewhat painful to find "Philadelphia Story" and "How Green Was My Valley" referred to as "first-rate pictures" by your Mr. Bower.

Mr. Bower would have done well to

end his review with the first sentence, in which he said that 1941 would be remembered as one of the worst in the history of the motion-picture industry. The daily press in its reviews is doing its share of "coddling" of the movies. *The Nation* ought to keep clear of such reviewing. BERNARD J. FRIED

Brooklyn, N. Y., January 13

The Post-War Collapse:

Savers Must Invest

Dear Sirs: The two articles by Harold Strauss dealing with our post-war economy (January 3 and 10) were of great interest, but the logic of his reasoning leads to a somewhat more drastic conclusion than he arrives at. He shows that in a mature economy continued investment in the expansion of the means of production results in a narrowing margin of profit and a declining rate of interest. The capitalist class, therefore—meaning the owners of industry and those who own or control investment funds—are opposed to expansion. And they will prevent expansion after the war by holding investment funds idle, as they did during the thirties. But even though they cease investing they will not voluntarily reduce their saving. This hoarding of investment funds causes unemployment and depression.

As a remedy Mr. Strauss suggests government investment, or devices for inducing investment, or both.

Investment cannot be induced, however, unless investors are allowed to name the terms and conditions upon which they will invest. What these terms are can be discovered in any conservative program: lower income and profits taxes, and reduced expenditures for public welfare. But these would clearly aggravate depression rather than relieve it.

A huge program of public works, on a scale comparable to the rearmament program, would give us reasonably full employment, but it would not result in an expansion of industry—which is a prerequisite of a rising standard of living. If public works were financed by borrowing, then a triple benefit would be conferred upon investors and the owners of industry: first, existing plants could operate at approximate capacity and at a high rate of profit, as they are doing now; secondly, excess savings could be profitably invested in government bonds; and, thirdly, the plant and equipment of industry could be restricted to its present capacity without causing a depression.

If we take a rising standard of living as our objective, and if we accept Mr. Strauss's analysis of the problem, then the remedy indicated is a tax on idle investment funds owned by individuals and business concerns. Society would say to capitalists: Your function is to save and to invest; if you save without investing, then workers are thrown out of employment and the economy sinks down in depression; therefore if you save you must invest. If you refuse, then society will tax away your idle funds, for which you can find no use, and put them to some good purpose.

GEORGE R. WALKER

Boston, Mass., January 14

And Progressives Must Act

Dear Sirs: I've just read Harold Strauss's Program for a Peace Economy, and I am wondering how energetically you will follow it up. I hope that publication of the article is not merely a trial balloon but a first stepping-stone toward attainment of the objectives described.

What can be done about it? Strauss says that "it is not possible to expect conservatives to support a program such as has been outlined." But, for that matter, how readily will it be accepted and implemented by non-conservatives?

Dreamily, Strauss says, "If democracy means anything, it means that the people of America can and will find a way to avoid such a collapse." There you have your modern John the Baptist, a voice crying in the wilderness. The immorality he refers to has flourished a long time. None of the three strong factors in the current scene—government, business, labor—shows any marked sign of making a new approach to the problems of modern economy. In what direction shall we look for leadership, organization, education, and implementation?

Those who agree with Strauss in principle should form a board of strategy. When we speak of democracy we are speaking of some fifty million voters and their elected representatives. Democracy is political and economic. Blocking the attainment of the progressive ideal is the stupendous inertia of political and economic habit.

The development of war politics and economics is producing a situation in which the nuclear centers of progressivism should functionally expand. First-rate observation, comprehension, analysis, vision, and the like have not been lacking. Now leadership, organization, strategy, programs, and incessant endeavor should be forthcoming.

For years I used to edit what, in the sales promotional field, we called "house organs" or "house magazines." One of our main efforts was to encourage reader response, be it ever so humble. But then, of course, we had something to sell. Possibly in the field of journalism of the liberal persuasion similar methods should be instituted.

EMORY L. KING

Ridgefield Park, N. J., January 14

Request to the Soviet Union

Dear Sirs: On December 4 two leaders of the Jewish labor movement in Poland, Henryk Ehrlich and Victor Alter, were arrested in Kuybyshev by the Soviet authorities. They had been arrested once before, in September, 1939, during the occupation of Poland by the Soviet army. On that occasion they were deported to inner Russia. They were liberated in the fall of 1941 after the signing of the first Polish-Russian agreement. This time they were arrested without any explanation, the Soviet authorities refusing to disclose the charges against them.

Alter and Ehrlich have been energetic and devoted fighters against Nazism and for democracy. Notwithstanding the suffering inflicted by the Soviet government on Poland and on them personally, they supported without reservation the policy of Soviet-Polish understanding and the formation of the Polish army in Russia. Some days before their arrest they issued the following appeal to the Poles in the Soviet Union:

> A new Polish army is being formed today to continue the fight against Hitler. We take this opportunity to appeal to every able-bodied Polish citizen in the Soviet Union.
>
> Join the ranks of soldiers who once again will enter the fight for Poland's right to independence and who, together with the other Allied armies, will free Poland and the rest of the world from intolerable brown slavery. To those of you who are unable to bear arms we appeal to do all in your power to help the army to achieve victory.
>
> Participation in the present war is a duty and an honor. In the name of the Jewish working masses and of Jewish intellectuals who have placed their confidence in us, we declare our readiness to do our part in the struggle and ask for the opportunity to do so.
>
> H. EHRLICH, W. ALTER
>
> (From *Poland Fights,* December 23, 1941)

In a world struggle for democracy i is not too much to ask the Soviet government to reassure the United Nation by freeing these men at once.

FRANK KINGDON

New York, January 15

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The Shape of Things

"DERELICTION OF DUTY" ON THE PART OF Admiral Husband E. Kimmel and Lieutenant General Walter C. Short has been found to be the main cause of the Pearl Harbor disaster by the President's investigating commission headed by Justice Roberts. This verdict is amply sustained in the commission's detailed and clear report. Both Admiral Kimmel and General Short received specific warnings of the possibility of a surprise Japanese air attack in early 1941, about the time they took up their commands, and were then instructed to prepare plans to meet such an attempt. Exercises based on those plans were frequently carried out last year, and had they been put into operation as the diplomatic crisis thickened in November, the Japanese raid would have been either impossible or largely ineffective. But neither of the responsible commanders considered that there was serious danger of an air attack even after receiving very urgent warnings of probable war in late November. General Short, who was primarily responsible for the defense of the islands, decided that the situation would be met by ordering "Alert No. 1," which provided for special precautions against sabotage. Messages subsequently received from the War Department seemed to him to indicate that this step satisfied the requirements of the emergency. Actually these precautions contributed to the effectiveness of the Japanese bombers since, for protection against saboteurs, grounded planes were concentrated instead of dispersed. The most amazing failure of the army and navy commanders in Hawaii was that after the warning received on November 27 they held no consultation on what action should be taken, while each assumed without further inquiry that the other was carrying out necessary precautions. This fact indicates an almost unbelievable irresponsibility. It also emphasizes the absolute necessity of unified supreme command in the defense of such a position as Hawaii.

*

THE ROBERTS COMMISSION HAS ABSOLVED Secretary Hull of all blame for the Pearl Harbor surprise, declaring that he kept the War and Navy departments fully advised of the course of his negotiations with the Japanese envoys. It seems to us, however, that the report justifies the conclusion that some indirect blame attaches to the State Department. For instance, in various instructions sent from Washington to the commanders at Hawaii great stress was laid on secrecy, with a view to avoiding provocation and preventing complications in a tense situation. This was clearly a reflection of the State Department's belief that the Japanese wouldn't bite if stroked the right way. We can now see that the one thing which might have checked the Japanese was open provocative action that would have interfered with the surprise on which their whole strategy turned. The commission comments on the completeness of the Japanese organization of espionage, which was carried on through the consulates, and points out that efforts to combat it were hindered "because, the United States being at peace with Japan, restrictions imposed prevented resort to certain methods of obtaining the contents of messages." Here again the State Department's insistence on treating Axis agents as gentlemanly diplomats entitled to all the nice courtesies of protocol tied the hands of our intelligence officers. Although the Japanese and other Axis governments constantly violated the privileges of our diplomats, even to the extent of placing microphones in their offices, the State Department would never sanction the use of such methods. This unrealistic policy in dealing with gangsters must be counted as a contributing factor to the complacency that prevailed at Hawaii.

*

AXIS FORCES STRUCK A NEW SERIES OF powerful blows last week in both the Pacific and the Mediterranean. In a surprise attack the Japanese have succeeded in effecting landings at Rabaul, capital of New Britain, in New Guinea, and on the Solomon Islands north of the Australian mainland. Further landings have been made at Balik Papan in southeastern Borneo and at Kendari in southern Celebes. The landings along the Bismark Archipelago are particularly serious because they threaten the main line of communications between the United States and the present Far Eastern war zones. It seems difficult to believe, however, that the Japanese can maintain these footholds, thousands of miles from their bases, against a determined counter-offensive. On the Singapore front the situation seems somewhat better stabilized, although new Allied withdrawals are reported. In Burma the British continue to retreat before the Japanese and Thai invaders. Only in the air and on the sea have the United Nations succeeded in scoring any real successes. Over Rangoon British and American airmen are reported to have shot down more than thirty Japanese planes in two days. New aerial reinforcements appear to have aided greatly in strengthening Singapore's defenses. In the Strait of Macasser Allied air and naval forces combined have sunk or damaged eighteen Japanese ships in what is described as the severest blow of the war. The Mediterranean presents the same picture of reverses on land but success in the air and on the sea. In a surprising counter-offensive made possible, presumably, by a diversion of Allied reinforcements to the Far East, General Rommel has pushed north of Agedabia and is threatening Bengasi. But the Allies have struck back in the air, sinking a 20,000-ton transport and damaging a number of other ships in a large Axis convoy.

*

ONLY ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT HAS THE news been unqualifiedly good. The Soviet offensive midway between Moscow and Leningrad which has resulted in the capture of Kholm and Toropetz represents one of the most brilliant tactical maneuvers of the war. As a result of this advance Rzhev, northern anchor of the Nazi winter line, has been cut off and the Russians have reached a position from which they can either strike northward toward the Baltic, threatening the German force besieging Leningrad, or south against Smolensk. The week also has seen the destruction of the powerfully fortified Mozhaisk salient, from which the Nazis hoped to launch their spring drive against Moscow. Some Soviet advances have also been reported in the Donetz basin, but details of action on this front have not been released for some time. In the Crimea the German claim to have recaptured Feodosiya would appear to be correct, although it has not been confirmed from Soviet sources. The extent of the Nazi setback in the north has raised speculation as to the effect of the defeat on Germany's plans for a spring offensive. It is evident that the Nazis have not only lost a considerable amount of equipment and supplies which they counted on for the offensive but have been forced to draw upon their reserves of troops and airplanes. But it is too early to hope for a disruption of the German spring program. That will depend on how much longer the Red Army is able to continue its drive.

*

THE PRESIDENT WILL BE CONFRONTED BY a pretty dilemma when the emasculated price-control bill reaches his desk. If he exercises the veto which it richly deserves, the Price Administrator will be left to struggle along with his present limited non-statutory powers until Congress gets around to passing a new measure. That might mean another six months' delay, and there is no guaranty that a more realistic bill would be enacted. On the other hand, if the President signs, the lofty multiple ceilings which the farm bloc has succeeded in imposing will constitute a positive encouragement to inflation. It is true that the bill has been somewhat strengthened in conference. The provisions for licensing businesses as a means of enforcement and for buying, selling, and storing commodities, which were thrown out by the House, were substantially restored by the Senate and have been agreed to by the conferees. Senator O'Mahoney's amendment which would have created a new parity formula tied directly to wage levels has been eliminated. On the other hand, the Bankhead amendment giving the Secretary of Agriculture veto powers over any ceiling fixed on unprocessed farm products remains. The net effect is to permit a rise in farm prices to 110 per cent of parity, or to the average for each crop during the decade 1919 to 1929, or to the market price on October 1 or December 1 last year, whichever of these alternatives is highest. In most cases it is expected that the formula of 110 per cent of parity will determine the ceiling. This can mean a further increase of 37 per cent in wheat, 50 per cent in corn, and almost 100 per cent in rye. If there is a new jump in the cost of living, increases in wages and industrial prices will be inevitable. Leon Henderson is being handed a blunted ax, and the only possible whetstone in sight is the rapid organization of consumers so that their voices may reach the ears of Congress.

*

THERE WAS ONCE A VINSON-TRAMMELL ACT which limited profits on arms contracts to 7 per cent of cost when the contract was negotiated and 8 per cent when competitive bidding was used. The act was repealed at the beginning of the arms program after a capital sitdown strike, but the Administration promised an excess-profits tax in its place which would prevent a new crop of war millionaires. Now we have a report by the House Naval Affairs Committee, headed by Representative Vinson, which offers evidence that a good many corporations are making "unconscionable" profits on their arms contracts. Roughly 60 per cent of all completed and uncompleted contracts studied were in the hands of ten companies, of which General Motors was one. Speaking of completed contracts, the committee declares: "The largest percentage of profits in this group was reported by Delco-Remy, Harrison Radiator, Cleveland Diesel Engine, and Fisher Body, all divisions of the General Motors Corporation, which reported profits of $3,398,487 on $17,292,685 of contracts, amounting to an average net profit of 24.5 per cent on the cost."

*

IT IS A PITY THAT THE COMMITTEE HAS weakened its report and distracted attention from its figures on business profits by including some entirely irrelevant findings about the assets of labor unions. Since September, 1939, it asserts, net assets of American labor organizations, A. F. L., C. I. O., and independent, have risen from $72,000,000 to $82,000,000. This total does not seem very impressive if compared with the earnings of some of our great corporations. But the committee declares: "The tremendous financial gains made by labor organizations present an astounding picture of concentration of wealth, a situation hitherto associated only with industry and finance." We commend Representative Joseph B. Shannon of Missouri for his courageous and intelligent protest against this strabismic attempt to smear labor and thus soften the committee's strictures against capital.

Ireland and America

IT MAY seem odd at first to some of our readers that *The Nation* should devote an entire supplement to Ireland at this critical moment in world history. But we are confident that this feeling will be quickly dissipated by a reading of the articles in this special number. For many decades the Irish people have looked to the United States for support in their struggle for complete independence. The story of America's assistance to the Irish cause during the dark days between 1916 and 1921 is fully described in the supplement by Suzanne La Follette. During this period no magazine rendered more effective aid than *The Nation* through its publication of the facts of British misrule and its organization of the American Committee of One Hundred.

At a time when Ireland's policies are of vital concern to the people of the United States, it is only fitting, then, that *The Nation* should undertake an examination of the background of those policies. Readers of *The Nation* are prepared to be sympathetic with Eire's desire to exercise full and unqualified sovereignty as an independent nation. They understand why De Valera had no choice at the outbreak of the war except to declare neutrality. But a careful reading of the supplement suggests that the situation has changed sharply with the entry of the United States into the war. De Valera himself said in 1919 that "when America entered the war it made a difference." That statement has not lost its significance with the passage of years.

It is apparent that with the division of the entire world into two camps the maintenance of an impartial neutrality has become increasingly difficult. Because of its strategic position Ireland must either aid the democracies or play Hitler's game. No middle course is open to it. If it continues to play Hitler's game by an unfavorable interpretation of neutrality, it must inevitably forfeit American sympathy and support and take its place, when the war is over, with the anti-democratic nations at the peace table.

Dark though it is, this prospect is not likely to prove decisive with De Valera. Because of his American background he is much more likely to be moved by the realization that a refusal to conclude some arrangement regarding bases endangers not only the future of the British Empire but that of the United States. Perhaps the decisive factor in inducing a change in policy will be the knowledge that thousands of American boys of Irish descent will soon be moving through the submarine-infested waters near the Irish coast. De Valera has repeatedly said that Ireland will go to any length to repay its debt to the United States. Before America's entry into the war he may have had some reservations about the consideration that would be given Eire's post-war claims in the event it supported the Allied cause. But he no longer can have any doubts. For he knows that the United States will not forget those who come to its assistance in its hour of danger.

Everybody Wins but Lewis

JOHN L. LEWIS'S sudden espousal of unity in the labor movement is, if we may slide into Lewis English, the accouplement of an unimpeachable idea with the most impeachable auspices. We have always looked forward to a merger of the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the American Federation of Labor, and it hardly requires a Gallup poll to establish the wide popularity of such a move. Theoretically unity would strengthen labor's bargaining position, would serve the war program by confronting the government with a single and coherent trade-union policy, and would be a blessing to the consumer and the rank-and-file unionist, both of whom have grown weary of the senseless intra-union squabbling that has plagued the country these past six years.

Desirable as it may be in principle, however, unity, like any other worthy objective, has a price beyond which it ceases to be profitable; it may, moreover, be attained by methods and with motives which negate in advance any possible benefits. One may concede, for example, that the unity of Europe is a noble purpose without supporting the efforts of Adolf Hitler in that direction. We do not wish to make too much of this odious comparison, but the plain fact is that a scheme for labor unity worked out by John L. Lewis and William Hutcheson is suspect from the start. The C. I. O.—which may be said to have been born, ironically, out of an "accouplement" between Lewis and Hutcheson that involved a right hook to the Hutcheson jaw—has twice repudiated its first leader: when he indorsed Wendell Willkie in the Presidential campaign of 1940, and when he tried to deliver the labor movement to the isolationists in 1941. Losing caste with many of his most ardent followers, Lewis has steadily become more irresponsible, more vengeful, more embittered. With the collapse of his power in the C. I. O., his bid for the kind of unified labor movement which he has repeatedly denounced in the past must inevitably be viewed as a shrewd but desperate maneuver to regain the throne.

Hutcheson, perhaps the most reactionary and intolerant bureaucrat in the whole labor movement, and Lewis found common political ground in the activities of the America First Committee, and even if we discount altogether the rumors of an isolationist plot we are entitled to look with the greatest misgivings on any plan to unite labor for the war effort which draws its inspiration from two stalwart heroes of that discredited band. A political interpretation of the unity move is further warranted by Lewis's gross failure to consult Philip Murray before proposing the resumption of peace negotiations. Murray, who might have been consulted as president of the C. I. O., as a member of the archaic labor peace committee by whose authority Lewis claims to have acted, or simply as a lifelong friend, has incurred the wrath of his former chief primarily because he is a warm, if critical, supporter of the Administration and its foreign policies.

If unity is a good thing in itself, it may reasonably be asked—and in fact is being asked—why a merger cannot be effected on the initiative of individuals more reliable than Lewis and Hutcheson. President Roosevelt and Philip Murray, it seems to us, have suggested the answer and provided a good alternative, acceptable to the executive councils of both labor bodies. The issue that created the C. I. O. and stimulated it to amazing growth is still present and operative—namely, the issue of industrial unionism versus craft unionism. If either side were disposed to yield all the way, it would simply dissolve and enter the rival organization. That is out of the question. If, however, there were to be a compromise, with some industries consigned to one form of organization and some to the other, it is plain that many existing unions would have to go into the discard. Aside from the principle involved, that is not a prospect that incumbent officials can be expected to relish, and the slow and painful process of working out the details would certainly be marked by such scheming, horse-trading, and generally unlovely power politics that there would be little energy or time left for the problems of war production.

In place of this sudden introduction of chaos, the President's plan calls for a three-man committee from each of the two labor bodies to consult with him on all jurisdictional disputes and on any other matters relating to labor's part in the war effort. With the degree of co-operation that has already been achieved between the two groups, this arrangement promises, at least for the present, most of the advantages of a merger with none of the confusion and bitterness which a wholesale reallocation of jurisdictions would precipitate. It is simply a case of choosing harmony without unity in preference to unity without harmony. Everybody wins but John L. Lewis.

Unanimity at Any Price

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

EVERYBODY is happy as the Rio conference disbands. Sumner Welles is profoundly gratified. Acting President Castillo rates the outcome a triumph for Argentine diplomacy. Brazil is pleased at its acrobatic success in serving both as Argentina's advocate and as the stout supporter of hemisphere solidarity. And the Nazis are happy—with good reason. Such universal satisfaction is sufficient comment on the political formula finally accepted by the powers assembled at Rio. To attain unanimity the conference surrendered to the spirit of disunion—personified in the government and representative of Argentina. To achieve some general expression of the will to resist Axis aggression the conference yielded to the one undisguised pro-Axis element in its membership.

The victory of Argentina was summed up in the qualifications imbedded in Article 3 of the agreement:

> The American republics, in accordance with the procedure established by their own laws and within the position and circumstances of each country in the actual continental conflict, recommend the rupture of their diplomatic relations with Japan, Germany, and Italy, since the first of these states has attacked and the other two have declared war on an American country.

This formula has been correctly and promptly interpreted by the Acting President of Argentina as leaving every nation free to adopt the decisions "that its special situation and circumstances counsel."

Now the comfortable attitude toward the outcome at Rio, the attitude adopted by many good and patriotic commentators, can be summed up something like this: "We didn't get all we asked for, of course, but we achieved greater understanding and established the determination of almost the whole hemisphere to stand solidly against Axis aggression. So the conference was a success in spite of certain minor concessions."

This interpretation would be permissible if the meeting just ended had been just another pan-American get-together aimed at closer relations and general understandings about ordinary international affairs. But the conference at Rio was a war conference called to plan for the defense of this hemisphere against implacable enemies with which the United States is already physically engaged. Latin America is even now one of the major battlefields of that war, as Mr. Artucio convincingly points out in his article on another page. Indeed, when Dr. Castillo assumed dictatorial powers under the cloak of a decreed state of siege, he may in effect have signed a Vichy armistice with the enemy, and the "Battle of Argentina" may have been won by the Axis.

By yielding to Argentina's demands at Rio, by allowing a pro-Axis government to write its own reservations into an agreement for hemispheric resistance to the Axis, the other powers gave up more than the substance of the one great issue before them. They solidified the control of the elements in Argentina which were responsible for its recalcitrance and encouraged their counterparts in every other Latin American state.

What would have been lost by sticking firmly to the original clear-cut terms of agreement proposed by Mexico, Colombia, and Venezuela? Argentina's representatives would either have signed, and suffered a salutary diplomatic defeat, or they would have refused to sign and found themselves isolated. If Argentina had felt itself forced to join the rest of the hemisphere in declaring clearly for a break with the Axis, the pro-Axis policy of Castillo would have been weakened by its surrender. If it had held out, the democratic forces in the country, admittedly the great majority, might have felt strong enough to oust their present rulers.

That this was perfectly clear to the men in power in Buenos Aires is evident from two revealing dispatches in the New York *Times*. On January 23 Arnaldo Cortesi reported from the Argentine capital that the news of the compromise formula had caused great relief. "It is clear," he said, that Señor Castillo "must be glad at having been relieved of the responsibility of standing alone against the prevalent opinion of the republics of this continent, which might have brought about some reactions of Argentine public opinion. . . . The agreement announced today seems to eliminate the danger of complications of this nature." On the next day he described the visit of the German envoy to the Argentine Foreign Office and said that the Acting Foreign Minister had assured Herr Meynen that Argentina had retained "full liberty of action." "From this reply," he went on, "it is inferred that no change in Argentine-German relations is foreseen, at least for the present."

So the unanimity achieved at so great a price at Rio has permitted the elements that forced the fatal concessions to appear before their own dissatisfied people wearing the laurels of their diplomatic triumph. Thus strengthened, they may well be able to hold on to their power and continue to help the Axis in its war against the hemisphere. And if anyone thinks that a benevolently neutral Argentina is not an important asset to the Axis in America, he has not followed Nazi methods of political warfare. A base of operations is all that is needed to subvert the best efforts of neighboring republics to stamp out their own native fascists and rid themselves of the horde of Axis agents that still infest them. Even the substantial benefits which should flow from the economic agreements reached in the last days of the conference will be partially nullified by the political success of the pro-Axis group.

WPB, Alias SPAB

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, January 23

THE operator at the same telephone number says "War Production Board" instead of "Office of Production Management," but one sees the same dollar-a-year faces in the corridors. On Donald M. Nelson's desk is an elaborate memorandum from Merrill C. Meigs, the dollar-a-year Hearstling from Chicago, proving that we cannot build 60,000 planes this year—or half that many. As, indeed, we cannot so long as men like Meigs hold—continue to hold—the same key positions in the arms-program setup despite successive "shake-ups," each of them little more than a rechristening. I mention Meigs only as an example, but he is worth a little attention on his own. He is top man for aircraft production, and has been since the days when they called it the National Defense Advisory Commission. He was Hearst's publisher during the Chicago strike, is an amateur pilot, and as Sidney Hillman once explained to me, he knows the aircraft people personally. Of other qualifications for this crucial post—energy, imagination, drive—none are visible in Meigs. He is not a production man and he will never be caught stepping on an aircraft manufacturer's toes. There are many more like him in WPB, alias SPAB, alias OPM, alias NDAC, and they're still there, despite Nelson's latest reorganization.

If I remember my Anthropology I, certain primitive tribes think a sick man may be saved by changing his name, thereby confusing the evil spirits on his trail. The method has now been tried out again on the arms program. More valuable time—time that means lives—is going to be lost while we slowly wake up to the fact that, as the French say, the more it changes, the more it remains the same. No organization is ever reformed by changing the man at the top or by paper recharting of its bureaus, much less by rebaptism. I'm not going to bother the reader or waste space describing the six new branches into which Nelson has divided the WPB, because I don't think they matter. Just about one month has passed since the last inner reshuffle of this kind. "Calling for a greater degree of industrial mobilization," said the press release, "the Office of Production Management today announced an organization change designed to speed up conversion of civilian industry to war-time production." The details, quite elaborate, have since gone down the drain, but for several days they were the wonder-formula of the Knudsen and Hillman offices. The details of the present rearrangement of internal bureaus will seem as inconsequential a few weeks hence. They approach nowhere near the heart of the problem.

In this umteenth shake-up the President has made the discredited Knudsen a Lieutenant General and Director of Production for the army. The actual placing of the contracts is still in the hands of the army, and my guess is that this will be no honorary post, and that the greatest single bottleneck of the arms program—the automotive genius who knew the automotive industry couldn't be converted—will be firmly planted in army procurement. At the same time, when Nelson pulled the big silk handkerchief off the big silk hat this week, it was seen that Knudsen's fair-haired boy, W. H. Harrison of A. T. and T., was to remain Director of Production in WPB as in OPM. Knudsen and Harrison, as Nelson unnecessarily explained at press conference, will work together. Now I know of no better illustration of what is wrong with the arms program than the testimony of these two men before the Tolan committee on December 22. Harrison was being questioned by Congressman Sparkman of Alabama, and the "division" referred to in the passage I am about to quote is the Division of Production.

> MR. SPARKMAN: Has your division ever made a survey of existing facilities of industry, particularly of the automobile industry, to see what convertible and idle facilities could be used for the production of tanks, airplanes, and other types of equipment?
>
> MR. HARRISON: Only in the sense that we are looking for specific items. We do then contact and discuss the problem with individual manufacturers. . . .
>
> MR. SPARKMAN: You never would be called upon, then, to make a survey that would show you the complete picture as to the convertibility of any particular industry, would you?
>
> MR. HARRISON: Well, up to the present time, sir, we have been taking the individual items and trying to place them, in cooperation with the army and the navy, in those places where it is clear that we would get the quality wanted and in the necessary time, considering, likewise, the price that is involved. But from the standpoint of taking an over-all industry and analyzing and surveying its capacity, no.

A few minutes earlier Robert K. Lamb had asked Knudsen about the methods used to spread work out to smaller business men:

> With reference to the small producer, will the procurement officer deal only with prime contracts, so that the subcontractor or small producer will have to come in as a subcontractor for an intermediate subcontractor?

MR. KNUDSEN: Yes, sir; that is right.

DR. LAMB: In other words, he [the small business man] will have to find the subcontractor?

It is the reverse of these methods which must be followed if there is to be any hope of achieving the President's huge arms goals this year. Instead of buying individual items, the government must *organize* industry for production; and instead of relying on the individual small business man to find himself a subcontractor of a subsubcontractor who is willing to give him a small piece of the arms job, production boards must break down the blueprint into bits and pieces and hand them out directly to small business.

From a long talk I had with Senator Truman, who understands the need for this approach to the problem, I gathered that Nelson himself was thinking in these terms. And Nelson indicated as much when he spoke of setting up a one-man boss for each industry to handle conversion. But here again, as in the WPB alias OPM itself, results cannot be obtained so long as the same type of men, dollar-a-yearlings and army-navy bureaucrats, must be relied upon to carry out the orders. Nelson is likable, intelligent, and well-intentioned, but too trusting. Thus he has handed over Floyd Odlum's subcontracting duties to Harrison, who has the big business point of view, and he picked Edsel Ford's brother-in-law, Ernest Kanzler, as one-man boss of the automobile industry. In these two moves the business-as-usual crowd won precious victories. Odlum was a failure, but he had men around him who couldn't be trusted to keep orders away from little business. His powers are in "safe" hands now. The Kanzler appointment means that the automobile industry will be able to handle conversion in its own way in its own time and eliminates the "danger" of labor participation in management. Yet the secret of reforming the arms effort lies in bringing labor and small business into full participation in the work of production boards in every area and every industry. It will not be reformed by changing one dollar-a-year man for another. Nelson hasn't even changed the dollar-a-year men.

Our Debt to the Dutch

BY HALLETT ABEND

ON FEBRUARY 2, 1940, a diplomatic conflict began between Japan and Holland which was of utmost importance to the United States. On that date Japan made its first move toward demanding special trade privileges in the Netherlands East Indies, and for more than sixteen months thereafter kept applying pressure against the Dutch authorities for greatly increased supplies of rubber, tin, and oil. The Dutch suspected that Japan wanted these vital materials to facilitate further conquest in the Far East and to reship to Germany. The Dutch said that existing economic relations could continue, that Japan could purchase as great a proportion of the products of the East Indies as it had averaged during the preceding five years. Japan was not satisfied and kept pressing for further concessions, and the Japanese press began to publish editorials about the "manifest destiny" of the empire beckoning from the south. When, last June, the pressure was relaxed and Japan met diplomatic defeat with pretended good grace, the Dutch felt certain that the next step would be war. In six months their forebodings were realized. But they had won precious time for us as well as for themselves.

The High Commands of the United States army and navy blanch now when they consider how doubly desperate the situation would be today in the Far East if the Dutch had yielded to Japan's threats in June of last year. There would have been Japanese planes on all their landing fields on December 7, and Japanese ships in all their harbors. Thousands of Japanese reservists, disguised as laborers, traders, or fishermen, would have infiltrated into the islands between June and December and would have smuggled in ammunition. British North Borneo offers an example of what would have happened on Java, for there 2,000 supposedly Japanese fishermen suddenly appeared, clad in the uniforms of military police and heavily armed. The Japanese would have been able to seize the oil wells, tin mines, and power plants before they could have been destroyed. Soerabaja would have been made useless as a base for the united navies under Admiral Thomas C. Hart, and the route from Australia to Singapore would have been closed the first week of the war.

Instead of yielding, the East Indies prepared their defenses feverishly and therefore were far from powerless when December 7 arrived. Their fleet had been at sea, prepared for war, for eight days. Within three weeks their submarines and planes sank more than a score of Japanese troop transports and destroyers off the coasts of Luzon and the Malay Peninsula.

During the period of negotiation the East Indies were in no position to fight, and it devolved upon two stout-hearted, wise, and patient men to play a masterly game. Jonkheer A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer, the Governor General of the Netherlands East Indies, and Dr. Hubertus Johannes van Mook were playing perilously for time against a wily, greedy, and impatient foe. Every week was precious, for every week their preparedness program advanced farther.

His Excellency Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer is descended from a long line of Dutch aristocrats, and before the war was one of the largest landowners in Holland. For generations his forefathers have held positions of trust at court, and have had in large part custody of the fortunes of the ruling house. At one time he was on the staff of the Netherlands legation at Washington, and his wife is of a wealthy Baltimore family.

H. J. van Mook, by contrast, is the son of two Amsterdam school teachers. He was born in Semarang, Java, obtained his early education in the Indies, and then studied in Holland. He began his career as an assistant in the police department of Batavia. Later he was appointed to a seat in the Volksraad, or Parliament of the East Indies, and as late as 1934 was editor of a radical bi-weekly called *De Stuw*. He was in the United States in 1936 as the chief delegate from the East Indies to the conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

The demands which the Japanese government made upon these two men are amazing in their effrontery. Here they are, published in full for the first time: (1) the right of unrestricted immigration to the East Indies for all Japanese; (2) the concession for a cable, Japanese owned and operated, to run from the island of Yap to Batavia; (3) unrestricted fishing rights for Japanese among the islands of the Netherlands East Indies, which cover an area as large as the continental United States; (4) unrestricted rights to operate coastal shipping lines between ports of the East Indies; (5) unrestricted rights to operate air lines between the islands of the East Indies and to have branch lines to Japanese lands and possessions, also the right to acquire air fields; (6) unrestricted rights to explore the islands and to develop mineral and oil resources; (7) definite pledges to allot to Japan large percentages of East Indies exports of rubber, tin, oil, quinine, and other supplies vital in time of war, taking in payment large imports of Japanese factory products; (8) the establishment of jointly owned and managed industrial enterprises, docks, warehouses, and hydroelectric developments.

These are the terms of an arrogant conqueror. They were coupled with threats of direct action to bring about the fulfilment of Japan's "divine mission in East Asia" if they were rejected. Except that they did not include provisions for Japanese naval, military, and financial "advisers," they were strangely reminiscent of the outrageous demands which Japan made upon China in 1915 —the infamous secret Twenty-one Demands.

The situation for the Dutch was almost desperate. The collapse of their government in Holland and Britain's exposed position after Dunkirk left Batavia no alternative but to temporize. At Bandoeng, the army headquarters in Java, were 750 heavy machine-guns—but no ammunition. Near Batavia were 20 tanks. There were trained crews to operate 400 tanks, but Britain had to keep all it could make, and we were turning out almost none in 1940. The Dutch were short of rifles, had an inadequate supply of munitions, and were pleading with Washington for bombers and pursuit planes.

Late in August of 1940 Japan appointed its Minister of Commerce and Industry, I. Kobayashi, head of a special delegation to the East Indies. The mission arrived in Batavia on September 12, and except for a few economic experts, was made up of army and navy men. "Evidently they expected to move right in," the Governor General told me.

A fortnight after the Kobayashi mission reached Batavia came the formal announcement that Japan had become a full ally of Germany and Italy. When negotiations got under way, the only important demand which Kobayashi insisted should be granted immediately was for a greatly increased supply of oil and gasoline from Borneo and Sumatra.

Van Mook prepared a caustic reply declaring that the East Indies government was not running an international filling station. The Governor General toned the wording down to a polite reminder to Japan that the government owned no oil wells but permitted certain companies to produce oil under concessions. The baffled Japanese found they would have to deal with American- and British-owned producing companies, and these corporations said, with politely regretful phrases, that most of their output was already contracted for long ahead.

Kobayashi liked heavy luncheons. He liked plenty of hot rice wine with his meals. Often he would go sound asleep during the talks and even snore. Loudly. Then, he would awaken with a jerk, pound the conference table with his fist, and make outrageous and insulting threats. The Japanese delegates were often aghast. More than once they asked their Netherlands hosts to expunge records of Kobayashi's awakening remarks from the official minutes of the meetings. Outwitted and sweating, Kobayashi returned to Japan on October 22.

Kenkichi Yoshizawa, an experienced diplomat, succeeded Kobayashi. Yoshizawa started out briskly enough. Arriving at Batavia three days after Christmas, 1940, he declared he was "the last of the negotiators."

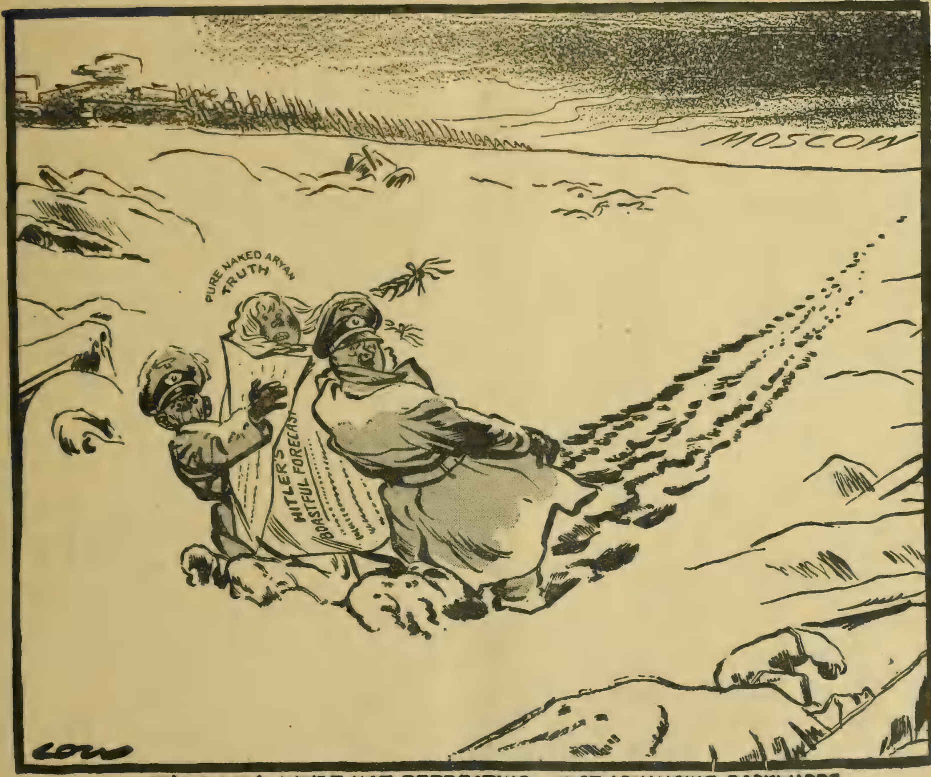
The Dutch had to keep in mind that any sharp move might precipitate a Japanese attack, and the United States and Great Britain were then in no position to give the East Indies adequate aid. So they dragged the negotiations along.

On May 22, 1941, the Japanese presented a "final" written memorandum covering their "minimum" demands. The Dutch made a "final" written reply on June 6. Then came a lull of ten days, after which Yoshizawa made a formal demand for a final personal hearing by the Governor General himself. Van Mook replied that His Excellency was not a negotiator but the ruler, by proxy, for the Queen. Finally it was agreed that this "final" meeting was to be technically between the van Mook and Yoshizawa groups, but that it would be in the presence of the Governor General.

Yoshizawa was brief, but he practically delivered an ultimatum. Van Mook also was brief—his speech was a heated and utter rejection of the Japanese demands. Then the Governor General diplomatically took up the Japanese demands and point by point rejected them.

It would not be right to hamper the development of valuable elements of the population by being too liberal in the admittance of foreign workers and foreign interests, he said. Moreover, it had become a traditional policy with the Netherlands government to show no discrimination against any friendly power, and privileges granted to one must be granted to all. The Indies had reached such a stage of domestic development that further assistance was not needed, except from the mother country. The amount of business to be done would not justify a new cable to Japan. Radio and wireless in the islands were efficient and adequate for all needs, coastal shipping was adequate, and the air lines had been "amply developed by Netherlands enterprises." As to air lines, he added, being sweetly reasonable, the Netherlands would consider proposals for reciprocal agreements—well knowing the Japanese would not permit Dutch-controlled lines to land planes on Japanese territory.

Yoshizawa was stunned. He looked around at the expressionless faces of the members of his own delegation. Then the "last negotiator" backed down. He said to the assemblage that he was sorry to have failed in a great mission for the first time in his life. He bore no ill-will, he said, and as a gesture of amity he would then and there buy 100,000 tons of the sugar the Dutch had been unable to sell. So ended the great saber-rattling bluff—in a sugar deal. To this day officials in Batavia are puzzled by Yoshizawa's backdown. His government must have approved in advance; must have had its reasons, as yet inscrutable.



IT'S A LIE! WE'RE NOT RETREATING—JUST ADVANCING BACKWARDS

"They could have conquered us with ease in 1940," said the Governor General the last time I saw him. "They thought they could come at any time and have us as dessert, after a full meal in Indo-China and Thailand. But they waited too long. Now we are ready to fight, not talk."

Allied losses in the Far Pacific have been so serious that today we distil cold comfort by recalling that Japan's victories have cost it very dear. Had the Dutch given Japan the demanded concessions in the East Indies, those victories would have been attained at less than half their subsequent cost. Such cheap victories would have greatly prolonged the war, and would have made the difficulty of our ultimate triumph much greater.

"Those funny Japanese and their funny ideas," van Mook said to me on one of my last evenings in Batavia. "They threatened us, actually told us that we *must* join their so-called co-prosperity sphere. Later, they said, the United States would be forced to join, and then America, Japan, and Holland would rule the world. They dismissed Britain and Germany from their calculations for the future, saying that both would be exhausted and utterly powerless after the war."

The Governor General's last words were of a different tenor. We had sat silent for a time after a long talk. Then, across the wide lawns, from the distant and dusty street came a clanking rumble to break the peace of the great palace. We rose together and walked to one of the windows. Down the road rolled a long line of field artillery, trucks, small armored cars.

"Look at that spectacle," His Excellency exclaimed. "This country's total resources and savings are being spent on guns, ships, planes, bombs, tanks. It will take a generation or more for these 70,000,000 people to amass again the wealth which we are spending now so willingly upon preparedness. And all because of Hitler's frenzy, Mussolini's vanity, and Japan's greed. We must all fight this evil thing togther, and win such a victory, regardless of the cost, that it can never occur to mankind again."

Why Argentina Balked

BY HUGO FERNANDEZ ARTUCIO

THE beautiful ideal of continental solidarity has been torn to shreds at the conference at Rio de Janeiro to the open satisfaction of the Axis powers. This sinister task has been performed by Dr. Ruiz Guiñazú, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Argentina, fervent admirer of the Franco regime in Spain and public prophet of a totalitarian victory in the present war. As this article is being written, reports from the Brazilian capital clearly indicate that the Argentine government will stubbornly adhere to the dictum laid down by the president of the delegation just before the conference began: Argentina, he said, would oppose any interpretation of continental solidarity that might entail going to war against the Axis.

The position of Acting President Castillo is no less clear-cut; after the protracted struggle of the first week of the conference it must be evident to the most optimistic or gullible that even if some compromise formula is ultimately agreed to, the present Argentine government will never whole-heartedly cooperate with the rest of the hemisphere in a vigorous anti-Nazi policy. Whatever concessions Dr. Castillo may make in words, he cannot be expected to abandon, even under the strongest pressure, a policy which is part of a continuing, calculated political plan embracing the internal organization and control of Argentina as well as its relations with its neighbors and with the Axis powers.

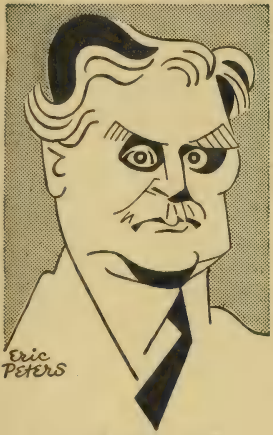
Proceeding with deliberate and systematic steps, the Acting President has gradually suppressed all those civil rights through which the majority of the people of Argentina might express their profound feeling of solidarity with the United States and the anti-Axis cause in general. First, without any constitutional authority, he dissolved the municipal council of Buenos Aires, which served as an effective instrument of the popular will. Immediately after that he suspended the guaranties for the elections of December 7, opening the way for one of the most scandalous electoral frauds ever known in the Americas. Later, when the United States was treacherously attacked by Japan, Dr. Castillo prohibited the nation-wide pro-Ally organization, Acción Argentina, from holding the more than 2,000 meetings that it had called throughout the country to express the sympathy and support of the people of Argentina for their northern neighbor. As a finishing touch, the Acting President shed his last pretense of democracy by prohibiting a unique meeting in honor of President Roosevelt, convoked not by representatives of the boisterous and agitated public but by the most conservative personalities of the democratic Argentine bourgeoisie, such men as the former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Julio A. Rocca, and the Nobel peace-prize winner, Dr. Saavedra Lamas.

It was to effect these repressions that Castillo declared the state of siege which was hypocritically justified as a measure taken to insure Argentina's strict adherence to its obligations under the Havana convention.

What brought about the present desperate situation in that country of the south whose intellectual and material development has constituted one of the miracles of this century? Foreign agents have succeeded in deeply dividing public opinion. Grave symptoms of totalitarian penetration have appeared in the military establishment of the country. Relations between capital and labor grow more tense and acrimonious day by day. The various foreign colonies which are dotted over the vast areas of the republic have developed a dangerous consciousness of being national minorities. A wave of crass materialism has spread through many sectors of the people. Men of good-will cannot find common ground on which to unite in the work of national salvation. The political situation, completing this unhappy picture, is vividly described by Américo Ghioldi, leader of the opposition in the House of Deputies, in a letter to the writer sent from Buenos Aires on January 14. Mr. Ghioldi writes:

> I now write you my impressions regarding our political situation. I cannot tell you anything encouraging about the present or the immediate future. A government which has no public support is maintaining itself in power in order to carry out within the country a frankly anti-democratic task and externally a confused and complex policy that threatens to leave Argentina completely isolated in the continent and viewed with ill-feeling by the other countries, which up to a few years ago had granted her most-favored-nation treatment. The state of siege smothers public opinion, paralyzes the press, inhibits the action of the political parties, and finally suppresses all expression of the thought and the conscience of the citizens.
>
> Since the elections of December 7 the people have fallen into a state of obvious depression due to the nausea produced by the frauds and to disappointment at the weakness and lack of action of the majority party. Acción Argentina is restrained and neutralized by the government, thanks to the weapons of coercion which the state of siege has placed in its hands. The newspapers, just as if they existed under a terror, inform us of nothing and do not even hint at the most minor detail. The political parties have been silenced. Our party is the only one that has called a national assembly of delegates to consider the internal situation of the country; but it had to be suspended on the second day of its deliberations under pressure from the police. Nevertheless, we were able to draw up and sign a manifesto which we distributed at first clandestinely and then published in *La Vanguardia* yesterday. This resulted in an order closing down our newspaper for a period of five days, and we must expect other sanctions in response to future acts which we may feel obliged to take. As you see, our situation could not be more unpleasant.

The existence in Argentina of a masked political plot with international ramifications was exposed at a memorable session of the Argentine Congress by Deputy Ghioldi. There have always been people in Argentina willing to create a government on the totalitarian model without recourse to the ballot box. This particular plan was drawn up by the darkest forces in Argentina—leaders of the landowning oligarchy which regained control of the government at the time of the revolution of September, 1930, led by General Uriburu. Some of these leaders would willingly avail themselves of foreign help, even if it meant the enslavement of the country, so long as they themselves could retain the power which they seized in defiance of the political wishes of the mass of the people.



Acting President Castillo

This oligarchic element controlled the destinies of the Argentine republic until the beginning of this century. Then the Conservative Party, today called the National Democratic Party, was swept out of power by democratic forces which had been tremendously strengthened by the heavy inflow of immigrants from Europe. This change opened enormous possibilities for the democratic development of Argentina. But the landowning oligarchy also owned the other principal sources of national wealth, and although it had suffered a political defeat it was far from vanquished. It had to wait fifteen years, but the hour of its revenge arrived when the second administration of Hipolito Irigoyen, the hypnotic *caudillo* of the Radical Party, became honeycombed with corruption and the party itself began to decay.

The wealthy landowners have controlled the government ever since, retaining power by violence, fraud, and corruption, increased or decreased from time to time as circumstances have dictated. Today this control is maintained through an alliance with the agents of foreign invasion and the most reactionary forces of Argentina—those forces which keep green the memory of the tyrant Rosas and talk a great deal about the "restoration." They use a system of propaganda that borders closely on the technique of the war of nerves. They know well the political function of fear. A great deal of what is now happening in Argentina is the result of this war of nerves. To speak perfectly plainly, those who are carrying on the war of nerves are the same men who control the government and are working to defeat democracy.

The foregoing statement can and must be applied to Acting President Castillo. On more than one occasion it has been pointed out that he either did not wish or did not know how to curb certain evident symptoms of national decomposition, and he has paid no attention to the proved facts of totalitarian penetration. The newspapers, the political parties, and the labor organizations have denounced the guilty tolerance of the executive toward the election frauds. The Acting President, however, each day moves farther away from the people.

The existence of the dangers here described is unquestionable, but equally unquestionable is the existence, though so far rather vague and hidden, of a deep sentiment in favor of the restoration of those basic principles of democracy which were laid down by the founders of the Argentine nation. That sentiment, crystallized into a powerful political force, is the weapon that must be used by those who have the responsibility of defending the hemisphere.

Until now the grand strategy required for the defense of South America has been developed only in the military and economic fields. Little or nothing has been done to plan political warfare, for which the chief instrument must be public opinion freed and transformed into a fighting expression of the democratic beliefs of the people. From the body of public opinion can be drawn the militant and disciplined regulars to form "commando" squads in the army of democracy.

If this lesson had been learned in time and the Argentine people had been aided by the forces directing this great battle for democracy, yesterday in Rio de Janeiro, today in Buenos Aires, the fifth-column government of Dr. Castillo would no longer exist as the advance guard of an army of invasion against the shores of America.

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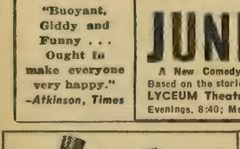

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In the Wind

A REPRESENTATIVE from an Eastern state recently wrote to the Library of Congress asking if it could supply him information concerning the whereabouts of the underground railway that connected the North and South during the Civil War. He was, he said, planning to submit to Congress a proposal that it be shored up and used for air-raid shelters.

LEON TROTSKY'S biography of Stalin, which was withdrawn from circulation by Harper's because the firm felt it an inauspicious moment to publish such a book, has become a real collector's item. The decision not to sell the book was only made after copies had gone out to reviewers. Harper's asked all persons who had copies to return them; the few who did not comply could now get as much as $100 for their copies.

AT ITS RECENT CONVENTION the Associated Farmers, California employers' organization, was informed by its chief lobbyist that not a single one of the 426 bills which it had opposed in 1941 ever reached the Governor's desk.

FROM THE SOCIETY COLUMN of the London *Daily Express:* "Mrs. Bunce went to make bombs—small pretty bombs, turned and shaped by her gentle, domesticated hands."

A GROUP OF SHORT-WAVE radio listeners recently compiled some statistics on German broadcasts. They discovered among other things, that during 1941 Martin Dies, Hamilton Fish, and Gerald P. Nye led all other Americans in favorable mentions over the Berlin radio.

AUTRE TEMPS: In a recent editorial on defense production, the *Daily Worker* said: "The employers have a right to reasonable profits; have a right to manage their own plants; have a right to make contributions to the war program out of their own experience; have a right to press their point of view."

REPORTING ON HIS EXPENSES in running the Georgia Executive Mansion, Eugene Talmadge listed his servants as follows: "One maid, one cook, one butler, and one chauffeur, at a total cost of $50 per week."

A GERMAN REFUGEE who broadcasts anti-Axis speeches to Europe made a curious complaint against the restrictions on "enemy aliens." "I speak to Germany over the short-wave radio," he said, "but I am not allowed to own a short-wave receiving set, and so my wife is not even permitted to hear her husband talk."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Too Much Travel and Talk?

THE porter jerked the mattress of my berth. We would be getting in in twenty minutes, he said. It was dark as pitch outside the window. The occasional lights did not seem to break the great natural American blackout of the winter darkness before dawn. I got up sleepy and waited in the cold corridor to get off the train as it stopped briefly in the small city. And while I waited, boys began to go by—husky, good-looking boys going before daybreak, to the diner, which would have to work hard to feed them all before their cars would be switched off on the way to the naval training station. They looked in their civilian clothes very much like the boys in khaki who on their way back from furlough had crowded the day coaches on the way South.

"The government's traveling," said the conductor. He pocketed the government transportation request which I handed to him. "We get more of this than tickets or money."

That ought to be good news to persons disturbed by the immense huddling of government on the shores of the Potomac. It should please anybody who is alarmed by the fact that if the American population had grown at the same rate as the employees in the capital, the number of Americans would today approximate eight billion. Travel means that the government is spreading out into other parts of the country, which is where government ought to be. But I've talked to this traveling government. I have been a little part of it. Like thousands of others I've traveled thousands of miles to listen to an incalculable amount of talk by people who left their work to talk. And I know I am not the only American who is beginning to wonder whether there does not exist a confusion between conferences and accomplishments which needs to be examined.

Obviously not as many conferences are held in Washington as protective secretaries at officials' doors report. Being "in conference" may be a form of protective coloration which allows a man to do a lot of work. But conferring does go on endlessly all the same, and not alone where men just have to cross the street or the hall to confer. Americans are crossing rivers and mountain ranges, states, even the continent, to confer. That some of the conferences are productive no sensible man can doubt. It is also indisputable that a lot of men busy on indispensable jobs are everywhere moving as steadily as the trains, the air lines, and the automobiles to sit in cigarette smoke and listen to men say what they have said before, time and again.

Of course, there are advantages to the transaction of business face to face. Wise decisions depend upon the meeting of many minds, and the meeting of the minds may be easier if the faces before them meet also. Long before government got big I knew about a railroad executive who did not like to commit himself on paper. They told the story about him that one morning he got a long letter. He read it, put on his hat, got on the train, rode five hundred miles. He walked into the office of his correspondent.

"No," he said. Then he turned around and made the trip back home.

I'm not suggesting that there is any such traveling now in this government, which is definitely not afraid of paper work. But a man I know who has been criticized for not doing his local defense job well told me rather pathetically that he couldn't go to a conference in Atlanta, Georgia, because in the same week he had been also called to another in Chicago, Illinois. Both may have been useful conferences. Many conferences undoubtedly are extremely useful. But I keep recalling the recent conversation of some busy men who had gathered in a hotel room after a conference. They had just listened to a morale-building address by a former Exalted Ruler of the Elks now giving part of his time to the effort for victory. There was more weariness than morale in that hotel room.

The trains are crowded. Because of lack of Pullmans some of America's soldiers traveling long distances on this continent have had to sit upright all night long in old coaches. The hotels need not worry about the tourists if they can still count on the conferences. But the tire-wear caused by talk must be reaching serious proportions. I am not proposing any rigid rationing of conferences. But it is about time that somebody in government in America began to think about the diminishing returns in terms of action from what looks like increasing travel for talk's sake.

I know the conference is a good old democratic method. But I also know that this old democracy of the United States still depends on men staying on their jobs and using their own intelligence and initiative where they are. I wonder whether, if they were told less, they wouldn't have time to do more.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Mr. Davies's Revelations

I'VE been a little dazed by the reviews of "Mission to Moscow" by Joseph E. Davies (Simon and Schuster, $3). The first one I read appeared when I had only 100 pages behind me and was already wondering whether I could possibly fight my way through the dreary thicket of Mr. Davies's prose, where hanging clauses beat about one's head, one's feet drag at every step in a tangle of second-growth clichés, social, political, and aesthetic, and no birds sing—not a single bird. I didn't see all the reviews, but all I did see made me feel as if I were reading the wrong book. They seemed to be talking about a fascinating volume of "revelations" about all those Soviet mysteries we have pondered over so long. The book I was reading was a mish-mash, unbelievably dull, of every opinion, left, right, and center, that has been expressed about Russia in the last ten years. With one important exception: on the Red Army Mr. Davies sticks to one story, that it was and is a highly efficient army. I'm delighted to give him credit for that.

For the rest, his book is a confused muddle of uncorrelated impressions which, like the Bible, might yield proof for any opinion about the matters he discusses. Take the Moscow trials. The impression has been assiduously fostered that he not only "explains" the trials but proves that Stalin's purges, as well as every other Soviet policy, have been completely justified by events. To be sure, in one of his most characteristic sentences, complete with hanging clause and an orphaned "and which," he does say that the defendants were guilty.

> Viewed objectively, however, and based upon my experience in the trial of cases and the application of the tests of credibility which past experience had afforded me, I arrived at the reluctant conclusion that the state had established its case, at least to the extent of proving the existence of a widespread conspiracy and plot among the political leaders against the Soviet government, and which under their statutes established the crimes set forth in the indictment.

But who ever doubted that the purges were the result of some sort of conspiracy against Stalin? The great question was whether that conspiracy was a fascist plot hatched in Berlin or an attempt to overthrow Stalin designed by Old Bolsheviks for Old Bolshevik reasons. Or again:

> All of these trials, purges, and liquidations, which seemed so violent at the time and shocked the world, are now quite clearly a part of a vigorous and determined effort of the Stalin government to protect itself from not only revolution from within but from attack from without.

Even Trotsky would have admitted that. And he would certainly have granted the truth of Mr. Davies's "revelation" that "Stalin's policy is that he must have peace for the development of the U. S. S. R., and to keep his own government securely in power." Mr. Davies assumes later on that the Russian generals were fifth columnists. He never proves it, for the simple reason that no one, as Mr. Davies himself makes clear, could possibly obtain any real evidence.

Joseph Barnes says that Mr. Davies's book "gives heart to embattled democrats." Did he read this complacent sentence on page 227: "The Spanish situation doesn't look so good, but it may be that Franco will settle the issue by conclusive military success speedily"? Or the astounding remarks about Germany on page 434: "The bogy that a war would entail communism in a defeated Germany and Central Europe is plain bunk. Germany would go Socialist or become a *sensible military autocracy*" (my italics)?

On the other hand I should be the last to deny that Mr. Davies is a firm believer in capitalist democracy. On numerous occasions he gives fervid, if illiterate, thanks that he is an American. He is even more eloquent and repetitious in stating his belief "in the instincts of human nature toward self-interest." "These are imbedded in the glandular, nervous, and physical organisms of men and are the resultant of the atavistic forces of centuries." Mr. Davies also believes that evolution is better than revolution.

Large sections of Mr. Davies's book are given over to reports on Soviet industry. But here again there are no "revelations." He asks the questions any tourist asks and gets the same answers, the same welter of statistics. But it is hardly news in 1942 that there is tremendous industrial activity in the Soviet Union. And when I came face to face with the following footnote on page 611 I thought for one happy second that Mr. Davies was satirizing his own "revelations":

> One of the significant facts connected with totalitarians which I noted in Europe is the manner in which, and the degree to which, they give attention to the youth. "As a twig is bent, so grows the tree."

To those who have not read even newspaper accounts of Soviet Russia during the past ten years, Mr. Davies's book may come as a "revelation." His silly remark about Stalin, that "a child would like to sit in his lap and a dog would sidle up to him," and his general provincial wonder at the "Soviet experiment" will endear him to those who have taken up the ridiculous line that Stalin, having come over to the Allied side, now stands exonerated of all his crimes; and that the Red Army would not be fighting the way it is if the GPU had not conducted one of the cruelest man-hunts in history.

"Viewed objectively," as Mr. Davies would say, "Mission to Moscow" is the book of an American business man-lawyer-politician whose heart is in the right place but whose mind is a wilderness of clichés, many of them contradictory. His monumental illiteracy might be dismissed as irrelevant if his writing were not so accurate a reflection of his primitive mental processes.

I am in favor of giving all aid to Russia; I yield to no one in my admiration of the exploits of the Red Army. But I do not feel compelled, therefore, to admit either that Stalin is vindicated or that Joseph E. Davies has written an important or revealing book.

The State Department ran no risk in releasing these amorphous dispatches; but one wonders why Davies's disparaging remarks about Ambassador Dodd were permitted publication. They are unpleasant and gratuitous—not because they are critical but because the basis of the criticism is never revealed.

MARGARET MARSHALL

The "Southern Review"

THE winter issue of the *Southern Review*, just published, is a special number devoted entirely to William Butler Yeats—a comprehensive survey of his achievement by fifteen American and English critics. The second of a series of symposiums that was initiated in 1940 by the *Review's* centenary issue on Hardy, it would be a remarkable editorial accomplishment at any time, and gives further evidence of the position the *Southern Review* has maintained since its foundation seven years ago. In that time it has become the most distinguished literary and critical quarterly in America, one of the few of its rank in our history. Thus it comes with the force of a disaster to learn that the Louisiana State University, which has generously financed the *Review* since its inception, has felt obliged by the war to withdraw its subsidy, and that unless unforeseen arrangements are made, the coming April issue will be the last. It is particularly depressing that one of the first casualties of the war should be the most distinguished literary journal we have, and to see that among the first things a war tends to destroy are the very possessions and institutions it is presumably being fought to save.

Perhaps the most serious problem that taxes the citizens of a civilized nation in war time is their duty to distinguish between the sacrifices that give strength and the losses that weaken the spirit and intelligence of their cause. Comforts, privileges, luxuries, and profits must inevitably be surrendered, if only because they are usually symptoms of the deficiency in moral courage and foresight that brings wars about. But when traditions and liberties—cultural, religious, educational—begin to disappear, we know that something is being damaged, perhaps permanently destroyed, which it is never easy to repair and often impossible to regain. Recent history, especially in the enemy countries, has shown only too violently what happens when these reinforcements of a people are destroyed. The foremost living authors of England—Shaw, Eliot, Wells, and their equals—have just addressed a plea to the British government to increase the supply of paper for books and magazines lest the estate of literature decline to a condition "past praying for." *Horizon*, an English magazine of limited circulation and appeal, has recently been saved from extinction by the paper-rationing board through the pleas of American readers. The threatened suspension of the *Southern Review* is expressly an occasion for Americans to come to the rescue of a national institution which has done as much for the good estate of American literature and thought during the past decade as any other single agency.

In its seven years the *Review* has published the most consistently distinguished literary and social criticism of its time; it has permitted its authors a scope and freedom of discussion nowhere else surpassed, and not often elsewhere apparent. Despite its association with a regional literary movement, it has printed the work of writers of many shades

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J. B. PRIESTLEY,
Chairman, British Committee

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Mr. Churchill
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of critical and political sympathy, and it has corrected certain popular conceptions of the Southern activity in literature by placing that movement in the perspective of the larger thought of the country and by contrasting its claims with those of other elements in the national life. It has likewise, in every issue, balanced its critical departments with creative work in fiction and poetry by many of the finest talents now at work. Simply to state these services is to insist on their indispensable function. It may, in times like the present, take a special effort of mind and imagination to realize how imperative the kind of work the *Southern Review* has done is to the prosperity of our common intelligence, but no one who has followed the *Review* consistently, who has felt the sincerity and zeal of its editorship, and who has profited by the skill and intelligence of its contributors, can be in doubt of what that value is.

The current Yeats number treats that poet's work and activities from many angles, by critics of the caliber of Eliot, Burke, Blackmur, Tate, Matthiessen, Knights, and Ransom, but one argument appears in almost all the essays. Yeats was a poet who, in an age of almost unprecedented violence, distraction, and instability, was able to raise to universal recognition and power the critical spirit and intellectual vision upon which the perpetuation of any nation's sanity and prosperity depends. His achievement, in an age like ours and in a country like Ireland, gave dramatic force and moral impressiveness to his labors even beyond the technical and spiritual triumphs of his art. "He was," says Eliot, "one of those few whose history is the history of their own time, who are a part of the consciousness of an age which cannot be understood without them."

The *Southern Review* has won its rank as a journal in which a similar consciousness has been apparent and in whose pages a comparable understanding of our time and of the crucial problems it faces in the future may be read. It is the most distinguished literary achievement to come out of the South, the most valuable contribution the Louisiana State University has made to American literature and our critical well-being. But more than a regional asset, it forms a center of intelligent thought and purpose which the country at large, and its writers, cannot afford to lose. Everyone who takes the present and the future with the seriousness they demand will hope that the officers of the university at Baton Rouge will find a way to prevent the suspension of one of the strongest evidences that remain to us of a culture that is worth the fight and sacrifices that are being made to save it.

"Discography" Unlimited

A GUIDE TO RECORDED MUSIC. By Irving Kolodin. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

IF IT'S a pig, you still have to buy it in a poke, but if it's a record, the beams of innumerable minds light up your darkness even before you have dreamed of a purchase. A man is an ass who thinks of going into a shop and using his own ears, long or short, in selecting a disc. As Oscar Levant says on the front flap of Mr. Kolodin's "Guide to Recorded Music," after reading about the six versions of Brahms's Third Symphony he knew more about the records than if he had listened to them himself. Had the book come out a little earlier, one feels, Brahms himself would have dispensed with performance: he would have read himself into a mood of self-satisfaction out of the pages of Mr. Kolodin.

I mean not the slightest disrespect to this latest work of "discography" or its author. I merely stress our growing dependence on printed repertories for the making of our musical choices. It is a case of consumer's research over hill and dale. Our music lover having retired to the country with pencil and paper, he turns first to Mr. Darrell's "Encyclopedia of Recorded Music"—an extraordinary work of erudition from which he learns, for example, that the only thing available from Liszt's "Tasso" is a phrase for the bass clarinet. Parts of the Encyclopedia are now out of date, but it remains the official guide to the musical waxworks.

Next he consults B. H. Haggin—"The Book of the Symphony," with its brilliant elucidations and criticism of favorite works, lists of alternative recordings, and celluloid ruler for measuring, and so distinguishing, codas and bridges. Also by Haggin, two editions and one supplement of "Music on Records," which initiates the listener into the pleasures of buying records and carping and quarreling about music. The reader quarrels with Mr. Haggin, Mr. Haggin quarrels with conductors and companies, the composers have apparently quarreled with those not listed, and in the head of our customer the musical life of America has begun to stir.

Then comes David Hall, who offers a more inclusive feast than Mr. Haggin, with scraps of musical history thrown in free, and the whole set off by a sauce of genuine enthusiasm. Hall will mislead you about the way records are made, and there is something suspiciously Freudian about his confusion concerning the matrix, but persons whose judgment I respect say that I undervalue the many merits of his work. So I gladly withdraw some of my former strictures, confident that ultimately the Recording Angel will do us both justice.

We now return to Mr. Kolodin and his indispensable volume. From Palestrina to Prokofieff (alliteration his), it lists all the recordings of serious music to be found in American catalogues. The author, who has long been a record sampler and whose anthology, "The Critical Composer," confirms his judgment, undertakes to gauge three things—artistic, mechanical, and economic value. *Ff* no longer means very loud, it means "outstanding interpretation"; asterisks keep a tinge of impropriety, for they deal with reproduction; and only the dollar sign speaks for itself as usual. The order is alphabetical, and the binding will survive the fame of most of those listed within.

When one computes the number of composers, works, performers, duplicates, and sides that Mr. Kolodin has heard or overheard, one is appalled at the magnitude of his accomplishment. Were there not moments, one wonders, such that if the Blue Danube had cropped up as a fourth movement amid the Brahms Double Concerto, Mr. Kolodin would have noticed nothing wrong, save perhaps the sequence of numbers on the label or a marked difference in volume, with "the solo violin utterly inadequate"? But no. He continues infallible through 475 pages of small print designed to spare your ears, your pocket-book, or your aesthetic sense. Only the French language can complain of him for too often neglecting its accents and genders.

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Ever since he has been Washington correspondent for *The Nation,* I. F. Stone has kept a vigilant eye cocked toward the State Department. He has studied its bent for appeasement and the men responsible for this trend. He believes that today it is imperative for the people of the United States to know what goes on in this least known but most important government bureau. Mr. Stone's articles, eagerly awaited by *Nation* readers, are scheduled to begin in a February issue.

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Much of the time Mr. Kolodin manages to be witty as well as useful, from which I infer that he had an assistant for changing all those needles. We hear about the conductor who was there "merely to give the signal for starting," the modern composer who has produced "a witless, charming work," the performer who was "given poor support by the engineers." Mr. Kolodin can be more violent, but hardly ever when he passes judgment on the music itself, for he does this very rarely. His book therefore does not compete with Haggin's or Hall's, and it fills out the grand outline of Darrell's. So modest indeed are his prefatory claims that it is almost sure he would not want Oscar Levant's abdication of his own ears to become general. The pursuit of happiness in a stuffy booth with a set of Doppelganger's Inverted Fugue for Triangle will not be prosecuted as an act in restraint of trade, and what is perhaps more important, the record owner's delight in making the best of a bad set, in squeezing music out of an old one, and in adjusting his ears to the unevenness of a third, will remain as a necessary corrective to poor recording on the one hand and the possibly over-strict advice of our experts on the other.

JACQUES BARZUN

Churchill, Democratic Tory

MR. CHURCHILL. By Phillip Guedalla. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE emergence of Mr. Churchill as the leader of the British people in the hour of their gravest crisis will undoubtedly become central to the drama of the history of this era. It is already quite certain that he will take a place in British history not incomparable to Lincoln's position in our history, and certainly comparable to Pitt's in his own country. Whatever may be the comparative achievements of Roosevelt and Churchill, nothing that Roosevelt can do or has done will have quite the dramatic effect of Churchill's assumption of power a few brief weeks before Dunkirk brought the mighty British Empire so close to complete disaster, and of his superb embodiment of the fortitude of the British people in this dark hour.

Of the many biographies of Churchill which are making their appearance, Guedalla's is the first, at least the first to be published here, which rises above journalism and gives us a full-length portrait of the man and some understanding of his springs of action. It is of course much too early to have a definitive portrait, not only because we lack the historical perspective but also because his own history and that of his tragic and heroic era has not yet been brought to completion. What is possible at this particular moment Guedalla has done, though the biography is hardly sufficiently critical to weigh his weaknesses as a statesman against his remarkable equipment as a commander of an embattled nation.

Many well-known facts in his history are thrown into a new or more vivid light. We are able to see how much he is the son of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, not only in his peculiar brand of "democratic" toryism—a debt to which he alluded in his recent address before our Congress—but also in the style of his oratory, which both the father and the son partly derived from the measured prose of Gibbon. His intimate relation to Lloyd George through the long years of practically contemporaneous public service casts an interesting sidelight on his career, not widely perceived here.

Even if the climax of his career had not been made so impressive by history, the drama of his life would have engaged the interest of posterity. For here was a man who was in the British Cabinet at the age of thirty-three and First Lord of the Admiralty before he was forty; who went into eclipse after the débâcle of Gallipoli and never again achieved a fully commanding position, despite his virtuosity in Parliament, until he emerged as the leader of a nation which had disregarded his prophecies, scorned his advice, and turned for leadership to the vague and sentimental MacDonald and the unseeing and inert Baldwin. All this is told by Guedalla with a fine sense of its drama.

Churchill's greatness lies in his political realism, particularly in the field of foreign policy. He recognized the realities while his countrymen were content to sacrifice precious years to dreams of island security and of the possibility of beguiling Hitler with nice bourgeois bargains. The political realism which prompted him to proclaim solidarity with Russia on the day after Russia was invaded had long before persuaded him to insist on an alliance with Russia, against the reluctance of other Tories who would have preferred to come to terms with Hitler at the expense of Russia.

Churchill is an imperialist who proves that "class interests," or at least the economic interests of a class, need not, though they usually do, determine the politics of a class. Considerations of the pride and prestige of empire weigh more with him than the cash considerations which the man from Birmingham regarded as paramount in politics. Churchill is, in other words, no "economic man"; and that is one reason why he could comprehend the danger of a man and movement which defied the typical bourgeois calculations of his contemporaries.

Guedalla hardly emphasizes sufficiently, if at all, that Churchill's eclipse between the two wars was due not merely to his unappreciated virtues but to the defects of those virtues. He approaches domestic, particularly economic, politics with very little understanding. His eye has been centered on the international scene. And Britain was engaged in vast domestic economic readjustments between the two wars without essential help from him, despite his "democratic" toryism. Furthermore, his realism in foreign politics operates on the edge of cynicism, as is the case with most realists. The cynicism became particularly apparent in his attitude toward India. On the Indian question his present commanding position in British politics is of fateful negative consequence, preventing Britain from making an adventure in democracy demanded by all the exigencies of the present situation.

No one can deny the greatness of this man in battle. But his defects as a statesman are so obvious that one thinks of his possible contributions to the problems of post-war reconstruction, both economic and international, with apprehension. One can only hope that history will be kind both to him and to our generation by not permitting him to exploit a prestige gained in battle, and deservedly rising as high as that of any statesman in the modern world, in tasks for which he is not endowed.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

RECORDS

STOKOWSKI'S notion that a piece of music for piano is a mere sketch that is completed only when it is filled in with the sounds of an orchestra is not correct: Ravel's orchestral version of Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" is effective, but Mussorgsky's original piano version of these imaginative pieces is even more so. I discovered this from a performance by Frank Sheridan a few years ago; but the effectiveness of Mussorgsky's writing is lessened by the affected phrasing and erratic tempos of Brailovsky's performance in the set (861, $4.50) now issued by Victor; and so until a better piano performance is recorded I would choose Koussevitzky's set of the Ravel version.

Artur Rubinstein's playing in Beethoven's Piano Sonata Op. 81a ("Les Adieux") (Set 858, $2.50) is sensitive and fine-sounding, but some of the phrases acquire contours a little like those which Rubinstein gives to phrases of Chopin; and with these contours lose the masculine strength that is characteristic of Beethoven. Sides 3 and 4 of my copy have noisily defective surfaces.

The usual beautiful sound of Heifetz's playing, the unusual simplicity of his phrasing, and his more moderate pace make the new Heifetz-Bay performance of the first movement of Brahms's Sonata Op. 100 (Set 856, $3) better than the older Busch-Serkin performance; but in the second movement Heifetz reverts to his normal phrasing that is one excessive swell after another, whereas Busch plays with the tranquillity that Brahms prescribes; and Busch and Serkin play with more of the grace that Brahms asks for in the third movement. If, then, I were going to acquire the work I would choose the Busch-Serkin version; but I would not acquire the work. Nor do I find Fauré's Sonata Op. 13 interesting; but if I did I would choose the appropriately—and surprisingly—suave Heifetz-Bay performance in preference to the new Elman-Mittman version (Set 859, $3.50).

The music of Dawn and the Rhine-Journey from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" that Toscanini recorded with the New York Philharmonic in 1936 he has recorded again with the N.B.C. Symphony (Set 853, $3.50). At once, as throughout, one is struck by the increased brightness and liveness of the sounds on the new records; but in one respect the new recording is inferior to the old: with the brightness and liveness on top there is not enough body down below—something that is most noticeable in the fortissimos of the full orchestra, which do not have the depth and massiveness of those on the old records. This performance takes three sides of the set; and the remaining three give us the first recording of Toscanini's magnificent performance of the music of Siegfried's Death. I must add that while I am impressed by the performances I dislike the music. And that the fourth side of my review set—the first side of the Siegfried's Death music—wavers badly in pitch.

Music that I like—the first-act duet, the Willow Song, and the Ave Maria from Verdi's "Otello"—is beautifully sung in German by Tiana Lemnitz and Torsten Ralf with a fine orchestral accompaniment by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Seidler-Winkler (Set 860, $2.50). I hope that Rethberg's old record of the Willow Song and Ave Maria will be retained in the catalogue; for she sings them as beautifully, and in Italian. Sides 2 and 4 of my copy of the new set are noisily defective.

On single discs are Beethoven's "Adelaide," not one of his best achievements, but admirably sung by Bjoerling (2195, $.75); three inconsequential German Dances K. 605 of Mozart, well played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter (4564, $.75); and the waltz from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," not very engaging as played by Fiedler with the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, and brashly recorded (4565, $.75).

B. H. HAGGIN

Latin American Records

AT LAST—for three weeks at least—the small but rapidly growing number of New Yorkers who enjoy authentic Latin American popular music can buy it easily and take it home with them to play on their own phonographs. And many more so far untouched will be exposed to its richness and variety. At the music booth at Macy's Latin American Fair a careful selection of records has been assembled for sale which includes characteristic songs and dances of all the leading countries to the south—music recorded in each by their own singers and performers.

For some reason—probably some absurd suspicion that it won't eventually pay out—the big record companies have done little or nothing to sell their South American wares in the United States. For example, almost all the Victor records made in Argentina, Brazil, or Chile can be bought in the United States only by importation; and the discs recorded in the northern countries of Latin America, manufactured in Camden, New Jersey, for sale in those countries, are not stocked by dealers generally in the United States and so have to be specially ordered from Camden.

But at Macy's Fair you can step up to the record counter and get an Argentine *ranchera,* a Bolivian *bailecito,* a Chilean *tonada,* or a *sanjuanito* from the Ecuadorian Sierra. And in case you don't know one from another, there are annotated lists which will give you some idea of what would interest you most.

If you want to hear the *tango* as it is played in Buenos Aires, I suggest "Si no me engañas corazón" on Victor 38712—sophisticated, virile, and sentimental all at once, like the Argentinians themselves. For the rhythmic melancholy of the Incan highlands of Peru get the *huaiño* "Achachan," Victor 30047. The *cueca* "Apprendan la cueca" on Victor 53013 is truly Chilean and very different—heartily jolly and noisy. Those who like their Cuban music straight rather than with the sugared synthetics of Broadway should get "Para Vigo me voy"—a *conga* as it is done in *comparsas* along the Prado—on Victor 32836. The Brazilian *samba* "Mama eu quero" on Decca 23131 is nostalgic of costumed carnival parades in Rio and the *joropo* "La Malicia llanera" on Columbia 5326 has all the lively strength of the plainsmen of Venezuela. For those who like primitive power I recommend the Panamanian *tamboreras* "Soy Morenita" on Victor 82928 and the Cuban *son-afro* "Bruca manigua" on Victor 82114—each one unlike the other. And those who have followed, or would like to follow, a *mariachi* band up the cobbled streets of a Mexican village will especially like "Mañanitas tapatías" on Victor 75271.

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Letters to the Editors

Thomas on Bates on Russia

Dear Sirs: In your issue of January 17 Ralph Bates, writing on the subject Need We Fear Russia? has seen fit to refer to my position on Russia without stating it adequately or quite accurately and without telling his readers that his debate with me took place before America's complete involvement in war. Assuredly, therefore, I am entitled to space to make my position clear. It can best be set forth chronologically.

Beginning in August, 1939, I vigorously attacked Stalin for giving Hitler the green light which cleared the way for his aggressive campaigns in Europe. I denied that Stalin acted out of love for Hitler, but also I denied that the salvation of the U. S. S. R. against possible attack required partial alliance with Hitler. I said that in the light of Stalin's whole record, what he hoped for was a situation in which all his rivals would destroy one another; then at the right time he could step in with his fresh armies and put together a broken Europe or perhaps a broken world.

When Hitler, as usual breaking all his agreements, turned on Stalin—mark you, not Stalin on Hitler—I expressed my hope for Russian success in beating back the invader, but declared the question which of two dictators would be master over the larger part of Europe and Asia was not worth the lives of American boys. As time went on, it became more and more doubtful that Messrs. Churchill and Roosevelt, in the event of complete victory, would have the military power or the ideological strength (consider, for instance, the complete inadequacy of the Charter of the Atlantic) permanently to reorganize Europe and Asia as against the U. S. S. R. pan-Slavism, and Stalin's other army, the international Communist movement. I gave reasons why I believed that it was likely, although not absolutely certain, that after a victorious war on the part of the United Nations, both China in Asia and Germany in Europe would go Communist. In most of Europe there would be no forces that could withstand the economic and military power of Communist Russia plus Communist Germany, to say nothing of the spread of communism in other lands, which spread would be easier because, with all its totalitarian faults, communism is at least free from the monstrous doctrine of a master race.

Since the war has become an inescapable fact for us, I have acknowledged publicly the necessity which our government is under to cooperate in good faith with the great nation against which Hitler's might appears to be breaking. I have acknowledged the reasonableness of Stalin's refusal to fight two wars at one time; but I have raised publicly the double question which no one has answered—namely, to what extent is the U. S. S. R. still permitting Japan to get invaluable stores of oil from its part of the island of Sakhalin, and what possible justification can there be for continuing that trade?

I have also said that no Anglo-American military alliance which may try to ignore the U. S. S. R. and other nations can succeed in rebuilding the world. Of course I want no future war between such an alliance and Russia, but neither do I want to continue this war indefinitely only to the end that Stalin may become lord over most of Europe and Asia. Stalin's regime may be modified by events, but I am not yet persuaded that because he said, "God bless Roosevelt," the dictator of the U. S. S. R. will become a democrat or return to Christianity by Easter—not even if Mr. Roosevelt should be able to send him more tanks than seems probable. I fear that the Russian type of totalitarianism will remain a bureaucratic state capitalism, undemocratic, ruthless, and Machiavellian. The magnificent courage of the Russian people in resisting invasion does not disprove this statement.

Mr. Bates has given some vague program of hope and effort for diminishing my fears. He certainly has not removed them. To me it seems absolutely essential that he and you and all of us who believe in democracy should demand more adequate war aims than the Charter of the Atlantic, and give to the German people trustworthy assurances that if they repudiate their dictator, they will not themselves be crushed and their nation divided. As an evidence of humanity, of concern for suffering, yes, and as a matter of high statesmanship, it would also be well for the British and American governments to invite more of the good-will of the peoples of Europe by a greater and more practical interest in the problems of hunger and disease. Certainly more could be done than is being done to fight these enemies of mankind in Greece, France, and Spain, and possibly even in the occupied countries. NORMAN THOMAS

New York, January 21

The Hull-Miquelon Affair

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your stand with regard to our State Department and its attitude in the St. Pierre-Miquelon affair. Miss Kirchwey's article in the January 3 issue of *The Nation* was particularly heartening, giving evidence, as it does, of an uncompromising determination to demand the long-needed purge.

It is quite evident that Mr. Hull, whether or not he is the actual source of the appeasement activities issuing from the State Department, can no longer be considered competent to occupy the high office of Secretary of State. That he has permitted inexcusable irresponsibility again and again among the subordinates in his department is reason enough for his removal. I believe that if you can establish beyond doubt just who is responsible for the undemocratic attitude of the State Department, you should do this service to the American people.

Let me say that I am not unaware of the difficulties you face in editing a completely fearless journal in this day and age. But I am sure that I can go on admiring your courage in the future, as I have in the past. All power to you!

HELEN D. CARPENTER

Portage, Wis., January 12

Dear Sirs: As a reader of *The Nation* and one who is in sympathy with *The Nation's* objectives I want to express my regret at your editorial on the St. Pierre-Miquelon affair, and to repudiate as untrue your telegram to Vice-Admiral Emile Muselier, in which you assume to speak for all loyal Americans.

I deplore much that has been done and I wish that we would take a more direct line toward Vichy and the old Marshal, but I am willing to admit that I have only partial knowledge of very delicate matters. Emotion is fine and necessary, but it should not be given free rein, especially by responsible publicists.

ERNEST M. BENEDICT

Franklinville, N. J., January 9

THE *Nation*

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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"The Nation" and Ireland

BY LEWIS S. GANNETT

EAMON DE VALERA was a frequent visitor in the office of *The Nation* when he first came to America in 1919 to plead the cause of the Irish Republic. In those dark days of the struggling republic *The Nation* made its pages a forum for uncensored discussion of Ireland's wrongs.

But *The Nation* came closest to Ireland in 1920-21, in the darkest days of the Black and Tans, when it proposed the formation of the American Committee of One Hundred for the investigation of atrocities in Ireland. I remember well the day in 1920 when Dr. William J. M. A. Maloney came into our editorial conference, his heart aflame with a fire that inspired us all. America, he said, could force England to change its policy; but no paper in America that could command respect would dare to take the lead—except *The Nation*. The editors talked, voted, acted. Invitations were sent from *The Nation's* office to more than a hundred leading Americans to form a committee to summon witnesses from Ireland, to listen, and to report on facts.

It is interesting to look back upon the files of *The Nation* in that autumn of 1920 and note the names of those who dared accept. Hiram Johnson and David Walsh, then as now United States Senators, were among the first. Arthur Capper and "Old Bob" La Follette soon followed. One of the first to join was the president of the Board of Aldermen of New York City, a young man who signed his name F. H. LaGuardia. Cardinal Gibbons, Martin Conboy, Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, William Allan Neilson, and William Allen White were also among the early acceptances.

For Ireland, President de Valera assured the committee of his cooperation. In Washington the British ambassador gave his promise that no one would be denied passage to come and testify. The committee grew from 100 to 150. It elected Jane Addams, former Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, Frederic C. Howe, James H. Maurer, and Senators Norris and Walsh to sit as its commission or "court." William MacDonald resigned from the staff of *The Nation* to serve as its secretary.

Meanwhile, Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, had died in prison after the most dramatic hunger strike in history. As Oswald Garrison Villard wrote in *The Nation* at the time, his soul triumphed over the flesh that a free Ireland might come to pass. His sister, Mary MacSwiney, and his lovely widow, Muriel Murphy MacSwiney, were among the first to come from Ireland to testify before the "American court" which had begun its sittings in Washington. Mary MacSwiney was an orator; but Muriel MacSwiney captured the heart of America. When those two women told their story of Black and Tan devastation, America listened. So did England.

Out of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland grew, indirectly, the Committee for Relief in Ireland, which did such magnificent work, both in direct relief and in publicizing the need for relief, in 1920-21.

You can still follow the story in the files of *The Nation* for those years. *The Nation* made history in many ways, then as later. But I doubt whether anything it has ever done was more dramatic or more immediately and evidently effective than its formation of that American court which sat in judgment upon the British course in Ireland. It was done, it is worth recalling today, under the slogan, "No War with England." *The Nation* pointed out that the stories of Black and Tan pogroms exacerbated Anglo-American relations, and that an impartial establishment of the facts was essential to any frank relationship.

Whether the two commissions had as much to do with the eventual peaceful settlement and with the establishment of the Free State as Patrick McCartan, first envoy of the Irish Republic to the United States, suggests in his book, "With De Valera in America," or not, I do not know; but they played their part. The record of those days, of the inspiration the Irish patriots gave the editors and readers of *The Nation*, and of the aid *The Nation* was able to give Ireland, makes it peculiarly fitting for *The Nation* today to bring out this special issue dealing with Ireland's problems in the Second World War.

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America's Role in Irish Independence

BY SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

EARLY in the summer of 1919 our national capital was treated to an elaborate and largely attended peace parade. The liberated nations were of course represented—all of the countries that had been carved out of the defeated empires by the victorious powers in accordance with their announced war aim of self-determination for small peoples.

Also represented was a small nation whose 750-year struggle for independence had been ignored by the peacemakers. Ireland, denied a hearing at the Peace Conference, had also been denied a place in the peace parade. Ireland was not free; on the contrary, it was at that time an occupied and devastated country. Obviously it had no place in a parade glorifying the liberation of oppressed nationalities by the Allied and Associated Powers. Yet there was Ireland, as persistent as Banquo's ghost, in the person of a lovely young girl wearing upon her fragile wrists the heavy chains of bondage. She stood in the back of an open car driven by a young man who had sworn to get her into the parade, permit or no permit, and did—repeatedly. At the beginning he actually managed to capture the lead. Afterward he kept the outraged marshals, aided by the police, busy driving the enslaved Eire out of the line of march, to the vast delight of the crowd. Thus he stole the show for Ireland; also the next day's headlines.

This dramatization of Ireland's unrighted wrongs originated in the mind of Katherine Hughes, a Canadian of Irish descent who was active in the Washington bureau of the Irish Progressive League. The enslaved Eire was Amelia Rossa, daughter of an American army officer. Her chariot was the automobile of John J. Noonan, a substantial Washington citizen and descendant of the Irish Nunans. And her charioteer was my younger brother, Warren J. La Follette. The whole stunt was symbolic not only of Ireland's plight but of America's attitude toward it. In 1919 the Irish propagandists were making excellent use in the United States of the material furnished them by British stupidity in Ireland; and they could count on the enthusiastic aid not only of Irish Americans but of Americans who weren't Irish at all.

Of course there had always been plenty of pro-Irish feeling in the United States. That was natural in a country with a large percentage of citizens who had either been themselves forced out of Ireland by British misrule or were descended from ancestors thus expatriated. America respected the Irish martyrs. It gave asylum to Irish refugees. This was a matter of course. But the disregard by the Peace Conference of the clearly expressed will of the Irish people, the general disappointment of the American people with the results of their crusade for democracy and their consequent revulsion against British influence, and above all their sense of decency and fair play, outraged by the continued oppression of the Irish people—all this combined to make the Irish cause more popular in the United States between the end of the war and the Anglo-Irish truce of 1921 than it had ever been before or has been since.

The Irish were in sore need of help and sympathy. Their case was desperate. From Easter Week, 1916, they had been in a state of war, without belligerent rights. And they could not hope to win, unaided, a war against the powerful British Empire. They needed support abroad—especially in the United States, to whose public opinion the British government was, for obvious reasons, peculiarly sensitive.

As one looks back upon the tragic history of that period in Anglo-Irish relations, one is struck by what a correspondent in the *Freeman*—which broke many a lance for Ireland—called "the real tragedy not of the struggle of right with wrong but of right with right." The British government and no doubt much of British opinion regarded the Easter Week rebellion as a treacherous stab in the back. From the point of view of British interest they were right. But from that of Irish interest they were not right at all. Oppressed peoples have always taken advantage of the moment when their oppressors were preoccupied with other wars to launch their own wars of liberation. And so you had Irish right against English right—and British official stupidity against both.

For at the beginning of the war the relations between the Irish and the British Empire seemed in a fair way to become brotherly. A Home Rule Act had been placed on the statute books which was so favorable to Southern Ireland that the Ulsterites under Sir Edward Carson were threatening civil war. It remained a dead letter; and the senseless humiliations visited by the British army upon the Irish volunteers who flocked to the empire forces added to the feeling of national outrage among the Irish people. Then came the ferocious stupidity of the British forces in suppressing the Easter Week rebellion. The uprising was small. British harshness toward its leaders, British murders of innocent people, and British attempts to cover up British crimes turned all Ireland into a Republican camp.

One of the great boons of democracy is that demo-

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cratic governments cannot get away with total persecution. The persecutions in Ireland seemed frightful at the time. And they were frightful. Yet by comparison with Nazi persecution in Poland or Greece, British rule in Ireland at the height of the terror looks like a mild regime. Elections continued to take place—won in large majority by the Republicans. And a year after the Easter rebellion the British government, although still in the midst of the war, released its surviving leaders from their British prisons. The force of liberal opinion in England had to be reckoned with, and so, after the entrance of the United States into the war, did the force of American liberal opinion. For the war aims announced by Woodrow Wilson's Administration were decidedly liberal, and neither government dared make them appear too much of a mockery.

A picture of The Nation *staff taken in December, 1920, shortly after Muriel MacSwiney, widow of Terence MacSwiney, and Mary MacSwiney, his sister, arrived in this country to testify before the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland. Mrs. MacSwiney is to the left and Miss MacSwiney to the right of Oswald Garrison Villard, directly behind the desk.*

It was in the uncertain atmosphere created by liberal war aims and illiberal persecution of thought that the Irish contenders for American public opinion had to press their claims against a government which had the immense advantage of being an ally of the United States. British influence was in the ascendancy, and to oppose it was considered almost as grave an offense as to oppose the American government. Yet even during this period the shrewd propaganda of Ireland's American supporters twice defeated British moves to conscript Irish citizens.

It was after the war, however, that the Irish movement in America really got into its stride. On December 14, 1918, the Republicans won two-thirds of the seats in the Irish elections to the British Parliament. The Sinn Fein had waged the campaign on the issue of separation from England; consequently Patrick McCartan, envoy in America of the "Provisional Irish Government," took the position that the election had established the republic. He proclaimed the republic to citizens of Ireland resident in the United States and Canada; he proclaimed it to the American government and the diplomatic representatives of foreign countries. And since the envoy of a provisional government is above all a propagandist, he saw to it that copies of these proclamations reached the American press, which gave them sensational and nation-wide publicity. The cause of Ireland was beginning to go spectacularly well in the United States.

It continued to prosper. On January 21, 1919, the representatives of Sinn Fein met in Dublin as the Dail Eireann, proclaimed the independent Irish Republic, and called for its recognition. They appointed Eamon de Valera, Arthur Griffith, and Count George Noble Plunkett to present Ireland's claim to independence at the Peace Conference. In America an Irish Race Convention at Philadelphia appointed representatives to press the Irish claim before the conference, and to the astonishment of the Irish-American leaders subscribed a victory fund of more than a million and a half dollars to finance the Irish cause. On March 4, 1919, the House of Representatives passed a resolution expressing the hope that the Peace Conference would consider the claim of Ireland to self-determination. On June 19 the Senate passed a resolution requesting the American envoys to the Peace Conference to attempt to secure a hearing for the Irish delegation. The American people, through their representatives in Congress, had officially recognized the justice of the Irish claim to freedom and self-government.

But the will of the American people went unheeded by their President. Mr. Wilson had agreed with the other members of the Big Four—Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando—that no claim should be brought before them except by unanimous consent. This agreement of course ruled out Ireland. There are those who contend that Mr. Wilson's complaisance in this matter was dictated less by love of England than by fear that the British government might discover among the Central American republics some claim to consideration equally valid with that of Ireland. Whatever the reason for it, his failure to comply with the request of Congress increased the uneasiness of the American people about the labors of Versailles, for to a great many of them the case of Ireland had become the touchstone of British and American official sincerity.

Their uneasiness was not diminished by the report on Ireland issued by two members of the Irish-American delegation to Versailles, Frank P. Walsh and Edward F. Dunne. It had a strange origin. Finding that it could get nowhere with the British at Versailles, the Irish-American delegation asked for and obtained British diplomatic passports for a visit to Ireland. Whether these passports were granted through British magnanimity or British stupidity seems never to have been determined. In either case, the situation which the delegates were enabled to investigate was appalling. Their report setting forth the facts succeeded in infuriating British opinion, outraging American opinion, and annoying Mr. Wilson very much. It was at this auspicious moment that Eamon de Valera arrived in America as a stowaway and declared himself to be the President of the Irish Republic.

Mr. de Valera had many claims to American interest. First, he had been born here. Second, he had been a leader of the Easter Week rebellion and had been condemned to death with the other leaders. He had been in an English jail and had been rescued by two loyal comrades. Last and most important, he was the leader of the Dail Eireann, chosen by it to be president of the republic which the justice of the Irish cause, the excellence of Irish propaganda, and the stubbornness of the British and American governments had made extremely popular in America. His tour of this country became a triumphal progress. That part of American sentiment which was veering away from Wilson fastened on the young Irish President as a symbol of its disillusionment. Legislatures passed resolutions calling for recognition of the Irish Republic; citizens signed petitions to the same purpose; and the American public bought some $15,000,000 of its bonds.

One cannot say whether or not all this enthusiasm might have led to recognition of the Irish Republic by Congressional action. For a split among the Irish leaders in America prevented them from taking full advantage of American friendship for the Irish people. Basically this split, whose merits I do not feel qualified to judge, arose from a difference of opinion on the question whether the Irish Republic did or did not exist. On the one side was the most prominent of the Irish-American leaders, Judge Cohalan of New York, who held that the republic did not exist. On the other side was the republic's envoy to America, Patrick McCartan, who emphatically held that it did exist. Each, of course, represented an aspect of Irish sentiment in America, although the line was not very clear because Judge Cohalan had a way of suddenly pleading for the republic at meetings. And somewhere in the middle, it would appear, was President de Valera.

This internecine warfare, which for a long time was kept behind the scenes, finally culminated in a deadly feud between De Valera and Cohalan, in the course of which both went to the Chicago convention of the Republican Party in June, 1920, where they seem to have fought, like the two magpies on the garden rail, until nothing was left of either of them. When the Republican platform appeared, it contained no reference to Ireland or the Irish Republic.

Whether or not it was this bitter struggle among the Irish leaders in America which caused the British government to resume the terror in Ireland, certain it is that the terror was resumed. The British government had suppressed the Dail Eireann on September 15, 1919. On March 20, 1920, Thomas MacCurtain, Lord Mayor of Cork, was murdered by English soldiers. Other murders followed. From London came dispatches to the effect that the Irish were planning another Easter Week insurrection, and that the British army and navy were moving in to handle it. The era of the Black and Tans was beginning.

If the dispatches about these British preparations were intended to prepare American sentiment to condone British violence against the Irish people, they were frustrated by the action of Dr. William J. M. A. Maloney, who organized and directed the picketing of the British embassy by American women. Dr. Maloney had intended this action to be in the interest of recognition, and in preparation for it he had persuaded Albert Jay Nock, editor of the *Freeman,* to write an editorial taking the position that Congress, by its resolutions addressed to the Peace Conference, had already recognized the Irish Republic. The *Freeman* suggested that "in the event of further military atrocities in Ireland, the Congress could denounce, and should promptly denounce, our existing commercial treaties with England, precisely as our treaties with Russia were denounced in 1911 on account of discrimination against the Jews." Dr. Maloney's pickets distributed broadsheets calling upon Congress to stop the atrocities in Ireland by abrogating the treaties with Great Britain. The pickets were arrested; Secretary Colby expressed the government's chagrin; the pickets came out with banners quoting some remarks of Mr. Colby's in 1916 condemning the English for the Easter Week executions; Mr. Colby sued for peace. There was no Irish insurrection put down by British arms during Easter Week, 1920.

But the terror did not cease. Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, was arrested on August 12 and refused to recognize the British authority. On October 25 his long hunger strike ended in death in a London jail. He had become one of the long list of Irish martyrs, and the most famous of all, revered by a world which had watched incredulous through the long weeks of his martyrdom. Meanwhile *The Nation* had formed its Committee of One Hundred, and that committee had formed the commission which took evidence in Washington on the atrocities perpetrated in Ireland by British troops.

The commission's report was a terrible indictment of British misrule. It aroused in England the wrath of the liberals and labor, who had always opposed the course of oppression in Ireland; and the pressure of British opinion at last forced the British government to seek a settlement of Anglo-Irish differences. With the nature of that settlement and its consequences the American people of course had nothing to do. Their last great demonstration of sympathy with the Irish cause was the contribution of more than $5,000,000 for Irish relief. The campaign for this fund was indorsed by President Harding, a fact which did not lessen the annoyance of the British ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes. Ireland, Sir Auckland maintained, was the most prosperous part of the British Empire and in no need of relief. Whereupon liberal opinion in America began to suggest that it would be just as well if Sir Auckland were recalled.

The fight for American favor was one of the last and most bitterly contested struggles between the British and rebel Ireland. The Irish won, and the wounds they inflicted on British prestige have never healed entirely. One may see their effect in the hatred which has blinded so many Americans not only to the heroism of the British people in their struggle against Nazi Germany but even to American self-interest in that struggle. Thus are the sins of government visited upon the governed. And thus do impressions created in the popular mind by a given set of conditions become stereotypes which persist long after those conditions have ceased to exist.

Ireland Will Respond

BY GEORGE W. NORRIS

FOR many years I have watched Ireland's struggle for independence with great sympathy. Twenty years ago I was associated in a small way with the campaign carried on by *The Nation* which succeeded in bringing the suffering of Irish patriots to the attention of the people of the United States. The response of the American public to these disclosures played a part, I believe, in the final realization of the Irish dream of freedom.

In saying this, of course, I do not mean to detract in any sense from the magnificent personal achievements of Ireland's present Prime Minister, Eamon de Valera. Few men of this generation have provided more devoted leadership to their country. His patient, persistent, effective efforts will always stand as an inspiration for those who believe, as I do, that fundamental reforms can best be achieved by peaceful and lawful methods.

Today that belief—which is the foundation-stone of democracy—is being challenged as never before in recent history. A victory for Hitler would not only wipe out the results of a lifetime of work for Irish independence but would destroy the very basis upon which that independence has been built. It is not my place to say what Irish policy should be in this crisis. No one sympathizes more than I with Eire's desire to remain out of the war. But in view of its long record of passionate devotion to freedom, I have no doubt that, rather than see tyranny triumph, Ireland will render such assistance as is necessary to the United States and the other countries fighting aggression.

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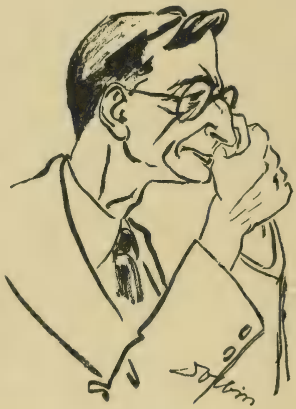
Eamon de Valera, Emancipator

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

IF THERE had been no United States, there would never have been an Irish Republic." This statement is taken from a speech delivered at Birmingham, Alabama, in 1920 by Eamon de Valera in the course of his country-wide campaign to arouse support for the Irish Nationalists and to obtain recognition of Ireland's independence by the United States.



Eamon de Valera

It might almost be said, likewise, that if there had been no United States there would never have been an Eamon de Valera, for the present Prime Minister and real head of Eire was born in New York City in 1882, of a Spanish father and an Irish mother. When Eamon, christened Edward, was two, his father died, and the child went to live with an uncle at Bruree, County Limerick. His ties with the United States were not broken—his mother, who remarried, lived in this country until her death in 1932—but they must have seemed tenuous to one who had left it at so early an age. In 1916, however, when De Valera was thirty-four, his link with the United States became vital in the most literal sense of the word. For De Valera not only owes his life to America in the elementary sense of having been born here, but when, with other leaders of the Easter rebellion he was sentenced to death by the British government, the fact that he could claim American citizenship played a decisive part in saving him from execution. And this circumstance, in turn, thrust him into the position of leadership which he has maintained, with only one major interruption, to this day. He was the only commander in the Easter rebellion who escaped execution; he was also the last commander to surrender in that dramatic and desperate fight. It was inevitable that his fellow Irish prisoners, first in Dartmoor and then in Lewes, should look to him for direction. Thus leadership devolved upon him primarily by reason of a seniority resulting from his connection with America; he retained it by force of circumstance and character.

Up to the time of the Easter rebellion, and indeed until his imprisonment in Dartmoor and Lewes, De Valera had been a minor figure in the Irish struggle. As a youth he had been primarily a student, a winner of prizes and scholarships—though he had also taken an active part in school athletics. He began his adult life as a teacher of mathematics and physics at Rockwell College. He became interested in the Irish language, but there is no record of any driving political interest, and up to 1914 he was completely unknown to the general public even in Dublin. When Patrick Pearse organized the Irish Volunteers, De Valera joined them and became a junior officer. He was not, however, a member of the secret society, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, which was the dynamo of Irish nationalism, although he was counted among the "unsuspectables" who served as an innocent front for the I. R. B. When John Redmond committed Ireland to the British side in the First World War, De Valera was a member of the minority of the Irish Volunteers who refused to follow Redmond. The majority, some 160,000, were drawn off, many of them to death in France; the minority of about 12,000 remained to carry on the fight for Irish independence. Even then, he was not included in the inner councils of the I. R. B., which was preparing for an insurrection. De Valera, writes his biographer Denis Gwynn, "was opposed to the insurrection, as most people were, but when the final orders came, he obeyed orders and fought through the whole week." At the end he is said to have remarked, "If only the people had come out with knives and forks."

De Valera's sentence had been commuted from death to penal servitude for life, but he and his companions were released some months later in one of the British moves toward conciliation which alternated so crazily through the years with the British essays in brutal suppression. He returned to Dublin and was immediately elected president of the Sinn Fein; he was also made president of the Irish Volunteers. He was, in a word, the acknowledged leader of the fight for independence. Up to then he had been only a name. Now, for the first time, he became known to the Irish public. He was put forward as a candidate for East Clare in the parliamentary election and won by a large majority. The threat of conscription had given new strength to the Sinn Fein; thousands had joined the Irish Republican Army. As a result of this election, conscription was not attempted. It became an issue again in the spring of 1918 when the German army broke through the Allied lines. It was never applied in Southern Ireland, but in May, 1918, De Valera and other leaders were again in jail, this time for the duration of the war, as a result of the outbreak of violence which the new threat of conscription had let loose.

In the parliamentary elections of December, 1918, the Sinn Fein, campaigning on the issue of Irish independence, won 69 out of 106 seats. Thirty-six of its candidates, including De Valera, were in prison. Those who were at liberty refused to take the seats to which they had been elected. Instead, twenty-seven of them met in Dublin as the Irish Dail Eireann. They adopted a declaration of independence, established the Republic of Ireland, and chose De Valera president of the executive council.

In February, 1919, De Valera escaped from Lincoln Gaol, the story of his delivery being one of the more sensational episodes in the long history of prison breaks. After remaining hidden in England for a while, he was smuggled into Ireland in time to attend the secret meetings of the Dail which preceded its first public session on April 10. As chairman of the Dail, De Valera set up a Cabinet. By this time the hopes of the Sinn Fein had centered on the Peace Conference in Paris, where they counted upon Woodrow Wilson, champion of small nations and representative of the largest body of Irishmen in the world—the 20,000,000 Americans of Irish descent—to aid their cause. In Lincoln Gaol De Valera too had decided that Ireland's hopes lay in Versailles—and in America. He had determined, moreover, to go to America himself.

His colleagues in Dublin disapproved of his plan, but his obstinacy, as one biographer puts it, "was always inflexible," and he had his way. The difficulties were enormous. There was no hope of a passport; De Valera was almost impossible to disguise. But the difficulties were overcome; he was smuggled first to Liverpool and then on board a ship bound for America. And in June, 1919, the stowaway arrived in New York City, to be miraculously produced when the campaign to obtain United States recognition for Ireland's independence was at its height.

For eighteen months De Valera spoke before huge audiences from one end of the country to the other and was interviewed by the press wherever he went. The details of the American campaign, many of them fantastic, may be found in Patrick McCartan's book, "With De Valera in America." Suffice to say that the Irish issue became an American issue, deeply entangled with the fight over the League of Nations, with the Irish throwing their weight against American participation once they had lost their own fight for recognition at the Peace Conference.

De Valera's office in Dublin is graced by a statue of Lincoln; a copy of the American Declaration of Independence hangs on its walls. And with the entrance of America into the war, his relationship to this country once more takes on importance. Only this time it is America which expects help from De Valera. Americans understand why many Irishmen hate Great Britain because De Valera and the Friends of Irish Freedom, greatly assisted by the Black and Tans, gave them a thorough education along those lines in 1919 and 1920. They understand, too, why Ireland, which is defenseless against air attack, has clung to neutrality. But they know that Ireland's position in the Battle of the Atlantic may decide the outcome of the larger battle in which the Nazis are striking for the control of the world, with America as their strongest opponent; and that De Valera's life work, an independent Irish republic, is one of the stakes.

De Valera's Farewell to America

"Land of the free and home of the brave, Farewell! May you ever remain as I have known you, land of the generous-hearted and the kindly. May you stand through time as they would have you who love you—Liberty's chosen champion; and oh, may you never know yourself the agony of a foreign master's lash.

I came to you on a holy mission, a mission of Freedom; I return to my people who sent me, not indeed, as I had dreamed it, with the mission accomplished, but, withal, a message that will cheer in the dark days that have come upon them, and that will inspire the acceptance of such sacrifices as must yet be made.

So farewell—young, fortunate, mighty land; no wish that I can express can measure the depth of my esteem for you or my desire for your welfare and glory. And farewell the many dear friends I have made and the tens of thousands who, for the reason that I was the representative of a noble nation and a storied, appealing cause, gave me honors they denied to princes—you will not need to be assured that Ireland will not forget and that Ireland will not be ungrateful." (Released in New York City on January 3, 1921.)

Will Hitler Take Ireland?

BY WILLIAM L. SHIRER

ABOUT the time the last ill-equipped British troops were fleeing pell-mell from Aandalsnes and Namsos to make Hitler's conquest of Norway complete, and the thoughts of Nazis in Berlin had turned to the next step—invasion of the Lowlands—I had a talk with a German naval officer attached to the High Command.

He was puzzled. He could not understand the British, he said. He could not understand their unbelievable timidity in the Norwegian campaign. In the other war he had been a submarine captain. Like all German naval officers in that war he had come to have a great respect for the British navy and, indeed, for British character. "But in Norway," he kept saying, "I do not understand them. Is it true, as the Führer thinks, that the British have lost their greatness, their *aggressiveness?"*

The lack of aggressiveness, it was plain, stumped him. Our talk turned to Ireland. Through his submarine periscope he had often gazed on Ireland's green hills, and he liked them. But he did not like, he said, the little boats that used to pop out from the Irish ports and shake him with their depth bombs, or the planes that came out from the Irish landing fields or seaplane bases and made it dangerous to come up even to periscope level during the daylight hours. Suddenly he grew excited.

"Can you tell me," he shouted, "*why* the British haven't moved into Eire, or at least into their old bases there?"

I tried to say something about Eire being a free and sovereign nation and at peace with Britain, but he just stared at me in complete incomprehension. Now for the first time in that shocking spring of 1940 I realized that I was sputtering hollow words out of another world—a dead one, if our side would only realize it.

"Why don't they take those Irish bases?" he interrupted. "Or is that imbecile Ribbentrop right about the British?" I didn't know the answer. All I knew was that my naval officer and every other officer under Hitler would have had those Irish bases long before if they had been in Britain's position, and that the only man in town who didn't realize it was the Irish minister. We had other things to think about within a few days. Hitler invaded Holland and Belgium, to which he had given even more binding guaranties of non-aggression than he had given Eamon de Valera's nation.

That fall, after the Netherlands and Belgium and France had been pulverized, I had another talk with the naval officer. We had both been up on the Channel to watch the Battle of Britain. The Germans had lost it, and he knew it. He was a bit subdued. But his mind was full of something else by this time. Like all German naval officers he was now concentrating on another phase of the war—the Battle of the Atlantic. Our talk turned to Eire. He still could not understand why the British had not seized the Irish bases. But he was not so explosive about it this time. He was just relieved. New tactics were being employed by the High Command in its counter-blockade against Britain. Submarines and long-distance bombers from bases in Brittany were slipping out past southern Eire. Their coordination was good. And northwest of Ireland they were beginning to bag droves of British ships. The strategical position of Ireland had changed somewhat since our last talk. As a matter of fact, said the officer, Eire had become a key position in the two great battles that, as he thought then, lay ahead—the Battle of the Atlantic and the new Battle of Britain. His ideas were not startling. They seemed obvious—and still do—to any schoolboy. They may be summed up as follows:

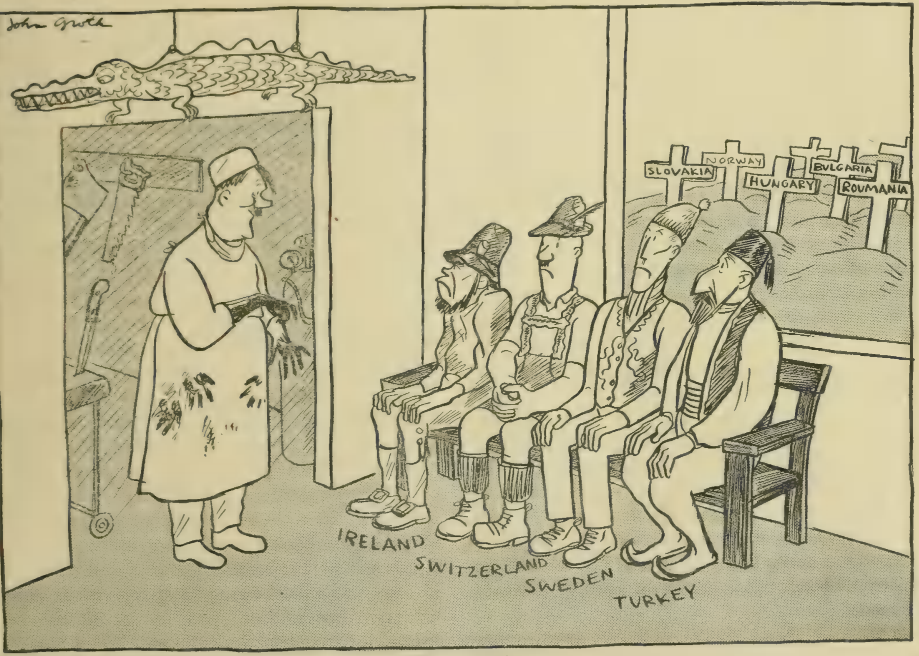
That part of the German naval and air forces charged with blockading Britain had gained an enormous advantage by the occupation of the naval and air bases of western and northwestern France. No more long and hazardous trips for the U-boats from Wilhelmshaven or Emden up through the North Sea and around the Shetland Islands and Scotland—a course a thousand miles long—before the submarines could even get to the Atlantic sea lanes. Now a short run of four or five hundred miles from Brest put the submersibles west of Ireland. And the new long-range Focke-Wulf bombers operating from the tip of the Brittany peninsula made perfect spotters for German submarines, which were now operating in packs instead of singly as in the last war. There was only one danger. British fighter planes operating from southwestern Eire could play havoc with the German bombers coming out from behind Brest. British patrol planes based on southern Ireland could make it nasty for the U-boats. British destroyers and other small anti-submarine craft from nearby Irish bases could make it worse than nasty. But the Germans didn't have to worry about that now. Strange as it seemed, the British had not occupied the Irish bases even after Brest and Lorient and Bordeaux fell. De Valera appeared firm in resisting British pressure. And if he ever began to weaken, the Luftwaffe could toss a few bombs on Eire as just a little reminder of what could happen were he to weaken further. This reminder technique was later carried out.

So much for the Battle of the Atlantic. As to the Battle of Britain, the officer merely confirmed what one had heard among German officers up on the Channel during the air battles for Britain. Even if the first attempt to land troops on England failed, or went slowly, the seizure of Eire would be a fairly easy matter. Parachute troops would take the key points. And even though shipping losses at first would be great, enough ships could get through to bring the small number of tanks, guns, and oil necessary to establish a firm foothold. And when this was done, it might not even be necessary to invade England. For once Ireland was captured, the United Kingdom would be shut off from America. It was already shut off from the Continent. It could be forced into surrender within a short time, if only from starvation. I can't guarantee that this was exactly what was in the mind of Hitler and his field marshals. But certainly this general idea was expressed by numerous army and navy officers as early as August, 1940.

Why didn't Hitler carry it out, then? Why didn't he strike at Eire? There are at least three reasons. The failure of the Luftwaffe to gain air superiority over the British Isles in the Battle of Britain forced him to postpone the entire invasion project. That failure also convinced him that it would be folly to risk his entire air force against Britain as long as Russia had a powerful one in his rear. The second reason was Hitler's realization that a neutral, independent Eire gave him great advantages in the Battle of the Atlantic. The third was his conviction that an attack on Ireland would bring the United States into the war.

As the winter of 1940-41 progressed, Hitler's reasoning seemed to be more and more justified by the facts. Allied shipping losses rose to staggering heights. The combination of U-boats and long-range planes operating from French bases and making their way uninterrupted around southern and western Eire to the killing grounds west of Ireland threatened to become more successful than even Admiral von Tirpitz's all-out submarine campaign which almost brought Britain to her knees in 1917.

As for the last point—bringing the United States into the war—Hitler wanted to postpone this as long as possible, or at least until he could talk Japan into taking us on in the Pacific. Until he was ready to invade Britain it would be foolish to provoke America over Ireland. Moreover, Hitler knew that influential sections of the Irish-American population of the United States were among the strongest elements working to keep America out of the war. As long as he refrained from an attack



Who's Next?

on Ireland they would give him valuable—if unconscious—aid. And in the meantime his very threat of an eventual attack on Ireland kept at least one full motorized British division immobilized in Northern Ireland, a division he knew was badly needed in Egypt.

It is said in Dublin that the present government of Eire fears that the granting of bases to the Allies would precipitate a German attack. This is certainly true. Dublin and Cork and the other cities would be immediately bombed by the Luftwaffe. Irishmen would be killed. But tragic as that would be, it is not the point. Mr. de Valera's refusal to grant bases to the Allies will not save his country from attack by Hitler in the end, any more than Norway's or Holland's or Belgium's strict neutrality saved them from attack when Hitler found it expedient to smash them. The Nazis will not have the qualms which the British have had about Eire. And once the Nazis are in Dublin, Irish freedom and independence, which were won so late and after so much sacrifice, will be snuffed out. The Nazis tell the Irish a different story, but even Dublin can have no illusions as to this.

One night in Berlin I heard the German radio broadcast a play based on the life of Sir Roger Casement. At the end of his trial, in June, 1916, after he had been sentenced to death for high treason, Casement made a speech which will live as long as the English language. The Nazis, I thought, rather bungled it, but their version recalled to me one of the many noble utterances in that speech as I had read it years before. "Ireland," Sir Roger said, "has outlived the failure of all her hopes."

I thought of it again the other day (January 12) when Mr. de Valera was moved to remark: "We will avoid war, please God, unless we are attacked."

It is a noble hope, like so many others that Ireland has had, but in this Hitlerian world it seems doomed to failure. And to cling to it to the extent of permitting a Nazi victory would result in the failure of the greatest Irish hope of all, the one that became a great reality—Irish liberty and independence. That failure Ireland might never outlive.

Ireland's Strategic Position

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE great Napoleon, surveying the mistakes of his career from the vantage of St. Helena, regretfully concluded, "Had I gone to Ireland instead of to Egypt, the empire of England was at an end."

Few other statesmen—until in our time Winston Churchill—have had the constructive imagination and astuteness to appreciate Ireland's importance. Lying only a few miles west of the larger island, it has always seemed more an appanage of England than a separate entity. Yet any map reveals Ireland's vital strategic position in relation to British communications. About three-fourths of Britain's food and much of the raw material of its industry are produced abroad, and the ships that bring these supplies, as they approach England, converge in the seas directly west of Ireland into a bottleneck only a few hundred miles wide. Any menace to shipping at this point would cut the British life line.

Today the importance of Ireland to the defense of England is even greater than in Napoleon's time. Then invasion by sea alone was practical, and enemy commerce could be attacked only from the sea. Today the Germans have proved in Crete and Norway that aerial invasions from nearby bases are entirely feasible, and the U-boat and bomber have greatly increased the threat to commerce.

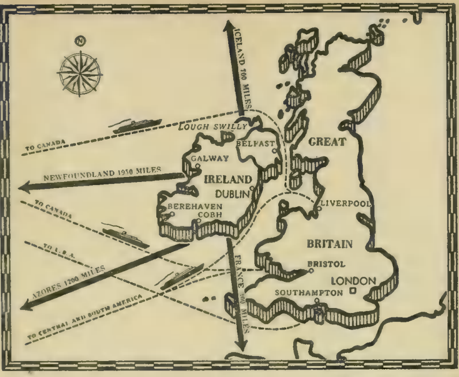
In the First World War Great Britain stood so near defeat that Germany actually set November, 1917, as the date when sinkings of a million tons a month would bring about British surrender. That this result did not follow was not Germany's fault. Under the urgings of America's Vice-Admiral Sims, the British Admiralty finally permitted a trial of convoys, sailing under escort from the bases of western Ireland. With the convoy system in force, losses declined 90 per cent at once, and the menace of the submarine was removed. In all wars the side operating closest to its bases has an important advantage. The adoption of convoys based on Ireland gave this advantage to the Allies.

In 1939 Great Britain entered the Second World War with the confidence born of having successfully defeated submarines in the past. Mine fields and a blockade were set up at once in the Straits of Dover and the North Sea. Convoys were also employed but with greatly lessened effectiveness because the Irish bases which had served in 1917 and 1918 were not available. The hundreds of miles of extra voyaging required rendered the individual destroyer at least 20 per cent less efficient than in the First World War. Soon the rapid Nazi conquest of ports from Norway to Spain gave the enemy submarine and bomber bases dangerously close to the British Isles, whose defenders could operate only from English and Northern Irish ports. If lack of Irish bases reduced the efficiency of naval escort, it hurt reconnaissance planes even more. Whole squadrons of relatively cheap short-radius planes were unusable unless they could be flown from Irish bases or at least over Irish territory. When permission to do so was not forthcoming, the British government, though its very existence depended upon the success of anti-submarine measures, refused to violate the air of its small neighbor.

In the first half of 1941 shipping losses presented as great a threat to British existence as in 1917. The Germans changed their technique, and submarines attacked their prey in packs guided by long-range Focke-Wulf bombers. The individual torpedo gave way to torpedo clusters. Mine fields and blockades lost nearly all their old effectiveness as a result of the vast Nazi advantage in bases. America transferred bottoms from its own merchant marine, but replacements failed to keep pace with sinkings. Relief in the form of newly completed American ships was six months to a year away. The British navy had only about half the number of anti-submarine ships that it used in the First World War. Supplies were got through with increasing difficulty, and rationing was drawn tighter at a time when the Germans were able to loosen their belts a few notches. Stockpiles of raw materials were being rapidly used up, but steel was left on the docks by ships that took food instead. Private estimates based on the rate of sinkings placed British collapse between the late fall of 1941 and the middle of 1942.

When the final history of the present war is written, Hitler's failure to follow through with an all-out effort at sea and in the Near East when he was winning in both campaigns and his decision to attack Russia instead will doubtless be considered his greatest mistakes. A considerable number of submarines and a very large portion of the *Luftwaffe* had to be withdrawn to fight in the east. And in the same months that saw a slackening of the German effort at sea came a speeding up of shipbuilding in this country and the entry of the United States navy into active hostilities. Since July, 1941, shipping losses have gone up and down, but mainly down. The German U-boat fleet has been considerably reduced, and a shortage of men for crews has been reported. Replacements of Allied shipping losses are also becoming much more rapid.

The danger, however, will last as long as the war. For some time there have been growing rumors of tremendously increased shipbuilding in countries under Axis domination, of twenty-four-hour days at dockyards. Washington fears a new outbreak of submarines and raider activity as part of a campaign to retrieve recent German losses. Unless the Allies are willing to abandon the Far East to Japan in the ill-founded hope that they can later recover the offensive, American sea power must be transferred to the Pacific in full strength, thus cutting convoy protection in half at a time when there is strong indication of acute danger. If Britain in the earlier part of the war could not stand without this American help, is it able to do so now? And if it is, can the North Atlantic be made safe enough for the transport of the new A. E. F. which our present war plans contemplate as necessary for the final defeat of Hitler?



Graphic by Pick-S

Granted that we need Irish bases to launch an offensive against Germany, would such a move be beneficial to Ireland? In answering this question it must be recalled that only three courses are open to the Irish, each with its own dangers. Irish bases may be made available to Allied use with or without active Irish participation in the war; Eire may remain strictly neutral; or, finally, Eire may either allow Germany to use its bases or, much more likely, may be conquered and unable to deny such use.

By neutrality the Irish have gained from both belligerents a fair amount of respect for their territory. Hitler has found it convenient to keep Ireland as neutral as possible since its belligerency would present his enemy with bases from which the German counter-blockade could be more effectively prevented. Allied use of Irish bases might draw some air raids, though the German air force is very busily occupied elsewhere, and the all-out raids used early in the war have long since been proved unprofitable. Moreover, Ireland is farther than England from German bases, and the Irish countryside, as compared with Britain, presents a decided lack of military objectives.

On the other hand, the continuation of the present policy of strict neutrality entails enormous risks. The Irish have been unable to get badly needed weapons from the "arsenal of democracy" because the United States naturally prefers its weapons to be used actively to overthrow Hitler. Should Eire's neutrality cripple the Allies sufficiently to bring about loss of the war, its situation would make all past misfortunes shrink to nothing by comparison.

But a greater risk than that of ultimate Allied defeat is the generally overlooked but very possible chance of German invasion and conquest. The distance from Brest to Cork is well under three hundred miles. Ireland is thus about as close to German bases in France as was Crete to Hitler's Greek bases and is considerably closer than was Norway to Germany. An expedition sent by sea is not likely, but an aerial invasion offers problems no greater than those Germany has solved elsewhere. The often repeated query, "If Hitler couldn't cross twenty miles of the English Channel, how can he cross 300 miles of ocean?" offers no comfort here. Strong British sea, air, and land forces rather than twenty miles of water were the obstacle. Ireland, with half a dozen police boats, 10,000 poorly equipped regular troops, and a minute air force, has no protection worthy of the name. No one questions Irish bravery, but bravery on the part of the unprepared merely adds to the inevitable slaughter.

In enemy hands Ireland would, as Napoleon perceived, threaten the very existence of the British Empire. Germany would then have bases within close bombing distance of every point in England, bases which would so dominate shipping lines to the west that convoys would be a prey to submarines and planes of all types. Protecting British planes would have to operate farther from their bases than the planes of the attacker. The life line across the Atlantic would be cut. Finally, Ireland is not to be despised as a possible land base from which Great Britain could be invaded by way of relatively unprepared Scotland and Wales.

When Hitler fails in a campaign, he immediately turns to some other and more promising field. He has just sustained defeats in Russia and North Africa. Unless his losses have been even more serious than is commonly believed, he will try to regain prestige by a successful campaign elsewhere. There would be no point in conquering Sweden or Switzerland, which are already within the German system. A possible objective is the British position in the Near East, to be attacked either through Turkey or from Crete. Perhaps more probable is a thrust through Spain at Gibraltar and North Africa.

The Near East and Mesopotamian oil would have been attractive objectives six months ago but are much less so today. The British position has been reinforced with men and large quantities of war supplies, and an Axis campaign would now be an expensive and extremely doubtful undertaking. A push through Spain to Gibraltar and North Africa is possible but would be almost certain to bring American seizures of nearby bases in the islands of the eastern Atlantic. Success would, of course, close the western Mediterranean to Allied shipping, but little use has been made of this route anyway. Needed raw materials for Germany cannot be obtained through this action.

A third possibility is an attack on the British Isles or on Ireland alone. In view of increasing British strength in the air, this would seem a desperate chance, but probably the risks are no greater than some Hitler has taken in the past and the rewards for success would be much larger. There are some indications that this move may actually be under consideration. Swedish sources report extensive German reinforcements along the European coast, possibly in preparation for a new offensive.

In case of a German attack on Ireland the British would face a difficult situation. They would be compelled for their own protection to counter-attack the Germans in an island where they have been denied the use of the bases necessary to make defense possible. It is true that they would enjoy the advantages of geographical propinquity, a stronger navy, and, at least at first, greater air power. But on the other hand, Ireland offers no topographical obstacles to an invader and has no strong local defense lines. The Norwegian campaign demonstrated the enormous advantage possessed by the prepared side which strikes first according to a well-calculated plan and imposes on its opponents the necessity of making necessarily hurried and generally inadequate defense moves.

If it will be difficult for England to give Ireland help in case of attack, it will be almost impossible for the United States to act. With no base for operations closer than Iceland, we could not counter-attack with adequate air and sea power before the Germans had had ample time to consolidate their position. Moreover, American aid is likely to be unavailable owing to the needs of the Far East. Yet the danger to the United States from a German attack upon Ireland would be very great. Loss of bases from which we might ultimately launch an invasion of the Continent would mean the probable disappearance of a chance to win the war by decisive defeat of Germany. If we finally won, it would only be after a protracted war of exhaustion in which all the advantages of geography would rest with the Axis and which would take the "last full measure" of American liberty, money, and man-power.

How probable a German invasion of Ireland actually is no one can state with any certainty. Prior to the attack on Norway most military experts would have pronounced victory in such an attempt impossible. Yet Norway was also close to British bases and had infinitely stronger military and geographical defenses than has Ireland. The British keep large armies in England to guard against a German attack on the tight little isle. Yet Southern Ireland is virtually undefended, and a German occupation would place the British in so unfavorable a geographical position as almost to force them out of the war. The fact that only a few German bombs have fallen on the soil of Eire should not lead to complacency. Hitler rarely broadcasts his surprise moves.

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Ireland's Dilemma

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

WHEN England declared war on Germany in September, 1939, following Hitler's invasion of Poland, the De Valera government of Eire decided to remain neutral. This decision had been expected. Despite Ireland's ties to Britain, Irish public opinion was strongly against active participation in the war. Rightly or wrongly, most of the people believed that England's fight was not Ireland's. Bitterness against England was still strong though the trade war had been settled and the Irish bases returned in the previous year. A decision to support England in the war would, it was feared, provoke a serious internal split. A decision to support Hitler in his policy of aggression was, of course, unthinkable.

For nearly two and a half years the De Valera government has sought to maintain this policy of strict neutrality in the face of increasing difficulties. At times skilful tight-rope walking has been required. And some incongruous situations have been created.

In the first place, Ireland has been in the position of wanting an Allied victory but refusing to lift a hand to achieve it. There can be no doubt that Irish sentiment has been predominantly on the side of England despite the long feud over independence. It is true that a considerable amount of anti-British feeling remains. But although Irishmen may experience some satisfaction in seeing the British suffer a few reverses, not many would like to see England lose the war. Prime Minister Eamon de Valera made it clear that Irish sympathies lay with England as early as September 2, 1939, when he outlined the Irish policy of neutrality in a speech before the Dail Eireann. The subsequent bombings of English cities deepened this bond of sympathy. Tens of thousands of Irish boys have enlisted in the British armies and may be found on every fighting front. When Belfast was attacked by German planes early in 1941, cities in Eire promptly sent equipment to help quench the flames started by Nazi bombs. Sympathy for Poland, a Catholic country, has led the church to be far more pro-British than it was in 1914. Knowledge of what Nazi occupation would mean to the church in Ireland has intensified this feeling.

Furthermore, certain basic political and economic factors make strict neutrality virtually impossible. Although wholly independent, Eire is still regarded in Westminster as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Northern Ireland, whose separate existence is not recognized by patriotic Irishmen, is officially at war with Germany. In the economic sphere the situation is even more paradoxical. The war has greatly increased Ireland's dependence on trade with Great Britain. This trade can only be carried on with the protection of the British fleet and the R. A. F. And yet Ireland has refused to accord any facilities to the British navy or air force.

Even this is not the worst part of the picture. In the effort to avoid giving the Nazis any pretext for invasion, the De Valera government has consistently enforced a rather one-sided conception of neutrality. Disputes have arisen between Ireland and England over four main issues: (1) the proposed extension of conscription to Northern Ireland; (2) the leasing by the British of the bases restored to Ireland in 1938; (3) measures for the joint defense of the two sections of Ireland; and (4) the internment of R. A. F. patrol planes landing on Irish soil. In each case the British have come out second best.

On two separate occasions the British government has sought to extend conscription to Northern Ireland. From the British point of view this seems perfectly logical. Northern Ireland is politically an integral part of the United Kingdom. There seems to be no reason why a subject of the king living in Ulster should be given preferential treatment over residents of Wales, Scotland, or England. Yet when the British government first proposed an extension of the draft in April, 1939, violent protests came from both Northern and Southern Ireland. The Irish Nationalists at Londonderry dispatched a message to Prime Minister de Valera asking him to "mobilize the Irish race at home and abroad immediately to resist the conscription of Irishmen." Speaking before the Dail on May 2, De Valera declared that while "lawyers might argue that Britain has a right to do this since Northern Ireland is part of the United Kingdom . . . we . . . regard [it] as an act of aggression." Two days later Prime Minister Chamberlain of Great Britain announced that the plan had been dropped. The speed with which the British retreated was generally regarded as a great personal triumph for De Valera.

Two years later, with Churchill as Prime Minister, the proposal was raised again. But once more De Valera's vigorous attacks, coupled with some opposition from Ulster Loyalists and Laborites, resulted in the plan being shelved. Although the British forces have not lost much in man-power as a result of this decision, the British feel that De Valera went far beyond any requirements of neutrality in interfering with Northern Ireland's share in the defense effort. If, as De Valera's supporters argue,

America's Responsibility

"Peace! Does it not already seem a mockery? And a mockery it will remain unless America takes up the responsibility for the moral leadership of the world to which her consistent traditions, no less than the aims she has set herself in entering this war, entitle her. That headship at this moment is freely offered to her by the common sense and common consent of mankind." (De Valera writing in the *Irish World,* July 26, 1919.)

"It is in this fact, . . . that American ideals and American traditions are ideals and traditions of liberty and fearless justice, that Ireland's hope lies; and with Ireland's, the hope of the world." (July 31, 1919.)

domestic politics forced him to take this action, the British feel that he should offset it by taking steps favorable to Britain on other matters.

Specifically, the English would be satisfied if De Valera would make some arrangements for the temporary return of the ports of Cobh, Berehaven, and Lough Swilly, which were ceded to Ireland in the 1938 treaty. Officially, so far as we know, the British government has never asked for a return of these bases. But this is undoubtedly because De Valera has made it clear on several occasions that such a request would be rejected. At one time the Prime Minister went so far as to say that he would not give way on the question of bases even if the partition of Ireland were ended.

The importance of Irish bases in the Battle of the Atlantic is discussed elsewhere in this issue. Air bases are perhaps even more important than naval bases since aerial patrol planes must now go many miles out of their course in order to avoid flying over neutral Eire, where they face internment. It is probably fair to say that De Valera would gladly enter into some sort of an arrangement regarding air and naval bases if it were not for the fear that such action would be a signal for retaliatory bombing of Irish cities by the Nazis. The people of Eire know what bombing means. Dublin has suffered several attacks. But these have been nothing compared with those suffered by Belfast in Northern Ireland. Many families in Eire have come to the rescue of friends or relatives who were homeless refugees from the bombed sections of Ulster. Like the residents of Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Yugoslavia, the Irish have naturally wanted to save their cities as long as possible.

With the fall of France, the threat of an invasion of Ireland became very real. Although the government of Eire had been engaged in building up its defenses since the outbreak of the war, its regular army of 8,000 men and 5,000 reservists could hardly afford any real protection against the mechanized might of Adolf Hitler. Furthermore, the defense of the country was greatly hampered by the absence of coordination between the north and the south. On June 29, 1940, immediately after the collapse of France, the late Lord Craigavon, then Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, declared that he was prepared to "enter into the closest cooperation" with Prime Minister de Valera for the joint defense of Ireland, provided this defense was an aid to Britain and the empire. De Valera replied that such a joint defense would be possible only if Northern Ireland were to drop out of the war and join Eire in a policy of neutrality. In fact if not in theory, the chief defense of Eire has been provided by the 200,000 or more British soldiers who have been stationed in Ulster since 1940. This force is, of course, at a great disadvantage in that it is kept far from the strategic areas likely to be attacked by the Germans. It is also at a peculiar disadvantage because of the proximity of neutral Eire. Last June the British army stationed in Ulster staged elaborate maneuvers designed to test tactical plans for combating an invasion of Britain by way of any part of Ireland. Since it was virtually impossible to keep German spies from crossing the border between Eire and Northern Ireland, it is almost certain that the maneuvers were witnessed by enemy agents. And once these agents had spirited the details of the maneuvers back across the border, the information could be forwarded to Berlin in a sealed diplomatic pouch.

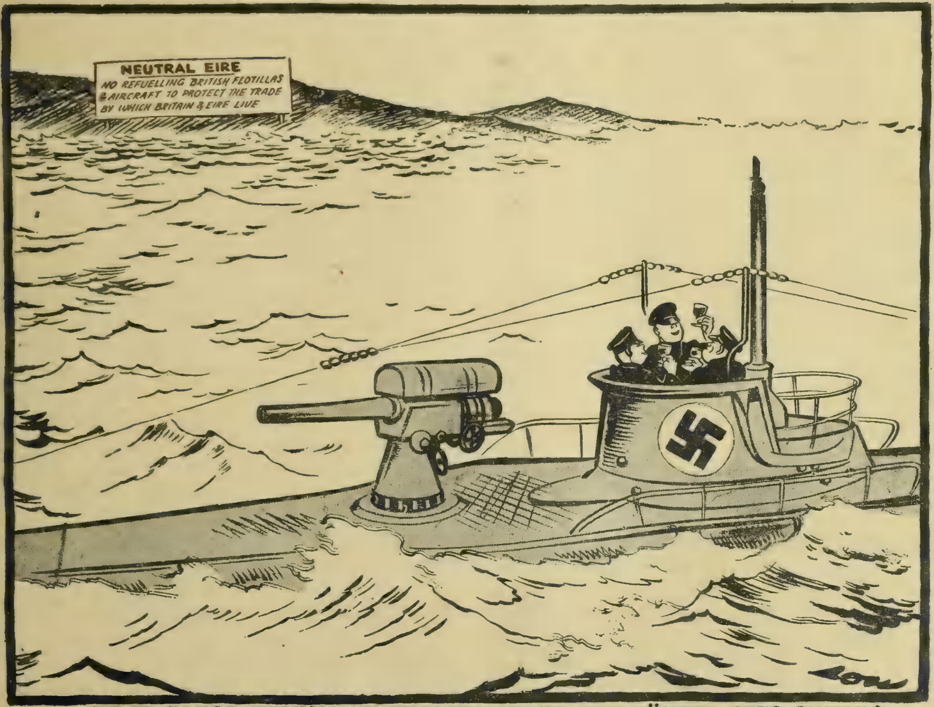
Supporters of De Valera's policy argue that Eire could defend itself if Britain and the United States would provide it with an adequate supply of arms. They point out that 30 per cent of the country's budget is earmarked for defense, and insist that if England would furnish the supplies previously agreed upon, there need be no worry about a Nazi invasion. Unfortunately for those who take this position, Irish resources are clearly inadequate for any real defense against the Nazis. The Irish budget for 1941-42 totaled only £40,000,000, of which about £13,000,000 is available for defense. While the Irish claim an army of 250,000 men, it consists almost entirely of untrained, unequipped volunteers. If Hitler attacks, Ireland's only real hope for successful defense rests with the British navy, the army in Ulster, and the Royal Air Force.

Considerable uneasiness has arisen recently in England regarding Eire's policy of interning all R. A. F. planes which are forced to land there. If the planes were engaged solely in convoying British supplies, there would, of course, be little ground for complaint. But it happens that these aerial patrols are essential for the preservation of Eire's own life line. One of the planes recently interned had run short of fuel while convoying a food ship to Ireland. The Irish public does not know this. Eire's censor has refused to permit the Irish press to mention the fact that ships with food for Ireland must travel in British convoys. If the people were told the truth, they might demand a change in policy.

The existence of the anomalies mentioned above is readily admitted by De Valera's supporters. But they maintain that Ireland's ability to remain out of the war thus far has justified his policies. Few have stopped to calculate their long-term cost. No one seems to have thought through, for example, what would happen if Great Britain or the United States, provoked beyond endurance by unnecessary shipping losses, should seize the bases they require. De Valera has made it clear on numerous occasions that such an effort would be met by resistance. As recently as January 12 of this year he declared that Eire would defend its territory "against any aggressor, no matter who he may be." Such resistance, it need hardly be added, could hardly be more effective against the Allies than against the Germans. In fact, British control of the seas would probably make seizure of the ports a relatively easy task.

What would happen in Ireland in this eventuality? Would De Valera hurriedly send to Berlin for assistance? And if he did, would it be forthcoming? It is doubtful whether De Valera himself could answer these questions. But regardless of how they are answered, Ireland's destiny would be linked with that of Germany. In the event of an Allied victory, which is assumed by even the anti-British I. R. A., the representatives of Ireland would sit on the wrong side of the peace table. After the last war the nascent Irish Republic received powerful support from the United States at the Peace Conference. Today, by refusing to aid the United States in its hour of need, the government of Eire threatens to transform that support into hostility. And failing support from the United States, where will Ireland turn? Hardly to Britain, whose proffers of mutual assistance it has repeatedly rejected. Where else? After the last war the new Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was a powerful friend. Can De Valera count on that friendship again when he has refused aid to Russia's allies? Or must he cast his lot irrevocably with Hitler?

Any balance sheet showing the results of Eire's neutrality would, of course, record on the credit side such benefits as Ireland has received by staying out of the war. Its cities are relatively intact, having been spared repeated bombings, but there is little else on the credit side. In the last war Irish farmers enjoyed unprecedented prosperity because of the high price of foodstuffs. In this war Irish economy has suffered acutely. The prices of foodstuffs have been held at such a low


NEUTRAL EIRE
NO REFUELLING BRITISH FLOTILLAS & AIRCRAFT TO PROTECT THE TRADE BY WHICH BRITAIN & EIRE LIVE
LOW

"GOD BLESS EIRE'S NEUTRALITY—UNTIL THE FÜHRER GETS THERE" level by the British Ministry of Food that Irish farmers have barely cleared their costs of production. Irish industries fared somewhat better at first but have subsequently been hampered by shortages of raw materials. The Irish have also had great difficulty in getting enough wheat. Because of Eire's non-belligerent status, Irish importers have not been able to obtain the shipping priorities available to English importers.

In general, Ireland's neutrality has not helped it to escape the economic effects of the war. On the contrary, its burdens have probably been heavier than if it had been a belligerent. In an attempt to provide defenses where no defenses existed, the government of Eire has been compelled to boost taxes to an unprecedented degree. The first boost came even before the outbreak of war—in the spring of 1939—as a result of obligations taken on with the return of the bases formerly defended by Britain. To provide funds for a £5,500,000 defense appropriation the income tax was increased one shilling on the pound (5 per cent) bringing the tax to five shillings sixpence on the pound. Surtaxes and special taxes on high incomes were also increased. In November of the same year, after the outbreak of war, the income tax was raised another shilling on the pound. Surtaxes and estate duties were further increased, and additional levies were placed on beer and whiskey.

There was little change in 1940, but the record £40,000,000 budget introduced by Finance Minister Sean T. O'Kelly on May 7, 1941, imposed heavy new burdens. The income tax was raised another shilling on the pound, bringing the total to seven shillings and sixpence (37½ per cent). Death duties were increased another 10 per cent, and there were still further increases in surtaxes and the excess-profits levy. The gasoline tax—largely nominal because of drastic rationing—was raised from ten to fifteen pence a gallon, and it was planned to raise the almost incredible sum of £2,000,000 by additional levies on pipe tobacco and cigarettes.

While not in the war, Ireland has had to adapt itself to all the disadvantages of a war economy. In May, 1941, a drastic order was issued under the Emergency Powers Act stabilizing wages and making any increase in transport, utility, or insurance rates illegal. Yet living costs have risen sharply, and, in contrast with the situation in the belligerent countries, unemployment has increased. At the beginning of the war the motor-car-assembly industry, one of Eire's major industries, was virtually suspended because of the restrictions on the sale of gasoline. Thousands of men in other industries have been thrown out of work by the increasing difficulty of getting raw materials.

America Makes a Difference

"Until America entered the war the Irish people had no thought that the end of it would bring freedom to any small people whatever. . . . When America entered the war it made a difference. America's history had been different; and men who were more than skeptical until then of the professions of all governments felt impelled to throw their reasonable doubts to the winds." (From a speech delivered by De Valera in Brooklyn, as reported in the *Irish World*, September 17, 1919.)

Ireland has had rationing, blackouts, general economic dislocation, and many of the other manifestations of war without being in the war. It has not even succeeded wholly in escaping death from the air. On at least three occasions Eire has suffered from Nazi air raids. The first of these occurred on August 26, 1940, when three Nazi bombers dropped about ten bombs in County Wexford. Three girls were killed in the wrecking of a creamery, and two other girls were injured. After an investigation, the German government apologized, claiming the attack was a mistake. But during the first three days of January, 1941, Nazi planes bombed Curragh, Julianstown, Duleek, Borris, and several densely populated sections of Dublin. Whole blocks of houses were severely damaged in the capital, and more than a score of persons were injured. Again Germany apologized; but its planes returned on May 31 in the most severe raid of all. On this occasion four bombs fell in the city of Dublin, killing thirty persons and injuring more than one hundred. Other bombs were dropped near Arklow in County Wicklow without doing serious damage. As in the case of the earlier attacks, the Nazis expressed regret for their "mistake."

Despite the cost, despite unwarranted bombings, and despite an almost universal desire to see the Allies win, there can be no doubt that De Valera has had the support of an overwhelming majority of the Irish people in his policy of neutrality. At the same time there appears to be a growing feeling that Eire should play fair with England and the United States by making some arrangement about the bases. This view was expressed quite sharply in a speech delivered in the Dail last July by James Dillon, deputy leader of the Fine Gael Party. Mr. Dillon declared that the Dail Eireann "should ascertain precisely what Great Britain and the United States may require to insure success against the Nazi attempt at world conquest and offer to the United States and Great Britain that cooperation to the limit of our resources."

Two years ago such a statement could hardly have been made in the Dail. Even six months ago these views were held only by a small minority of the Irish people. Today they undoubtedly reflect a much more substantial sector of opinion. Tomorrow the minority may become the majority.

De Valera's Neutrality

BY WILLIAM J. M. A. MALONEY

THE ANGLO-IRISH TREATY OF 1921

AT THE peace conference which in 1921 settled the Anglo-Irish war, the negotiators had to adjust (1) Ireland's claim to all its soil, (2) the desire of the Irish Loyalists of Ulster to be left undisturbed in their British allegiance, and (3) England's requirement that its security should be maintained.

The solution of these conflicting claims embodied in the treaty signed at London gave to twenty-six counties of Ireland the status of member of the British Commonweath of Nations, under the name of the Irish Free State. The Loyalists received the remaining six counties, which were given local self-government and were united with Great Britain under the name Northern Ireland.

For Britain's security, the Irish representatives conceded not only the bridgehead of Northern Ireland but also the provisions set forth in Article 7, which read:

> The government of the Irish Free State shall afford to His Majesty's Imperial forces
>
> (a) In time of peace such harbor and other facilities as are indicated in the Annex hereto, or such other facilities as may from time to time be agreed between the British government and the government of the Irish Free State; and
>
> (b) In time of war or of strained relations with a foreign power such harbor and other facilities as the British government may require for the purposes of such defense as aforesaid.

The negotiators evidently considered the islands of Britain and of Ireland to be a single strategic unit for defense purposes, and the Irish Free State, as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, to be jointly concerned with Britain for their common safety. In the event of Britain's declaring war the stipulations of Article 7 of the treaty made the Irish Free State a co-belligerent.

The facilities "indicated in the Annex" were Lough Swilly in County Donegal, Berehaven on Bantry Bay, and Queenstown. In the First World War Lough Swilly had sheltered thirty British destroyers that operated in the North Atlantic, Berehaven had given invaluable dockyard facilities to the heavy British naval units that controlled the western seas, and Queenstown had been the base of the thirty-four American destroyers that held open the southern approaches to England.

The treaty, which bears Winston Churchill's signature but not De Valera's, did not wholly satisfy any of the parties to it. De Valera, who had been instrumental in getting the Irish to accept the truce which permitted the treaty negotiations, held the British Commonwealth to be a mighty and admirable aggregation of Christian nations, each marching to political equality with Britain. On such terms as would permit a united Ireland ultimately to acquire a similar status he was prepared to lead his country into that Commonwealth; but on deciding that the treaty did not offer such terms, he denounced it.

Signed at London on December 6, 1921, the treaty led to heated discussions in the Dail before it was finally ratified, by sixty-four votes to fifty-seven, on January 7, 1922. The electorate then approved it by a vote of 486,419 to 133,864.

De Valera still scorned it. In its place he offered a document, usually referred to as Document Number 2, which he entitled "A Proposed Treaty of Association Between Ireland and the British Commonwealth." Many professed to see merely verbal differences between the actual treaty and the one proposed by De Valera. But his alternative Article 7 read: "That so far as her resources permit, Ireland shall provide for her own defense by sea, land, and air, and shall repel by force any attempt by a foreign power to violate the integrity of her soil and territorial waters, or to use them for any purpose hostile to Great Britain and the other associated states." De Valera omitted the pledge of harbor and other facilities to the British government in the event of war, and, by implication, proposed not co-belligerency but neutrality for Ireland. In fact, his whole document indicated toward the British Commonwealth a cautious cooperation which he called "external association."

The dispute over the treaty brought the disaster of civil war to the Irish Free State. Believing De Valera's protestations that the treaty made Ireland subject to Britain and that his Document Number 2 was a charter of ultimate independence, the fighting Irish Republicans rallied to its defense. Carrying with them the war-weary author of the document, they battled valiantly until May, 1923, when they were finally compelled to lay down their arms.

Turning to constitutional means, De Valera, the whilom chief of the rebellion against the Irish Free State, came to preside over it less than ten years later, and as its head began to lead his people peacefully to the freedom he proposed for them. Bit by bit he nibbled away the treaty he had denounced in arms. At no one time did he take more than England must perforce concede to a sovereign member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. As he pursued his purpose his invariable theme was: "We are going to get our independence of Britain, but we are not going to allow our territory, under any consideration, to be made use of by some foreign power as a base of attack against Britain." By 1937 the Irish Free State had disappeared even in name. In its place was Eire—Gaelic for Ireland—with a constitution immediately applicable to the twenty-six counties but avowedly planned for "the whole island of Ireland, its islands, and its territorial seas."

CHAMBERLAIN RETURNS THE BASES

Preoccupied with the growing menace of Hitler and desirous of preserving unity within the Commonwealth, the British government on December 29, 1937, informed Prime Minister de Valera that it was "prepared to treat the new constitution as not effecting a fundamental alteration in the position of the Irish Free State in future, to be described under the new constitution as 'Eire' or 'Ireland,' as a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations . . . "; and added that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa had intimated that they also were prepared to treat the new constitution in like manner. Disregarding Prime Minister de Valera's open, unilateral, progressive repudiation of the treaty of 1921, the Chamberlain government entered into an agreement (April 25, 1938) with him by which the provisions of Article 7 and its Annex, which made of the Irish Free State a co-belligerent with Britain at war, ceased "to have effect." Eire also obtained at last full and final possession of Lough Swilly, Berehaven, and Queenstown.

In 1921 Winston Churchill had signed the treaty returning these bases to a co-belligerent Irish Free State, member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In 1938 this watchdog of the Commonwealth growled against giving them up to De Valera's Eire. With incisive logic Churchill warned that the possession of these bases by a neutral Eire would cost England dearly in the event of war; nevertheless, the British Parliament ratified the agreement.

The British legislators ignored Mr. Churchill's warning, confident that self-defense would constrain Eire to stand with Britain in the event of war. And their confidence was not baseless, for as late as February 7, 1939, Prime Minister de Valera informed the Dail that "it would be impossible for Eire, much as she desired it, to remain neutral in the event of war between Britain and any other country." Yet seven months later De Valera essayed the impossible. When Britain declared war, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa assumed the obligation of co-belligerency as members of the British Commonwealth. Had Eire been armed, it too might have stood up, like Northern Ireland, with relative impunity. Perhaps Eire feared its fate too much; but to enter a mechanized war with "bare hands" seemed a suicidal risk. Had Eire been as far from German vengeance as Canada, or as Australia, that risk might have been taken. But it was certainly within the right of Eire as a sovereign state to refuse to take the risk, and to dissociate itself from the other nations of the Commonwealth by a declaration of neutrality. Such a declaration was, in fact, a further affirmation of Eire's sovereign status. Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and other small sovereign states had already indicated their intent to remain neutral. So Prime Minister de Valera accepted from Hitler's minister at Dublin a pledge of Germany's benevolence and declared Eire's neutrality.

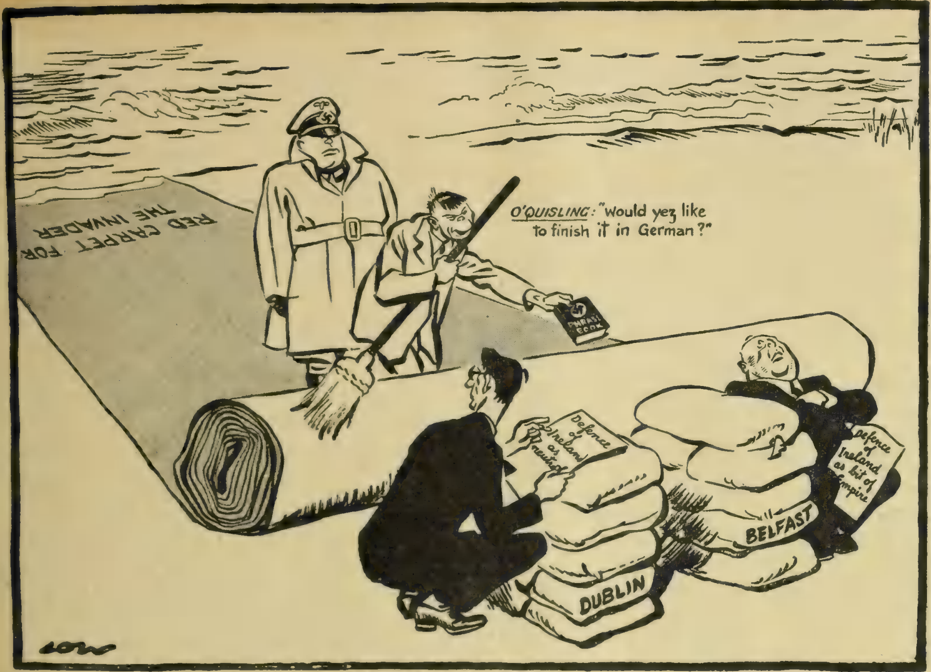
His declaration was ratified by Eire's legislators, even by those who had maintained in arms against him the sanctity of the Anglo-Irish treaty of 1921. The vote did not indicate any lack of sympathy toward England, but only an instinctive shrinking from a sudden, terrible war that was none of Eire's making and that it could ill sustain.

The bishops of Ireland were then no more militant than the legislators. Fully informed of every phase of Hitler's war on the church, the Irish hierarchy neither openly protested nor made any public attempt to rally the Catholic millions of Eire in a crusade to defend the church abroad. At first they may not have believed all that was reported about the Hitler persecution. It may have been hard for them to imagine Franco's powerful ally in the defense of the church in Spain in the role of an anti-religious monster. Yet no Irish priest could mistake what Hitler was doing; not so long ago it was penal also in Ireland to be Catholic, and the lot of the Irish priest then was not unlike the plight in which the war had placed the priests of Poland.

TERRORISM IN ULSTER

Like Poland, too, Ireland was partitioned, and the partition legitimized by treaty. The fact that his own representatives had sanctioned partition was no comfort to the Nationalist of Northern Ireland. Inasmuch as Tyrone and Fermanagh had Nationalist majorities, there was never any moral justification for their inclusion with the four Loyalist counties. In the six counties together, however, the Loyalists outnumbered the Nationalists more than two to one. Since in this part of Ireland Loyalist commonly connoted Protestant, Britain had secured as a bridgehead a Loyalist Protestant state with a permanent Nationalist and Catholic minority.

Although outnumbered, the Catholic Nationalists of Northern Ireland have kept up the struggle for freedom from British rule, and the Protestants of the six counties, now armed with all the powers of government, have brought peace with their clubs. At times the Catholic hierarchy has found it hard to encourage in Northern Ireland the respect for legally constituted authority that


RED CARPET FOR THE INVADER
O'QUISLING: "Would yez like to finish it in German?"
PHRASE BOOK
Defence of Ireland as neutral
Defence of Ireland as bit of Empire
BELFAST
DUBLIN
LOW

IRISH ARGUMENT

it usually ordains. In fact, the sorely vexed Primate of Ireland, Cardinal McRory, Archbishop of Armagh, declared on one occasion that Ireland was "an ancient land made one by God, partitioned by a foreign power against the vehement protests of her people."

While incessantly fighting its indomitable Catholic minority, the government of Northern Ireland has had to defend itself on other fronts. Prime Minister de Valera, with the British standing helplessly by, has progressively repudiated the terms of the treaty that legitimized the partition. In 1937 Eire adopted a constitution specifically including the territory of Northern Ireland. Two years later the Irish Republican Army issued a proclamation calling "upon England to withdraw her armed forces, her civilian officials, and institutions and representatives of all kinds from every part of Ireland," and implemented the proclamation by raiding the border blockhouses and supply depots of the six counties and conducting a campaign of assassination by time bombs in letter-boxes and parcel offices in Britain.

The Irish Republican Army had some 1,500 members in Northern Ireland. To meet their challenge it was the duty of the government to use such force as was necessary. A hundred or two special police—"B specials" as they are locally known—might have been enough. Had 500 been used, the I. R. A. would have felt complimented. But no fewer than 18,000 are said to have been signed on. This means that one out of perhaps every ten male Protestants of draft age in Northern Ireland has made the hounding of his Catholic neighbor his chief war contribution.

In his Lenten Pastoral last year the Bishop of Down and Connor wrote of conditions in his diocese as follows:

> Raids on Catholic houses by the forces of the government have taken place in Belfast on a scale that is almost incredible. They began in September, 1939, and have continued regularly since then. Till the end of September, 1940, raids as reported in the *Irish News* occurred on fifty-two dates, averaging one each week; and it must be remembered that there were many other raids that were never reported. . . . Last October the Minister of Public Security said "the raids will go on," and in pursuance of that policy from the middle of November till the end of last December raids were carried on almost nightly. . . . Many families were involved on each occasion; for instance, on the eighteenth of July it was reported that one hundred houses were raided. . . .
>
> During these raids many arrests were made; some of the men were interned, some were imprisoned, and the rest after being detained for hours at the police station were released. Many of those released, for whose arrest no reason could be alleged, when they returned to their places of employment next morning were informed that

others had got their jobs. In the light of this, who would deny that the raids were successful. . . .

As Catholics, we are constrained to enter a most emphatic protest against these continued, these wanton violations of our Catholic homes, these gross indignities to our Catholic families.

NEUTRALITY DIVIDES EIRE

With Ireland partitioned and with terrorism in the occupied six counties, with Eire still mourning not only the four hundred thousand who fell unheeded in Britain's ranks during the last World War but also the men who died in Ireland fighting to free it from England, Britain could scarcely take a moral stand against Eire's neutrality. But there were still valid grounds on which the neutrality policy might be attacked. Prime Minister de Valera considered these scrupulously, but nothing availed against his fears for Eire's survival. Britain, despite the glorious heroism of its airmen, could not effectively defend its own soil. Vast areas of London had become rubble, and Coventry was a byword for death and destruction. So De Valera, less from free choice than from fear of Hitler, held to neutrality.

Official commentators explained to the people of Eire why their Prime Minister must intern impartially such British and German airmen as landed in the country, why he officially forbade public debate on the merits of the contestants, why it was politic to placate Hitler by bowing to his blows and by giving precedence to German over British war news, why it was prudent to "play down" the war both over the radio and in the press, and why it was especially necessary to ban the publication of the names of the men of Eire who were wounded or killed in the British service. While De Valera stuck to his role, his ministers went up and down the country exhorting the people to put away all thought of war, to make their neutrality without blemish. Persuaded by their own propaganda, they did not seem to notice that neutrality had divided Ireland as no treaty had done, that it had convinced the unbiased that the bridgehead of Northern Ireland was vital to the survival not only of Britain but also of "the democratic way of life," and that it had ended the hope of seeing a united Ireland in our time—for in the name of democracy the United States has felt impelled to help fortify this bridgehead. In addition, neutrality had conferred permanence on Eire's voluntary dissociation from the British Commonwealth of Nations and had alienated any sympathy Eire ever enjoyed among the other Allied powers.

Not the least of the evils that flowed from neutrality was the paralyzing effect on the official mind. Once there was no braver or more far-seeing man in Eire than Sean Lemass, De Valera's Minister of Supplies. Yet on January 3, 1942, he publicly stated: "In this present we hope not for posterity but for preservation, and we know that our preservation is, to say the least of it, very doubtful. . . . The circumstances that might exist after the war, or the plans the victorious powers might have for the reordering of the affairs of mankind, and the place, if any, we might have in those plans, are matters about which we could know nothing."

Happily this abject official state of mind has not corrupted the people of Eire. Many walked out on De Valera's neutrality performance, and he justly made no attempt to stop them. Neither did the church. At every station on the border of Northern Ireland small groups of men from Eire could daily be seen making their way into the six counties to fight or work for Britain; yet without a last blessing from the parish priest few would have thought of going. On an average six thousand men a month are said to have thus aided Britain's war effort. Of these, W. H. Carter, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1941, estimated that some 70,000 had joined the British fighting forces. In a Report from Ireland to the *American Mercury* of last December William Bayles said that British enlistments from Eire had then risen to the stupendous total of 150,000. This is five times the number in Eire's regular army. It is also more than 5 per cent of Eire's entire population. Bayles believed there must be added to this 150,000 as many more who have gone to work in the war industries of Britain. It is probable that a tenth of Eire's total population is actively in the war—unofficially and as individuals of course, but with their whole heart.

AMERICA MAKES A DIFFERENCE

While the men of Eire were voluntarily making this magnificent, unheralded contribution to the British forces, the aspect of the war definitely changed. Italy suffered eclipse, Germany met defeat in Russia, and the Axis lost in both strength and leadership, while the Allies gained decisive dominance by the adhesion of the United States. With this change, Eire awoke from the nightmare of Nazi vengeance to find that its official neutrality, defensible no longer than it could be reasonably pleaded as essential to its very existence, had grown somehow into a fearful yet comfortable habit which twenty-eight months of practice made hard to give up.

Eire dreads uncharted changes and waits for events to determine its course, but meanwhile the United States and Canada have to face the hazards of the Arctic seas in order to maintain communication with Britain. This northern route is hard to patrol and takes a heavy toll of men, ships, material, and time. The one and only base for the effective defense of the Atlantic sea lanes is Eire. With the aid of Eire the Atlantic could be made reasonably safe for an American expeditionary force. The 20,000,000 people of Irish blood in the United States will be well represented in that force.

For their sake, for the sake of the 150,000 Irish who have gone to the war from Eire, of the 1,200,000 in Northern Ireland, of the 2,000,000 belligerent Irish in Britain, of the co-belligerent Irish in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa—in short, for the sake of the whole Irish race outside of Eire it is a comfort to note that a responsible official of Eire has at last ventured to hint that neutrality is not necessarily permanent, and may, indeed, be suddenly given up. On January 10, 1942, Dr. James Ryan, Minister of Agriculture, was able to announce: "When the position becomes acute there will be some who will favor departure from neutrality. . . . There may possibly be a stampede."

Divided, isolated, and defenseless in a world at war Eire today could not well be in a more acute situation. Controlling all its channels of communication, Prime Minister de Valera could start the stampede overnight.

Eire's Search for Self-Sufficiency

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

NOBODY resembles the mythical "economic man" of the classical economists so little as the Irishman. Nor does the history of Ireland lend itself easily to the materialist interpretation of the Marxist, for in that troubled isle the primacy of politics over economics has been almost constant. Hence in any discussion of Irish political economy past or present the accent must inevitably be placed on the adjective rather than the noun.

Since 1932, when he first became head of the government of the Irish Free State, Eamon de Valera has pressed steadily toward the goal of a completely independent, reunited Irish republic. The economic counterpart of this program has been an effort to make his country self-supporting, to break the conspiracy between nature and the English which hitherto has served to bind Ireland's economy to that of Britain. This policy has brought Ireland few, if any, material gains on balance, and at times Mr. de Valera has appeared to be cutting off his country's nose to spite the faces of his enemies. Yet it must be admitted that from his own point of view and from that of the majority of people whom he leads he has had a large measure of success. For his primary aim has not been prosperity but freedom, and he has been encouraged rather than deterred by the realization that poverty is often the reward of virtue. "If we cannot have silk shirts," he once declared, "let us have homespuns."

It is in this spirit that the drive toward self-sufficiency has been undertaken in Eire. The aim has been to transform its economy so that it serves Irish needs instead of English uses. Explaining this policy in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 13, 1940, Maurice Walsh voiced the widespread belief that Britain had sought to maintain Ireland as a kind of colonial cattle ranch, "a place where there was the best food for England, good sport, a simple standard of living for the aborigine—a place to visit in summer and forget in the winter." While first-quality Irish beef, butter, and bacon used to be sent across the channel, inferior foods were imported for home consumption. That has been largely changed, and in the five years following 1931 such imports were reduced by 80 per cent. In the last ten years numerous light industries have sprung up in Eire; so that now a wide range of consumers' goods is produced at home.

Since it was already committed to a policy of economic nationalism, Eire bore the trials of the Anglo-Irish trade war which raged from 1932 to 1938 with comparative equanimity. This conflict was precipitated by Mr. de Valera's decision, soon after becoming Prime Minister, to cancel the land-annuity payments to Britain. These annuities represented interest and principal on loans made to Irish farmers for the purchase of their lands by private English investors, who, however, received a guaranty from the British government. From the British point of view they were a legal commercial debt and were not covered by the clause of the Anglo-Irish treaty of 1921 which relieved the Free State of any liability for the national debt of the old United Kingdom. To Mr. de Valera and his followers the payment of the annuities appeared as the rendering of tribute.

THE ANGLO-IRISH TRADE WAR

Britain's reply to the default of the Irish government in respect of the annuities was a parliamentary authorization to the Treasury to impose duties on imports from the Free State up to 100 per cent over and above any existing duties. The sums obtained by this measure were to be earmarked to recoup the British government for moneys paid out in accord with its guaranties to the annuity holders. De Valera quickly retorted by clapping extra duties on leading categories of British goods exported to Ireland, and the battle was joined.

Economically it was a one-sided contest. Britain was practically the only market for Ireland's meat and dairy products and all in all absorbed over 90 per cent of Irish exports. On the other hand, it was not nearly so dependent on Irish purchases, which accounted for only some 10 per cent of its total shipments abroad. Nor was it a hardship for British consumers to be deprived of Irish supplies: Denmark, Holland, and the dominions were all eager and able to increase their exports of similar products. But Ireland not only could not dispose of its goods elsewhere; it was even unable to arrange for satisfactory imports from non-British sources of such essentials as coal.

The result was that the prices of Irish farm products slumped disastrously, and exports to Britain were almost halved. The price of live cattle in the Free State fell from forty-five shillings a hundredweight in June, 1931, to twenty-five shillings; while during the same period the London price was lowered only eight shillings. At the same time the new retaliatory tariffs sharply increased prices of imported industrial goods which the Irish farmer had to buy. Attempts to arrange reciprocal trade agreements with other nations yielded meager results. Compared with 1933, total imports from countries other than Britain increased £2,236,214 but exports only £22,708. There were plenty of willing sellers, but willing buyers were almost as hard to find as Irish snakes.

The Anglo-Irish trade war continued until 1938, although its ferocity was modified by two different agreements. At the end of 1934 a pact was signed by which Britain increased its import quota for Irish cattle by about one-third and the Free State undertook to admit 1,250,000 tons of British coal. However, the special British duty of twenty shillings a head on cattle remained, as did the Irish duty on British coal of five shillings a ton. Since Irish cattle had to compete in an English market open to the meat of all the world, the duty was in effect paid either by the Irish farmer through lower prices or by the taxpayer through subsidies. But the Irish consumer and not the British mine owner paid the duty on coal, since there was no suitable alternative supply available. Speaking in the Dail on this agreement, Mr. Cosgrave, leader of the opposition, declared that the retained land annuities were being sent to Britain on the horns of Irish cattle, but Mr. de Valera defended it as a business transaction. "It was," he said, "the type of understanding the Irish government has always indicated its willingness to make." A second interim agreement in February, 1936, led to a greater improvement in the situation: Britain reduced its special imposts, and the Free State, which a few weeks earlier had canceled the coal duties, cut in half its retaliatory tariff on a number of important British manufactures.

So long as the trade war continued, Ireland was certainly getting the worst of it from the economic standpoint, but if the British government believed that it could weaken the political position of De Valera and his Fianna Fail Party by hitting the Irish farmer and taxpayer, it made a sad mistake. This was demonstrated in the general election of 1933, when Fianna Fail increased its membership in the Dail from seventy to seventy-seven. The fact was that the chief victims of the trade war were the big farmers of the central plains and the city merchants, who in any event were Cosgrave supporters. The poverty-stricken subsistence farmers of the west, who had no cash crops, the landless laborers, and the urban poor continued to vote for the man who stood up to the British and provided them with relief payments, free beef, and free milk.

The trade war also helped Mr. de Valera to push ahead with his plans to encourage tillage in the place of cattle farming, so that the country could feed itself, and to build up local industries which would keep money at home. Sheltered by high tariffs, new factories were started all over Ireland. By 1935 Free State mills, which before the advent to power of Fianna Fail were producing only half the flour consumed in the country, were grinding out its full requirements. A rapid growth in the cultivation and refining of beet sugar made possible the reduction of imported sugar to 20 per cent of consumption. Unfortunately, this industrial progress was not reflected in the reduction of unemployment, which remained a serious problem and would have become still more grave had not Britain continued to offer an unrestricted haven to Free State emigrants.

While the economic war dragged on to the detriment of Irish trade, it was little noticed in Britain, which was enjoying a period of recovery and industrial expansion. Yet in 1938 Mr. de Valera was able to win from the Chamberlain government a settlement which represented a real triumph. In return for a lump-sum payment of £10,000,000 Britain abandoned annuity and other outstanding claims with a capitalized value of £100,000,000. Retaliatory duties were abolished by both sides, and both states gave preferences to each other's goods. And at the same time Britain agreed to transfer to the government of Eire the three naval bases which had been retained by the treaty of 1921. It can never be said of Neville Chamberlain that he appeased only powerful nations.

A BLOCKADED NEUTRAL

World War II has demonstrated to Eire both the advantages and the disadvantages of self-sufficiency. The tillage program, which has been extended by an order compelling occupiers to cultivate at least 20 per cent of their arable land, has enabled the country to get along without many foreign foodstuffs. The most serious deficiency is that of wheat; the most severe hardship, perhaps, the shortage of tea. Sugar is rationed, but the allowance is fairly adequate. The government's peat-cutting development, which is being energetically pushed, has provided some additional employment and has helped to compensate for much-reduced imports of British coal. But Eire, like many a larger nation, has found that home industries don't insure an independent supply of manufactured goods when raw materials are not locally available. In this matter nature has been niggardly toward Ireland, and neither Britain nor America has much it can spare from its armament program. Moreover, shipping is an increasingly acute problem. Eire has practically no mercantile marine of its own, and until the Battle of the Atlantic is definitely won, the Allied nations are hardly in a position to release many bottoms for its benefit. Nor has Eire's strict observance of neutrality saved it from inclusion within the German blockade zone or its ships from U-boat attacks.

Throughout 1940 unemployment remained one of the Irish government's worst headaches. It was intensified not only by the cessation of normal emigration but by an influx of refugees, mainly woman and children of Irish origin, seeking escape from the blitzed cities of Britain. The past twelve months, however, have seen an improvement, though one that can hardly be ascribed either to better business or to the efficacy of government relief schemes. It is due rather to the expansion of the Irish army, large-scale enlistments in the British services, and the lure of high wages in British munition factories, which has revived emigration.

Normally Eire imports a far greater value of goods annually than it exports, and its trade accounts are balanced by invisible exports such as interest on foreign investments, mainly in Britain, tourist expenditures, and emigrants' remittances. During the economic conflict with Britain the excess of imports was swollen to such an extent that accounts were only balanced by drawings on capital. Since 1939 exports to Britain have been fairly well maintained, although the price policies of the British Ministry of Food have not always seemed designed to encourage Irish farmers to increase their shipments, and with imports necessarily curtailed, the adverse balance of trade has shrunk in a spectacular manner. In fact, in recent months there has been an excess of exports, and as a result Eire's sterling holdings have been growing rapidly. In the view of some Irish authorities the strong financial position which is now being built up will prove a powerful political weapon after the war. Cormac MacAirt writes in the *Irish Echo* of New York:

> If, however, we escape invasion, and an overwhelming British defeat does not render the pound valueless, then—please God—the *Saorstat* is likely to emerge from the war in a very strong position materially; and this is bound to have a big effect on the partition issue and, in my opinion, will render the reunion of Ireland almost a certainty.

This hope, it will be noted, is conditioned on the absence of British disaster, but it must be pointed out that even in the event of an overwhelming victory for the United Nations, including Britain, the chances of the pound sterling escaping serious depreciation are not entirely favorable. Britain, too, has depended on the fruits of foreign investment to keep its international accounts straight. Now it is drawing heavily on these capital assets to finance its war effort, and, in addition, it is at this moment having to destroy or allow to fall into enemy hands some of its most valuable investments in the Far East. To the extent that the United States finds alternative supplies of rubber, part of this loss may prove permanent.

Shrinkage in income after the war may force further depreciation of the pound; it will certainly necessitate tremendous adjustments in British trade. If the universal movement toward freer trade envisioned in the Atlantic Charter is not realized, Britain may be forced to restrict its imports and press its exports in order to keep its economy on an even keel. That could mean very hard times for the Irish farmer unless his government consented to make some kind of barter arrangement with Britain, which in turn would probably react unfavorably on Eire's tariff-fostered industries. Despite all that has been done to make Eire more nearly self-supporting, its economy still hinges on its ability to export agricultural surpluses. As the Irish Commission of Inquiry into Banking, Currency, and Credit pointed out in 1938:

> The Free State is predominantly an agricultural country, which means not only that the greatest proportion

De Valera's Message to America
St. Patrick's Day, 1940

"We fully realize what we owe to the support given by our kin in the United States. With their aid we have secured the sovereign status we now enjoy in five-sixths of the national territory. We are genuinely grateful, and our gratitude establishes a further link binding the motherland to those millions of homes in America where today Ireland's national festival is being celebrated with the same sentiments of fervor and devotion with which we celebrate it in Ireland."

> of the population gains its livelihood in agriculture but that the main exports required to pay for necessary imports are obtained from agriculture. . . . Access to profitable export markets for agricultural products will in the future as in the past govern the prosperity of the main body of the Irish people.

Even the group with the biggest vested interest in the self-sufficiency program has, it is worth noting, a good many doubts about its success. In the course of the 1941 budget debate, Erskine Childers, a member of Fianna Fail and secretary of the Federation of Irish Manufacturers, declared that the first twenty years of self-government had been disappointing. The national income, he said, had failed to expand, no new export markets had been established, and the fertility of the land had not been maintained. A few months earlier the same authority, in a lecture summarized by the *Journal of the Institute of Bankers in Ireland,* asserted that costs of production were too high in Ireland, and must be reduced if industries already established were to justify their existence.

Among the factors raising costs he included managerial inexperience, the smallness of the home market, high taxation, and the indiscriminate nature of tariff protection. He stressed the need for better organization and more intensive research, and said that too little attention had been paid to the development of special types of quality exports. Mr. Childers went on to advocate closer cooperation between workers and employers, to be obtained by the organization of vocational bodies which would include both and replace the Federation of Irish Manufacturers and the trade unions. In addition, he said, very large powers would have to be given to the government in order to insure the success of the industrial-development program for which it had made itself responsible.

In these proposals there is more than a suggestion of a move toward a corporative state on the Italian fascist model. Already under its war-time powers the government of Eire is regulating wages, prices, and almost every detail of economic life. Mr. Childers's program appears to look toward the perpetuation and broadening of these powers, a prospect which cannot fail to alarm those who have expected that independent Ireland would become a model democracy.

We can only hope that if partition is abolished and the republic established, Eire will feel secure enough to turn away from the paths of economic nationalism which lead large nations toward imperialism and small states toward social sterility. Certainly, a self-sufficient Eire could not hope for more than an extremely modest standard of living. Mr. de Valera may argue that simplicity is to be preferred, may reverse Marie Antoinette by saying, "Let us eat bread, and if need be, brown bread," and the voters may continue to indorse him. But so long as the Irish standard of living is definitely below that of neighboring countries, the young people will continue to repudiate that policy by emigrating. And Eire will remain a land of old folks and children, a land which must feed its spirit on the hatreds of the past because it can have no real hopes of the future.

[*I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness for a number of facts and figures quoted in this article to "Ireland, Past and Present," by Tom Ireland, just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.*—K. H.]

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The Shape of Things

IN WITHDRAWING TO SINGAPORE ISLAND from the mainland of the Malay Peninsula, the British successfully performed a maneuver comparable to the withdrawal of MacArthur's forces from Manila to Corregidor and the Bataan Peninsula. Without doubt the British are now in very strong positions, from which it will be difficult to dislodge them. But it would be folly to conceal the fact that anti-Axis nations have suffered a defeat of the first magnitude. Whether or not the British will ultimately save Singapore from falling into Japanese hands, the withdrawal has largely nullified its value. It would be impossible under present conditions, for example, to use the base for offensive operations; and it is doubtful that the island can be adequately reinforced. There is some question, however, whether the Japanese will risk the losses of an all-out attack on the fortress or transfer part of their forces on the Malay Peninsula to the Burma front in an effort to take Rangoon before British reinforcements reach that city. The situation on the Burma front is almost as critical as that at Singapore. Having taken the strategic port of Moulmein, the Japanese are a comparatively short distance from Rangoon. The defenders are few and inadequately armed, but their positions are fairly strong. And the American airmen who have been sent to guard the Burma road have shown themselves qualitatively if not quantitatively superior to the invaders. Given adequate and timely reinforcements, particularly in the air, Singapore and Burma should both be able to hold out.

*

ELSEWHERE IN THE VAST FAR EASTERN WAR the United Nations are just about holding their own. The Japanese have made further progress in the Dutch East Indies, capturing Pontianak and threatening the Amboina naval base. Although Dutch resistance continues, the oil-rich island of Borneo appears lost to the invaders. On the other hand, the American Pacific Fleet seems to have wrought major damage to Japanese bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands and thus cleared the route for American reinforcements for the southern

Pacific front. In the Philippines, American and Filipino forces under General MacArthur continue to hold their positions in face of violent Japanese attacks. Although the Japanese have made air attacks on towns in northeastern New Guinea, they have made no further landings in this area. Australian resistance continues near Rabaul and the other points occupied by the Japanese last week. The best news of all comes from China, where the troops of Chiang Kai-shek won a decisive victory at Waichow, north of Hongkong, and are reported to be advancing eastward toward Canton. In North China the Fifteenth Division of Wang Ching-wei's puppet regime has gone over to the Chinese with its Japanese arms. Further desertions are not unlikely and would seriously endanger the Japanese position in China.

* * *

HEAVILY GUARDED BY GESTAPO AGENTS and his own thugs, Vidkun Quisling has been installed as Norwegian Premier by the grace of Hitler. The exact significance of this move is not yet certain, as the German army of occupation will, of course, remain and Herr Terboven, the German Commissioner, is to continue as head of the German civil administration and Quisling's chief adviser.The appointment can only further embitter the 99 per cent of the people who look to the day "when the King comes home." Perhaps the Germans, convinced that the Norwegians can be neither bludgeoned nor cajoled into accepting the "new order," have decided to see if painting the Quisling lath to look like iron will lend it a trifle more authority and so stiffen the oozing courage of the *Hirdmen*. Again the Nazis may have in mind the placing of direct responsibility for their terror on the shoulders of these traitors so as to provide a supply of scapegoats against the wrath to come. According to some reports, the appointment of Quisling may lead to a treaty of peace between his government and Germany, which is still formally at war with Norway. This would enable Quisling to set up his own diplomatic corps and demand recognition from neutrals, such as Sweden, which continue to maintain relations with the Norwegian government in exile. That would provide a difficult problem for Sweden, but the Swedish press indicates plainly that any attempt at intimidation either by Quisling or his Nazi instigators will be firmly resisted.

* * *

THE SUCCESS OF JUAN ANTONIO RIOS IN THE presidential elections in Chile is a much clearer victory for the United States than the resounding resolutions adopted at Rio. It puts in office a man and a group of parties solidly committed to the democratic cause. It insures Chile's whole-hearted cooperation in the hemisphere's anti-Axis front. And it will fortify the democratic elements in many other South American countries. The election of Rios was in doubt up to the last moment. The rightist candidate, General Carlos Ibañez, had seemed to be gaining ground as the result of heavy financial reinforcements allegedly from Axis sources. Although the Popular Front parties supporting Rios were stronger numerically than the rightists, they were severely handicapped by lack of funds. That Rios won, in spite of this, by a majority of more than 50,000 votes is an impressive tribute to the democratic feeling of the Chilean people. Some observers fear that Ibañez, defeated, will try to overthrow the government by force. This danger must not be ignored; but if the United States carries through with energy its policy of economic support, Ibañez may think twice before attempting a coup. The overwhelming success of the Popular Front at the polls, coupled with the promise of greater economic stability, presents formidable obstacles to a would-be dictator.

* * *

PRIME MINISTER KING'S DECISION TO ASK for a plebiscite to release him from his anti-conscription pledge of 1940 has provoked an unexpected amount of controversy within Canada. Opposition to the plebiscite has been voiced by those favoring as well as by those opposing the extension of the draft to cover overseas service. One Liberal member of Parliament from Quebec, Liguori Lacombe, has crossed the floor of the House and formed an anti-conscription "Canada Party," of which he is the sole member. It is probable that Mr. Lacombe's position will find a good deal of support in Quebec, where a considerable body of French nationalists are firmly against conscription. On the other hand, Ross Gray, a former Liberal whip, has strongly opposed the plebiscite on the ground that it means unnecessary delay and will only accentuate internal conflict over the issue. This view is shared by a section of the opposition Conservative Party, which has in general favored the extension of conscription. So far Mr. King has carefully avoided making any commitment as to what he will do if the plebiscite, as seems probable, gives him a free hand. It is expected, however, that he will immediately ask Parliament to remove the present bars against sending drafted men overseas.

* * *

ADMIRAL MUSELIER HAS WON THE LATEST round in his skirmish with the careful men in the State Department who would like to get the Free French forces out of St. Pierre-Miquelon, thereby keeping the favor of Vichy and saving their own rather shop-worn faces. On January 27 a dispatch from Ottawa spoke of reports of a solution reached in London. According to the plan, the islands would be neutralized, Canada would be asked to assume responsibility for the protection of their neutrality, and Admiral Muselier would withdraw his small force. A few days later the gay Admiral issued a statement from his strategic island post both exposing and repudiating the plan. He wanted to believe, he said, that it was nothing more than another of those false rumors put out by the Nazi propagandists. He pointed out that the people of St. Pierre-Miquelon were not neutral, that neutrality was in fact abhorrent to them; he said, moreover, that the four ships he had brought to the islands had already resumed "the combat at the side of American forces" in the Atlantic and had sunk one enemy submarine. He spoke throughout on the assumption that the Atlantic Charter meant what it said. We await the next round; and we are betting on the Admiral.

*

MARTIN DIES, WHO WANTS CONGRESS TO give him enough money to start another great witch-hunt, has done nothing in recent months to deserve one cent of public funds. During the past two weeks his committee has heard testimony from James Arnold Colescott of the Ku Klux Klan and other assorted fascists, but in general the old pattern of harassing ten liberals for every pro-Nazi he timidly investigates has been faithfully followed. His most ambitious project has been to keep Joseph P. Lash, Malcolm Cowley, and Goodwin Watson out of government jobs on the grounds that each was at one time or another associated with organizations that were part of the Communist transmission belt. In the case of Messrs. Cowley and Lash, Dies seems to have failed, but his attack on Goodwin Watson has resulted in a dangerous Congressional precedent. The bill which grants a new appropriation for the Federal Communications Commission carries a rider, written in by Joe Starnes of the Dies committee, forbidding any part of the money to be spent on a salary for Goodwin Watson. This may well be a usurpation of administrative function by Congress and as such unconstitutional. We hope that it is immediately tested in the courts. If it should go unchallenged, however, we hope that a rider will be attached to the Dies committee appropriations forbidding any part of the money to be spent on or by Martin Dies—or Joe Starnes.

*

IT IS INTERESTING IF NOT SURPRISING TO find Lindbergh's views about the "yellow peril" popping up in a pro-German newspaper in Stockholm. Two recent editorials in *Aftonbladet,* notorious as a pipe line for Goebbels, have stressed the theme that it is tragic for "white peoples to fight among themselves while the Japanese are taking away their possessions in the East." This was the thesis of the famous article which Lindbergh contributed to the *Reader's Digest* in March, 1940. Advocating the cooperation of Western nations strong enough to police the world, he wrote: "Germany is as essential to this group as England or France, for she alone can either dam the Asiatic horde or form the spearhead of their penetration into Europe." At a private gathering of leading America Firsters in New York on December 17, 1941, Lindbergh is reported to have stressed again the idea that the yellow races were the only real danger to the West, and his remarks seem to have inspired an undercover campaign by the isolationists to spread the notion that the one important enemy is Japan and to soft-peddle the fight against Hitler. An article in the January 24 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* may well serve to promote this campaign. According to its author, Demaree Bess, "the Axis is a myth" so far as Germany and Japan are concerned. We are confronted, he says, not by "a powerful organic union but [by] two separate nations whose ideologies and ambitions and military strategy are more often competitive than cooperative." It is, of course, almost certain that if the Axis won the war, its components would split and fight each other. But it seems to us highly dangerous, as well as incorrect, to minimize the closeness of present working arrangements between the two partners. To do so is to open the door to Nazi propaganda of the kind oozing out through Sweden, propaganda skilfully designed to divide and confuse our counsels.

*

EXCELLENT MATERIAL FOR A HITCHCOCK thriller is to be found in the case of Werner von Clemm, American agent of the German High Command, cousin of Joachim von Ribbentrop, and, according to the indictment against him, fence extraordinary. Mr. von Clemm, a naturalized citizen for the past ten years and reported by the press to have sported an America First button during the heyday of that society, is president of the Pioneer Import Corporation, which, the indictment runs, has been engaged in importing the perfect blue-white diamonds picked up by the German looters of the Low Countries and selling them illicitly to raise funds for financing Nazi propaganda in this country. Involved in the tale is the Nazi High Command, which federal attorneys assert warned the Pioneer Import Corporation last spring that shipments via the Soviet Union would soon stop. "Aunt Kate dying fast" was the cryptic message that heralded the death of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Thus did America Firster von Clemm learn of Aunt Kate's grave condition before Uncle Joe even knew she was sick. The same week that brought trouble to Ribbentrop's kinsman saw the arrest of another star of the isolationist galaxy. Ralph Townsend, a member of the staff of *Scribner's Commentator,* was picked up by detectives on a charge of having distributed Japanese propaganda, for so many yen a month, without bothering to register as a foreign agent. *Scribner's Commentator,* which served as the intellectual organ of the more wild-eyed isolationists but is now bulging with martial spirit, was so feverishly American, it will be recalled, that it fled to Wisconsin to be rid of the subversive foreign influences of the East.

Irresponsible Neutrality

PRIME MINISTER DE VALERA has given a churlish welcome to the American troops who landed in Northern Ireland last week. Although their presence to some extent lessens the chances of a German attempt against Eire, he complains that the American action means recognition of a "Quisling government" in Belfast and support for a partition which to him is as indefensible an aggression as the partition of Poland. Ireland, he says, has no desire to be brought into conflict with the United States, but it is "our duty to make it clearly understood that no matter what troops occupy the Six Counties, the Irish people's claim to union of the national territory and supreme jurisdiction will remain unabated."

Eire's government, it would seem, recognizes no other duty to Ireland or the world than the reiteration of that claim and the maintenance of strict neutrality. Old grievances blind it to present dangers which geography forces it to share with the United States and Britain. Foremost among such dangers is that of a German invasion of Eire which, if successful, would interpose a fatal barrier between England and America and would probably lead to the reduction of the British fortress. It is hardly necessary to argue, at this date, that the defeat of Britain would be a devastating blow at the United States.

De Valera declares that, given arms, Eire can equip a force strong enough to repel or at least delay an invasion. He expects to get such arms from Britain and America, and, in fact, Britain has recently started to ship weapons to southern Ireland. But obviously the provision of such supplies, as well as the import into Eire of much-needed wheat and raw materials, depends on the success of the Anglo-American effort to keep open the North Atlantic sea lanes. That problem would be enormously simplified if air and sea bases in southern Ireland were made available, would even be assisted to some extent if Eire gave the United States non-belligerent rights in its ports. But Mr. de Valera, while expecting to receive benefits from Anglo-American convoys, is not prepared to share the responsibility for their success.

The Irish people and their leaders are aiming, legitimately, at independence for the whole of Ireland, but their aloofness from the cause of the United Nations will only hinder the realization of that aim. Their neutrality impedes Anglo-American cooperation, which is dependent on the maintenance of the Atlantic life line, but in no way bothers Hitler. On the contrary, it allows him to maintain an observation post at Dublin and to organize a fifth column in Eire with branches in Northern Ireland. If and when invasion becomes a desirable move for him, Eire's neutrality will be no more of an obstacle than was that of Norway, Denmark, or Holland. The fact that Britain and now the United States have strong forces in Ulster which could rapidly be moved south is a much stronger deterrent. Should Hitler succeed in defeating Britain, Eire's fate is certain. It could choose either to be a Norway and go down fighting or a Bulgaria accepting without resistance the benefits of Nazi "protection." In either case it would become a German base for the final battle against America.

Eire will never be able to take over the Six Counties except by agreement with the Protestant majority there unless it is prepared to wage civil war and kill, imprison, or deport 600,000 recalcitrants. It demands that Britain shall abandon support for the government of Northern Ireland and force it to accept the rule of Dublin. But how can Britain be expected to repudiate, in the midst of its perils, a government which is giving it support in favor of one that practices a cold neutrality? The fact that Northern Ireland remains part of the United Kingdom is very probably responsible for Britain's continued existence, for had all Ireland remained neutral the German blockade might well have succeeded.

The policy of De Valera's government is, in short, giving the supporters of partition practical arguments difficult to answer, since it seems to prove that Britain can forego its toehold in Ireland only at the expense of its own security. If a few million Irish are indifferent to the continued freedom of 46,000,000 English, Welsh, and Scots, they can hardly expect that their own claims to independence will receive a sympathetic hearing either in Britain or in America, which knows that its own fate is intimately linked to that of Britain.

The Price-Bill Fiasco

THE President must have had many misgivings in reaching his decision to sign the outrageous price-control bill which was dumped on his desk by a recalcitrant Congress. It is possible that he would have decided to veto it if he had not been able to obtain the cooperation of Secretary Wickard in checking the rise in farm prices. The Secretary's action in announcing that government-controlled stocks of wheat and corn will be placed on the market at 85 per cent of parity and his warning against price rises above the parity level indicated that the Cabinet was at last standing together in the effort to prevent inflation. This was confirmed when Mr. Wickard maintained his position in the face of an all-day grilling by the Senate Agriculture Committee. His stand is highly important in view of the powers given him by the price bill.

But even with an assurance that Mr. Wickard will not use his power to block the Administrator's efforts, the price-control bill is still an open invitation to inflation. The fact that it sets forth 110 per cent of parity as a legitimate goal for farm prices probably means that the farm bloc will not rest until it has succeeded in pushing prices to this point. The Administration has power to resist this effort through its control over the stores of surplus commodities, but if it exercises its powers too drastically it may find them curbed by a hostile Congress.

The seriousness of the situation which would arise if farm prices were allowed to rise to 110 per cent of parity does not seem to be generally understood either by Congress or by the public. From the consumers' point of view agricultural prices are by and large food prices. Food costs make up nearly half of the budget of the low-income groups. And food prices have already risen more than 20 per cent, as compared with a rise of less than 10 per cent in the other items in the family budget. Before reaching the ceiling provided in the price bill, wheat prices could rise another 40 cents a bushel, cotton could increase from 16 to 21½ cents a pound, corn could advance from 67 cents to $1.02 a bushel, potatoes could rise from 83 cents to $1.25, sheep from $5.15 to $7.17 a hundredweight, and butter might jump from 34 to 43 cents a pound. Four major farm products—beef cattle, veal calves, wool, and rice—have already reached the point where a ceiling could be imposed under the bill, but it is not expected that action will be taken at this time because of the Administration's desire to increase production of these products. Thus it is apparent that a very considerable increase in the cost of living of working-class families may take place without the Price Administrator being able to do anything to stop it. Such a rise in living costs is almost certain to be accompanied by demands for wage and salary increases which, if granted, will force up the prices of industrial products.

The most that can be hoped from the price bill is that the Price Administrator may be enabled to put the brakes on the inflationary process. He will constantly have to make adjustments upward, for he cannot maintain a ceiling if advancing raw-material and labor costs make it impossible for producers and distributors to break even. Leon Henderson, we may assume, will do everything in his power to check the inflationary process. The success of his efforts will depend not only on the support he receives from other government departments but on the policies which are adopted to finance the war. If the costs of the war are to be met primarily by an expansion of credit, it makes relatively little difference what powers are given the Price Administrator. Under such conditions there is no way in which the inflationary process can long be held under control. But if a determined effort to pay for the war by taxation is made and excess funds are drained off, either by voluntary or compulsory savings, there is hope that even at this late date the spiral of rising prices can be checked. The battle for an effective price-control measure has been lost. But the 1942 tax bill will open a new and more decisive phase of the same struggle.

Churchill's Vote

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

A VOTE of confidence in an hour of national danger means something quite different from what it would in ordinary times. No one knows that better than the British Prime Minister; so it is not likely that he will misinterpret his 464 to 1 victory last week in the House of Commons. That vote was not a measure of the confidence of the people's representatives in Mr. Churchill's government. It was a measure of Britain's determination to win the war.

Mr. Churchill, with his customary admirable frankness, had laid before the Commons the recent record of the government in conducting the war. He had again exposed without camouflage the disastrous lack of preparation which, from the start, has prevented the British, along with Hitler's other opponents, from meeting German aggression in sufficient force with adequate equipment at enough strategic points. This weakness is one for which the present government can be blamed in only a limited degree. Mr. Churchill took over liabilities accumulated through years of slackness and appeasement. His administration may not have reached Nazi standards of single-minded effort, but it has revolutionized British industrial methods and multiplied output.

Nor did Mr. Churchill's opponents convict him of major errors in strategy. Granted inadequate supplies of weapons and men, the choices before the British Defense Minister—who is also the Prime Minister—were desperate; and whatever choice was made was likely to seem unfortunate in retrospect. Since both courses were not possible, was it better to send supplies to Russia and reestablish an active front in the Middle East rather than put the major effort into the defense of Singapore? Mr. Churchill and his advisers decided that it was. They decided that it was more important to help Russia check Hitler's drive through the Caucasus and try to head off a thrust through the back door to Russia, India, and the Indian Ocean. Today, with Singapore under siege, the Dutch Indies invaded at half a dozen points, and India threatened from the East, it is easy to argue that the choice was a mistaken one. But when it was made the American fleet was intact in the Pacific and Japan was still pretending that it did not want war.

Whether or not Mr. Churchill's opponents were convinced by his defense is more or less beside the point; they never had any intention of turning out the government. It was the Prime Minister who insisted on a vote of confidence. Responsible democratic parliaments do not vote against a war government unless catastrophe persuades them of its bad management or its bad faith. That situation has not arisen in England. On the contrary, Mr. Churchill's leadership has become so profoundly identified with the will of the British people to fight and to win that the vote of confidence was really a declaration of faith in the nation itself; and, in spite of his sneers, Hitler must have well understood its significance.

But the vote which officially closed the debate did not end it in fact. Even though no final case was made against the government's conduct of the war, many telling points were raised, and they will keep coming up until the people are satisfied. Already one important change has been promised. In his second speech Churchill announced that he would appoint a single minister of production to take over functions now divided among three agencies. And it is more than likely that other changes—including some in the government itself—will follow. For the illogic of politics makes it easier for the head of a government to do what his opponents want if they vote for him than if they vote against him, and a closer division might well have inclined the Prime Minister to stand by his subordinates just because they and he faced greater odds. It will be no surprise if a few of the most egregious appeasers are eliminated within the next few months.

If they are not, the issue will be joined again. The people, the press, and the Commons are united in outspoken distrust of the Chamberlain hold-overs in the government. They distrust them no matter what happens at Singapore or in Libya. They distrust them for what they are—reactionaries, men who bear direct responsibility for Britain's present precarious position, men who sacrificed all but the very sticks and stones of England itself in their miserable attempts to buy off the aggressors.

As long as these men hold important posts, Churchill's government will labor under a cloud of suspicion that cannot be exorcised by talk. This fact is made amply clear in an article by J. Alvarez del Vayo on another page of this issue. Men will gladly fight and die, and will even march bravely to defeat if necessary, but only when they are led by men whom they honor and trust. The British people neither honor nor trust Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, David Margesson, Sir Kingsley Wood, Lord Croft, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, and others of their breed. To most Englishmen these officials are vestigial relics of a regime that brought Britain to the edge of defeat. They are symbols of shame as well as of incompetence. Mr. Churchill has a terrible war to fight. In the months ahead he will need the confidence of the people far more than the support of party hacks. He cannot afford to drag along with him the burdensome load of political deadweights that are still attached to his ministry. In the sharp words spoken by the Labor member, Emanuel Shinwell, during the debate last week there was a solid basis of truth which the final vote could not obliterate. Said Mr. Shinwell: "I suggest there might be two votes of confidence—one for the Prime Minister and the other for the remaining members of the government. In the first case probably 90 per cent would vote for the Prime Minister. In the second instance 90 per cent of the House—and possibly the Prime Minister—would vote against the government."

Admonition from a Friend

Dear Freda: Please hush yo' mouf. Don't you know that all this yapping by liberals about the "free" European groups is upsetting to the Bèrles *et al.?* Don't you know that these architects of the future at work in their little vacuum down in Washington need the most complete quiet? You mention the "free" Spaniards as being among those who are getting the brush-off, and I am sure that you have in mind men like the Negríns and the Vayos who fought that protracted holding action back years ago when the issues were so clear, so indecently clear. But why bring all this up again when by so doing you risk upsetting delicately contrived plans for a real Free Spanish movement that can go places and, what's more, insure continuity in the department's Spanish policy?

The plan is roughly this: When Hitler moves down into Spain on his way to Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, and way points, General Franco, behind the back of his little hand, will whisper a faint protest. And in London this protest will be carried to the Foreign Office by His Grace the Duke of Alba, who will say, "The Caudillo is having to submit to a fate worse than death, but through me and other friends abroad he is, vicariously, escaping it." Juan Francisco de Cárdenas will carry the same intelligence to our State Department. Then these two gentlemen will be charged with setting up a Free Spanish government around H. R. H. Don Juan de Bourbon y Battenberg, Alfonso's heir, and around Don Juan March, the "last pirate of the Mediterranean," and around the Bishop of Madrid-Alcala, who will either have to be smuggled out of Spain or, remaining there, go underground while his colleagues of the Spanish hierarchy continue to bless the Phalanx and the New Order. In this way the Old Spain of the grandees, the bishops, and the generals can't lose no matter who wins the war, and, assuming that we can win the war by such tricks as these, we will have insured, as I said above, continuity in British and American policy in Spain and the survival of the cherished values of the past to which we have sacrificed so much all these years.

Please, then, don't talk as you have been doing in every issue of late or you will spoil it all, simply wreck a program that goes far, far beyond old stuff like the Fourteen Points, the Pittsburgh agreement, and Peace without Victory. This time it is to be Victory without Peace—if you will only hush yo' mouf and give no hint to the peoples of Europe that there are in America men and women, millions of them, who also want to see the President's Four Freedoms made to mean something.

JAY ALLEN

Scapegoats and Facts

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE report of the Roberts board can be final only to those persons who are satisfied with merely finding scapegoats on whom to pin the blame for blunders. Virtually no military expert foresaw the attack on Pearl Harbor, and few would have prophesied its success if they had thought it possible. It is abundantly clear now as from the beginning that the attack succeeded not because Hawaii lacked ample defenses but only because of the worst failure in leadership known to American history.

The report should be followed up not merely with disciplinary action against the two luckless commanders but with thorough renovation of a military system that in time of test proved utterly defective. For the responsibility for Pearl Harbor goes farther back than General Short and Admiral Kimmel. The disaster was the outcome of faults—and a clinching proof of their existence—which experts have long observed in our army and navy: stupidity and lack of vision in the higher ranks and stubborn non-cooperation between the services. General Short and Admiral Kimmel were products of a system whose faults are now being mercilessly exposed by war.

Far too much of the responsibility lies with the American people themselves. As a nation we have normally pursued a course of disinterest in the armed services. Very few American newspapers and fewer magazines have given space to military affairs or employed persons competent to interpret them to the general public. Since no army or navy can become large and efficient overnight, the public attitude should at least be one of critical support, of sympathetic interest tempered with a readiness to attack blunders and shortcomings.

Intelligent criticism of the services has seldom been forthcoming. In the past civilians have rarely had sufficient knowledge to provide it—a condition which the services, with their tight censoring of news and ostrich-like attitude toward their own defects, have done little to remedy. Criticism from within, if aimed at anything really fundamental, has usually been promptly squelched. Only at rare intervals has an officer, especially one of junior grade, been fortunate enough to succeed in promoting changes without incurring official displeasure.

Every newspaper reader has heard of the case of "Billy" Mitchell in the 1920's. About the same time Admiral Magruder was demoted for revealing bad conditions in American naval yards. An even better illustration of the difficulty of effecting improvements against the opposition of the closed minds in the higher ranks is afforded by the case of Admiral William S. Sims, one of the ablest naval officers the United States ever produced. Early in his career Sims discovered that the gunnery of the American navy was less than a third as accurate as that of the other principal naval powers. Alarmed by his findings, he started a voluminous but entirely one-sided correspondence with the Navy Department, urging the necessity of reforms. When all attempts to bring about a change through the regular channels proved vain, Sims appealed directly to President Theodore Roosevelt, from whom he received authority to put his ideas into effect. They were revolutionary and quickly made American gunnery the best in the world. Had it not been for Roosevelt, the reformer would certainly have been court-martialed by incompetent superiors.

High-grade leadership in any activity depends on the education and selection of the abler personnel for positions of responsibility. Weakness in education may be overcome by intelligent choice of the best person for the job, but if the method of selection employed does not push up the best, the whole service is permanently weakened. In our navy and army rapid advancement of the best personnel is not the rule.

The system of naval promotion, though somewhat the better of the two, has long been a sore spot. Formerly the navy tried promotion by seniority, a method which offered no reward for superior ability and imposed no penalty for dulness or sloth. Men reached high position only when they were about ready to retire. So obvious were the shortcomings of this system that the method was changed to one by which officers were selected for retirement. When the "plucking board" began to cut into good material, further difficulties arose. Today the navy is still using retirement, but has added promotion through selection by boards of naval officers. Each candidate is required to serve a certain length of time in a given grade, and final retirement occurs at sixty-four.

This system has definite defects. The boards that do the selecting are faced with many candidates having similar records. Being human, the board members vote for those they know and like and against those who may in any way have aroused their antagonism. It is significant, for example, that officers not graduated from Annapolis but taken in during World War I have been retired far more rapidly than any other group. Similar considerations further the promotion of men of wealth and social position or with prominent relatives higher up in the navy. From time to time one hears rumors of "rings" and "cliques" within the service devoted to the advancement of their own members. Such reports are hard to check, but they have an ominous sound. William O. Stevens, writing in *Forum* less than three years ago, cited example after example of gross favoritism and the overlooking of major faults by selection boards. Further, candidates are graded as "most fitted," "fitted," and "not fitted" for promotion. Those in the second group, often excellent men, serve for a few years and are then, in normal times, retired. Only widespread publicity and the personal intervention of President Roosevelt in the spring of 1940 prevented the shelving of eight of the ablest aviation officers in the United States at a time when the navy was in desperate need of flying personnel.

On the whole, the abler men tend to rise, but they do not rise fast enough. Men attain the higher ranks in the United States navy at a more advanced age than in any other. Because they can reach flag rank only late in life and then enjoy it but a short time, most of their careers must be devoted to excellent performance of routine duties rather than to preparation for high command. Older men are also physically and mentally less rugged and are likely to have a rigidly conservative outlook and, as Pearl Harbor indicates, little imagination.

Unfortunately, along with abler persons, incompetents also rise to high rank. When a submarine disaster occurred along the Atlantic coast some years ago, the admiral in charge was cross-examined by a Congressional investigating committee as follows:

> *Q.* Why did it take so long for air to be started into the compartment?
>
> *A.* I just can't be positive about such things. I just can't remember. Ask the technical people.
>
> *Q.* Why was not the salvage line constructed to send breathing air into the torpedo chamber connected?
>
> *A.* Well, I don't really know. I can't answer that question. My impression is the divers did all they could do. As to details, I can't tell you. You'll have to ask the technical men.
>
> *Q.* When was the compartment air line connected?
>
> *A.* I don't know that it was connected. I'm not sure.
>
> *Q.* Is the Falcon well equipped for rescue work?
>
> *A.* There is none better anywhere, but I don't know. I can't be positive about such things.

This paragon of naval knowledge was severely censured by the committee for ignorance and incompetence—a fact which apparently did not weigh too heavily on the minds in the Navy Department, for early in the Roosevelt Administration he was promoted to the command of the battle fleet. The reverse side of the medal was the case of Admiral J. K. Taussig, World War hero, brilliant naval scholar, and one of the ablest officers in recent naval history. Whether his involvement in a naval feud on the wrong side back in the Wilson Administration affected his chances of reaching high command is impossible to prove, but though he was high on the list of admirals he was given no position more responsible than the command of a naval district and was retired for age within the past year.

The army has the advantage over the navy of knowing that its promotion system is in need of change. Experience of selective service has had a sobering effect on all but a handful of super-patriots who are convinced that army leadership, like everything American, is the best of its kind. In general outlines the system is not dissimilar to that of the navy except that a West Point background is of much less importance than the corresponding course at Annapolis. A minimum time must be served in each grade, and promotion through the ranks is slow but fairly sure. Efficiency reports, which are a factor in army as in navy promotion, are principally concerned with routine. But while the navy at least pays lip-service to selection by merit, the army promotes through the rank of colonel solely on the basis of seniority. Only when an officer approaches field rank does selection by merit partly replace seniority. The system is further complicated by the large number of reserve officers and national guardsmen, some holding commissions for no very good reason. The most hopeful present development is the granting of commissions to some of the fine selectees who have been called into service.

The results of the army promotion system are unfortunate. Able and original young officers remain in subordinate positions, worn down by the weight of inertia above. Generals are on the average about sixty years old, though Hitler has been able to discover men of the necessary caliber for high command who are in their forties. The estimable old gentlemen who reach positions of responsibility are not progressives, nor do they favor change. In fact, they have a record of having turned down virtually every military invention of the past century until long after it had been adopted elsewhere. And none of these men have been affected as yet by the weeding-out policy which has cut out much military deadwood in the lower ranks.

Probably the weakest part of our entire war system is the lack of provision for cooperation between the services. This has always been a hard military problem, but it has been solved by the Germans and to a considerable extent by the Russians and Japanese. Germany operates under a General Staff which has direction of all three branches. Its best officers are equally at home in the air, on the land, and at sea and are capable of commanding operations in all three services. It has the reality of unified command, with one officer having power to give orders to all units engaged in a given campaign.

Contrast this unity with the situation in the American armed forces. At Pearl Harbor the navy had the duty of long-range air and surface-vessel reconnaissance and of distant submarine and close-in surface-warship patrol. Both services had intelligence officers. Part of the mine-laying was the duty of the navy, part that of the army mine-planter service. Nearby air reconnaissance was the job of the army, as was the maintenance of shore fortifications and anti-aircraft guns. The defense duties of the two services continually overlapped; yet there was little or no exchange of information of vital importance. The army did not know what the navy was doing or failing to do, and the navy was equally in the dark as to the intentions of the army. Nor did officers in either service have the background of education and training necessary to an appreciation of the other's problems. Few would probably have wanted to acquire such a background, for the two groups have been notoriously unfriendly, and joint maneuvers have often produced more recrimination than coordination. In the army, provincialism is so pronounced that officers think mainly, not of their country, or even of the army, but of their own particular branch.

Some machinery has been set up to correct this condition, but it is pitifully inadequate. A few naval and army officers have attended the War College of the other service, but they are men of limited influence. In Washington three joint boards composed of higher army and navy officers deal with situations presenting problems to both services, but their functions are largely advisory and they do not in any sense represent coordinated planning. Real issues arousing sharp differences of opinion which make agreement difficult are generally dropped. Naval district commanders are supposed to work with army men of equal rank. In actual practice the connection is so slight that effective cooperation is almost wholly dependent upon the personal relations of the commanders involved. Neither is supreme in case of disagreement. When relations are not cordial, the result may well be—as at Pearl Harbor—catastrophe.

The remedy for these evils probably does not lie in drastic action, since sudden and unaccustomed changes tend to disrupt such efficiency as there is. Nevertheless, the system has to be changed. Naval and military men in the future should be given a general education in all the arts of war, and our inadequate joint boards should be at once replaced by a supreme General Staff similar to that of Germany. With the appearance of commanders competent to direct operations in more than one field, divided command and responsibility can be made a thing of the past. The haphazard organization of both the Department of the Navy and the Department of War, especially the latter, is knotted in red tape and would make a shining target for any efficiency expert. Promotion systems of both services need to be overhauled, and civilians, afflicted by neither intra-service nor inter-service jealousies, should help in the process. Pearl Harbor should have removed much of the smug complacency not only of the services but of the public as well. If it has not done so, our case is hopeless.

Jesse Jones, Reluctant Dragon

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

I

> My whole working philosophy is summed up in a simple rule. If you buy something for a dollar and sell it for a dollar and a quarter, you can't lose.—JESSE JONES.

THE Texas millionaire whom President Roosevelt, after two months of hesitation, made chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the spring of 1933 has received a good deal of journalistic attention recently. By now almost everybody knows that Jesse Jones, as Secretary of Commerce, Federal Loan Administrator, and boss of the RFC, is probably the third most powerful individual in the country (or the second, if Nelson turns out to be a flash in the pan); that he is the mightiest state capitalist we have yet produced, an economic emperor who rules over one-third of the nation's home mortgages, 30 per cent of all railroad securities issued since 1932, 7 per cent of the stock of the country's insured banks, and about half of the total new war plant built since May, 1940; and that his RFC at the end of 1941 had war commitments totaling five and a half billions. By now most people are also beginning to realize that Jesse Jones has made an appropriately gigantic mess of the vital sectors of the war program intrusted to him, that he has played in with big business in financing—or rather in *not* financing—plant expansion and has failed disastrously to build up the stockpiles of rubber and tin he was supposed to amass. What I want to consider in these articles is not so much the fact of this bungling as the reasons for it, and especially what these reasons indicate about our present war-production program as a whole.

For all the multiplication of his titles, Jesse Jones still draws his power primarily from his autocratic control of the RFC. The development of the RFC, in peace and in war, is the history of a paradox: on the one hand, the breakdown of post-1929 American private capitalism has reached such proportions that the RFC has been forced—and I think "forced" is the word for it—to expand its sphere enormously, to assume the most unheard-of powers; on the other hand, Jones has administered the RFC within the framework of the old system, and thereby altered the balance of financial power within that framework, but has made a surprisingly small dent in the status quo in general. Jesse Jones may be a dragon, but he is a reluctant dragon when it comes to making any positive use of his vast powers. And like most dragons he exists chiefly to guard a pile of gold.

The RFC began, under Hoover, as a pure *lending* agency. Under Roosevelt, it soon also assumed the role of investor, buying the stock of banks—instead of lending them money which they, in their enfeebled condition, might have found hard to repay—and thus getting a voice in their management. Nor was it long before the RFC became a *competitor* of the private banks, using the threat of its huge lending power to drive interest rates down. Finally, since August, 1940, the RFC has been forced to become an *entrepreneur,* investing its own money in its own war plants. This extension into one field of finance after another has not been because "we planned it that way." Quite the contrary; so far as the record shows, the White House has been as wary of the explosive potentialities of the RFC as has Jones: in 1937, when the economic system seemed to be staggering to its feet again, Roosevelt ordered the RFC to wind up its affairs as speedily as possible, an order he had to rescind early in 1938 after the economy returned to a prone position; and it is significant that Roosevelt has never appointed a New Dealer as director of the RFC.

One way the RFC might have altered the status quo, for instance, would have been by providing capital for small business. Jones has not only refused to let the RFC do this but has managed to prevent anyone else from doing it. In 1938 William O. Douglas, then head of the SEC, proposed a chain of federal loan banks to provide funds for small enterprises. Correctly scenting in this plan an attempt to by-pass the RFC, Jones headed it off by lobbying through Congress the Glass-Steagall bill broadening the RFC's lending powers. He used these powers with such restraint, however, that a year later Senator Mead introduced a bill which would have practically forced the RFC to make loans to little business. Jones used his considerable influence with Congress to get the Mead bill killed. "A great majority of the people who came to us after Secretary Roper's little-business conference," he told the Senate committee studying the bill, "were people with ideas and promotion schemes." In a more innocent age of capitalism, ideas and schemes were considered quite respectable, but from his long experience in the RFC Jones has found that men with ideas and no capital are not such good credit risks as men with capital and no ideas; and his inflexible resolve has always been to keep the RFC on a "sound," that is, a profitable, basis—whatever "profit" may mean when all the money is government money. Jones has pushed Wall Street around on occasion, as in the recent Arkansas state-bond issue, which the RFC took away from a private syndicate. But these are the struggles of competitors, not of radically different systems. Jesse has never challenged the rules of the game.

The conflict between the RFC's powers and opportunities and the philosophy of its master has been sharpened by the war to a point that would be comic were it not so terribly serious for all of us. For the most significant difference between our present war economy and that of 1917-18 is not to be found in price controls, priorities, baby bonds, or one-man control of production, all of which had their parallels in the last war, but in the little-publicized fact that this time it is largely government capital that is financing the enormous plant expansion in steel, aluminum, aircraft, and other war industries.

This financing was handled almost entirely by Wall Street in the last war. The government's Capital Issues Committee, set up by the Federal Reserve Board early in 1918, was a sort of financial priorities board, regulating the flow of new security issues but supplying no funds itself. The only even remote parallel to what is happening in this war was the War Finance Committee—on which, by the way, Hoover modeled the RFC—which was founded May 20, 1918, partly to take over the functions of the Capital Issues Committee and partly to extend government credit where private funds were not available. But this second power was scarcely exercised: by the end of the war the WFC had lent less than $50,000,000, of which $20,000,000 went to Bethlehem Steel, then as now an Oliver Twist for government money. In the three years 1917-19 all branches of the federal government spent only $500,000,000 on new war plant, and this when $2,500,000,000 was spent on new plant throughout the country in the single year 1918.

Contrast these statistics: from May, 1940, to date the government has spent or earmarked $8,600,000,000 for new industrial plant. This is 80 per cent of the total capital going into such expansion and 40 per cent of the value placed by private industry on its entire plant in 1939. *This* war is clearly public property, and as state capitalist No. 1, Jesse Jones figures prominently in the process. The RFC's Defense Plant Corporation accounts for about $3,000,000,000 of the government's new plant. And in addition Jones has been in charge of certain other vast undertakings without any parallel in the First World War. By November, 1941, various Jones corporations had made commitments of over a billion and a half for the purchase of reserve stockpiles of tin, rubber, chrome, manganese, cork, silk, nitrate of soda, etc., while another half-billion of RFC money had gone to England in loans on British-owned American securities. In the last war loans to England and accumulations of raw materials were strictly private property.

No doubt many a Republican is convinced this is all a New Deal plot to socialize industry. Unfortunately it is not. The Administration has encroached on the domain of private enterprise—the preservation of which Roosevelt has formally announced is one of our war aims—with the utmost reluctance, yielding grudgingly to bitter necessity. "The government has hesitated to invest huge sums in new plants," comments the conservative *United States News* for January 23. "Both at the White House and in industry there was a wish to create as small a government-owned plant as possible. This explains, in part, the slow motion with which the defense program got under way." The result is a policy which has been timid, provisional, aimless, planless—a policy whose fitting executor is a man like Jesse Jones.

When the defense program was launched, the Administration and business both apparently assumed that plant expansion would be financed, as in 1917, by private funds. The whole summer of 1940 was consumed in the argument over terms, an argument that has turned out to be largely meaningless. When capital's sitdown strike finally forced through Congress in October the five-year-amortization provision, everyone expected a flood of private funds to pour into war plant. President Houston of the American Bankers' Association estimated at the time that the banks had available more than five billions for defense lending. Congress made defense contracts assignable as collateral for loans, the first government contracts so privileged in over a century. Still the borrowers hung back. In November, 1940, the RFC announced it would make loans to defense manufacturers at 1½ per cent interest. The banks were indignant at this cut-price competition, but they might have saved their emotions. Industry has shown no more eagerness to borrow from the government than from the banks: to date the total loans made by the RFC under this arrangement have only reached the relatively trifling sum of $300,000,000. The difficulty went too deep to be cured by either liberal amortization terms or low interest rates. The plain fact was that private business hesitated to invest capital in new war plants because of its quite justified fear of the post-war effects of this expansion on private capitalism.

The formula which solved the problem was worked out by Emil Schram, who took the chairmanship of the RFC when Jones resigned to become Federal Loan Administrator. On August 20, 1940, the formation of an RFC subsidiary named the Defense Plant Corporation was announced, its purpose being vaguely and modestly defined as to "perform miscellaneous financing tasks for which there is no other provision." The formula is a simple one: the DPC advances to private corporations the funds with which to erect new steel mills, machine-tool shops, or what not, or to build additions to existing plants; the plant thus built is the property of the DPC and is leased by the DPC to the private corporation in question, which generally has an option to buy the plant after the war if it wants to. Thus the state assumes all the entrepreneurial risk, and the private corporation can buy the plant later on if it looks profitable. The bulk of construction in steel, aluminum, and other basic industries has gone up under the DPC formula.

Jesse Jones

Nor is this all, or even the half of it. The scale on which the RFC has so far intervened in the workings of the American economy is nothing compared to the scale on which it could intervene if it exercised the powers granted it since the war began. The RFC act signed by the President on June 25, 1940, gave the RFC authority (1) to lend money for war purposes to any corporation; (2) "when requested by the Federal Loan Administrator, with the President's approval," to buy, lease, or itself build plants for producing war materials; and (3) "if the President finds it necessary for a government agency to engage in such manufacture, to engage in such manufacture itself." A year later another RFC act was passed and signed which permits the RFC to form government corporations "to take any action deemed necessary to expedite the defense program." Just that, without qualification. Jones, who suggested this wording himself, testified that the act would give the RFC "the power to do whatever it lacked the power to undertake heretofore." The decision as to what activities are necessary "to expedite the defense program" is left in the hands of two men: the President—and the Federal Loan Administrator. "If we pass the bill," said Representative Wolcott, ranking Republican on the House Banking Committee, "the Congress might as well fold up as far as any direction of defense activity is concerned." Indeed, the power of the purse, traditional safeguard of parliament against the encroachment of the executive arm, has rarely been more completely surrendered than in these two RFC acts. From its inception the RFC has been free of direct Congressional control, getting its funds from the Treasury; in 1938 it was empowered to finance itself by selling its bonds and notes direct to the public, and has not since then been included in the budget; it has its own accountants and is "entirely free from audit by the General Accounting Office." The last two RFC acts have struck the remaining Congressional shackles off this giant of state capitalism. "This bill," said Mr. Wolcott, "would make it possible to establish a fascist state in America."

Republicans are not the only people who have seen in Jesse Jones and his RFC a potential base for fascism within the Administration. There is no question that his vast powers could be used in that direction, and that certain of his traits—his autocratic methods, his preference for personal government, his itch to expand his sphere of influence—are not reassuring. But I should say that there is a good deal more of Chamberlain than of Schacht in Jones, that he is a prime example of what Guenter Reimann calls "the conservative man," neither a reactionary nor a fascist but rather "a lover of the status quo," a *rentier* type whose interests are "the maintenance of property rights, especially the value of money" ("Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences"). He has not used his war-time powers in a socially progressive way, but neither has he used them to extend political control over the economy in a fascist direction. He has, in fact, not used them positively at all. He is a very reluctant dragon.

[*In a second article Mr. Macdonald will discuss Jesse Jones as a person, the sources of his power, and the effect of his policies on the war program.*]

Leaders, Not Ghosts

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

CONTRADICTORY as it may seem, at no time since the fall of France has the possibility that the war could be lost been so seriously considered as during the last few weeks. Military critics, known for their cautious judgment, are warning the public against the danger of assuming that the democracies, in the very nature of things, are already assured of victory. It sounds contradictory because this rude awakening comes just two months after America's entrance into the war and when, for the first time since the opening of hostilities in Europe, the German armies are retreating under the impact of Russia's lunging drive. Instead of experiencing a new feeling of security and confidence, people of sensitive political perceptions are beginning to fear that within three months the democracies may find themselves in the most difficult position they have faced since the Germans entered Paris.

It is not so much the anticipation of precise military events that creates this concern as the conviction that between next spring and autumn Hitler will employ the whole power of the Axis to establish himself in a position from which it will be infinitely harder for the Allies later to dislodge him. Suppose, for instance, that he flings against Russia the last man and machine that he can muster, and that Japan, having completed its task in the southwestern Pacific, strikes at the same time at Siberia. All the immense advantage achieved by the Russian counter-offensive this winter and by the entry of the United States into the war would suddenly be largely neutralized. The situation would then be like that of 1941: the bulk of Europe lost, and the possibility of effective action reduced to an effort to save England from a Nazi invasion. Should Hitler succeed in crushing Russia, thus eliminating the threat of a powerful enemy in his rear, the Allies' hope of opening a second front in Western Europe would vanish. An entire year would have been lost.

No doubt a year seems only a minute in the complacent imagination of some of the lesser statesmen intrusted with the task of guiding the democracies to victory. With delight they have embraced the theory that a long war is inevitable. It is like giving themselves a blank check in order to make up for their inability to act rapidly and intelligently.

In the mouths of such people the argument that the war must be long becomes one of the greatest obstacles to victory. Why, for instance, grow excited because in the field of political warfare months and months elapse without any serious attempt to accomplish something worthy of the seriousness of the issue? With a long war ahead everything can be organized with moderate speed. There is time for every kind of experiment. Broadcasts to Europe can still be casual and ineffective. The subjugated people of the Continent can continue their pathetic daily struggle against the Nazi invaders, living on hope until the hour shall at last arrive when the democracies can offer them something more heartening than eulogistic phrases in occasional official messages and speeches. Dukes and archdukes can be encouraged in their dream of monarchical restoration. The most fanciful plans for a restored balance of power can be worked out in collaboration with the Eckhardts of every nationality. Acting President Castillo of Argentina can be left quietly to himself until by some natural process he falls under the spell of hemispheric unity and decides to recompense the democracies for their benevolent attitude toward pro-Axis dictators. In the course of a long war every momentous mistake can be rectified. It is comforting to be provided with so much time that one may indulge one's political inclinations, combine a dislike for Hitler with a tolerance of Franco or Pétain, and wait placidly until the world is finally freed from the totalitarian menace but also secured against the threat of any really progressive social trend.

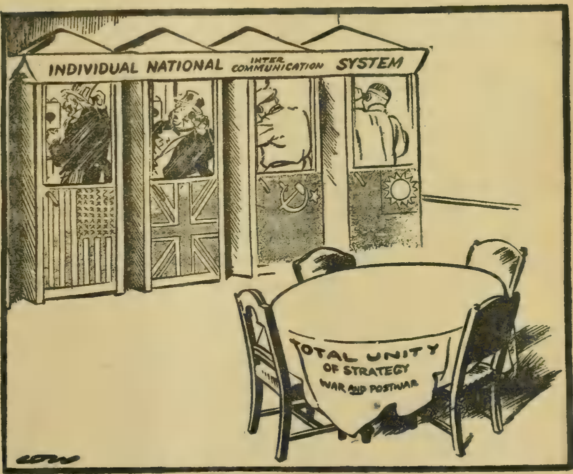
So think the saboteurs of victory whom this life-and-death struggle has incomprehensibly left in positions from which they can powerfully influence the outcome of the war. Appeasers from the bottom of their hearts but finding every day fewer outlets for their talents as one by one the reactionary regimes enlist on the side of Hitler, they now try to appease time. The best of them quiet their consciences by telling themselves that since the democracies have a vast superiority to the Axis in industrial resources and in men, it is merely a question of awaiting the year when the Allies will outdistance Hitler in the air, on land, and on the sea to such a degree that a mechanical solution will finally impose itself. They overlook the fact that the Axis fully understands the crucial value of time and may well be prepared to prolong the war for its own purposes.

Through lack of democratic initiative the theory of a long war may become a graver reality than some of those imagine who have accepted the idea of defeating Hitler by the mid-forties. To illustrate this danger, one can do no better than recall two modern examples of resistance long maintained in spite of inadequate means—China and Spain. The case of Spain is especially suited to our argument since the heroism and determination of the Loyalist army were thwarted by the limited extent of its territory. In Spain we did not enjoy the infinite spaces of China which make the loss of a few hundred miles an insignificant setback. But in spite of these limits the Spaniards demonstrated that when a people is determined not to surrender, even the worst air attacks will not bring defeat. What reason, then, to suppose that the Nazis could not hold out for many years in their own country and some of the occupied lands if next spring, with the help of Japan, they should inflict a major defeat on Russia?

The only victorious approach to the still tremendous problem of crushing the Axis is to face the possibility of a long war if it is necessary but at the same time to work with initiative and decision to prevent the waste of a single hour that might help the enemy intrench himself in positions from which it will be an almost superhuman task to dislodge him. The only victorious attitude is to understand the revolutionary character of the war and to be ready to risk anything except a Hitler triumph.

Unhappily, up to the present there is not a single decisive indication that the revolutionary character of the war has been understood, or that the necessity for countering the revolutionary strategy of the Axis with democratic revolutionary strategy has been seriously considered. In the last two months I have spoken to two men on their return from Europe who, owing to their positions, had opportunities to talk to high German officials and to feel out the reaction to the so-called democratic propaganda in Germany and the occupied countries. One, Gabriel Gonzales Videla—I may name him because he is not returning to his post—was the Chilean Minister to Vichy. He passed through New York on his way to his own country, where for a time he was a candidate for the presidential nomination. The second, whom I had better not name because he may return to Europe, besides being in France had visited Berlin and Rome. Both agreed on two things: first, that there are immense possibilities for immediate political warfare in Europe; second, that the political strategy used by the democratic agencies in charge of propaganda has been so inadequate and so unoriented that the Nazis comment on it with open amusement.

It is unfortunate that up to now, for various reasons, the field of political warfare has been abandoned entirely to the Axis powers, whether in Europe, Latin America, or Africa. But it is still worse that some of the men who have shown great courage and vision in vitalizing their respective countries in the present crisis do not yet realize that it is as important to fight Hitler and his associates on all fronts, with all possible means, and to encourage the subjugated peoples to rise, as it is to create a powerful industrial and military machine. Even some of the best democratic leaders are inclined to look upon political warfare as an invention of a few anti-


INDIVIDUAL NATIONAL INTER-COMMUNICATION SYSTEM
TOTAL UNITY OF STRATEGY WAR AND POSTWAR
Low

SIT DOWN TO IT, LADS

fascist refugees obsessed with a vision of themselves mounted on a steed ready to lead their countrymen in a dramatic attempt to gain liberation.

Political war means more than blowing up a German train in France or sending machine-guns to the Yugoslav guerrillas. It means understanding that the battle between the fascist forces and the democracies can only end with the total destruction of the enemies of democracy wherever they are found. Political war may mean tearing from Franco the mask of a fictitious neutrality which for so long has played its part in preventing the Allies from planning the invasion of Europe through Spain. Political war may mean helping the Argentine democrats in their struggle against an administration that betrays the will of the nation and serves only Nazi ends. It may mean, for the sake of victory, opposing a group of capitalists or industrialists who have a vested interest in slowing up production. It may mean elaborating a program of post-war organization which allows for the substitution, if it proves necessary, of a Socialist economy for the old regime of private capitalism; it may mean planning the economic and political organization of the world on principles so large-minded that millions of men and women now in the midst of the struggle will be inspired with the conviction that they are fighting for something higher than the preservation of an obsolete and contradictory way of life.

Conceived in these long-range terms, political war cannot be left to men incapable of bold initiative and hostile to the use of genuinely popular methods, men who year after year have carried out a policy of capitulation, who think only in terms of preserving the old order. You and I would be amazed to find any of the few remaining liberals or democrats in Germany or Italy employed in the Foreign Office or in any other agency engaged in political warfare. But it seems perfectly natural and proper to find in corresponding departments in the democratic governments men who, before Italy was involved in the war, adored Mussolini, who now like Pétain, and who before 1939 would have been delighted to make a deal with Hitler. The Englishman in the street, and the Englishman in the House of Commons, cannot understand why a democracy at war can break with a hundred traditions, accept the most radical system of taxation, dismiss admirals, replace generals, and yet be unable to throw out the half-dozen presumptuous foreign-policy "experts" who have succeeded in paralyzing Britain's political action abroad; or why a Sir Samuel Hoare cannot be replaced by someone who at least would not excite the cynicism and mockery of a Serrano Suñer.

The world has gone to pieces, not because the so-called experts in foreign policy were not given a chance to prove their ability to avert a clash between the Axis and the democracies, but because they were permitted year after year to attempt an impossible reconciliation. If on the eve of Munich Sir Horace Wilson, Neville Chamberlain's adviser, and indeed the whole technical staff of the British Foreign Office, had disappeared overnight and been replaced by a coal miners' leader who had had no experience whatever in foreign affairs but who would have said "No" to Hitler, Great Britain's interests would have been better served.

The first requisite for successful political war is a leadership with political vision. Some sort of high command should be established to deal directly with all matters relating to political strategy; the paralyzing influence of officials who can think only in terms of departmental routine should be ended forever. Then, if the question of ending the scandalous farce of Spanish neutrality should arise, the agency to decide what course to follow would not be the British ambassador at Madrid or the "experts" of the Spanish Division at the Foreign Office but the special council intrusted with the conduct of political war. If it were found necessary to send one or a hundred political agents to the Continent or to Latin America, no routine official of the Visa Division would be allowed to decide whether or not the required documents would be provided. The decision would rest with the council for political warfare. If ten additional radio stations were required for broadcasting to occupied countries, negotiations concerning them would not drag out for months. The council for political warfare would have the authority to requisition such facilities immediately, and for twenty-four hours a day, if necessary.

After reading even the summarized accounts of the recent debate in the House of Commons, one cannot doubt that in the end the people will impose the revolutionized conception of the war that a democratic victory requires. The people cannot run the risk of losing to Hitler, and at any moment they may react with unsuspected energy. In spite of the admirable British calm and the remarkable sense of responsibility of British public opinion, politically educated as nowhere else in the world, the people are demanding that the government cleanse itself of the appeasers left with it from the epoch of great errors. Not even the immense prestige of a Churchill will suffice to silence them. The clamor for a shake-up in the Cabinet decreased a little when anxiety about the fate of Moscow and Leningrad gave place to the satisfaction of seeing the Russian armies take the initiative and throw the enemy back, but it has increased again with the aggravation of the situation in Singapore. It is a state of mind which rebels against the idea that while the nation is required to make the greatest sacrifices of all time, men whom people of liberal spirit do not trust are kept in posts of responsibility.

On the other hand people have not forgotten what has happened in Europe during the past two years. The example of France is there, alive, as a terrible warning.

Generals and admirals, politicians who had claimed a monopoly of patriotism, sold out the French people in a gesture of capitulation as useless as it was shameful. People do not want to have even as the head of a post office a vulgar rascal like Laval, capable by temperament of betraying his trust, or a man of the type of Neville Chamberlain, capable of ruining his country out of stupidity. People want to see directing the war men able to win it, if possible in one year, if not, in ten years —but able to win.

On the other hand, people, and I refer to the great majority of the men and women enlisted in the cause of democracy, want to see at the head of their country men who they need not fear will betray the peace after they have won the war. Everybody who goes around today in the United States or who has contacts with the people in Europe knows how passionately the public is interested in the social, economic, and international organization of tomorrow, perhaps even more than in the day-by-day progress of the war. This interest has nothing to do with our heritage from the last war. It is a mixed feeling of hope and of fear, of doubt about the stand of the democratic governments on those problems and of savage determination not to allow themselves to be robbed of the peace. Never before did the Napoleonic theory that every war brings its own revolution find such clear confirmation. And the people in England and everywhere else ask themselves what kind of peace they can expect from all the Sir John Simons who still survive politically. I shall never forget hearing, the other day, an intelligent American woman say that if by touching an electric button the Nazi armies could be annihilated tomorrow and Hitler and his gang destroyed, the peace for which we are fighting would in that moment be lost.

This uneasiness is shared by millions of people in every continent—in Latin America by the masses that suspect a monstrous marriage between democracies and reactionary dictatorships, in Europe by everyone who has seen the democracies courting the worst accomplices of Hitler. The sinister shadow of appeasement reaches out beyond the war and darkens the outlook for a real peace.

To the degree in which the military situation again deteriorates, the clamor for vigorous democratic leadership will be heard with increasing vehemence. It is not an empty demand. It is a demand for action, for matching at last the revolutionary character of the Nazi strategy by those great, audacious plans and enterprises that in the end must mean just one thing: to take away the initiative from Hitler; to attack and, without neglecting a single front, military or political, to bring the war to the battlefield on which it must finally be won—the battlefield of Europe. It is the invasion of Europe by the armies of the democracies sustained by the revolt of the conquered peoples, invasion through Spain, through Italy, wherever it is possible, without any hesitation or scruple regarding regimes which are in the service of Hitler; that is what the people demand, determined not to sacrifice the will to victory to the complacent acceptance of a long war.

Ogpu at Work

BY RICHARD H. ROVERE

TWO weeks ago *The Nation* published a letter from Dr. Frank Kingdon urging that the Soviet government be called upon to explain its action in spiriting away two respected leaders of the Polish Socialist Party, Heinrich Ehrlich and Victor Alter. From reputable sources in Mexico comes further evidence that Stalin's foreign agents, unlike the Red Army, are less eager to fight Nazis than anti-Communist radicals. An atmosphere of imminent *attentat* hangs over a refugee colony in a remote quarter of Mexico City, where five men who fled Hitler's terror in Europe are being shadowed and threatened by Stalin's secret police. They are Gustav Regler, a German novelist who fought valiantly for the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War and was for some time political commissar of the International Brigades; Victor Serge, French author and former editor of several Anarchist and Communist publications; Marceau Pivert, once secretary to Léon Blum, an official in the Popular Front regime, and the head of a small socialist party in pre-war France; Julian Gorkin, a leader of Spain's P. O. U. M.; and Grandiso Muniz, an obscure Spanish journalist. They are men of varying character, prominence, and ideas, but each, according to his lights, has played some part in the fight against fascism.

The campaign that has put these men in daily fear of their lives began a few months ago when one André Simone returned to Mexico from the United States. In Mexico, as in this country, Simone represents himself as a noted French journalist who has recently published two books on the war. Actually, he is Otto Katz, an Ogpu agent who once bought up European newspapers for the Communist International. He is working in Mexico as an Ogpu agent, and his present assignment, apparently, is to stir up public sentiment against Regler, Serge, and the others. Having started an inflammatory press attack upon them, Katz has now organized "vigilante committees" to deal with these men, whom he calls "the leaders of the Nazi fifth column in Latin America."

Character assassination in the press of Mexico, where political passions are easily touched off, is a matter to be taken far more seriously than it is in this country. Katz's campaign has been unusually violent and provocative. First there appeared a few articles in the official Communist press describing the men as Hitler agents. The same description, in fatuous detail, was printed in *El Popular*, a trade-union daily of wide circulation, in the form of a report from the Communist Party. Then, on January 15, the most daring fraud of all appeared in *Excelsior*, the largest and most respected paper in Mexico. Under a Washington date line, a writer who signed himself John Willes claimed that some sort of secret-police meeting held in Washington had singled out Gorkin, Pivert, and Serge as "tools of the Nazis" and "dangerous obstacles to hemisphere solidarity." Mr. Willes, who may exist but cannot be located in Washington or Mexico, reported further that "in Washington" it was believed that the task of checking these men and their followers demands "the reciprocity and cooperation . . . of the police forces of the North American continent." He went on to say that the Rio conference, then about to start, should, in Washington's view, decide just what measures were needed to stop these leaders of Hitler's pre-invasion army.

No official circles in Washington have been known to express an opinion about any of the five devils of Mr. Willes's piece. Fiction from beginning to end, the story was an attempt to use the prestige of the United States government for partisan purposes in which this country has no interest whatever. It was, moreover, so clearly an incitation to violence that if unusual precautions were not being taken, the Ogpu would hardly need to bother itself further about the matter: it would be difficult to blame any ordinary Mexican patriot for dealing directly with men accused by United States authorities and a responsible Mexican newspaper of being active traitors.

If these five men, falsely charged with being fascist agents, are saved from assassination in Mexico, they still have death from another source to fear. For, on the basis of the *Excelsior* story and others like it, a resolution to deport them, sponsored by a Communist deputy, is making headway in the Mexican legislature. If they are forced to leave Mexico, they can only fall into the hands of the Nazis in Europe or elsewhere, for our State Department will not grant them entry here.

It is important that these men be saved from death or deportation, and the Mexican government will soon have in its hands demands from many prominent Americans that they receive full protection. But the incident raises another important issue. Russia has built up over the years an international force of gangsters to deal with real and imagined enemies. It is still functioning, not only against Nazism but against honest men and women who have at one time or another incurred the displeasure of the Russian dictator and his petty bureaucrats. If, as Ralph Bates and others have recently argued, the Soviet Union now deserves the full cooperation and trust of the liberal movement, it can go a long way toward winning respect by turning the efforts of its agents against the real foes of democracy. It will be a good deal easier to accept Russia as a genuine ally when the Russians have the good sense to call off their Otto Katzes.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Have We Enough Power?

AMONG the basic factors of our war potential, electric power ranks with steel-making capacity, oil resources, and the supply of skilled labor and machine-tool equipment. Nor does its importance nowadays lie only in our dependence on it to turn the wheels of industry; more and more the metal and chemical industries are absorbing huge amounts of power in electrolytic processes. Aluminum is extracted from bauxite by these means, magnesium conjured out of sea water. The normal method of producing chlorine gas, an essential raw material for a host of industries, is by passing an electric current through cells containing brine. Important by-products of this process are caustic soda, which the rayon industry uses in large quantities, and hydrogen. Tinplate can be manufactured electrolytically, and since this method economizes the use of tin it may be widely substituted for the usual hot-dip process.

It is fortunate that in the matter of electric power we have a big edge on our enemies. Just how big this is, it is difficult to say, however, as the last reliable figures of German, Italian, and Japanese installed capacity are for the year 1936. Since then, information on this subject has been treated as a military secret. The United States today has something over 44 million kilowatts of installed capacity in public utilities, and industrial undertakings possessing their own power plants account for at least another 10 million. German capacity in 1936 was a little over 15 million kilowatts, Italian 5.36 million, and Japanese 6.77 million. Both the Germans and the Japanese are known to have made very considerable additions since, but allowing generously for this expansion, the total capacity of the three Axis powers is almost certainly less than 40 million kilowatts.

The question can also be approached from the angle of total annual power production. In this country in 1941 total production was in the neighborhood of 205 billion kilowatt-hours, and if we add estimates for Canada and Britain we have a figure for three of the United Nations alone of 273 billion kilowatt-hours. Here again figures for the Axis nations can only be guessed at on the basis of very incomplete data. But giving them the benefit of every doubt, and including a very substantial amount for the power output of the occupied countries, we arrive at an estimate of 200 billion kilowatt-hours.

The fact that we can outdistance our enemies in the matter of power does not mean, however, that the needs of our gigantic armament program are amply covered. For some months the Federal Power Commission and some OPM experts have been warning that a power shortage is on the horizon. In a report issued last September the Federal Power Commission pointed out that peak demands for power were proving well above anticipations and continued:

> It is significant that the major part of these underestimates occur in important war-material areas. Since capacity additions are scheduled on the basis of forecasts made two or more years

> in advance of experienced loads, it is obvious that serious power shortages may develop in some areas if the longer-range forecasts contain cumulative errors of the magnitude that have occurred for three-month periods.

After the United States entered the war and the greatly expanded production program was announced, Thomas R. Tate, director of the National Defense Power Staff, told a Congressional subcommittee that there would be a power shortage of around 2 million kilowatts this year and between 3 and 4 million in 1943. As a remedy he proposed reconditioning of existing equipment, expediting of new installations, and rapid construction of interconnecting transmission lines so that resources can be pooled and no capacity allowed to remain idle while other plants are overburdened.

This expectation of shortage is not shared by the electric-power industry, whose spokesman C. W. Kellogg, president of the Edison Electric Institute, stated on January 22 that the outlook was reassuring with a present surplus of 9 million kilowatts of generating capacity above the greatest demand for power and with the construction of an equal amount in prospect during the next three years. In support of this view Mr. Kellogg quoted a recent report of the Federal Power Commission which found that the energy consumed in the filling of government orders during 1941 totaled 7,257,913,975 kilowatt-hours while the total disbursements for national defense were $12,531,000,000. This indicates a ratio of six-tenths of a kilowatt-hour per dollar of defense expenditure. Thus, assuming total war expenditure reaches the budget figure of $56 million in 1943, the increase in electric output directly for the increased war load should run from 32 to 35 billion kilowatt-hours.

One possible objection to this calculation is its underlying assumption that the ratio of energy consumed to war goods produced will remain unchanged. This seems unlikely. During 1941 a great deal of our defense expenditure was for building new plants and new camps. Now those plants are getting into production, and it seems probable that a million dollars spent on manufacturing shells or tanks or planes is going to give rise to a greater consumption of energy than the expenditure of the same sum on building; where the ratio of labor costs to total value is high. Moreover, a significant part of the new production will be in industries employing electrolytic processes with a larger than average consumption of power. It takes 10 kilowatt-hours to produce a pound of aluminum, 12 for a pound of magnesium. With aluminum now costing 15 cents per pound, the production of one dollar's worth of this metal requires 66⅔ kilowatt-hours. A total production of 200 million pounds—the latest program—will call for 20 billion kilowatt-hours annually.

It is certain, in any case, that last year the percentage growth in output of energy for public use was more than twice the percentage increase in installed capacity. For the twelve months ending November 30, 1941, total production was up 15.5 per cent over that for the twelve months ending November 30, 1940. Installed capacity in publicly and privately owned electric utilities rose last year by 2,850,000 kilowatts, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, or an increase of under 7 per cent. Scheduled construction of new capacity for 1942 is somewhat greater, but unless there is a sharp reversal in the present trend of consumption, the industry's reserve margin will be much narrowed, if it does not disappear altogether. Already there is talk of rationing domestic and trade consumers, and should this become necessary the private utilities are going to feel the effect in their earnings, for while the wholesale users of current may provide their bread it is the householder and the shopkeeper who spread the butter and jam on it.

In the Wind

WHEN THE PRESIDENT issued his order against racial discrimination in government and defense work, a great many Negroes sought employment in Washington's new and expanded agencies. Those whose abilities passed muster were notified that they were in the employ of the government and on its pay roll, but that they would have to wait for a definite assignment before starting work. Like all other successful applicants, they were sent to "pools" throughout the city to await selection by department heads. Almost none of the Negroes have been selected, however, and most of the pools now have far more Negroes than whites. Last week a War Department executive asked for a secretary of specified abilities from the department's pool. No white girl qualified, but three Negroes did. The post has not been filled and presumably will not be until a white girl is found for it.

A CLERICAL CORRESPONDENT has written *America,* the Catholic weekly, inquiring why the rubber priorities which prohibit the manufacture and sale of tires to civilians have not been applied to other goods, of whose use the church disapproves.

SOCIALISTS IN SWEDEN have raised three million kroner to start a new anti-Nazi evening paper, *Aftontidningen.* The paper will attempt to counter the influence of *Aftonbladet,* Stockholm's only evening paper at present and a supporter of close relations with Germany.

FROM AN International News Service (Hearst) story in the Santa Barbara *News-Press*: "California newspaper publishers demanded at their fifty-fourth convention Saturday that all enemy aliens be removed from the West Coast as a defense precaution. Another resolution adopted urged the federal government to advertise in Eastern metropolitan newspapers that hysteria has not gripped the West Coast because of war."

AN ORGANIZATION called the Anti-Monroe Doctrine Society has been formed in Texas. Its policy is to open North and South America to free "white" European immigration; its motto is, "The whole Western Hemisphere must be inhabited by white people."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. The $5 prize for the best item received in January goes to R. B. of San Francisco for his story of the Associated Farmers' lobby published last week.*]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Rumors Are Symptoms

DON'T fault me if I'm scunnered," old fishermen say on the sand banks back of Hatteras. And sportsmen, who come every year to the village of bright-painted houses among the stunted live-oak trees and waterbushes for deep-sea fishing, understand that in the language of the shore they mean, "Don't blame me if I'm disgusted." I am not saying that. But a lot of rumors from beyond the beak of Hatteras, where enemy submarines have been engaged, began recently to filter through America. I am testifying that at least in that country which runs from Hatteras to the first mountains you cannot stop rumors by command.

It has been energetically attempted. Sharp words about the wickedness of rumors have come from people presumably in authority in army and navy and civilian forces. The good American, we are told, quickly turns a cold and challenging eye upon the neighbor who comes pouring out an exciting tale of an unannounced happening. On the West Coast, which is as far as you can get from Hatteras, legionnaires are flashing on such talkers a button bearing the inscription, "How do *you* know?" The button may temporarily silence the chagrined talker. But my observation is that he will find plenty of other listeners. Indeed, both the talk and the listening seem to be as prevalent among the multitude of officials in Washington as in any gossiping over any back fences anywhere in America—and generally just as unfounded and irresponsible.

Of course by this time it ought not to be necessary to prove to anybody that loose talk may be dangerous talk. The movie star standing in a real hole in a real ship dramatizes fact and not merely propaganda when she reports through the picture caption that it was talk which sent the torpedo accurately to its mark. Undoubtedly not all listeners are idle ones even if vastly more talking is done by conversationalists than by spies. There is real need of intelligence in the use of tongues. But I don't think all the danger comes from the silly people who just won't shut up. The first necessity is to keep facts which might aid and comfort him from the enemy, but another is the maintenance of the faith of the American citizen that he is getting all the facts he can be allowed to have from the standpoint of national safety, and that he is being kept informed about the worst news as well as the best.

News has become a necessity to him. No other people in the history of the world were ever taught to count upon it so much. But in war the American is not opposed to censorship. Indeed, he is enthusiastically and devotedly in favor of guarding his country's secrets from the Germans, the Italians, the Japs. The only problem in America for both the censors and the people is the terrifically difficult one of drawing the line between giving aid to the enemy and destroying confidence at home. Draw it an iota too far in the direction of news freedom, and the enemy may sink a ship. Draw it a mite too far in the direction of news suppression, and the people will cease to count on their newspapers and radios while the grapevine finds credulity.

I am no psychologist. It may be valuable in psychological warfare to keep the Germans in the dark about what happened to those submarines off Hatteras. But the Germans are not the only people subject to psychology. And secrecy about sinking submarines may work strangely around in the mind of America to suspicions of secrecy about sugar, to hoarding, and beyond sugar and hoarding to the whole realm of possibility in whispering. Indeed, it may lead to the loud rumoring which already has brought condemnation from those in command. Beyond the condemnation the fact remains that in America today no one else is quite so eagerly listened to as the man with the inside story that did not get into the papers—which in fact may have come out of thin air. He may be a fool, a menace, a loud-mouthed saboteur. His audience gathers in the hope of getting news which is denied.

Of course, some of it should be denied. But the prevalence of the rumors is the measure of the problem of maintaining confidence in a free press in the midst of the task of defending a free country. I am condemning nobody. Nobody should expect those who have the job to have solved the problem so soon. It is only important that we recognize that it is not solved. Slapping on essential censorship is one thing—the easiest thing. Preserving confidence in the agencies of information at home under censorship is another—the more difficult thing. We shall probably always have cockeyed rumors. But now is the time to recognize rumors as symptoms requiring treatment and not merely condemnation. Nothing could give more aid and comfort to the enemy than loss of confidence in news about their country and their war among the people of the United States.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

J. P. Popo, Esquire

BY GILBERT HIGHET

SO LITTLE has happened in my life, and most of it has been so boring, that I scarcely feel like writing it down. Only I have so few occupations now, with the house burned down and Agatha in the asylum, that it seems like a good way of filling in time. Besides, it will do something to complete the records of the Simpkin family, so far as they go. My cousin Slug likes to laugh at me because I think it is something to be a Simpkin; but he is a decent fellow in his way, and he can't mean it. After all, he is practically a Simpkin himself, although his mother did marry exogamously—she was the Duchess of Yeominster, or something like that. We seldom speak of it any more.

Anyhow, I was going over my scars the other day, and it struck me that after I was gone nobody would really know how I had got them, and how the Erickson creed had been lived by at least one of its fellows. Naturally I went to Erickson. It was quite old—founded by Leif Erickson, they said, although it was Dr. Mumbudget who really built it up, starting in 1885. I don't know what I should have done without Erickson, both in youth and afterward. The only real people I ever knew were Old Budgers, as we called ourselves. Of course, after I got thrown about the world a bit, I had to meet some people out of my own class. Two or three times, for business reasons, I was compelled to dine with a man who had been to some place called Princetown, but the deal didn't go through, and it is easy to see why. Then I used to hear a college at Boston spoken of, but there are so many such institutions there it is hard to differentiate between this, that, and the other. I once met a man from one of them who used "intimate" to mean "hint" and said things like "Whom is it from?" and that rather discouraged me from associating with people who were not Budgers. I always tried to be a Budger myself, and some thought I succeeded.

Father wasn't a Budger. He wasn't anybody, really. But he invented a thing called the automobile, which became very popular, almost a necessity in many households. I never cared about it myself. After I stroked the crupper of my first horse, I knew that was what I was meant for. I was to be a horseman, and a horseman I have remained. But I became chairman of the board after Father died, and it pays me a million or two every month; enough to make me forget Roosevelt, almost, and all he has done to what was once a half-decent country. Still, there's no use crying over spilt millions, is there? Funny, that's about the only thing I actually remember Father saying.

After he died I went on living as quietly as before. Most of my relatives were in private nursing-homes here and there, or working for America First, the Ku Klux Klan, and other earnest organizations. I was playing Eton fives three or four hours a day, which kept me busy, along with signing the checks my secretaries had ready for me every morning. But I knew I wasn't really living. I didn't begin to live until Mr. Popo took over the management of my affairs, and then of my private life, and at last of my horses and myself, so far as they were separate.

He was recommended to me by a pretty good Eton-fives player who had trimmed me a couple of times at the club; some odd name like Van Aschenhausen, and they said he was attached to the German legation, but I never paid much attention to gossip. He could certainly play Eton fives—his buttress work was almost miraculous. Anyhow, Mr. Popo turned up at my house next day. I was having some difficulty in talking, and I could get only one eye open at a time. He soon solved that. He massaged me a bit, all around the skull—one lobe of my brain has been missing since my first term at Erickson, and it sometimes gives me a little trouble—and over the right eye and round both gums. Then he gave me some special tea he brewed. I believe it was called sake, and it certainly made me feel better.

After that Mr. Popo, with his close-cropped accent, became an essential part of the household. Agatha, who had married me five or ten years earlier, soon learned that he had to be tolerated. Once I came home early from the club and found him in her room, but of course there was nothing in it. I asked him about it myself.

"I am so very, very sorry," he said. "I was teaching Mrs. Simpkin the rumba."

"Then why was she struggling?"

"Correction, please. She was not struggling." Mr. Popo sizzled so hard that a rainbow appeared in front of him. "She was mixing a rumba with a samba, excuse me. She does not yet know all the movements."

Naturally I understood, and I told him so. Agatha was rather touchy about it for a time, but quite soon she began to go in for the rumba seriously, and left home to study it professionally. I never liked dancing personally. Only scugs danced at Erickson.

Another interesting thing that happened was when Mr. Popo fired all my servants. I could never quite gather what was wrong with them, but he kept saying "very, very nice" and smiling and inhaling as if I had hurt his feelings. I didn't want to do that. However, fired the servants were, and he brought in some new ones whose names I could never get straight. There was one called Mtoto with very long arms, and another called Bojo, about eight feet high, and a third with some name like Hojotoho or Hirohito, who used to boss the others around. They all looked the same to me, but they were decorative, and they saved me a lot of trouble. My cousin Slug said it looked like a Mototalitarian state, but I never sympathized with his attitude. I laughed gently, and said "Hello, Slug, how's your lug?" That shut him up. Still, I was sorry to be rude, so sorry, so very, very sorry.

I found I was beginning to leave my investments to Mr. Popo, too. For some time I tried to save him the trouble of all that.

"My boy," I would say, "you are too fragile to handle these huge steel and manganese trusts."

"If you please," he would reply, "Mr. Popo is Manganese himself, and he understands every kind of steel. Thank you so much, indeed to goodness. *So desu-ka.*" I never knew what that meant, but evidently they said it in Mr. Popo's circle.

He had been teaching me wrestling and various other exercises for a month or two. He knew I was keen about keeping fit. I generally spent the summer in Maine—it was a state which the Simpkins always rented for the summer, and I didn't see why I should give up the custom—but in the autumn of 1941 I was so worried by things I heard at the club that I came home early.

"You are home quite, quite early, and I am trying to help you," said Mr. Popo.

"I am sure you are doing your best, Mr. Popo," I answered. There was a curious noise from my study, a kind of rhythmical popping. Probably it was Tojo with his new vacuum-cleaner. I tried not to notice it.

"Thank you so terribly much. Will you deign to try a new exercise, especially designed for Simpkin-san by Mahatma in Tibet?" That is what he said, although I didn't properly follow him. I was listening to the Morse from my study, a thing I had learned at Erickson and somehow remembered. But it didn't make sense. The only words I could make out were Nichi Nichi, which sounded like the name of one of the maids. I judged it wasn't important and got down to the new exercise.

It was rather complicated. First I signed a paper he gave me. Then I took off all my clothes and put on a dressing-robe. Then he made me squat down in front of Father's picture, as if I'd been a Buddha, which I'm not. He gave me a kriss, one of those Oriental ornaments Mother hung around everywhere—some of them were very handsome. Then he showed me how to put it into my stomach and pull outwards. It felt rather strange, but more interesting than most exercises. I was just getting the feel of it when old Slug happened to drop in.

After that I didn't follow the trend of events. Slug shot Mr. Popo, though I can't think why. He was always an admirable servant, never tired, never in the least disorderly. Slug took the sword out of my stomach and ran me down to the hospital, saying he was so very, very sorry. I hope he was. He still has not told me why he deprived me of Mr. Popo's services. The affair is a mystery to me, in toto. An Old Budger would never have done anything so abrupt. If everyone were only Budgers, it would be so very, very nice.

Notes by the Way

NEW DIRECTIONS recently issued "The Real Life of Sebastian Knight," by Vladimir Nabokov ($3.50), in as pretty a package as I have seen for some time: a stout binding of glowing red burlap, attractive though rather fancy type, a jacket both clever and smart. The note on the jacket informed me that the author had "things deep and important to tell about the role of creative artists in a modern world that is basically hostile to art," and though that last phrase struck me as a crude and rather smug description of a subtle and ambivalent relationship, I turned eagerly to page 1.

The book tells the story of the narrator's attempt to discover the truth about his half-brother, Sebastian Knight, son of a Russian father and an English mother, who had become a famous British novelist. To this end the "I" of the story sets out to find the people who were intimate with Knight, particularly the two women in his life. As foil for his conception of a true biography he poses the official account by Knight's secretary and agent—a worthless book, full of misinformation and written only to exploit the fame of its subject. An excellent idea, an ingenious device, giving scope for profound and wide-ranging commentary on the artist and his relation to the world.

I'm sorry to report that through two readings I looked in vain for the "things deep and important" the author had to tell about an absorbing problem; moreover, I was so intent on having the publisher's promise fulfilled that I became increasingly annoyed at the incorrigible and, as it seemed to me, irrelevant cleverness of Mr. Nabokov. I learned of various episodes in the life of Sebastian Knight; the trouble was that they might have been incidents in the private life of any human being, and that for all its air of intimacy the tale dealt only with externals. Of the interior creative life of Sebastian Knight and of his relation to the world *as artist*—which we are led to believe is the point of Mr. Nabokov's story—I knew as little as before I opened the book. I felt as if I had been chasing a firefly—which lights up but does not illuminate.

At this point I learned that the story was supposed to parallel a chess game. I thereupon put the jacket note to one side and began all over again. As a tour de force, as an essay in cleverness for cleverness's sake, the story obviously demanded to be judged by quite other and less weighty standards.

Mr. Nabokov is a skilful writer; his pages rain conceits as numerous—and as perishable—as those thrown off by a Fourth of July rocket. But I personally find his cleverness, even as cleverness, a little over-ripe. It will bear one quick reading, not more, and a good deal of it seems, in cold print, as pretentious and dead as the quips of the fashionable writer-about-town whose conversation seemed so brilliant in the charged atmosphere of last week's cocktail party. Consider this typical sentence on page one—which first aroused my annoyance. It tells us that the name of the old Russian lady who is the first of the people canvassed by the narrator "was and is Olga Olegovna Orlova—an egg-like alliteration which it would have been a pity to withhold." The fact that 000 has a meaning in chess does not make the conceit or its elaborate wrappings—"was and is," "which it would have been a pity to withhold"—any the less pretentious. And it is only the first of many such.

If Mr. Nabokov intended his tale to be no more than a high-class detective story, the playing out of an intricate and sophisticated game, he has achieved moderate, though only moderate, success. If it was his intention, as the title implies and the jacket note proclaims, to explore and define the relation between the artist and the world, he has only proved that cleverness—which he not only possesses but seems to be possessed by—is not enough. As for Sebastian Knight, he remains unexhumed, and his hypothetical mound is heaped even higher with fake subtleties, pretentious curlicues, and the dazzling shards of Mr. Nabokov's conceits.

MARGARET MARSHALL

War Is Hell

FROM THE LAND OF SILENT PEOPLE. By Robert St. John. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

MR. ST. JOHN'S moving and honest book is perhaps the grimmest piece of reporting yet to come out of the war. An eyewitness of the invasion of Yugoslavia and the evacuation of Greece, the author has put down "all that I saw and heard and smelled and just a bit of what I thought," and his story has the same quality of nightmare reality which makes unforgettable Ambrose Bierce's sketches of the Civil War. It is no book for people with weak stomachs.

Robert St. John was an Associated Press correspondent in Belgrade when Prince Paul's government signed the Tripartite Pact only to be thrown out by a coup d'état organized by the air force. The author calls it, however, "the diaper revolution," for the first manifestation was a strike by school children who expressed openly the anger they had heard muttered behind closed doors in their homes. The first days of regained freedom to voice hatred and contempt of the Axis were exhilarating, but doom was approaching. St. John was in the midst of the first air attack on Belgrade, which came simultaneously with von Ribbentrop's announcement of a state of war. Wave after wave of bombers came over and, opposed only by ground defenses, devastated the capital of the Yugoslavs with a thoroughness only comparable to that employed in the infamous raid against Rotterdam.

The Yugoslav government moved south, and the American correspondents tried to keep up with it, hoping thus to find the communication facilities which would enable them to get their story out. They never did succeed, and thus in the midst of a hell of bombs, machine-gunnings, wounds, hunger, and sleeplessness, they endured the newspaperman's peculiar inferno: they had a story of world-shaking proportions and no way of getting it to their papers.

Wherever St. John and his companions went, the Stukas followed. Through Sarajevo they made their way to the Adriatic coast and there, as unnautical a bunch as ever put to sea, procured a leaky fishing boat and set a course for Corfu. In spite of storms and Italian patrols they made it by some miracle. But in Corfu there were no communications, only more bombs. A small Greek ship took them to Patras, where almost as soon as they arrived the *Luftwaffe* swept down again. The huddled masses of refugees on the waterfront made a fine target. At Corinth the story was repeated. There Göring's men shot up and set on fire a hospital train crammed with wounded, and the smell of burning flesh hung heavily over the city as the author and three other newspapermen, one of them severely wounded, moved south to Argos to join the retreating Anzacs.

Finally they got to Cairo, and that, in a different way, was a nightmare too. Here was a desperately unreal world of international hotels, bowing flunkeys, old-fashioned military

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MID-WINTER BOOKS

- The Editors of *The Nation* will publish a Mid-Winter Book Number on February 21. Coming at the peak of the post-holiday sales upswing, this issue offers advertisers a timely oportunity to present meritorious new books to a nation-wide audience of book-lovers.
- The size of the magazine will probably be increased to forty pages for the Mid-Winter Book Number, permitting considerably greater space devoted to books than is usually available in an issue of *The Nation.*
- An early deadline—February 11 for *final* OK's or complete plates, is necessary where forward position is requested, since the central pages of the magazine will be printed on February 13. The usual deadline applies to space taken for the body of the magazine, with final copy required by February 16.
- A number of representative publishers have already reserved space in this literary issue. For information or to make reservations, write, telephone or wire the Advertising Department.

THE Nation
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

etiquette, a world where immaculate Englishmen "were still trying to fight a war in the Kipling tradition." Here, too, at last, were communications, but with them censors who felt it their duty to protect American and British readers from the brutal truth about the Balkan débâcle.

Thus a story which compared the Greek evacuation with that of Dunkirk and explained why it was incomparably worse was blue-penciled until it conveyed exactly the opposite impression. St. John was glad to get away from Cairo, but he wasn't any more comfortable back in complacent New York, where the lecture chairman asked him not to make the war seem too horrible, not to upset the digestions of his audience.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Mr. Jolas

VERTICAL. Edited by Eugene Jolas. The Gotham Bookmart Press. $2.75.

THIS truly remarkable publication, a "romantic, cosmological, and mystic theory of ascent," is or is not worth the price of several zombies depending on whether or not you like zombies. If you find them too much, then this anthology should adorn your bookshelf, because it bears a positively extraordinary resemblance to the Zombie Proper, in both senses. It is tall—"poetry," Mr. Jolas announces, "is vertical." It is composed of such exotic combinations as Guillaume Apollinaire, Paul Claudel, Patrice de la Tour du Pin, Kay Boyle, Eugene Derwood, and Eugene Jolas. Also it is about as posthumous as the League of Nations and quite as internally internecine. I cannot think that there is anything more than a purely accidental explanation of the presence of a poem in imitation of William Blake by Richard Eberhart or a sonnet by Gerard de Nerval—yes, it's the good old Prince of Acquitaine.

Personally I suspect Mr. Eugene Jolas of an irresponsibility of vocabulary that could be mistaken either for charlatanism or pretentiousness. I ask Mr. Jolas what is a Romantic-Mystic Three-Fold Ascension, and if so how can he bring himself to use the English language as though it were hamburger? "Poetry," he continues, "must emphasize the creative urge toward a communal feeling for living . . . toward a liturgical-ritual renascence. Poetry must become a medium for the emancipation of the human personality by accentuating its voyage toward the invisible." I would like to tell a story. It is about a man who met a poem, and the poem was wearing an orange wig and gold-plated suspenders and was to all appearances inebriated and on the make. The man said to the poem: "Good poems must go home and go to bed." So the poem went on down the street still inebriated and still on the make because its aural faculties were not adjusted to that kind of language.

Surely Mr. Jolas knows that poems can be described and, sometimes, defined—by writing one—but they simply cannot be dictated to. Hitching poems to mystagogical stars discredits the poem and degrades the mystic. Thus the principal difficulty about most of the contributors to this anthology is that they are camelopards whose camel is not really mystical and whose leopard is not really poetical. I myself observe nothing memorable about such writing as: "Asteroids shot color-inebriated across the Milky Way. We saw a comet." Nor can I discern in Paul Claudel's austere and ecclesiastical condemnation of the Teutonic in his verses entitled "Thus Once More . . ." any element that elevates it above the commonplace in thought: nor is it any the less admirable a poem. For it is salutary that someone should point out to Mr. Jolas that poems demonstrably do not need superlative or even penetrating philosophies behind them in order to make them good: very few poets are also respectable philosophers; "nor," in the words of T. S. Eliot, "do I see any need for this thoroughgoing schizophrenia."

I can respect Mr. Jolas's determination to systematize his own speculations into a philosophy, even with an aeronautical nomenclature, but I cannot respect his efforts to ride this philosophy into public prominence on the backs of other writers. For what conceivable reason can there be for the inclusion, for instance, of a passage from The Cloud of Unknowing or an excerpt from Richard Jefferies in a Yearbook for Romantic-Mystic Ascension?

I can only suspect that Mr. Jolas is capitalizing on a category of ecclesiastical literature that has so far been able to keep its skirts clean of secular theory, and especially of secular theory with such pretentions as: "A mystical will is needed to ruin the fraudulent romanticism of totalitarian imperialism." The presence of orthodox Roman Catholic writers here does not detract from the general air of cosmological gesticulation. "We stand," Mr. Jolas concludes, "before the Era of the Paraclete." I wish to correct Mr. Jolas. We stand before the Era of Apollyon.

GEORGE BARKER

The Strategy of Planning

NATION AND FAMILY: THE SWEDISH EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRATIC FAMILY AND POPULATION POLICY. By Alva Myrdal. Harper and Brothers. $4.

I HOPE that this book will be read by every American interested in any phase of the strategy and tactics of social planning. It appears at a time when the United States is making what will in all likelihood be a permanent changeover to large-scale planning of its economic and social institutions, but when long-range social planning is in danger of being smothered in the vortex of planning for war. Dr. Myrdal, a leading Swedish social scientist familiar with American problems, describes "with American problems in mind" the work of the Swedish Population Commission of 1935-38. It is the record of a successful national attempt to redirect national life to the needs of the people.

Sweden has been over-sold in recent years as a national *Wunderkind* where "the middle way" by-passes all the troublesome problems of monopoly capitalism and the looming red shadow of communism. There has been loose and unwarranted advocacy of its cooperatives and social legislation as pat panaceas for the United States. Dr. Myrdal makes no such claims. Quite the contrary, she believes that "some of the favorable publicity recently bestowed on the country has been exaggerated," and she is careful to point out in detail the special case Sweden presents—free from imperialistic ambitions, content to be small and make the most of what it has, devoid of a problem of minorities or of regional differences, socially well organized, and with adult education persuasively sponsored by the labor movement and the women's movement. "If democracy could not develop successfully in Scandinavia, given by historical chance quite exceptionally advantageous conditions, it will probably not work anywhere else." If such a geographically small and homogeneous nation presents a different situation from that found in a continent-wide domain ruled by clotted economic power, this may alter materially the tempo and ease of planning, but it does not alter the goal. The lesson of Swedish planning for us lies not so much in its cooperatives and other specific institutions as in the goal sought, the methods of planning employed, and the extent to which, in an admittedly simpler situation, manifestly desirable human ends have been demonstrated to be directly achievable.

Faced with the threat common to industrial societies of a falling birth rate, the Swedish Population Commission concluded after study of the problem that economic forces tend to develop adversely to the family if left to their own evolution, and that population decline would not halt itself but could only be stopped by a positive reorientation of social policy; and it set to work to remake society to fit children, rather than allowing children to be abolished to fit society. The strategy employed to this end deserves careful study by American planners. It has been demonstrated over and over again that society will tolerate social change in behalf of its children which it would reject out-of-hand for its allegedly free, rational, responsible adults. Avoiding the more difficult step of the head-on socialization of power over production, the Swedish policy approaches from the consumption side. It contents itself with asking: How much socialization of goods and services is necessary to encourage the having and the effective rearing of children? Such a proposal cuts deep and ultimately involves the fundamental clash foreseen by the Marxians. But one has only to review the relative ease with which Milo Perkins's food-stamp plan has been put over here to recognize the wisdom of this general strategy. As Dr. Myrdal remarks, nationalization from the consumer side is tactically far easier than from the production side.

The book falls into two parts. The first nine chapters present one of the best summaries of the problem of fertility in families available anywhere. Without sentimentality Dr. Myrdal marches straight into the facts all parents wrestle with: "children have become more and more cumbersome to parents and to society at large"; "voluntary choice of poverty for the sake of children is what young couples now are asked for"; "the circle which presents itself to prospective parents is a vicious one. Quality may be secured, but only by controlling quantity. Quantity can be secured only by sacrificing quality." The entire factual analysis proceeds from an explicit set of value premises regarding the purposes of democratic society. In the second section of the book Dr. Myrdal presents, with the insight of a technical participant in the work of the commission, the programs and substantial achievements to be noted, even this early, of the seventeen reports prepared between 1935 and 1938. The book is a triumph of exposition, demonstrating the fact that solid material need never be dull.

Two final points are worth stressing: the basic honesty and candor of this Swedish planning, and the harnessing of the entire resources of the nation to its fulfilment. In an area of behavior so markedly characterized by double-dealing, private and public, as that of family life and sex, the commission faced squarely the need for "clearing the ground of the public dishonesty in all that relates to sex and marriage and parenthood. No population program could be democratic with that task left undone." And we Americans, with our radio so tightly pegged down by private ownership and our adult education so meager, have plenty to learn from the Swedes when it comes to putting over change in things more important than brands of soap and cornflakes.

ROBERT S. LYND

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

Japan's Dream of World Empire: The Tanaka Memorial. Edited with an Introduction by Carl Crow. Harper. $1.25.
The Art of Reading Poetry. By Earl Daniels. Farrar. $2.50.
People Under Hitler. By Wallace R. Deuel. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
From the Hunter's Bow. By Beatrice Edgerly. Edited by Borish Erich Nelson. Putnam's. $3.50.
Falling Through Space. By Richard Hillary. Reynal. $2.50.
The Dickens World. By Humphry House. Oxford. $3.
National Income and Its Composition, 1919-1938. By Simon Kuznets. National Bureau of Economic Research. 2 vols. $5.
Americans 1942: 18 Artists from 9 States. Edited by Dorothy C. Miller. Museum of Modern Art. $2.
Convoy. By Quentin Reynolds. Random House. $2.
The Flickering Torch. By William West Tomlinson. Putnam's. $1.50.
Return to the Future. By Sigrid Undset. Knopf. $2.50.

THE POWERFUL MAN
(With Two Laugh-and-Cry Plays)
by
THEODORE G. MITCHELL

A PREDICTION: Science will develop infants to manhood in twenty minutes and rejuvenate old age in one hundred and twenty minutes. Would these discoveries be of any advantage to the society? Indeed, they did not help Hale to win his war.

HAS OUR SCIENTIFIC WAY of doing things very much advantages over the slow course of Mother Nature? Hale does not think so and destroys both discoveries. Is he justified, as a layman, to pass a final judgment on the merits of scientific discoveries?

HALE'S POLITICAL CAREER comes to a dramatic ending and he commits suicide when he is challenged to defend his own life in a military fashion. This fact reveals that behind his verbal bravery was hidden a feeling of weakness and inferiority

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Kermess in Munich

MUNICH PLAYGROUND. By Ernest R. Pope. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

ONE of the first surprises invasion brought to France was the discovery of the wholesale venality of Nazi officials. Anything from an *Ausweis* to a war prisoner could be bought, provided one had the price. It came as a shock to the average Frenchman, who had been taken in more than he realized by Nazi propaganda—Nazi railing against the "rotten democracies" and their corrupt servants, as opposed to the "Nordic purity," the "moral renaissance," and the Spartan uprightness of the New Order. After all the ponderous talk about the "noble and traditional" status of women, our Breton postwoman, who had worn men's clothes for years, actually put on skirts when the Germans came for fear of offending the Nazi puritans. She had yet to hear German soldiers say, apropos of cosmetics, short hair, trousers, and cigarettes for women (and even "race-shaming," provided the victim was a Jewess), *"Ach, das ist nur Propaganda!"*

In "Munich Playground" Ernest Pope gets behind the "propaganda front" of the Nazi leaders. He sets out to explode "the myth that Hitler and his disciples are an awe-inspiring group of ascetic, fanatic, and inhuman supermen." Taking the war lords one by one, he shows what happens when the goose-stepping Nazi lays aside his military belt and steps out *als Mensch* for a little diversion. Power politics and grim decisions belong to Berlin. Munich is the pleasure capital, the happy hunting ground for marshals, ministers, Gestapo chiefs, Gauleiters, and the Führer of them all. In Munich Hitler and his disciples turn playboy, setting an example for all Nazis at play—a pattern that for all its license is as definitely oriented as the Nazi pattern of conquest. As newspaper correspondent in Munich for many years, Mr. Pope had a close-up view of both play and pattern. He gives a faithful—and appalling—picture.

As the soldier represents the ideal citizen according to Nazi notions, so Nazi play confines itself to the traditional diversions for weary warriors, *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*—with the emphasis put on the first two. In the foreground are the leaders, Hitler included. (Since the *Anschluss* he has "softened" noticeably, says Mr. Pope.) They lead the dance against a back-drop of banquet tables, champagne bottles, naked dancers, and love nests. Abetted by local Nazi racketeers, these parvenus from Berlin have transformed the pleasant city by the Isar into an unholy kermess of wine-bibbing, food-guzzling, and woman-hunting—with looting and Jew-baiting thrown in for spice—while the mumbo-jumbo of Himmler's Teutonic rituals adds its sinister accompaniment and the flames of Streicher's "purifying" bonfires stream high in the Bavarian night sky.

All moral barriers are down. Art, of which Hitler is the self-styled supreme dictator, and even music pander to the "healthy eroticism" that aims to fill countless cradles and breed new generations of Nazi soldiers for world conquest. For this is the orientation and the plan.

The native Bavarians, dear to Mr. Pope, take half-hearted part in the Nazi kermess. They are the "works," like the underpaid extras at the super-opera—paid ten cents an hour in their thousand-dollar costumes or their nakedness. The Bavarians are aware that a popular uprising is impossible; they pay lip-service to Hitler while waiting for a chance to "turn the Third Reich inside out" and "put the Führer and the Prussians in their place." They secretly hope that a stronger neighbor will beat the bully who has taken over their peaceful city for his pagan, though joyless, carnival, and they long for the time when they can return to their traditional *Gemütlichkeit.*

The moral of Mr. Pope's unpleasantly revealing book is his hint that Munich, the cradle of National Socialism, may one day become the cradle of the Fourth Reich.

IDA TREAT

Conquistador

HERNAN CORTES. By Salvador de Madariaga. The Macmillan Company. $4.

THIS book is rich in scholarship and superior writing. It would be still better if Señor de Madariaga had been able to make up his mind whether he was writing as a man of faith or a man of wit. Writing as a man of faith he would have us believe that the Spanish conquerors and discoverers actually believed what they said, that they subjected the Indian lands mainly to implant the Catholic religion. But writing as a man of wit he slyly slashes at this thesis until it is in tatters. The man of wit is the victor, not only because his wit is generally of a high order, but also because it lies much closer to the truth of history. The Cross was merely another weapon of conquest. Hernán Cortés made good use of it in Mexico, but he also knew exactly when to supplement it with guile, a bribe, or a salvo from his primitive artillery. The conquest of Mexico, writes Señor de Madariaga, was the most economical use of military power in history. This is true only in a limited sense, for at bottom the conquest was not a military but rather a diplomatic victory. Cortés was able to induce the Mexican tribes to conquer each other, and his own greatest military victory was not over the Tlaxcatecs or the Aztecs but over his fellow-Spaniards under Narváez, who were trying to steal the spoils.

At first view the conquest of Mexico seems miraculous, but it becomes somewhat less so when one understands, first, that the Aztec empire was rotten with oppression, and, second, that it had little real faith in its own institutions. The first made it easy for Cortés to enlist the subject tribes in a revolt against the dominant Aztecs. But the revolt would doubtless have failed, and with it Cortés himself, if the Aztecs had believed in themselves. The Aztecs fell not to superior military force but to a superior faith. The tragedy of the conquest was not so much in the fall of the Aztecs as in the inability of the Spaniards to direct the building of a new Mexican civilization, fused from the Aztec and the Spanish. The Spaniards were sufficiently superior to conquer, but not to construct. The result was an almost complete stagnation which was to endure 400 years, and was not to be broken until the vitality of the Mexican tribes began to reassert itself in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Señor de Madariaga has appended a valuable bibliography.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

IN BRIEF

DRAGON'S TEETH. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company. $2.50.

The family of Ling Tan lived near a tiny village on the outskirts of Nanking, and when the first Japanese flying ship dropped a bomb in a neighbor's back yard they all thought how lucky the man was to have a pond suddenly dug for him when he had for years been trying to find time to do that very job himself. They learned a great deal in the course of the next year. Pearl Buck tells the story of the rape of Nanking with the same meticulous, sometimes almost plodding, attention to the details of daily life that has marked her other novels about China.

THUS SPEAKS GERMANY. By W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

This anthology of Nazi and pre-Nazi moral and political theory, culled from the speeches and writings of Hitler, his forerunners, and his disciples, is a valuable compendium despite certain uncritical assumptions which determine the choice of material. The Nazi theories of race and nation, of international law and lawlessness, of the rights of victors and the lack of rights of the vanquished, and all the other elaborations of moral nihilism are presented in the form of succinct quotations. The similarities between traditional Prussian and modern Nazi theories are emphasized, but significant differences between them are not understood. The thesis of a consistent German cynicism and frightfulness, underlying all periods of German life, is pushed to a ridiculous conclusion when the Weimar Republic is presented as the conscious disguise of the German wolf, assumed for the purpose of fooling little Red Riding Hood and discarded when no longer needed. Innocent statements by Gustav Stresemann, which could be matched from the writings of any British or American statesman, are quoted as if they substantiated this thesis.

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DRAMA

Culture and Anarchy

LAST season's play about William Saroyan was neither very convincing nor very funny. Now, however, Samson Raphaelson has attacked the same intriguing subject with far better results. In fact, his "Jason" (Hudson Theater) is a good deal better than merely the best play so far about the Daring Young Man; it is also, in my opinion at least, Mr. Raphaelson's best work to date—adroit, amusing, shrewd, and as close to life as artificial comedy of this sort really needs to be.

Naturally the whole thing would be doomed from the start if the cocky young playwright did not seem a possible person and if—what is harder—he was not also endowed with that disarming charm which is difficult to describe but which the original indubitably has. On both these counts—but particularly on the second—the hero of the previous play failed lamentably; on both, Mr. Raphaelson's Mike Ambler is more than merely acceptable. He will seem quite a possible person to those who have not the pleasure of Mr. Saroyan's acquaintance, a very good likeness indeed to those who have; and once this character is accepted as fundamentally real, the spectator is perfectly willing to accept along with him the artificial situations out of which the play is built up.

Mr. Raphaelson imagines that Ambler forces his way into the home of a rather anemically cultured drama critic, teaches the latter to play craps, very nearly steals his wife, and, what is worse, very nearly destroys his critical detachment. For the critic, having already changed his opinion two or three times, is just dictating his enthusiastic review of Ambler's first play when he learns about his wife. He starts another denouncing the playwright, and he finally ends with a third—very nicely phrased, by the way—in which, one may presume, Mr. Raphaelson is giving his own balanced conclusions concerning romantic egotists who do, rather exasperatingly, sometimes have something to say quite worth the hearing. Jason's culture has a few things to learn from Mike's anarchy.

Good as it is, the play as a whole is, nevertheless, what we members of the profession like to call "contrived." By that we mean, of course, that it is not, like the plays of Mike Ambler Saroyan, merely the product of genius letting itself go in order to see what will happen. But we mean more than that. We mean also that it is not inevitable once the situation has been stated; that the various turns of events are manipulated by a playwright who decides at every instance what turn he will give the action. We mean that it is the kind of play "not written but rewritten," the kind that might end in any one of two or three ways and that ends as it does because the author, having considered different possibilities, finally determines that the balance of various considerations makes this particular one the most feasible. But we do not mean that all such plays are completely trivial or that there are not levels of contrivance. For contrivance may be adroit or clumsy, and it may also sacrifice either all or none of the playwright's intellectual conviction.

Mr. Raphaelson's successful plays have always been contrived—that is obviously the way he works; but the contrivance has tended to grow more adroit and to serve better and better to express a more and more mature intelligence. A decade and a half ago "The Jazz Singer" expressed a sincere but crudely sensational sentimentalism by means of contrivances on the level of cheap melodrama. More recently "Skylark" seemed to sacrifice both sincerity and clarity of thought to slickness of writing which made it a very successful vehicle for a star. That play, indeed, marked a decided regression from "Accent on Youth," which preceded it, because it was obviously less sincere. But "Jason" is the best of the lot. Mr. Raphaelson has something he believes and wants to say about a certain kind of writing and a certain kind of man. He contrives a story, and that contrived story says very pointedly and amusingly what he wants to say.

There is a good deal more to the plot than I have indicated, and I shall go no farther into that, but perhaps it should be stated for the sake of the public that Jason himself does not seem to be intended as a recognizable portrait of any individual member of the Drama Critics' Circle, and it is quite certain that none will be anxious to claim himself as the original. Nicholas Conte does a quite remarkable job as Mike Ambler, and the whole production is cleverly managed.

What one thinks of "Cafe Crown"

(Cort Theater) will depend largely upon how much very obvious contrivance one is willing to put up with for the sake of some flavorsome dialogue and a picturesque character or two. Like "Jason" it is topical, since the cafe in question is unmistakably the Cafe Royal on Second Avenue, where Jewish actors, playwrights, and journalists have congregated for generations. Obviously the author knows his scene, his characters, and the way they talk. With the help of Sam Jaffe as the proprietor-waiter and Morris Carnovsky as the less successfully drawn veteran of the stage he presents some racy moments. But the story of egotism and sacrifice, of the rising star seduced by Hollywood, is told in such a way that none of its banality and none of its sentimentality can possibly be missed. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

THE best jazz performances issued on records since I last wrote on the subject, in September, are the Sidney Bechet "Texas Moaner" (Victor 27600) and "Rose Room" (Victor 27707), with Shavers's work on trumpet; the Allen-Higginbotham "Indiana" (Okeh 6357), mostly for the playing of Higginbotham and Hall; the Cootie Williams "West End Blues" (Okeh 6370). Good are the Teddy Wilson Orchestra's first chorus of "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me" (Columbia 36335); the Allen-Higginbotham Orchestra's accompaniment of Ida Cox's rhythmically powerful but tonally threadbare singing of "I Can't Quit That Man" (Okeh 6405); Mildred Bailey's "Lover Come Back to Me" (Decca 3953); Maxine Sullivan's "Loch Lomond" (Decca 3954); and, in Victor's "Hot Piano" (Set P-75, $2.50), Earl Hines's performance of "On the Sunny Side of the Street" (27562), Duke Ellington's of "Dear Old Southland" (27564), "Fats" Waller's of "Carolina Shout" (27563)—but not the performances on the reverse sides, and not those of Jelly-Roll Morton on 27565. The Kirby Orchestra's "Tweed Me" (Victor 27667) and "Fifi's Rhapsody" (27598) offer about an inch of fairly good free-style playing between slick arranged introductory and concluding choruses; and as a piece of composed jazz the Benny Goodman Orchestra's "The Earl" (Okeh 6474), with Mel Powell's piano-playing, is enjoyable.

That is very little for so long a period; but in recent months small-band jazz improvisation has virtually disappeared from the companies' announcements. The reason is that it does not sell in large quantities; and a point which might be made about that is that if one campaigns for the high-powered arranged jazz of Benny Goodman one helps to create a demand for the high-powered arranged jazz of Benny Goodman, not for small-band improvisation. Nothing new is being recorded; and the old things are no longer being reissued: Columbia has announced no further hot jazz classics since its September "Louis and Earl" (Set C-73, $2.50), devoted to 1927 and 1928 Louis Armstrong performances with Earl Hines at the piano. Like the others in the series this set gives us two outstanding performances, "West End Blues" and "Muggles" (both on 36377), and three good ones, "Heah Me Talkin' to Ya?" and "Tight Like This" (both on 36378), and "A Monday Date" (36375); and like the others it wastes precious sides on "Weather Bird" (36375), and on two previously unissued performances discovered in the Columbia archives that should have been left there—"Chicago Breakdown" and "Don't Jive Me" (both on 36376). With the series at an end one is aware of the fine things that were reissued; but one is bound to think of the others that were not, and that now probably never will be, and that would be available if the sides had not been used for pretentious discoveries and for things which provided excuses for equally pretentious discussions of styles and developments and influences. One is bound to think of the superb early Armstrongs, for example, that might have been included in this last set if the purpose had been simply to reissue the best out-of-print jazz performances, and not to provide the occasion for a wild piece of phrase-slinging about the relation of Louis and Earl.

Decca's "Blackstick" (Set 240, $2.25), devoted to performances with outstanding clarinetists, offers three that are very good, the Johnny Dodds "Melancholy" (3864), with Shavers on trumpet and Bunn on guitar, and the Danny Polo "Blue Murder" and the Jimmy Noone "I Know That You Know" (both on 3863), the second with Shavers and an excellent pianist. Fairly good, also, are the Bud Freeman "Sunday" (3865), for Kaminsky's cornet rather than Russell's clarinet, and the Rollini "Davenport Blues" (3862), with Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman.

Columbia issued no Masterworks last month; but the set (473, $3.50) of Chopin's Etudes Op. 25 that was announced two or three months ago has arrived. Kilenyi's performances haven't the technical or musical finesse of Bachaus's in the regrettably withdrawn Victor set; and imperfect recording makes them occasionally not clear; but for the most part—except for the mannered performances of No. 1 in A flat and the middle section of No. 10 in B minor—they are technically adequate and musically acceptable. My copy has a couple of bad surfaces.

Questions keep coming in about a low-priced ($100-$150) machine; and all I can answer is what an engineer I talk to about such matters tells me he would do if he were looking for one for himself. He would go to a Montgomery Ward outlet and look at the license labels on the backs of the larger machines; he would listen to the machines which had in the lower left-hand or right-hand corner of the label the initials "W. G. Co." or "B. R. Co.," which are those of the Wells Gardner or the Belmont Company; if one of these machines sounded good he would take it; if none sounded good he would consider the search hopeless.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Liberty in War Time

Dear Sirs: Reinhold Niebuhr in your issue of January 24 argues for restrictions on civil liberties in war time by setting up straw figures named "absolutists" and "relativists." In the name of relativism he proceeds to dispose of the absolutists who would sacrifice national unity to unrestricted liberty.

This might be a very useful distinction if the two groups existed, but there just ain't any such animals as absolutists. The most extreme champions of civil liberty draw a line somewhere—at "clear and present danger" or incitements to illegal acts—let alone making many qualifications in the field of obscenity and libel. And all of them are compelled constantly to balance one right against another in developing public policy: to take a minor example, the divergent rights of pickets, of the public, and of non-striking workers. In war time all recognize the need for regulating the use of military information, for censoring communication with foreign countries, and for putting restrictions on certain enemy aliens.

The plain fact is that all libertarians are "relativists." Dr. Niebuhr is simply a more cautious relativist than those whose policies he scores. His thesis, reduced to a simple statement, is that a democracy in war time must insure unity by a reasonable degree of regrettable coercion. He regards coercion as too dangerous to risk much of it; so he urges that criticism of government be kept inviolate and that even anti-democratic movements be allowed except when there is a "clear and present danger" of acts.

The "absolutists" he creates would not disagree with that. They would only be less inclined than he to justify possibly wider coercion by taking refuge in a vague "total situation." And they would affirm loudly and insistently that a democracy can fight a war and keep its liberties intact. They would buttress his questioning faith by practical examples far ahead of his relative conservatism—the experience of England, the more recent decisions of the Supreme Court, and universal condemnation of national "unity" by suppression in the World War. And they would recall the words of Attorney General Biddle, who said after the declaration of war: "If we care about democracy, we must care about it as a reality for others as well as for ourselves; yes, for aliens, for Germans, for Italians, for Japanese; for those who are against us as well as those who are with us. For the Bill of Rights protects not only American citizens but all human beings who live on our American soil, under our American flag."

This is not the rhetoric of an "absolutist." Happily, it is the professed policy of an Administration which appears to comprehend the essential obligations of democratic liberty in war time.

ROGER BALDWIN, Director,
American Civil Liberties Union

New York, January 28

The People Speaking

Dear Sirs: The campaign that has been conducted by Freda Kirchwey and I. F. Stone in the case of the Free Peoples of the World vs. the United States State Department is a most gratifying bit of journalism. It is astonishing that not more people in this country are alive to the tragic division that exists between the White House and Mr. Hull's department. The indifference of the people as a whole to the monstrous policies of the State Department set can be ascribed possibly to an ancient American conviction that diplomacy is an esoteric business, circuitous at best, which can be engaged in only by the select, without interference from the voting public.

What did we gain by recognizing Vichy? The State Department and its apologists say we maintained the delicate balance of Pétain's France and prevented it from toppling over to the Nazi cause. But what did we lose? The respect and admiration of millions of Frenchmen inside and outside France. We have betrayed the great bulk of Frenchmen who hate Vichy as they hate Berlin because they are one and the same.

The State Department protest in connection with the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon carries the whole matter to a ludicrous extremity The war had already begun for us. Vichy was, as it is now, as much an enemy of the United States as the Quisling government of Norway, the Rome government of Mussolini, the Berlin government of Hitler. Yet our State Department "regrets" that our friends and allies, the Free French, have so far forgotten the amenities of appeasement as to remove the threat of enemy bases from our coastline. What's more, the State Department tells Vichy—our enemy—that the people of the United States are sorry.

We are not sorry! We are glad! Glad that some Frenchmen have not forgotten Lafayette and liberty. We indorse, with a thousand amens, tributes such as *The Nation* paid to the Free French leaders in its telegram. We who are fighting for liberty and are not appeasing dictators want desperately to tell the Free French that their cause is not lost, as they must sometimes think it is. We want to assure them that it is we the people speaking and not the State Department.

Yes, I agree with you: Mr. Hull must go, and our State Department must be reorganized. This is essential to the unity of anti-fascists throughout the world. We must tell the peoples in dark Europe, the bitterly confused Chinese, the disillusioned, almost forgotten Loyalists of Spain, that we are awake now —really alive to the danger—and that we regret what has gone before. President Roosevelt must be free of influence that would make a travesty of the Atlantic Charter and the pact of the United Nations of the World.

NORMAN A. KAHL

Washington, D. C., January 10

Dear Sirs: You are right in your protest against the attitude of our State Department toward the liberty-loving people of St. Pierre and Miquelon. The State Department committed the same blunder when the Spanish Republicans fought for freedom. If we had supplied munitions to them, Hitler and Mussolini would never have dared to pursue their ruthless warfare.

SAMUEL A. CARLSON

Jamestown, N. Y., January 12

Dear Sirs: Freda Kirchwey's article with the flaming headline Mr. Hull Should Resign, in *The Nation* for January 23, seemed ungenerous and unwise at a time when we are trying so hard to unite all of the many forces that must be united if we are to win this war. I feel indignant personally about St. Pierre and Miquelon, but I do not think we should speak against the government at a time like this. As a pacifist I have to be so muzzled about the war at best, but we must win a war in order to gain peace and I believe action more important than thoughts. I have read *The Nation* for fifty years!

GERTRUDE H. FRIEDLANDER

Cincinnati, Ohio, January 9

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your editorial Mr. Hull Should Resign. I have followed Mr. Hull's course of action, along with your comments, from the time of the Spanish civil war, and I believe there is a growing feeling that Mr. Hull has served his time and should resign. I only hope that you will continue along this same line until you succeed in forcing his retirement. One cannot get up very much enthusiasm over the defense program with Hull doing everything possible to appease the aggressor.

A. B. COULTER

Tacoma, Wash., January 10

Dear Sirs: Each week I read *The Nation* with eagerness and admiration. Just now I cannot refrain from telling you that I am thrilled by the courageous attitude the editors took in regard to the Free French occupation of the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. My heartiest congratulations to you and my very best wishes in all your good work.

EDNA SKINNER

Amherst, Mass., January 16

Dear Sirs: Marvel if you must at the "unawareness" of London and Washington. "Unpreparedness," however, denotes at least a recognition of the fact that there is something to prepare against. Such a recognition would be far beyond the comprehension of the State Department, which has proved that it will recognize no nation as a foe until it whacks us in the head with a blackjack we have sold it.

T. A. TENOR

Beaver Falls, Pa., January 24

The Oklahoma Book Trials

Dear Sirs: Over a year ago a letter of mine appeared in the columns of *The Nation* describing the arrest and conviction of a number of persons in Oklahoma for the alleged possession of "subversive literature." That letter was written just after my release from the Oklahoma County jail. Since that time the Oklahoma "book trials" have become a national scandal, and as a result no further trials have been held since the sentencing of Ina Wood to ten years in the penitentiary in June, 1941. All the defendants, including those convicted, are free on bond supplied through the International Labor Defense.

However, the people of our country should not forget about the Oklahoma prosecutions. Four individuals still have sentences of ten years hanging over them; eight others still face trial. The Oklahoma American Legion has announced that it will file a brief as friend of the court in behalf of the prosecution when appeals come up on the four "criminal-syndicalism" convictions. The Knights of Pythias have already filed such a brief, describing as "communistic" the American Civil Liberties Union and all other organizations which have shown an interest in maintaining the Bill of Rights in Oklahoma. When the librarian of Dartmouth College wrote for a list of the books still held in the Oklahoma County jail, the Oklahoma City *Times* reported that John Eberle, the assistant county attorney credited with main responsibility for the prosecutions, said: "If Dartmouth wants them, Dartmouth can have them. I don't care who reads them in New Hampshire. I'm interested in their effect in Oklahoma." There can be no doubt that the prosecution would take advantage of the slightest lack of vigilance on the part of the American public to resume its book-burnings.

I am therefore very glad to be able to report that in December, 1941, 279 prominent social scientists of the country wrote to the Governor of Oklahoma expressing the belief that "at a time like the present, when millions are suffering and dying to defend their freedom and national independence, we in the United States dare not allow our own democratic processes to be weakened." The social scientists pointed out that "many of the books upon which the convictions were based can be found in school and public libraries throughout the country. When appropriate, we assign them to our students and discuss them in our classes. The important point is not that we do these things but that we must continue to do them if we are not to betray our trust to the youth of America."

To this protest was added last week that of 145 leading social workers and educators from 33 states. Their letter followed an appeal sent out by Eduard C. Lindeman, Helen Hall, and Harry L. Lurie and signed by the heads of some thirty leading settlement houses and numerous agency heads, both public and private, including Mary Anderson, Head of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

I feel sure that many of your readers will want to do their part in defeating the Oklahoma witch-hunters by writing to Governor Leon C. Phillips, Oklahoma City, expressing their hope that he will bring these prosecutions to an end.

ELIZABETH Z. GREEN

New York, January 29

A Negro College Teacher

Dear Sirs: In your issue of January 10 there appears this statement from the Committee for the Advancement of Negro Studies in New York: "But only the University of Chicago has given a teaching job to one of these qualified Negro American intellectuals." This is no doubt true with regard to the special group of Ph.D.'s referred to. However, it should be pointed out that Harvard University has at least one Negro on the teaching staff of its Medical School. This is the eminent syphilologist William A. Hinton, M.D., instructor in bacteriology and immunology and in preventive medicine and hygiene. Dr. Hinton developed the widely used diagnostic serum reaction for syphilis which bears his name.

LYTT GARDNER

Boston, Mass., January 20

Scrap-Collecting on Farms

Dear Sirs: I was interested in the item in your issue of January 24 regarding the scarcity of scrap and our failure to organize any campaign to get it. I suppose you know that the greatest repositories of scrap in the country are the farms, where it is estimated there is enough, when mixed with the proper quantity of new steel, to make as many battleships as now exist. The Department of Agriculture through its Food for Freedom Program is carrying on an active campaign for the repair of farm machinery and through its state and county war boards a scrap-collecting campaign. This campaign is quite well organized, is improving daily, and is bringing results.

T. SWANN HARDING

Falls Church, Va., January 30

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The Shape of Things

THE BATTLE FOR SINGAPORE HAS REACHED a crucial stage with the landing of Japanese troops on Singapore Island proper. Although the British claim to have driven back the first of the invaders, it is obvious that more landings will follow. It is now a race against time. The Japanese are trying to overwhelm the defenders before the substantial reinforcements known to be on the way can arrive. But although they have rendered the huge naval base useless, a tenacious defense may still rob them, as in the Philippines, of final conquest. In Burma the situation has improved. The Japanese have made little or no progress toward Rangoon in the past week, and the entry of veteran Chinese troops into the front lines would seem an effective guaranty against further Japanese progress in the sector they control. Burma remains the one battle zone in which the United Nations have been able to achieve supremacy in the air. Elsewhere in the Pacific the picture remains clouded. General MacArthur still holds part of the Bataan Peninsula, but it is evident that he is being forced steadily back. And with the acknowledged loss of Amboina Island and Samarinda, the Dutch position has become increasingly serious.

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THE SHIPPING RESOURCES OF THE UNITED Nations are still very large, but they are being strained to the uttermost by the demands of the Battle of the Pacific, the huge import needs of American war industries, and the constant call for supplies for Russia and Britain. Thus every U-boat torpedo which finds a mark deals a heavy blow, and we must recognize that Hitler has scored a success by sending his submarines to operate on this side of the Atlantic. How dearly that success is costing him we do not know, since the navy, as a general rule, does not mention successful attacks on enemy submarines. We must be content with Mr. Knox's assurance that the raiders are not getting off scot-free, and the curve of ship sinkings will soon reveal whether the German navy is able to stand the pace. British sources report that ship losses in the Atlantic as a whole in January were above the average for the last six months but below the figure for January, 1941. Off the shores of the United States fifteen vessels have been attacked and fourteen sunk. The fact that many of these ships were tankers again raises the possibility of gasoline and fuel-oil rationing along the Eastern seaboard. Should that prove necessary, we hope there will be better organization than was in evidence last summer. The most tragic side of the U-boat campaign is the loss of 400 seamen. We wonder about the efficacy of the life-saving equipment with which they were provided. The Norwegian mercantile marine has adopted a special life-saving suit which keeps men not only afloat but warm and dry. The Maritime Commission and the seamen's unions would do well to investigate this invention.

*

BY NAMING LORD BEAVERBROOK MINISTER of War Production Mr. Churchill has done something to meet the critics of Britain's industrial effort, but the accompanying reshuffle of minor ministers does little to increase confidence in the strength and ability of the government as a whole. The old gang of appeasers cling limpet-like to their posts, and the inner War Cabinet remains untouched, still representing party leaders rather than the best available brains. Moreover, most of its members are burdened with departmental duties and are not free to concentrate on broad questions of policy. The appointment of Lord Beaverbrook to a position analogous to that occupied by Donald Nelson may cut the red tape and curb the atavistic business practices that now keep British production below its potential maximum. But it remains to be seen whether Beaverbrook's notorious lack of tact may not cancel the beneficial effects of his equally notorious energy. When the Ministry of Supply was instituted early in the war, it was supposed to do the job now handed to the Ministry of War Production. But it ended by looking after army needs alone, for the Admiralty continued to insist on bossing naval production, while lack of cooperation from the Air Ministry led to the creation of a separate Ministry of Aircraft Production. Sir Stafford Cripps is reported to have been offered the Ministry of Supply but to have refused because it did not carry membership in the War Cabinet. Returning to the House of Commons "with an open mind," he will occupy a strategic position in the event of a future ministerial crisis as the one man of front-rank reputation now outside the government.

*

WE HOPE SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS'S APPEAL FOR a closer and more cordial association between Russia and the Western democracies will not go unheeded. Since Hitler struck at the Soviets last year there has been a gradual improvement in relations, but they still rest on a basis of immediate expediency. There remain influential people in Britain and America who are more worried by the prospect of a Russian victory over Germany than of a German victory over Russia. There are others who fondly hope that the future will be made safe for respectable reaction by a mutual throat-cutting on the part of Hitler and Stalin. Such political psychopaths, as Cripps has pointed out, offer the perfect medium for the culture of Goebbels's deadly bacteria. Admittedly, the Kremlin's frequent resort to Machiavellian tactics did much to assist the Nazis in building up the "red menace." But we can now see that Russia for nearly ten years has been preoccupied by preparations to meet a Nazi onslaught which it realized was inevitable once Hitler had been allowed to establish his regime. When the danger of German imperialism to Russia has been permanently removed, there is some reason to expect a reorientation of Soviet policies. Sir Stafford Cripps, who as Britain's ambassador in Moscow until recently had excellent opportunities for exploring the minds of the Soviet leaders, declares that Russia is "anxious and most willing to work in association with Great Britain and America after the war and to prepare now so as to make that work as effective and valuable as possible." He points out that the three countries have all signed the Atlantic Charter. If they could get together in an effort to translate that rather vague document into concrete terms, they might discover that their post-war aims are not as incompatible as is feared and so do much to banish the suspicions now hindering the growth of mutual confidence.

*

BRITISH ANXIETY OVER EGYPT SEEMS TO have been at least temporarily allayed by the formation of a new National Union government headed by Mustapha Nahas Pasha, leader of the Wafd, the largest of Egypt's political parties. Although the previous government resigned ostensibly because of the ill health of Premier Hussein Sirry Pasha, it is known that Axis, particularly Italian, agents had been at work stirring up discontent. The Wafd Party has hitherto refused to participate in the government on the ground that the elections to the present Egyptian Chamber were unfair. Its acceptance of power now is generally regarded as a rebuff to Axis agents, who had sought to provoke serious political disturbances. Axis prospects were also dealt a heavy blow recently when the Egyptian government broke off diplomatic relations with Vichy, thus eliminating the source of much pro-Axis propaganda. Although the new Premier is expected to continue his predecessor's policy with regard to the war, the British have definite misgivings about King Farouk. And it remains to be seen how staunch the new government's loyalty will be in the event of an invasion of Egypt by General Rommel's powerfully augmented forces.

*

LITTLE BETTER USE OF THE PRODUCTIVE resources of small business enterprises throughout the country has so far been made by the War Production Board than by its predecessors, the SPAB and OPM. According to the report of the Senate's Small Business

Committee, 56 of the country's 184,230 manufacturing plants have received more than 75 per cent of army and navy contracts. Only 6,000 plants—or one out of thirty—have received defense orders of any kind. Responsibility for this situation is placed squarely on Donald Nelson by the Senate committee. The report points out that Mr. Nelson not only is a representative of big business himself but has chosen big-business executives to head the four most important divisions of his organization. Furthermore, practically nothing was done to spread contracts to small business men during the months when Mr. Nelson was director of the Office of Small Business Affairs under the National Defense Advisory Commission. That the enlistment of small business in the war effort can be achieved where there is a will to do it is indicated in a survey of the Philadelphia Ordnance District recently printed in the New York *Times*. In this area, largely through the efforts of the chief ordnance officer, 598 prime contracts and some 7,500 subcontracts have been let. One large tank manufacturer uses 211 subcontractors, who in turn are assisted by 1,056 subsubcontractors. Among these is an automobile service garage which uses its lathe to turn out a small rod that props open a door of a piston porthole in a tank. The results of this subcontracting have been excellent, and there is no legitimate reason why the same methods should not be used throughout the country.

* * *

THE BUSINESS DOMINATION OF THE WAR effort came in for further stringent criticism when R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, placed the blame for the delay in shifting to all-out war production primarily upon the shoulders of Knudsen, who he declared has represented the automobile industry and not the people of the country in his service at Washington. He predicted that the WPB, like the OPM, would fail unless it was reorganized to give labor a bigger voice in the conduct of the arms program. Some business spokesmen complain that Thomas's statement and the U. A. W.'s demand for higher wages violate the spirit of the war-time truce accepted by labor after Pearl Harbor. This is, of course, a smoke screen deliberately set up for the purpose of covering up the ways in which a business-controlled OPM has obstructed all-out production. For if there is any justification for placing representatives of big business in strategic posts on the War Production Board, there is at least equal reason for giving adequate representation to labor.

* * *

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT SHOULD HAVE KNOWN better. She should, in other words, have known that the appointment to defense posts of a movie actor and a dancer who also happened to be her friends would arouse as much fury in the House of Representatives as the disaster at Pearl Harbor. Instead, she provided a perfect opening for attack—though as usual the violence of the storm was hardly justified. If there were any use discussing the merits of the case we could point out that public entertainment may be a vital factor in the morale of citizens and that Melvyn Douglas might be as useful as some of the dollar-a-year men from big business—whom Congressmen never, never object to. We could also point out that the strain of air raids on children is a proper study for a civilian-defense organization and that dancers are also human beings and not automatically disqualified for such work—some Congressmen can't even dance. But we may be sure that the enraged legislators will not let such considerations prevent them from seizing a golden opportunity to attack the Administration and Mrs. Roosevelt. They have inserted a clause in the appropriations bill for the OCD forbidding the use of funds for "instructions in physical fitness by dancers, fan dancing, street shows, theatrical performances, or other public entertainment." What we need now is a clause prohibiting Congressmen from making spectacles of themselves at the taxpayers' expense.

We Can Lose This War

A GOOD many of our daily newspapers seem to have instructed their headline-writers to use the right end of the telescope when viewing successes for our side but to reverse it when looking at Axis achievements. That is one reason why the general public lacks full appreciation of the extremely serious position in which the United Nations are at present placed. The remedy is not lectures on the folly of complacency; it is less distorted news, more facts, and above all more authoritative explanations of what the facts which can be published mean.

In this connection we should like to support the recent plea of Walter Lippmann that greater efforts be made to help the American people "to exercise their inalienable right to understand the war." As Mr. Lippmann says, it is only the President and his chief colleagues who can tell the story, the good with the bad, and explain it; "the people can take it and they will like it, and there will be laid down in this way, as in no other way, the foundations of confidence."

We hope the President will take up this task in his promised broadcast this month. The need is urgent, for there is every sign that a testing time for our nerves is rapidly approaching. Everywhere except in Russia the United Nations are on the defensive. In the Far East, after two months of war, we really have our backs to the wall. Malaya, Borneo, and the Philippines have been lost, even though General MacArthur's little army is still doing yeoman service by immobilizing a considerable Japanese force. Singapore is closely besieged, and Rangoon and Java are seriously threatened. If these key positions are lost—and there is no use disguising the fact that they are in grave danger—the opportunity for a counteroffensive against the Japanese will be long postponed. China with its huge resources of man-power would be cut off from the supplies with which a powerful offensive against the Japanese flank could be developed. Australia and India would both be exposed to attack, and the Indian Ocean would come under Japanese control.

In North Africa the situation is less serious because no absolutely vital point is yet endangered. But what has been lost is the initiative, the early prospect of clearing the Axis out of North Africa and launching an offensive against Italy itself. Nor can the British afford to treat General Rommel's advance lightly. The strategic importance of Egypt as a link between East and West has been enhanced by Japan's entry into the war, and it must be defended at all costs. It is hardly likely that the British will be able to divert more forces from the Middle to the Far East, and it may be necessary to strengthen the army under General Auchinleck. If reinforcements of men and equipment have to be hurried to both the eastern Mediterranean and western Pacific areas the prospects of a new front in Europe this year will grow dim.

Russia, as we have said, remains a bright spot, but we need to guard against the danger of making too heavy a psychological investment in Russian successes. The Red Army has made a magnificent recovery after its long retreat and has made significant advances in its present counter-offensive. But as Sir Stafford Cripps has just warned, the Nazis have not been routed. They have suffered heavy losses of men and equipment; they have been driven out of a number of valuable positions; but they still hold a line from which a spring offensive could be launched when weather conditions again favor the use of mechanized armies. About six weeks of real winter remain; then will come a period of thaw and mud likely to hamper the Russians almost as much as the Germans. Everything, then, depends on whether the Soviet forces can press home their offensive sufficiently to push the Germans out of the eastern Ukraine and out of such strategic centers as Vitebsk, Smolensk, Bryansk, and Kharkov. That would mean a major Nazi defeat and would probably force Hitler to throw into the battle the reserves he is training for the spring campaign.

Reports from a number of European centers suggest that German preparations for that campaign have been on an impressive scale. Factories are turning out masses of tanks and planes for the use of reorganized *Panzer* and *Luftwaffe* units. Not only is Germany itself being combed for men, but tremendous pressure is being put on the puppet allies to supply huge numbers either for service in Russia or to replace Nazi troops in conquered territories. Some of the German dispositions suggest that a dual offensive may be planned—a grandiose pincer movement with its southern arm striking through Turkey and its northern arm through the Caucasus. The objectives would be oil and the breaking of British imperial communications in the Middle East so as to permit the forging of a link with Japan by way of the Indian Ocean. If this is Hitler's program, Rommel's drive in North Africa may be regarded as a preliminary phase. Another revealing fact is the particularly stubborn defense which the German army has conducted in the Donetz Basin area since the loss of Rostov.

All these plans could be frustrated by a major Russian triumph in the next few weeks, but it is still uncertain whether the Red Army can achieve the essential follow-through. Thus it is particularly disturbing to learn that shipments from this country of vitally needed equipment for Russia have been lagging behind schedule. The main difficulty is said to be shipping. Somehow this obstacle must be removed, for it is Russia that is holding down the largest and most efficient of the Axis armies and thus giving us some freedom of action in the Far East. Should the Russian dyke give way, our situation, already unhappy enough, would indeed become desperate. It is acknowledged that the Russian requests for equipment which we have promised to meet are not exorbitant. Let us break our backs rather than our word.

The first step toward winning this war is a realization that we have a good chance of losing it if, as William L. Batt said last week, we fail to bring to the task anything less than "the constant, driving, unflagging will to win." And that will must be fortified by the kind of intelligent understanding that grasps the connection between sending arms to Russia and beating off the Japanese menace in Asia. None of the many duties of the President is more urgent than the promotion of such understanding.

The Rake's Progress

ON DECEMBER 8, the day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Hearst chain of newspapers, which stretches from New York to California, printed prominently the following declaration of editorial policy:

> Our main concern now is about England. This attack by Japan upon us is largely to create diversion. We must not be diverted any more than is necessary for our own protection. The war is our war now—not only in Asia but in Europe.

On January 2, however, the same newspapers printed with similar prominence these words:

> Mr. Churchill's address was most eloquent, and it may truthfully be said in praise of democracies that they do unerringly select their best talkers for the conduct of their wars. However, it might interest Mr. Churchill to know that the average American . . . does

> not think it makes a lot of difference in the eventual issue of this war who owns the sand dunes of the Libyan desert. . . . Is it not about time that the United States thought less of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean and more of the Pacific Ocean . . . and even more about the United States of America?

And on January 28 they followed with this:

> England has systematically sacrificed her Allies to her own safety and her own immediate objectives. She sacrificed Norway—withdrew from the battle front without informing the Norwegian forces, with which she was in physical contact, what she was doing and why. She sacrificed Belgium in identically the same manner. . . . England abandoned France at Dunkirk and executed a masterly retreat to England. The French term it as "masterly" desertion of the Allied cause. . . . England's plain policy seems to be to have allies, but not to be an ally. A nation can render any aid or service to England it pleases, but it must not expect any aid and service in return.

Articles of similar purport, with many letters to the editor emphasizing the same points, are continually appearing in the New York *Daily News*, the Washington *Times-Herald*, and other papers. The Washington *Times-Herald* recently referred to the string of Atlantic bases acquired in the destroyer deal as "a lot of time bombs which will one day blow up in our faces," because they were only leased (for ninety-nine years) and not permanently annexed. And all the same points are daily emphasized by the German radio in its efforts to prevent support of the Allied cause by the people of France, Norway, Belgium, and Holland, and to sow distrust in the minds of the people of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and all the colonial territories. Similar expressions of American opinion are quoted in the German broadcasts to Britain in order to foster anti-American feeling in that country.

The Nation has always assumed the sincerity of the great body of isolationists—"the blinder the prejudice the more passionate the conviction." And because of their sincerity, and because their opinions were often backed by firmly intrenched interests, it was obvious that as soon as the honeymoon of "national unity" which began with the Pearl Harbor attack was over, they would once more play a vital part in the public's attitude to the war. They represent forces which might quite conceivably undermine that unity among twenty-six nations through which alone victory can be won. It is axiomatic that if Hitler can cause divisions among this country, the British Empire, Russia, and China, he may beat them. The bitter experience of other countries proves to us that this problem cannot be complacently ignored, especially since this first year of war happens to be a Congressional election year, when politics will inevitably play a heavy part in Congressional action.

Just as isolationism affected foreign policy before the war, so it affects public judgment of the appropriate strategy in war itself—as the isolationist section of the press is now proving.

We know now by the experience of other countries—which also believed that their national unity, in war time at least, would stand up against all assaults—that the enemy strategy counts enormously upon the divisive and disruptive elements in popular feeling: upon nationalist hostilities, racial prejudices, historical animosities, economic rivalries. Such ferments, working actively enough in France before the war to destroy the alliance with Russia, continued after the declaration of war to such degree as to undermine the ties with Britain and prepare the way for a separate peace. They did this by creating first of all that "Maginot mind" which goes with a nationalism that has become hostile to cooperation with foreigners and is compelled therefore to fall back upon purely "defensive" strategy.

But there are two points in France's tragic story which should concern us now. The first is that the divisive forces by which Hitler profited did not come to full fruition until *after* war had begun. While anti-Semitism, anti-Sovietism, Anglophobia did exist before the war, they were regarded as relatively harmless. Plenty of persons in France were ready enough to pass on the slogan, "Britain will fight to the last Frenchman" (the German radio now sends out daily the slogan, "Britain will fight to the last American"), but had you suggested to one of those Frenchmen that he was preparing the way for a government of surrender that would one day allow France to be used for the German conquest of Britain, he would have been not merely completely incredulous but profoundly shocked.

The second point we should recall is that the decision to carry on the war from Africa with a government in Algeria supported by the French navy was defeated only by a margin of three votes in the French Cabinet. A slightly better morale among the leaders, a little less defeatism and Anglophobia, and today the whole of Africa would be unquestionably an Allied bastion, an Anglo-French fleet would command the Mediterranean, Dakar would be an American outpost, Indo-China would never have been handed over to Japan by a Vichy government, immense forces would have been liberated for dealing with Japan, and the lives of tens of thousands of Americans who must die this year or next would have been saved.

The military authorities tell us that wars are won by a final margin of military power which may perhaps be quite small. It is clear that that is true of morale as well. Let us face the facts of American isolationism. In these last few years there has probably been more dislike and fear of Russia in this country than there was in France. The fear of communism has been more hysterical. Distrust of "Europe"—which usually means Britain—goes deeper here than Anglophobia went in France. How could it be otherwise? For years the view has been hammered into the minds of Americans that this country was swindled into participation in the last war; that our participation was achieved mainly by the cunning, lying propaganda of the British and of cynical financial interests; that the character of the peace proved America's costly intervention to have been completely futile. Add to this an aversion to war which found support about equally in materialist cynicism and Christian idealism, and you get some idea of the strength of the feelings to which the American isolationist—and the German propagandist—could appeal.

And to those feelings both are still appealing with undiminished vigor. For the American isolationist the honeymoon of national unity, which is supposed to have begun at four o'clock on the Sunday afternoon of December 7 at Pearl Harbor, is over.

The average American liberal will accept that statement with considerable skepticism. This is partly because it is not his habit to read the isolationist press, which consists mainly of newspapers owned by William Randolph Hearst, Joseph M. Patterson, and Robert R. McCormick, whose publishing enterprises stretch across the entire continent. Their papers have a combined circulation larger than that of any other newspaper group in the United States, and they are able to present to tens of millions of readers the same idea, voice the same prejudice, make the same attack, at the same moment from one end of the country to the other. Do we really assume that such an instrument, used in such a way and appealing to forces like those just described, in a Congressional election year, has no bearing at all on the war effort?

Sea Story

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

A CARGO ship set sail from New York the other day. I saw her go. She pulled out of her slip on West Street and moved down the river, loaded almost to the gunwales. I had watched her load, day by day, as I drove down the highway. Barges and lighters had lain alongside for more than a week while all sorts of crates and sacks were lowered into her hold.

You couldn't help noticing her. She didn't wear the dirty gray coat that covers all the Allied boats docked along West Street. She was trim in black and white; her name was on her bow and a flag was painted on her side. And she steamed out into the North River with the nonchalance of a cruise ship in peace time.

Don't worry—I'm not telling anything that Secretary Knox will object to. Not one word of this information would be useful to the enemy even if I published the ship's name and the date she sailed. You see the enemy knows about her already; in fact, the enemy approved her departure, and his submarines operating off our coast let her pass unmolested. Dressed in her civilian garb, she moved through them unafraid. For she is a Vichy ship carrying a cargo to Casablanca or some other Vichy port with the permission of the American State Department and of the German Armistice Commission.

American ships and British and Norwegian ships and Free French ships and the ships of many other fighting nations are crawling out of American harbors in the dark, crossing the ocean in huddled convoys, hiding their identity as best they can under smoke-colored paint or camouflage. Many never reach port but carry their crews and cargoes to a cold death in the winter sea. Some come bravely through the infested waters to deliver loads of food and guns on all the fronts where men are fighting against an even more horrifying fate.

But my fine neutral merchantman faces no risks. Don't worry about her. The Nazis have agreed that she shall deliver her cargo safely into the hands of the Vichy authorities in Africa. It is a happy arrangement all round; only a boor would be so crude as to ask Mr. Hull or Mr. Welles why the Nazis have agreed so kindly, so magnanimously. And only a boor would suggest that the reports of supplies of all sorts being delivered in Vichy ships to the Nazi forces in North Africa have any relation whatever to the ship that left New York harbor the other day. Since Vichy has promised that American goods will be kept out of the hands of the Nazis, any doubts would obviously be unworthy. And even if those goods should take the place of other goods which are delivered into the hands of the Nazis, that would be one of those coincidental happenings into which gentlemen and diplomats prefer not to look too closely.

It is true that the British government has presented to Under Secretary Welles detailed evidence that French ships have carried French war supplies from French North Africa to Field Marshal Rommel, and that Vichy is negotiating with the Japanese to turn over French naval units in Indo-China for use against the United Nations in the attack on the Dutch Indies, and apparently Mr. Welles is worried. But whether he is worried enough to consider an immediate break with his neutral friend at Vichy remains to be seen.

Meanwhile it is to be assumed that the Nazis have no motive beyond general benevolence in permitting cargo ships to sail in safety from New York to French North African ports. Any other assumption would reflect on the good faith of a so-called government whose role in this struggle may not become clear to the gentlemen in the State Department until the day that American troops in the Far East are bombarded with shells from Vichy ships manned by Japanese sailors.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Cool Heads or Martial Law

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Washington, February 7

IF THE nerves of the Western Congressional bloc can be soothed, if inflammatory commentators on the "enemy-alien menace" can be diverted to more harmless pursuits, and if the press now working on Martin Dies's "Yellow Book" happily breaks down, we may yet be spared a disaster on the West Coast. With both the Department of Justice and the army threading their way through a veritable minefield, the last thing that is needed is dogmatic advice—from any quarter. What might be helpful, however, is a wider understanding that dangers can come from more than one direction and that there is no simple solution to the problem posed by the presence of some 112,000 Japanese and Japanese-Americans in the three Pacific Coast states.

The first inclination of the military, not unreasonably, is to "Remember Pearl Harbor." While sabotage actually had little to do with that débâcle, Secretary Knox to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no doubt that unrestrained espionage paved the way. Neither is there any doubt that Japanese agents have been doing a similarly systematic job on the West Coast. Upward of 2,000 alleged agents of the Tokyo government have already been arrested, including in their ranks members of the armed services of Japan and of secret military societies. More than one humble fisherman has turned out to be an officer of the imperial navy, and it is highly probable that the coast has been carefully charted all the way from Seattle to San Diego. Propagandists too have long been at work, greatly aided by the 248 Japanese-language schools that flourish on the Coast. Although not more than a third of the country's Japanese racial population is alien born, roughly half of the *Nisei,* or American-born Japanese, have, either under threat or by conviction, registered with Japanese consuls as "dual citizens." Some 15,000 of them have in fact been educated in Japan and have returned to this country, most out of preference but some, no doubt, in line of duty.

Given these facts and figures, the most phlegmatic will admit the probability that in the event of an attack on the Coast, whether by sea or air, a certain amount of aid and comfort would await the enemy. In the circumstances the army mind moves inevitably toward a radical solution: clear all "enemy aliens" out of the coastal region and take no chances.

Here the enormous complexities of the problem begin to crop up, and they are by no means restricted to the field of civil liberties. In the first place, those who would be affected by such a move are limited to Japanese who came to this country before the Exclusion Act of 1924 and whose average age, I am told, is something like sixty-three; some 20,000 Germans, many of whom are anti-Nazi refugees; and 50,000 Italians, whom almost nobody regards as enemies, much less as a menace. Clearly, then, if a sweeping approach is in order and is to make sense, it would have to take into account the native-born generation as well as the alien. And that is precisely what is being demanded in many quarters of the Far West, with heated Congressional echoes in Washington.

If General De Witt, in command of the Ninth Corps Area, should insist on such a measure as a military necessity, it will be hard for the Department of Justice, which is technically charged with the enemy-alien problem, to refuse. But in that case Attorney General Biddle is prepared to step out of the picture entirely and turn full jurisdiction over to the army. He would almost have to do this, in fact, since the forced migration that would result could never be handled by a handful of lawyers in Washington and a corps of FBI men. Such a solution, moreover, involving suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and a score of other fundamental civil rights, would come with better grace from the military than from the Department of Justice.

There is no jurisdictional squabble over this hot potato. On the contrary, Justice officials do not conceal their distress over the difficulties involved. Nevertheless, the Attorney General is not ready to surrender the problem to the mercies of martial law; first, because he is not convinced of the necessity and, secondly, because he is fully convinced of the extensive evils in such a solution.

The worst of these evils, from the standpoint of national defense, is economic rather than legalistic. Aside from those in domestic service and a handful of business and professional men, a great proportion of the Japanese on the Coast are either fishermen (as are many of the Italians) or truck gardeners. From 30 to 40 per cent of California's truck gardening is in Japanese hands, and in some parts of the state the raising of green vegetables is virtually a Japanese monopoly, with stores and markets wholly dependent on their production. Important at any time, the yield of the Japanese truck farms is vital with the sudden quartering of something like half a million troops in California. Nor is it feasible to supplant these Japanese farmers in a hurry. Trained in a tradition of intensive cultivation, they have learned to make their few acres yield down to the last square foot. As a rule, moreover, an entire family works a farm, so that even on a strictly numerical basis it would take more than one Okie to replace a Japanese farmer. Complicating matters still further is the fact that for the most part these garden plots are naturally located near the centers of population, in the vicinity of which most of the newly built defense plants are to be found.

Almost as serious a problem as what to do about the farms is the question of what to do with the evicted farmers. No arrangements whatever have been made, and as far as I can gather, nobody yet knows exactly what is to be done, if anything, with those who are scheduled to be expelled from their homes and farms in the prohibited areas already prescribed, though the matter of resettling them is being studied by the Federal Security Administration. There has been some informal toying with the idea of setting up voluntary camps, but it seems all too probable that vigilante pressure would soon remove the optional aspect of this solution, and while it is true that many loyal aliens would be a lot safer in a camp than on the streets of a bombed San Francisco, "protective custody" has too ugly a ring to be readily adopted.

For the time being the Attorney General's office is satisfied to tack and haul, with three main objectives in view. It is cooperating closely with the army in clearing aliens of the enemy countries from limited areas of military importance; it is vigorously tightening the net about enemy agents through curfew regulations in large areas and through the institution of alien certificates throughout the country; and finally it is endeavoring, with increasing success, to convince worried Congressmen and the country itself of the dangers of hysteria and ill-considered administrative extremes. How long it will be able to pursue this restrained and probably nerve-racking course will depend in part on the country's capacity to keep its head. If the first regional exodus, scheduled for February 24, goes through in good order and the jittery are convinced that they can be protected without wholesale expulsions, we shall probably be over the worst hump. If there is a military "incident" on the Coast before then, or some sudden and spectacular act of sabotage, it will be almost impossible to avoid an explosion that will blow away the last shreds of moderation and good sense.

The Plight of the Nisei

BY HOWARD COSTIGAN

EARLY in the evening of the first blackout at Portland, Oregon, the Smith family were belatedly tacking blankets across the dining-room windows and wishing they had eaten dinner earlier. There was a knock at the door and a shouted command to "Open up!" When a Japanese soldier stepped in his front door, Mr. Smith didn't look twice or wait for any explanations. He knew what had happened. As he bolted through the dining-room and out the back way he shrieked a warning to his family: "The invasion is here!" The fact that the soldier was an American and that he wore a United States army uniform wasn't nearly as apparent at first glance as the fact that racially he was Japanese.

Here, essentially, is the problem of the West Coast Japanese. His physical characteristics make his position at present almost unbearable. No matter what he does he is regarded with suspicion. A young Japanese student riding on a bus in a Los Angeles suburb was so upset by the rest of the passengers staring at him that he burst into tears. Suspicion of all Japanese, including Japanese-Americans, has reached a danger-point on the West Coast. Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles—elected as a liberal on a fusion ticket—recently fired thirty-nine American-born Japanese on the the ground that it was impossible to prove that they had not registered at the Japanese consulate as "dual citizens." Congressional mail, man-on-the-street interviews, and letters to the editor indicate a crescendo of alarm which threatens to evolve into something ominous. "If there's an air raid here, a lot of those Japs are going to get killed. Throw them in a concentration camp and work it out after the war is over!"

Almost since the first Japanese emigrated to our Pacific Coast there has been bitterness against them. Proverbially thrifty, they soon displayed an irksome tendency to save their money and establish businesses of their own rather than work for other people. The suggestion, a few weeks ago, that they be removed from pension and relief rolls aroused little interest because so very few cases were involved. In the city of Portland, Oregon, for example, with a Japanese colony of only 1,680, the local Chamber of Commerce lists "330 professional men and women and business firms of Japanese ownership." More than a hundred hotels and apartment houses there were Japanese-owned. Employees of the Northern Pacific Railway at Seattle and Auburn, both with large Japanese populations, have had to work for fairly low wages because of the competition of Japanese contract laborers. Now they have delivered an ultimatum that "either the Japs go or we will." The defense value of the railroad, they explain, is such that it cannot be jeopardized by allowing potential saboteurs to work on it.

The *Nisei,* American-born Japanese, have been quick to volunteer their services for America's defense, but Japanese-Americans in the army have been moved away from coast camps and Japanese-Americans doing civilian defense work are barred from air-raid service. For, as one local observer put it, "what householder could look with equanimity at a Japanese face at the door when the sirens are screaming for an air raid?" The Japanese-American Citizens League, organized in 1930, is rallying its 10,000 members to activity in civilian defense work. A third of the Japanese community in Seattle attended a meeting sponsored by the league and earnestly pledged themselves to do everything possible, from volunteering in the army to buying defense bonds, to aid a "victorious prosecution of the war." But a population which regards Japanese sea and air raids on its coast as imminent isn't soothed by pledges. The morning papers on December 9 carried statements of loyalty by three prominent Japanese. That evening two of them were arrested as alleged subversive agents.

Stories which began to leak out concerning fifth-column activity in Hawaii, some accurate and others completely unfounded, were such as to alarm even those who had kept their heads before. Some of the Japanese pilots shot down at Pearl Harbor were said to be wearing Honolulu High School and Oregon State College rings. Extremely detailed spy information was indicated by the fact that empty hangars were ignored, those with planes bombed. Officers' quarters near the field and roads leading to it were machine-gunned to prevent pilots from reaching their planes. Other roads were effectively blocked by trucks driven across them from side to side. Japanese agents were able to judge from reports on the supplies ordered by the navy from various local vegetable dealers just when the major part of the fleet would be at Pearl Harbor. Unlicensed short-wave stations were found to have been operated by Japanese residents during the raid. Directing arrows were discovered cut in the sugar cane.

As soon as war broke out, FBI agents on the Coast started arresting those suspected of subversive activity or regarded as potentially dangerous. All financial transactions with enemy aliens were immediately banned. (Licenses have now been worked out under which those Japanese who have not left the country since June 17, 1940, can continue to do business as usual with only periodic reports to the Federal Reserve Bank. Others are allowed by their banks amounts under $500 a month for living expenses.) All cameras and short-wave radios had to be surrendered to the police. No traveling was allowed without police permission. Identification cards had to be carried by all enemy aliens.

These measures meant real hardship. Tenants were told to withhold rents due Japanese landlords. Employers discharged persons they were not allowed to pay. Blue food stamps indorsed by a Japanese were not honored at local banks. Seattle, mostly dependent on Japanese truck gardeners, found itself with only 10 per cent of its normal supply of fresh vegetables, and when Italy joined the war a few days later, most of that tithe disappeared. Housewives laid in huge supplies of canned vegetables, leaving those stores which weren't boycotted with almost empty shelves. In Seattle, which ranks first in amount of coast-defense expenditures, there has been a 60 per cent decline in Japanese retail business since the war, and more than twenty Japanese business firms have closed down. When a local Japanese leader who had been held three weeks on charges of subversive activity asked that he be permitted to pledge property in lieu of cash for his $25,000 bail since all his funds were frozen, the judge refused. He spent in jail the additional month the government said it needed to prepare its case. Health Department offices were swamped by Japanese-Americans who needed birth certificates to prove their citizenship so that they could keep their jobs or continue in business.

Undoubtedly the rapid and widely publicized measures taken by the federal government against enemy aliens helped to prevent race riots. It wouldn't have taken much to turn against the local Japanese the mob of 2,000 that broke twenty-six plate-glass windows of stores left lighted during Seattle's first blackout. Newspaper accounts of the murder of a Seattle Chinese during a blackout on December 12 were written on the assumption that the man had been mistaken for a Japanese. Local Chinese and Filipinos felt it advisable to start wearing identifying buttons and putting emblems on their cars. It was suggested that all Japanese be interned for their own protection. The fire that broke out on December 14 in Seattle's public market, in which many stalls are tended by Japanese and Italians, was put down as of incendiary origin.

As the suspect list grows and the FBI becomes increasingly overburdened, faith in its power to shadow effectively more than 100,000 first- and second-generation Japanese is called into question by panic-minded vigilantes, who would, old Western style, take the law into their own hands. Although there is no record of any sabotage so far, the government's establishment of "prohibited areas" and curfew regulations has been roundly denounced as "short of protection." A committee of West Coast Congressmen has unanimously agreed that all Japanese, aliens and citizens alike, should be moved from the West Coast. A feasible compromise would be to leave on the Coast those Japanese whose businesses are essential and have them carry on under surveillance of the FBI, which, while constantly on the alert against possible sabotage, would also, and equally for the sake of war efficiency, suppress the ancient Western curse of vigilante rule.

If Singapore Falls

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IN A campaign whose quick triumphs must make Hitler envious Japan has greatly weakened its opponents and seized nearly everything that the military experts had predicted would be lost. The price it has paid in men, ships, and planes has been considerable; yet its conquests have been cheap in proportion to their ultimate value.

The key to Japanese success has been largely air and sea superiority in the vital theater of operations. Much of this superiority rests in turn upon favoring geography. Japan's targets are isolated and lie at the end of what are for us fantastically long lines of communication. Hence they are hard to reinforce, and Japan can bring against any one of them all the strength at its command in sufficient superiority to achieve victory. The full exploitation of these natural advantages has been greatly aided by the blunders of the Allies.

For the gains which can be attributed largely to unfavorable geography we may spare all tears. Most of them are not vital and can ultimately be recovered, provided the war runs sufficiently in our favor in other fields. Save for Luzon's iron, which is badly needed by Japan but is insufficient to make up for the Anglo-American embargo on scrap, no significant additions to the Japanese economy have been obtained. Far more serious both economically and strategically are the gains in Malaya, Borneo, Celebes, Tarakan, and the islands near New Guinea. They constitute breaches in the outer ramparts of vital Allied defense lines. But the Japanese, though now within close striking distance of points absolutely vital to the United Nations, have not yet won their campaign.

The important question at present is whether we have learned enough from our defeats to turn them into later victories. Immediately before December 7 most Americans were overconfident to the point of smugness. For thirty-five years prior to 1941 the possibility of a war with Japan was never absent from American calculations, and during most of this time Japan was Potential Public Enemy Number One. Seldom in this long period did responsible students of war underestimate the Japanese. But in 1940 and 1941 the sharp successes of Hitler turned our eyes in his direction. With a navy thoroughly adequate only for an offensive in one ocean at a time, the Administration tended to concentrate attention on Europe and the Atlantic. Hence during the period that Americans were becoming convinced of the menace of Nazi Germany they made the mistake of underestimating the Japanese. Even plans for a total war prepared after July, 1941, were based on the invalid assumption that we could win in the Far East without undertaking an all-out offensive.

In the absence of definite information it is difficult to know what is now passing through the minds of our war planners and whether they are still underestimating Japan. But Secretary Knox's insistence that Germany is our main enemy and the lack of alarm in Senator Connally's admission that we were quite likely to lose Singapore are not reassuring. Overconfidence seems to have survived in the form of a belief that Japan's gains in the Far East are not vital and that it will be relatively easy to regain lost ground once we have beaten Germany.

Actually, neither of these assumptions is a safe guide for conducting the war. Japan has now made all the gains it can make without gravely jeopardizing our chances of winning the war or, at best, of achieving victory without a long, exhausting struggle. Its every advance has made it less possible for us to bring land-based air power to bear against Japan's homeland. At the same time Japan's acquisition of air bases has greatly increased its own offensive capacities. Singapore must be held for its value as a stronghold, even though its value as a naval base has been temporarily destroyed and the United Nations now have no seat of operations within the war zone capable of supporting the naval power required for an offensive. Conquests already made have greatly increased Japan's supply of rubber, oil, tin, and iron. Additional gains in the Netherlands Indies will further diminish our ability to use economic deprivation as an important weapon. Simultaneously, loss of access to tin and rubber threatens to weaken our own economy. And with every piece of ground given up, our chances of ultimately taking the offensive from nearby bases are diminished.

But would Japan stop with the Indies? Certainly not, unless sufficient force is made available to stay its progress. Gestures at weakly guarded Australia and a flank attack on the Burma road are already occupying its attention. India is the next objective, and if the Japanese can attack it successfully they will be in position to carry out a gigantic pincers movement with the Germans against the British in Mesopotamia and the Near East. Once past Singapore they will be able to send raiders into the Indian Ocean and disrupt not only sea communications with Australia and India but the supply line to British armies in Libya and Syria. The British Isles would then

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be more dependent upon the United States than ever before, and shipping needed to transport man-power to fight against Germany and Japan would have to be diverted to carrying food and other supplies to England. We should then be fighting a bitter defensive war in which regaining what we had lost would be a thousand times harder than we should have found sparing the force necessary to defend it successfully in the beginning. Japan has only to extend its present conquests far enough in order to win the war.

The first step toward victory must be a realization that the defensive strategy envisaged prior to December 7, if followed, will only lose the war. Our leaders should also recognize that the most pressing problem is that of defeating the Axis where it is offering the greatest threat, namely, in the Far East. Nazi Germany may be a greater menace to the American way of life than the war lords of Japan, but this fact, if true, does not imply that Hitler should have complete priority in our war plans. The United States, the Soviet Union, and the British Empire were and are the greatest obstacles to the realization of his dreams of world domination, but Hitler did not begin his career as a conqueror by attacking them.

Our immediate military task is to stop Japan. To do this we should first of all get command of the air. The Administration apparently realizes this and is devoting considerable energy to reinforcing air squadrons in the Far East. Both our planes and our personnel have already demonstrated their superiority over their opponents and have inflicted heavy losses, but we have not had enough planes for them to constitute a decisive factor. Pursuit planes must be transported very largely aboard ship since they lack radius for long flights. This necessity is not proving a serious handicap, however, for bombers able to fly to the Far East under their own power have in actual fighting often been more than a match for enemy interceptors.

The second step, and one almost essential to ultimate victory, is the relief of Singapore. Naval aid is probably out of the question, and air reinforcement is not enough. A land offensive from southern China and Burma into Thailand and Malaya is badly needed to relieve pressure. Time may be required to transport large forces to the scene of hostilities, but it must be cut as short as possible. If this offensive is not practicable, Singapore's defenders must hold their position at all costs and, if ultimately forced to yield, must so completely demolish the base as to prevent its easy utilization by Japan.

These two steps will not in themselves win the war, but they are necessary preludes if an all-out offensive is to operate under reasonably good conditions. Whether victory will still be possible if we are unable to carry them out is something nobody knows. It will certainly be long and difficult of achievement.

Jesse Jones, Reluctant Dragon

BY DWIGHT MACDONALD

II

IN GENERAL, the personalities of public men affect the course of events less than journalists pretend. But in the case of Jesse Jones, personality is closely integrated with policy. The kind of a man he is explains both how Jones has managed to intrench himself so firmly in power and why his policies have been sterile in peace time, ruinous in war time. As Fainsod and Gordon put it in their recently published "Government and the American Economy," "the confidence which RFC has engendered in both Congress and the country at large is a function of the cautious manner in which it has administered its duties. The record has been closely associated with the personality of Jesse Jones."

Jesse Jones is sixty-seven years old, and his personal fortune has been put as high as $100,000,000 (pre-1929). He is a heroic model of the traditional American business virtues, suitable for adorning the façades of post offices: six feet three, with a handsome silvery head and a commanding presence; works twelve hours a day; plays bridge and poker for relaxation; spends hours every day on the long-distance phone, his end of the conversation being pretty much limited to "Yes" and "No." Like the elder Morgan, he shone in only one subject at school—arithmetic. Jesse never went beyond grade school, not because of poverty—his father was a moderately prosperous tobacco farmer—but because he wanted to start making money. ("How the hell do you spell 'through'?" he is said to have asked, in the agonies of composing a recent speech.) His scorn for theorists, intellectuals, and such odd fish is huge, and he makes no secret of the fact that he has read only one book in the last ten years. The book was "Gone with the Wind."

But Jones is a business man of a special kind. He is, first of all, a Southerner of the breed of his close friends Jack Garner and Carter Glass, which means he combines provincial small-town conservatism with a dislike for "Wall Street." The dislike, being based simply on the struggle between the local banker and his big-city competitor, is superficial compared to the more general right-wing philosophy, and for all his baiting of Wall Street on interest rates Jones can be depended on to stand firm with the Street on any crucial issue. Jones is, secondly, a real-estate operator and banker; his wealth is notable among Texas fortunes for being based on neither oil nor cotton. Banks, hotels, insurance companies, utilities, and real estate in Fort Worth, Dallas, and especially Houston—these are the components of his private empire. It takes quite different qualities to make money in those fields than in either speculation or entrepreneurial risk-taking, qualities with which Jones seems to be well endowed—secretiveness, caution, diplomacy, patience, acquisitiveness, and the instinct for sitting tight and waiting for interest payments. The nicknames his enemies give him are complimentary *noms de guerre*—"Jesse James," "Ten Per Cent Jones." Thirdly, Jones has always been a good deal of a politician. He has taken care to own newspapers and radio stations as well as real estate. He has long been a power in the Democratic Party; it was his personal check for $200,000 that brought the 1928 convention to Houston. He is a formidable negotiator and intriguer, expert in getting on with people he wants to get on with. His extraordinary hold over Congress—he has been called the most influential lobbyist in Washington—is partly based on his finesse in handling Congressmen. He makes a point of always receiving a Congressman who wants to present a petitioner for a loan; if the loan goes through, the Congressman gets the credit; if it doesn't, at least the petitioner feels his Congressman has done everything possible for him.

Jesse Jones

But it was more than Jones's diplomatic adroitness that made Senator Vandenberg recently declare, "I think Mr. Jones more generally holds the confidence of Congress than any other member of the Roosevelt Administration"; or that made Senator Byrd say, after the defeat of Roosevelt's "lend-spend" bill in the summer of 1939, "I would have voted for the bill if Jesse Jones had been put in charge of the money"; or that made Representative Ham Fish comment, during the debate on extending the RFC's powers last spring, "I believe that this fund is in safe hands. I would bet on Jesse Jones to outguess and outbargain Hitler and Mussolini." Representative Fish has long since lost his bet, but he was right about the "safe hands," from his point of view. Congressmen trust Jones because they think he will not "abuse" his powers, that is, use them to alter the economic status quo. Their faith is not misplaced.

The Jones policies have been pleasing to Congress, and disastrous to the war program, because they are based on two premises: (1) the RFC must be conducted in a "businesslike," that is, a "profitable," manner—or, more generally expressed, the RFC is an end and not a means to an end; (2) the conduct of the war must not be such as to disturb the existing balance of class and economic forces.

Defending his stewardship of the RFC before the Truman committee, Jones said, "We are negotiating contracts . . . as rapidly as good business permits." As recently as last August, therefore, Jones was *spending*—as against earmarking for future commitments—his vast funds at the rate of a mere fifty millions a month. This is perfectly sound policy if one regards, as Jones evidently does, the RFC as a corporation analogous to United States Steel, with the people of the United States in the role of stockholders and Jones in the role of the manager who must show a profit. In that case it becomes Jones's duty to hold back for months, as he did, a $9,000,000 loan for a new magnesium process, until he was sure it would work—and this in the summer of 1940 when the whole plane program was imperiled by a shortage of magnesium; and to say, as he did, to those who urged him last summer to finance 100,000 tons of synthetic-rubber capacity, "Why put all that money into plants making rubber that would cost 40 cents a pound when you can get it for 18.5 cents in the Far East?" But from the point of view of an effective war program, in which the RFC's "stockholders" are perhaps even more vitally interested than in the "profit" their corporation may show, these two decisions of Chairman Jones, like most of his other decisions, were excruciatingly mistaken; as mistaken, for instance, as was another state-capitalist enterprise, the Maritime Commission, which according to *Fortune* "showed a tendency to fill its ships' holds with high-paying cargoes like tapioca and sugar while manganese and chromite waited on the docks of foreign ports." If the United States loses the war, it will go down to defeat in a thoroughly solvent condition.

Just as the chairman of United States Steel is always talking about his sacred obligations to his stockholders, so the chairman of the RFC talks, no doubt with entire sincerity, of his obligation to see that the public gets full value for the money intrusted to him. And in truth he is ever vigilant against petty raiders of the public purse; it is only the really big fellows that he has trouble keeping an eye on. Like other watchdogs he is death on tramps but is liable not to open his mouth when a well-dressed gentleman enters by the front door and walks off with the family silver. There was the now notorious aluminum contract he negotiated last fall in a series of man-to-man talks with President Davis of Alcoa, talks so intimate that neither the OPM nor the War Department nor even the two participants' own lieutenants were let in on them. The contract aroused such protests when it was made public that Jones was forced to revise it in several important respects. A little later he did some more man-to-man "trading" with President Grace of Bethlehem Steel, and once more left the conference room without his pants. The Bethlehem contract hasn't been made public yet, but it is rumored to be even more remarkable than the Alcoa agreement. Even Jones seems to have been a little worried about this deal, but his hands were tied. "He might have cracked down on Bethlehem publicly," explain the editors of *Fortune,* "but to Jones that would be coercion. 'After all,' he observes, 'this is still a democracy.' "

The interesting concept of the democratic right of big business to remain unmolested by public opinion leads us to the second premise behind Jones's policies—the sanctity of the status quo. His respect for the present order of things goes far beyond any vulgar national interests, as his "trades" with the Anglo-Dutch tin and rubber cartels demonstrate. After a year and a half of negotiating Jesse has emerged with half the Bolivian output of tin, enough to supply about one-fifth the country's normal peace-time needs, plus a smelting plant in Texas—no one ever accused him of slighting his native state—which was originally scheduled for completion early this year and is now postponed until the middle of the summer. The other half of the Bolivian ore still crosses the Atlantic to be smelted in England and then reshipped here, in the good old-fashioned way. The Texas smelter is to be run by the Dutch firm of N. V. Billiton, an influential member of the tin cartel. The record in rubber by now is painfully clear to everyone. The RFC set up the Rubber Reserve Company on July 1, 1940. A full year later the RRC had acquired—in the open market, as the cartel saw to it—just 218,000 tons of rubber from the Far East, about four months' normal peace-time supply. By the time the war broke out, this had increased to 600,000 tons, a year's supply. According to the *United States News* of January 2, the Anglo-Dutch rubber cartel "limited the amount to be sold, in fear that excessive stocks in the United States might break the price if the war ended." Big business—American, British, or Dutch—speaks the same language everywhere. Although his funds happen to be government and not private money, Jesse Jones speaks in that idiom also. In the world of 1942 it is the language of defeat.

Jones is responsible not only for strengthening the clutch of big business on our productive mechanism but also for delaying the whole plant-expansion program in order to do so. Soon after the Defense Plant Corporation was set up in August, 1940, a disagreement on policy arose between Schram, then RFC chairman, and Jones, nominally completely out of the RFC but actually still its boss. Schram had worked out, after some trial and error, a standardized contract which greatly simplified and speeded up the negotiations between defense manufacturers and the DPC, and which also had the effect of giving everybody equal treatment. Jones objected strongly to these standard contracts; he wanted to "trade" individually in each case, partly because he liked to show his prowess at bargaining, partly because he had always done it that way, and no doubt partly because Schram in the whole DPC affair had shown more independence than Jones likes in his lieutenants. Schram, however, was able to carry his point—until Jones, by skilful maneuvering inside the RFC, made his position impossible and pushed him out and into the presidency of the New York Stock Exchange. After that Jones took over completely, and the standard contract went out the window, though it apparently had been popular with most of the manufacturers. Every contract was the result of interminable "trading" in Jesse's office. The result, whether Jones consciously intended it or not, has naturally been that the more powerful the corporation the better the "trade" it gets out of Jones, so that the RFC's vast plant-building activity simply reproduces on a larger scale the present balance of forces in the economy. This orderly dispensation was quite impossible with Schram's egalitarian standard contracts.

The tempest of war has already laid low Stettinius, Biggers, and many a lesser dollar-a-year man, while that ancient oak, Knudsen, creaks in the gale. But Jesse Jones still stands firm and will not be easily uprooted. We have already noted his hold over Congress. He also commands the confidence of Wall Street and business generally; as the master of the most powerful financial institution in the country, Jesse Jones bridges in his own person the chasm that usually divides the conservatisms of small town and big business. He has, thirdly, created an invisible empire of personal followers. *Time* calls the RFC "Washington's No. 1 big-money employment office," and "Jesse's boys" are as famous as Frankfurter's "happy hot dogs" were in an earlier period. A spectacular early coup was getting the chairmanship of Chicago's biggest bank, Continental-Illinois, at $75,000 a year, for Jesse's good friend Walter J. Cummings, at the time treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. Silliman Evans, publisher of Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun,* is an old Jones man and beneficiary, as is Bascom Timmons, the *Sun's* Washington correspondent. A few recent Jones placements may be noted: Roger Whiteford as president of Associated Gas and Electric; Leo Crowley as president of Standard Gas and Electric; W. B. Yeager as president of the International Utilities Corporation; Stewart McDonald as chairman of the Maryland Casualty Company; and, of course, President Schram of the New York Stock Exchange.

The fourth base of Jesse Jones's power is his control of the RFC. In his nine years as chairman he has built a bureaucratic hierarchy which has no parallel in Washington. "We think Jesse Jones is God around here," is the simple way Sam Husbands puts it. Husbands is one of the five directors who, in legal fiction, run the RFC. (Who can name another?) These gray anonymities—"expert hint-takers" is the best characterization of the species—are simply extensions of the personality of Jesse Jones. It has been years since Jones has bothered to attend an RFC board meeting; he knows there will be no shadow of disagreement since he has decided everything in advance himself. Jones took care to see that the recalcitrant Emil Schram's successor as RFC chairman was a sixty-eight-year-old Democratic politician named Charles B. Henderson, who gives the impression he will stand without hitching. In running this well-oiled machine Jones exhibits the classic traits of bureaucracy: a constant push to expand his domain, in competition with other governmental agencies; a tendency to make the preservation and good health of the RFC an end instead of a means; a preference for personal methods of administration, for a government of men, not laws; and, above all, the concentration of such power in his own hands that criticism from within or without his organization can have little effect on his policies.

There should be several lessons for us in the case of Jesse Jones.

It should raise serious doubts, or rather strengthen the doubts being expressed more and more widely, as to the ability of this country to win the war—and to win the peace—if the productive effort at home is to continue to be dominated by big business and the conservative elements in Congress and the Administration. As for winning the peace, here is what Chairman Henderson of the RFC has to say about what will be the major domestic issue after the war, namely, the disposition of the vast productive plant now being built with government funds: "Whatever loans we make for new plants we shall never use to make those plants into government plants in competition with private ones. . . . We seek always to make private enterprise stronger because we believe in it. . . . Our policy is based on the conviction that this will always be a country of free enterprise." It must be noted also that President Roosevelt is on record as a believer in Chairman Henderson's "free enterprise."

It should demonstrate that the mere appointment of a war-production "czar" with wide powers is not a solution of the problem. In his field Jones has had undisputed one-man authority, signed and sealed by the United States Congress; he is not averse to the exercise of authority; yet his record is as bad as anybody's, perhaps a little worse.

It should knock on the head the idea that state intervention is of itself necessarily efficient. Throughout these articles I have called Jones a "state capitalist," and yet I agree with Hilferding that "the concept of 'state capitalism' does not stand any analysis from the economic point of view": since "the capitalist economy is a market economy," an economy in which the state, not the market, determines production is not in any real sense capitalist. Thus "state capitalism" is a theoretical impossibility, a monster uniting mutually irreconcilable principles. Yet it *does* exist today in this country, this mythical monster, and it is the cause of most of our difficulties with war economy. Our problem is similar to England's, as described recently by the Oxford economist, T. Balogh: "In Britain the Civil Service sees its function at most in a control which is superimposed on a basically unchanged economic structure. It refuses to take the initiative. Thus a permanent negative character is given to the war economy" (*New Republic,* December 8, 1941). So, too, over here we are finding that if state corporations like the RFC merely compete with private corporations within the same capitalist framework, and if the authority of the state is merely superimposed on the old pattern of monopoly capitalism, the result is less productive efficiency than you get under either complete "free enterprise" or a basically changed economy such as exists in Germany and Russia. In this war unreconstructed Neanderthal capitalists like Henry Ford and Tom Girdler have a better record of war production than their more docile colleagues who have played in with the Administration. Either the profit motive or the social motive may be a spur to economic effort, but a compromise between the two seems to take the dynamism out of both. What we see in the RFC is a combination of the vices of private capitalism and state bureaucracy.

Finally, the case of Jesse Jones should be one more indication of the falsity of a thesis which should have been pretty well discarded by now anyway: that there is any particular virtue, from a democratic, progressive point of view, in state enterprise. The RFC and the other government corporations under Jones's control have been run in the most bureaucratic and dictatorial manner, and their policies have had the effect of strengthening all that is undemocratic in our economic system. A shift of power toward state capitalism of this kind cannot be called an advance toward democracy. It is true that Jones himself is a conservative and not a potential fascist. But his policies, by blocking the road to any democratic solution of our social and economic war problems, are making straight the path of some future native totalitarian movement.

[Part I of this article was published last week.]

Hitler's Shanghaied Volunteers

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

AMONG the hundreds of thousands from the ranks of the invading army who have fallen before Moscow are not only Germans who died for Führer and Fatherland but "crusaders" whom Adolf Hitler's agents had recruited from every corner of occupied or unoccupied Europe to "fight against Bolshevism." In this motley force were a sprinkling of genuine volunteers, seeking adventure or burning to drive the Reds from Europe, large numbers of mercenaries willing to fight anywhere for pay, and regiments of hapless serfs sold by their Quisling governments to the Führer, as the princes of Hesse used to sell their subjects to the kings of England.

Less than a week after Hitler's surprise attack on Russia the German press began to beat the drums for the "holy war" against Bolshevism. The call was echoed in local Nazi papers all over Europe. Varying according to local temperament and circumstances, appeals of many kinds were used to arouse the crusading spirit. In Norway, Denmark, Holland, the Flemish parts of Belgium, and other so-called Germanic countries, racial solidarity was played up. The Swedes were reminded of their old feud with Russia, and the hoary bogy of pan-Slav expansion toward the Atlantic was again paraded. In all the Scandinavian countries brotherly feelings for "poor little Finland" were skilfully manipulated. Spanish Phalangists were called upon to avenge Soviet intervention in the civil war. In France, occupied or unoccupied, Switzerland, Hungary, and some other countries, anti-Communist feeling and religious sentiments provided the best platform. Finland and Rumania were easily dragged into the war on national grounds: recovery of lost territory and further expansion to the east were promised to them. Vassal Mussolini received orders to join up.

Wherever the Germans found that racial, social, or religious motives were insufficient to assure the success of the recruiting campaign they resorted to promises and threats. In occupied France, for example, the recruiting agents promised each man who joined the volunteer legion that one or more of his relatives held as prisoners of war would be set free. In Denmark the chief recruiting officer, Johannes Haavrad, asserted that the future independence of the country hinged on participation in the "crusade." The text of his announcement read:

> For each battalion of the Nordland Regiment or Free Corps repatriated to Denmark [after service in Russia] one regiment of occupation troops will depart, and the last occupation troops will leave when the whole corps is established here in Denmark.

Perhaps the most barefaced pressure was applied in Norway. In the first days of July, 1941, all Norwegian newspapers received these confidential instructions:

> All newspapers in Norway must carry daily, throughout this week, in a conspicuous place, the announcement regarding enlistment in the Norwegian Legion which was first published in the morning papers of July 1. The announcement, which must be printed free of charge, shall contain the address of the recruiting office or offices within the area of circulation of the paper or in the vicinity. Oslo newspapers need only indicate recruiting offices in Oslo. The papers shall also carry every day this week either an article or a pictorial feature on the subject of "Fight Against Bolshevism."

In the same month the Quisling-controlled "Civil Administration for the Army and Navy" in Oslo sent out circulars urging all Norwegian officers to enlist as volunteers in the fight against Bolshevism or, the circular added ominously, to explain their failure to do so. One of the recipients sent the following reply by return mail:

> In answer to your letter dated July 10, 1941, urging me to explain my refusal to accept service with the German forces in Russia, I have to inform you that my negative reply was motivated by the consideration that Norway since April 9, 1940, has been, and continues to be, at war with Germany.

How many foreign volunteers did Hitler manage to rally to his flag in this way? Very few authentic figures are available, and private advices have been extremely conflicting on this point. It seems fairly certain, however, that at the height of the Nazi advance into Russia upward of 50,000 foreign legionaries were fighting at the front or garrisoning the rear. This estimate does not take into account the Italian troops, or the Finns, Rumanians, Hungarians, and Slovaks, who were in the field as allies of Germany.

By far the largest contingent of "volunteers" against Russia was the so-called "Blue Division" from Spain. After a singularly unsuccessful attempt to draw enough genuine volunteers from his starving people to form a major army unit, General Franco last August decided to requite the Führer's services during the civil war by placing a full-dress division of regular troops at his disposal. Being ill-equipped for service in a Russian winter campaign, the "Blue Division" gave a very bad account of itself and finally met with disaster in the great

Soviet counter-offensive around the turn of the year. According to latest reports, more than 8,000 Spaniards lost their lives in the retreat from Moscow.

A French Volunteer Legion was organized last September by the famous Cagoulard chief Eugène Deloncle, with Laval and Déat as sponsors and with the blessing of Marshal Pétain. One of its officers was Jacques Doriot, the ex-Communist leader who became one of France's leading fascists. This French legion was one of Hitler's pet creations. It enjoyed many privileges and received better pay than the other foreign units. Privates drew between 2,400 and 3,000 francs a month, officers as much as 6,000 to 8,400 francs. According to its sponsors, the legion had gathered, by the middle of October, more than 30,000 recruits, though it is doubtful whether more than one-fifth of that number ever reached the front. It served in Russia under the command of Colonel Jean Labonne and was crushed in the Mozhaisk sector by General Antonov's combined tank and cavalry attacks. Doriot vanished mysteriously after the Battle of Mozhaisk.

Numerically inferior to the Spanish and French contingents, the Swedish volunteers were vastly superior in terms of military efficiency. Exactly how many of them have been fighting at any given time I cannot say, for the Swedish government has taken great care to keep the figure secret. But a correlation of items in the Swedish press indicates that from 4,000 to 5,000 saw service last year. Most of these volunteers enlisted with the Swedish Volunteer Corps formed at the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war under the auspices of Major Nils Palme, Finland's military attaché in Stockholm. While nominally attached to the Finnish army, this corps was financed, equipped, and officered by Swedes. It took a prominent part in the fighting before Leningrad and in eastern Karelia. After the fall of Hangö, the corps was ostensibly disbanded, having "accomplished its task," but not all of its members went home.

Whereas the Swedish Volunteer Corps was formed with at least the tacit approval of the Swedish authorities, another contingent of volunteers was not so favorably regarded in Stockholm. This was the Swedish section of the famous "Viking Division," a German military unit made up partly of Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, and Dutch regiments, partly of Nazi troops formerly stationed in those countries. The "Vikings" fought in the Ukraine and suffered a crushing defeat when the Russian armies recaptured Rostov. Recruiting of Swedish citizens, and even of Swedish military personnel, for service with this German army division went on for more than two months in Sweden before the authorities at last intervened to stop what had become a public scandal. The chief recruiting agent was Captain Bertram Schmiterlöw, a high-ranking officer of the Swedish General Staff who worked in close association with the German military attaché in Stockholm. The two men used particular insistence in urging Swedish officers and privates to enlist. Volunteers were instructed to submit, through the agency of the German legation, an application to the King for exemption from Swedish military service.

Other units of the Viking Division were the Standarte (regiment) Nordland, made up of Norwegian Quislings, the Standarte Westland, recruited from Dutch and Belgian Nazi parties, and the Danish Free Corps.

Norway's tragic cleavage is reflected in the formation of the Nordland Regiment. While many loyal Norwegian officers and men are fighting with the Allied armies and thousands of others are in German concentration camps, a by no means negligible fraction has accepted service with the enemy. General Frölich-Hansen, Colonel Sten, Lieutenant Colonels Eggan, Berkak, and Numedal, Majors Kjelstrup, Bjerkelund, Kielland, Omdahl, and Knudsen, Captains Sverre Gröner, Odd Grahm, Lorentz, and Hagen are only a few outstanding names on this roll of dishonor.

Last October the Oslo radio station broadcast, rather unwisely, 350 names of Norwegians serving with the Viking Battalion, then undergoing training in Germany. Most of the names on the list were clearly understood in this country, and a Norwegian-language weekly, the *Nordisk Tidende* of Brooklyn, published about 120 of them in its issue of October 30, 1941. The legionaries some day may not feel too happy about this publicity, for in the meantime the Norwegian government in London has issued a decree making deserters and traitors liable to the death penalty after the expected Allied victory.

It appeared from this same broadcast that Vidkun Quisling himself had shortly before inspected the Vikings' training camp near Hanover and passed the men in review. The ceremony ended with a speech by the battalion commander, Major Jörgen Bakke, and this oath spoken in chorus by the volunteers:

> I swear to God this holy oath that I shall always be ready to give my life in the fight against Bolshevism like a brave and faithful soldier of Adolf Hitler. Heil Quisling!

The story of how the Danish Free Corps was organized and is being used provides a good illustration of what Hitler meant when he extended his "protection" to the Danes two years ago. It is a long story of pressure and threats, belying time and again Germany's solemn pledge, made on the day of the invasion, that Denmark's independence would be respected and that there would be no interference with the country's internal affairs.

Immediately after the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war the Danish Nazi paper *Faedrelandet* began to urge all men between seventeen and forty to enlist with the newly set-up Danish division of the Nordland Regiment. This propaganda was unlawful, for Danish citizens are explicitly forbidden by law to enlist in a foreign military service. The Danish government, however, under Nazi pressure, not only refrained from enforcing the law but expressly authorized the formation of a Danish Free Corps and appointed a high-ranking Danish officer, Lieutenant Colonel P. C. Kryssing of the Holbaek artillery, to head it. Press and radio were directed by the chief censor, Karl Eskelund, and his unofficial boss, the German "press attaché," Dr. Meissner, to support the recruiting campaign with editorials, feature articles, advertisements, and broadcasts.

The first battalion of the Danish Free Corps departed for Germany on July 19, and a large motorized contingent followed on September 23, en route to a training camp "somewhere in eastern Germany." According to *Faedrelandet,* a total of 3,000 Danish volunteers had been recruited by the end of the year, but nothing has been heard yet of their exploits, if any, in Russia.

To obtain cannon-fodder for his Russian adventure was not Adolf Hitler's only object in calling on Europe's youth to join his "crusade against Bolshevism." Another, hidden purpose played perhaps a greater part in the scheme. The chief backers of the recruiting drive in every country were the local Nazi parties and affiliated organizations, like the Rexists in Belgium and the Cagoulards in France. This meant that each volunteer corps had a nucleus of staunch Nazi sympathizers around which were gathered adventurers, careerists, and plain thugs—just such a mixture as made up the original Nazi storm troops, the S. A. and S. S. And in accordance with the same pattern the Norwegian, Danish, and similar units were incorporated not into a regular *Wehrmacht* division but into a division of the so-called Waffen S. S., made up of élite S. S. troops. The resemblance of their internal structure to that of the Blackshirts, plus their incorporation in Hitler's praetorian guard, indicates the ultimate purpose for which these volunteer units were created. After the final victory the men of the Nordland Regiment and Free Corps are to go home and take over the control of their respective fatherlands from the hands of the occupation army.

That this is the role the Führer has planned for his foreign legion appears also from the frank statement of the Danish recruiting officer Johannes Haavrad which I quoted above. Further evidence is found in the disclosure recently made by a loyal Norwegian newspaper that some of the Swedish volunteers recruited for the Waffen S. S. were never sent to Russia, or even to Germany, but were ordered to Norway instead, to help subdue the rebellious patriots there. Late reports from the conquered countries indicate that a new recruiting drive has been started to fill the gaps in the German divisions on the eastern front, but that it is meeting with little success. The news of the slaughter in Russia is getting about.

In the Wind

A CADILLAC DEALER in Boston, A. L. Danforth, has sent the following printed notice to his customers: "I think the smart thing for you to do would be to pick out a new car and let us hold it for you in the hope that between you and ourselves we could help you secure a priority for same. If we can secure a priority and you want the car you picked out, you can have it, but if you don't want same—okay."

THE NAZI BUND of New Hyde Park, Long Island, a center of pro-fascist and Coughlinite activity, has become the New Hyde Park Fishing and Hunting Club. On a recent outing the club raided the local synagogue and Hebrew school.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT has been placing stories critical of the various "free" movements in many newspapers. Walter Winchell, who often writes on tips from the department, recently reported that the government was planning to crack down on "racketeering" free groups.

YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY: An American just back from Mexico City reports peddlers on the streets who carry one tray full of swastika emblems, another full of V-for-Victory pins.

A PROBABLE REASON for the Dies committee's special animosity against Goodwin Watson is to be found in a study Watson prepared for the Federal Communications Commission just before Congress voted him out of a job. The report, which has never been officially released, showed Martin Dies among the five Americans who received the largest number of favorable mentions over the Berlin radio in 1941.

PETITIONS bearing thousands of names and demanding that the famous "Oklahoma book trials" be dropped have reached Governor Leon C. Phillips. The Governor has turned the petitions over to the FBI with the recommendation that all signers be promptly investigated.

ALTHOUGH AMERICAN CENSORSHIP has been in force since Pearl Harbor, practically no mail from countries in the Western Hemisphere has been opened. Now, however, the censorship is being applied to all mail from Lower California, where there is a large concentration of Japanese.

HARPER AND BROTHERS, which recently withdrew Leon Trotsky's biography of Stalin, has decided not to publish G. E. R. Gedye's book on his experiences as New York *Times* correspondent in Moscow; and Doubleday, Doran will not issue the reminiscences of Alexander Barmine, former Soviet representative in Greece who fled to this country during the Moscow trials. Both Barmine's and Gedye's books were completed, but the publishers felt that the times are unpropitious for books critical of Russia.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Portrait of America's Strength

WASHINGTON has sometimes seemed to me to be a very odd place in which to look at America. It is hard to see the country for the capital. There is one place in Washington, nevertheless, in which you can look at America and see it tough and strong, seeking and humorous, not too optimistic and not at all afraid. This is in the huge collection of photographs taken during the last decade under the direction of a gray, nearsighted man named Roy Stryker for the Farm Security Administration. All the pictures add up to the fact that America is people, and the good and the bad, the tough and the whipped, among them, looking up from the glossy prints, are better proof of the American strength than are the classic buildings along the landscaped streets.

I wish America could see its picture as Stryker's photographers have made it. The collection is by no means restricted to farms or to men on farms. And though it goes under the name of the Historical Section of the Farm Security Administration, there is nothing historical about the photographs except that they will show to tomorrow America's picture today. Undoubtedly some who want America in the pictures to look like America in the advertisements might not approve of a collection which includes migrants and slums as well as green pastures and Palm Beach. Maybe a lack of bathing beauties destroys the over-all coverage of the collection. But there are Negroes and ranchers in it, fishermen, mechanics, wise old women, and children like confections even if they stand before huts. There are men at work and men laughing. There are also wanderers, and people who look as if they had less hope than fear. The whole procession of the American years is in their faces. Every American problem and every American promise is in their eyes. Not many of the women are so photographed as artfully to display their legs. But men and women are so photographed as to show their continuing strength in the midst of an America which has not always been easy and is not easy now.

Not everybody who has seen these pictures is as enthusiastic about them as I am. Indeed, I know that an American advertising man, seeking, as a patriot, for pictures with which to serve America in war time, looked through a lot of them and then pronounced his verdict. "Too sordid," he said.

It would not do to show America with a face which could stand shaving, or sometimes washing, and with hands more accustomed to the machine than the manicure. Given this man's training, it is easy to understand his view. But I prefer the opinion of a man from one of the countries that the advertising man wanted to impress with American pictures. He was a Chilean. He looked through the pictures, too. Though his searching was not censored, he was still not led by the clerks in charge to the photographs which showed American difficulties at their saddest. But at last he came to pictures of Americans who have not had the easiest time in this land. Then the stranger from South America began to grow enthusiastic. "These pictures," he said, "would be useful to the United States among my people. They could see from them that Americans have not always had it easy—they could see that Americans have suffered, too."

That, I suppose, must be heresy among the propagandists. For all I know, it may be pure folly. Perhaps in convincing other peoples how strong we are it is essential to prove to them also that all of us are rich, that none of us have problems pushing hard behind us, that our strength is gymnastic and our smiles cinematic. But I wonder if that makes other people love us more dearly. I couldn't say. But I think I can say that however much it may profit us to try to fool other peoples in the name of patriotism, there is not any profit in a similar effort to fool ourselves. Of course, I don't expect a cadaverous tenant farmer to be set up as the typical American. But I do think that we can look at America everywhere, as it is, with our eyes closed to no difficulties, and still see so much strength that we can take more courage from the whole picture than we could possibly take from the half-picture which we know is the half-truth.

America is people. All kinds of them. And the amazing fact is that they seem heartier and more durable when they stand against an America which is a tough proposition for most of them though still the land best loved by all of them. I went slowly through the pile of their photographs. Reformers had used some of them before, and they stared up at me like reminders of old causes. But they looked up also like Americans who had not had it easy in peace and did not expect to have it easy in war. I saw the picture of a people who have suffered undoubtedly but who have never even begun to recognize the possibility that any nation could overcome America or push such Americans as themselves off their feet.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Concert Hall

BY W. R. RODGERS

Still as lizard on stone,
Whose color skids from the eye,
They sit with startled hearts
And watch the weasel-lean voice
Twisting its way, soft and deft,
Through the stuttering stones
Of notation, neat-footed,
Steel-tight and pistol-instant.

Thin and pauseless as wind
Threading through holes, and easy
As ice sliding on heat,
It flows piecelessly on!
The bold deliberate voice
Lovely as dolphins leaping
In caterpillar loops,

Quick as hawk flickering
Or swallow sweeping
Its whip-end over eaves,
Smooth as the water-ribbon
Brimming the slippy lip
Of the full mountain pool.

But jerked as broken stick,
Sudden as jagged spark,
It jumps from peak to peak
Of the high rocky air,
Till like ecstatic lark
Or rocket it reaches
Its last and topmost note.
And silence falls in the hall.
Like a fresh-gutted glove
That still retains the shape
Of the informing hand.

Obituary Page in War Time

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

As I arise like Samson in the mist of falling walls
Into the upper strata of forty years I hear
Great sounds, the waters of the world eating away
The unmeasurable ever-deepening groove of time.

I hear also the skull-grenades out of the endless
Cup of the loins, the faces on the obituary page,
That hung unexploded on the century's bald air
Break into the bright of death, the noiseless light.

All were friends, I knew of their names, knew
That they devoted lifetimes to their public lives,
But shattered thus against the invisible at last
They spill down, minor fireworks in an age on fire.

Authority on turf, the Expert on horses for fifty years
Falls, and on a day stampeded by the world's values;
On the same day the Mexican Envoy; and the noted Chemist
Follows leaving a trail of four wives and properties.

The insurance Head of the international corporation,
The Secretary of the seaside company, makers of foam,
The Lawyer from Atlantic City, all in a hurry;
None of these could wait till the end of the story.

Now I hear the bells of prosperous Christendom
Huddling in their niches and the voices that run
Down the rumorous veins of the aggregate conscience;
The mourning takes place behind private mountains.

I look through the bright cross cut into the door
And watch the mighty nightsky, the storm of stones;
The church is still intrenched among the living ones,
The acrobatic traffic crossing swords of horns.

The harbor whistles like fountains arch the mind
As the city pours itself quickly around the survivors:
The heart facing heavily into its dénouement, asks
What is the sum of all these implacable subtractions?

The Negro's "Cultural Past"

THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO PAST. By Melville J. Herskovits. Harper and Brothers. $4.

THIS volume is the first published result of a general study of the Negro in the United States sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation and directed by Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, a Swedish social economist. However, as a matter of fact, this study embodies Professor Herskovits's latest and most comprehensive reply to students of the American Negro who do not accept his views concerning the survival of African culture among Negroes in the United States. In revealing the "ignorance" which other investigators have exhibited concerning African survivals, the author believes that he will show that the Negro has a "cultural past" which was not blotted out during slavery and that knowledge of this fact will undermine the assumptions that bolster race prejudice.

It is probably because Professor Herskovits conceives his task in this dual aspect that in the first pages of his study he confuses the issues involved. In his outline of the myth of the Negro's past he lumps together the conclusions of competent scholars and the opinions of obviously prejudiced writers on the cultural background and racial characteristics of the Negro. The conclusions of such scholars as Robert E. Park, Edward B. Reuter, and Guy Johnson may be wrong, but they are not the result of race prejudice and should not be classed with the opinions of men who think that "Negroes are naturally of a childlike character." Moreover, the fact that competent Negro scholars do not find African cultural survivals in every phase of Negro life is no evidence that, unlike the Jew, they are ashamed of their past. Contrary to Professor Herskovits's statement concerning the attitude of educated Negroes toward their African heritage, it may be pointed out that many race-conscious educated Negroes with little regard for scientific knowledge ascribe the Negro's contributions to his African background.

For scholars and even educated laymen the real interest of this book is not its effort to prove that the Negro had a cultural background in Africa but its analysis of the extent to which African culture survives and still influences the behavior and institutions of the Negro. Professor Herskovits agrees on the whole with other students of the American Negro that African culture has not survived to the same extent in the United States as in Brazil, Dutch Guiana, and the West Indies. His description of the process by which the Negro lost his cultural heritage does not add anything to what other scholars have written. His criticism and modification of the work of other scholars are due to his central thesis—namely, that traces of African culture can be discovered in nearly every phase of Negro life. In order to support this thesis he has consulted practically every available source of information and has been able to provide adequate documentation for it by data gathered in the field of language and the arts.

The author's analysis of African survivals in the religious life of the Negro is also well grounded, though he indulges in a type of speculation that cannot be regarded as scientific proof of his thesis. For example, he holds that the large number of Baptists among Negroes is not to be explained by the proselyting among the slaves and the opportunity that the Baptist church provided for self-expression, but is due primarily to the fact that river priests were unpopular in Africa and were sold to slavers. When Professor Herskovits is unable to discover African culture patterns in the American Negro's behavior, he contends that the "spirit," the "feel" or "generalized attitudes," characteristic of African culture is present. Likewise, the "diplomacy," the "indirection," and the "pliability" of the American Negro are traced to his African background. These conclusions, based on speculation, are the logical consequence of the author's belief in the "toughness of culture." In some cases this belief leads him to ascribe diametrically opposed social phenomena to African backgrounds. For example, according to his analysis, both the family disorganization noted among lower-class Negroes, together with the important position of the mother in the family, and the stability of closely knit patriarchal families of acculturated mulattoes, indistinguishable from white, are ascribed to African culture. According to Professor Herskovits's analysis, spontaneous responses, imagination, and the acquisition of new habits and attitudes are ruled out of the Negro's effort to adapt his behavior to American civilization.

In making these rather severe criticisms of Professor Herskovits's book, it is not the intention of the reviewer to imply that the book is without merit. In fact, the book is in a number of respects a distinct contribution to our knowledge of the American Negro and should certainly provide a corrective to facile generalizations concerning the survival of African culture in the United States. First, the author has shown that it is necessary to have a sound knowledge of the culture of the regions in Africa from which the slaves came before one can discuss intelligently the influence of African survivals on the behavior of American Negroes. Second, in the chapters dealing with the tribal origins of the American Negroes and their African cultural heritage he has presented the best succinct treatment available. Third, his treatment of the reaction of the Negro to slavery should destroy forever the prejudiced belief, which was given scientific authority by Sir Harry Johnston, that the Negro, having been fitted by nature for slavery, offered no resistance to enslavement. Fourth, in the sections dealing with Africanisms in the religious life, the language, and the arts of the Negro in the United States the author has provided on the whole the best critical analysis of the available data on the subject yet published. An appendix contains an excellent outline of directives for further study, comprising investigations to be carried on in areas of Africa from which Negroes were brought as well as in areas of Negro concentration in the New World.

Nevertheless, the reviewer cannot agree with the author that to establish the fact that the Negro had a "cultural past" and that the Negro's "cultural past" still influences his behavior will alter his status in American life. It is generally recognized by white Americans that the Chinese, Hindus, and Japanese have a cultural background, but this fact does not affect their status in the United States. Moreover, when Professor Herskovits says that the Negro problem is psychological—that African patterns of thought prevent the complete acculturation of the Negro—as well as economic and sociological, is he not saying that even more fundamental barriers exist between blacks and whites than are generally recognized?

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

Private Life in Nazi Germany

PEOPLE UNDER HITLER. By Wallace R. Deuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

GERMAN artists are forbidden to use the word "family" in the title of any picture showing fewer than four children. Such a picture may be titled "Herr und Frau Müller and Their Two Children," for example, but it may not be called "The Müller Family." Nor can bereaved relatives choose the kind of tombstone they wish to mark the grave of their beloved, for in Nazi Germany the dead are coordinated just as efficiently as the living. These are but two minor items culled from "People Under Hitler," but they convey more strikingly than many an elaborate exposition what life in the Third Reich is like. Mr. Deuel, who is well known to many for his news dispatches in the Chicago *Daily News* and the New York *Post,* has written an indispensable study of present-day life in Germany.

Deuel dissects Hitler the failure and Hitler the political genius; he attempts anew to explain the ancient phenomenon of the two souls in the German breast; he has studied the men who surround the Führer and the extraordinary aggregate of evil that has poisoned everything German. But what sets his book apart is the degree to which he conveys the effects of Nazi depravity on the average human soul, on the everyday life of the little man and his family.

Deuel thinks that "Hitler's preposterous mustache has been more responsible than any other single factor for the world's inability to take him seriously in time." It deceived people about the true stature of the man behind it and about the depths of evil that propel him. And this has been true not only of observers in foreign countries; the Germans themselves found him preposterous—at first. Nor was it recognized in time why Hitler could become a symbol to millions, the symbol of their failures and their dreams.

The most alarming fact emerging from Deuel's account, and one to which inadequate attention has been devoted hitherto, is that the Nazis have actually succeeded, by fair means and foul, in perverting Germany into a mammoth breeding farm, where only prize stock, to wit, the Nazi élite, may breed—indeed, must breed, to populate the future *Lebensraum*. Those to whom the Nazis deny the right to have children may be sterilized. A large number have actually been killed as unfit, and others have been castrated. Deuel devotes a major part of his book to the Nazis' endeavors to achieve their "Brave New World," largely by changing and controlling procreation. What a shocking and sordid picture it is! As the author points out, the Nazi race theory is arming German foreign policy with a powerful weapon—the dazzling vision of world mastery achieved by virtue of "superior blood and superior numbers."

The lives of Germans are invaded and subordinated to this goal to such a degree that no vestige of privacy remains. According to Dr. Ley, "there is no such thing as a private individual in National Socialist Germany. The only person who is still a private individual . . . is somebody who is asleep." If, for example, a number of persons share the belief that a child is not the offspring of the man professing to be its father, the authorities may institute proceedings to establish paternity, even though the man may be quite willing to overlook his wife's infidelity. The state refuses to allow the child's origin to be concealed.

Miscegenation, of course, has been the Nazis' *bête noire* from the outset. Thirty-one legal decrees regulate marriage between Jews and "Germans or persons of similar blood." Here the complex concept of "race defilement," one of the worst crimes under Nazi law, enters the picture—it means that in a sexual union the Jewish partner racially defiles the Gentile partner. The Gentile partner does not commit "race defilement" but only "race treason," since according to Nazi logic a Gentile cannot defile a Jew.

Deuel shows many flashes of humor in discussing even this unlovely and unhumorous subject. In his chapter on feminine glamor he tells of the desperate Nazi campaign against powder and lipstick, which was reversed after five years when the authorities discovered that female drabness clashed with their population policy.

Deuel's book is a treasure-trove of information—an ideal combination of clean thinking, painstaking research, and brilliant journalism. RUTH NORDEN

The Philippine Commonwealth

THE PHILIPPINES: A STUDY IN NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT. By Joseph Ralston Hayden. The Macmillan Company. $9.

THE appearance of Professor Hayden's book at this time is strangely reassuring. Manila may be temporarily under a Japanese puppet government; American and Filipino defense forces may be falling back to the last line of resistance; the civilian population may be feeling the first harsh blows of Japan's military rule; in the days ahead the supreme test will come for the institutions which Professor Hayden describes so thoroughly. In the light of his analysis there can be little doubt that the aspirations of the Filipino people, encouraged and developed under forty years of American control, will survive. In these lies the doom of the Japanese invader.

This "Study in National Development" ought to be required reading for the kind of citizenship that must be developed not only in the Philippines but also, and perhaps more urgently, in the United States. The Japanese, too, might well take a lesson from these pages. For an understanding of the progress of the Philippines and of America's share and responsibility therein, no better guide could be found than Professor Hayden. As a visiting professor, as Vice-Governor and Acting Governor General, as Secretary of Public Instruction, he knew the country both before and during the early years of the Commonwealth. To his own personal experiences and observations in the Philippines have been added years of

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continuing study of the island's problems. His judgments are those of a competent, forthright, but friendly critic.

A wide range of subjects is covered in this book: the people themselves, the evolution of the Commonwealth form of government, all the departments of government, the party system, education, the language problem, health, and external relations, with particular attention to China, Japan, and the United States. For the most part, the author views with approval the institutions that have been developed in the islands, although he points out various weaknesses and dangers against which the Filipinos themselves must guard. Among these are the growing power of the presidential office, the lack of a sturdy opposition party, the evils in local government, the trend toward an unhealthy fiscal position.

Time and again, however, Mr. Hayden warns his readers not to measure the accomplishments of Americans or Filipinos in terms of perfection or to estimate the worth of political institutions in the Philippines against the background of America.

> Knowledge of the handicaps which this people has overcome arouses admiration. Comprehension of the difficulties which they still face creates understanding. All told, there is little room for doubt that the Philippines possess the basic elements from which nations are created.

Of particular interest is the chapter on the defense of the islands, written of course before the outbreak of war in the Pacific, in which the actual and potential strength of the country is measured and the whole scheme of defense is weighed. Mr. Hayden outlines a possible invasion of the southern islands which might leave Manila and northern Luzon isolated and powerless, lacking control of the air and sea. He is skeptical about the effectiveness of the country's defenses and realistic about the increasing expense of adequate fortifications, but he recognizes that a country desiring to be free must take what steps it can to defend its independence. Here he makes a point that may be as valid in post-war reorganization as it was when it was written:

> The financial problems connected with the present national defense program, as virtually all other problems of the Philippines, can be solved only if a degree of prosperity comparable to that which the Filipinos now enjoy can be maintained in the islands after 1946. No convincing evidence has been given that this can be accomplished except by the continuation of preferential trade between the United States and the Philippines for many years after the date now set for independence.

The following words, written before December 7, are of even greater significance in the light of events since that date. They have been given added weight by President Roosevelt's promise that the independence of the Philippines will be redeemed and protected.

> Upon the conclusion of the present upheaval the United States will be unable to escape its share of the task of reorganizing the world for peace, in Asia as elsewhere. In this reorganization the Philippines will necessarily be considered not merely vis-a-vis America but as an essential element in the post-war order in East Asia. In that order the interests and the aspirations of the Philippine people, who in the time of the crisis unhesitatingly ranged themselves with the United States and the principles of human freedom, will not be disregarded.

CATHERINE PORTER

Balkan Journal

BALKAN CORRESPONDENT. By Derek Patmore. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IN THE current war most Balkan countries have belied their bellicose reputation, and have got into trouble precisely because they attempted to avoid it. Only Greece and Yugoslavia were "wicked" in the sense of the French jingle: *C'est un animal méchant; quand on l'attaque, il se défend.* Since World War I Italy and Germany have become the rowdies, and they have, indeed, lived up to the best Balkan traditions. Nevertheless, a journalistic invasion of the Balkan capitals did precede the Fascist and Nazi armies.

Unlike some of his colleagues Mr. Patmore does not pretend to impart the "scientific" explanation of all Balkan mysteries and enigmas. His is rather a personal story—hence the title—interwoven with gruesome and thrilling adventures and distinguished by frankness and candid modesty. Being himself an author and a successful playwright, his keen observation and subtle sense of psychology throw a clear light on the dramatic sequence of events in the Rumanian tragedy. Occasionally, led astray by fairness, he attempts to exculpate the villains in the play. He has an excuse even for Codreanu, who was in his view honest, and for the Iron Guard, which he calls intensely patriotic. Even for King Carol, "who in reality was responsible for the political confusion in his country," an apology is found partly in his dictatorial inclination, inherited from the Romanov ancestry (why not from the Hohenzollern?), partly in a Freudian explanation of "his obstinate and loyal love for Madame Lupescu." Most interesting is the account of German intrigues, both in Rumania and in Bulgaria. In spite of the cautious policy of King Boris, the outcome was the same in both countries—enslavement by the Nazis. Writing of the ferocious reprisals taken against the Iron Guard, the author says, "I felt that perhaps this Oriental justice was the right course." Maybe, but genuine Oriental despots are wise enough not to alternate cruel revenge with appeasement.

It is a pity Mr. Patmore could not have stayed long enough in Bulgaria to revise his opinion "that most Bulgarians, despite their good qualities, are both envious and stupid." They are neither, of course, to any greater extent than any other people on the same cultural level. Nor are they cowards, as G. B. S. in his "Arms and the Man" made the world believe. Regrettable as it may be that Bulgaria through its resistance thwarted the Balkan Federation, we must not forget that after the murder of Stamboliski the Military League controlled both the country and its royal dictator, who eventually fled into the deadly embrace of the Nazis. The Bulgarian people are as little responsible for their predicament as the Hungarians or the Rumanians for theirs.

Whether the active resistance of the Yugoslav guerrillas and the passive resistance of the Greeks justify the author's optimistic view that "the Balkans are on the brink of revolt against the Nazi oppressors" is as hard to tell as how long the Turkish key to the Middle East will keep the gate locked. There can be, however, no reasonable dissent from Mr. Patmore's optimistic outlook for a Balkan confederation in the end, provided the intense nationalisms can "be destroyed once and for all." On this point the problem of the Balkans merges with that of all Europe, but nationalism, like any other faith, persuasion, or religion, cannot be successfully destroyed unless some adequate substitute is offered. Internationalism seems still to be a poor *Ersatz* for the multitude.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

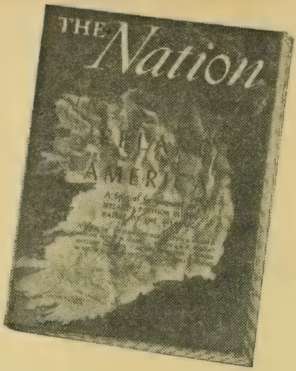
An Unknown Land

THAILAND: THE NEW SIAM. By Virginia Thompson. The Macmillan Company. $5.

THAILAND'S declaration of war against the United States finds most Americans almost completely without information regarding the history and background of this new enemy. No complete history of the country has been written since its revolution, and little day-to-day information has been available except from government handouts and the censored press. Considering the difficulties involved in getting facts, Miss Thompson has done a remarkable and timely job. Her 800-page book covers every aspect of the country's history, present-day politics, economics, finance, culture, education, and international relationships. Practically all of this information is new to the average reader; and practically all of it has a bearing on the crucial political struggle which culminated in this ancient kingdom's entry into the world conflict on the side of the Axis.

So comprehensive is the picture that it is difficult to give even an impression of it in a short review. Generally speaking, it may be said that Thailand has been going through the same sort of national revolution as the other Oriental nations. As is frequently the case in small and weak states, this nationalism has taken some rather ugly forms. Its chief victims in this instance have been the Chinese—despite the fact that they had contributed very largely to Thailand's modernization in the years since World War I. Chinese business activities have been subjected to severe restrictions in recent years: thousands of Chinese were arrested and deported on framed-up charges; ten of Bangkok's eleven Chinese papers were suppressed. Other foreign business men, with the notable exception of the Japanese, have also been withdrawn from Thailand, though not under the same compulsion.

Japanese influence in Thailand, according to Miss Thompson, has been more recent and less complete than is ordinarily thought to be the case. Japanese trade with Siam was never large until 1933, when Siam's imports from Japan attained the high level of about 19 per cent of its total imports. This was the year in which Siam gained notoriety as the sole nation to abstain from censuring Japan's invasion of Manchuria. Although this action led the outside world to believe that Japan had a secret alliance with Siam, Miss Thompson casts doubt on this assumption. Most of the wild rumors of the period, including the persistent one that Japan had agreed to advance money to build a canal across the Malay Peninsula at Kra, proved to be groundless. Nevertheless, Siam was gradually drawn more and more into the Japanese orbit. But whatever the attitude of certain military factions, the Siamese people were never pro-Japanese. Even the award of parts of Indo-China to Thailand by Japan after their recent war seems to have done little to enhance Japa-



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nese popularity outside of military circles. Siam's participation in World War II, we assume, was accomplished largely by bribing the corrupt military clique, who in no sense represent the Siamese people. MAXWELL S. STEWART

American Folkways

SHORT GRASS COUNTRY. By Stanley Vestal. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

OZARK COUNTRY. By Otto Ernest Rayburn. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

WHEN a writer sets out, as Mr. Vestal and Mr. Rayburn have done, to tell the story of one of the minor regions of the United States in terms of the customs of the people, he has given himself a large and difficult task. Mr. Vestal's book is the third and Mr. Rayburn's is the fourth of the American Folkways series, edited by Erskine Caldwell. Although both books have moments of considerable interest, they also offer evidence that the authors have taken their great task too lightly.

The United States is not easily divided into cultural sub-regions that will suit the convenience of writers and editors and publishers. Even some of our major regions are not easily defined in terms of folkways. For example, the Anglo-Saxon mountaineers of the Southern highlands form a reasonably distinct folk group, but in the course of 150 years they have dislodged so many migrants from their stony acres that their folkways have spread through all the South and spilled over the Mississippi far to the West. The process continues apace in all cultural regions, large and small, and it is increasingly difficult to draw sharp boundaries between them.

Thus Mr. Vestal's effort to make a cultural region of the short-grass country is not very successful, not only because he does not work hard enough at it, but mainly because the short-grass country is scarcely a cultural region. Lying in the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles, with additional areas in Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, the short-grass country could be described as a geographic, topographic, or even a floral region, but its culture is greatly mixed, and is shared with all the Western plains and mountains. There is scarcely one of Mr. Vestal's stories, unless it be about a dust storm, but could be told, and indeed has been told, of a score of other places in the Southwest, and especially in Texas.

Mr. Rayburn is somewhat more successful, both because he seems to have worked harder at his job, and because the Ozark plateau, occupying the southern half of Missouri, the northwestern part of Arkansas, and a few counties in eastern Oklahoma, is more genuinely a cultural region. Yet the life of the Ozarks is almost an exact reproduction of the life of the Southern highlands. The people have sprung from the same racial stocks and have preserved about the same customs. Moreover, these customs are not confined to the mountains. Mr. Rayburn describes a number of Ozark games. They are played with equal pleasure in the Mississippi delta and the Piney Woods of Alabama. This can be said also of Ozark food, Ozark religion, and Ozark superstition. The heritage of the mountaineers, for good and for ill, is spread far.

This is not to say that there can be no such thing as a good book about these rather shadowy sub-regions. But to make such a good book it is not enough to set down, in a casual way, the customs of the people, with a few anecdotes and tall stories for spice and garnish. That has been done too often already, and there is no longer much charm in it, and even less information. The inquiry now must be broader, and deeper; it must include economics, politics, religion, climate, the soil, everything that belongs to the regional life. What is necessary is that the author shall cultivate this regional soil intensely, and if the soil be thin, then all the more intensely must it be cultivated to grow a good book. There is still something to be said about the sub-regions, perhaps a great deal, but it will not do to scratch the surface with a crooked stick. The author must equip himself with modern tools and plow a deep furrow.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

Next Week in The Nation

Midwinter Book Issue

Articles and Reviews by Randall Jarrell, Odell Shepard, Franz Hoellering, Joseph Wood Krutch, Morton D. Zabel, Samuel Eliot Morison, Reinhold Niebuhr, George Barker, Jacques Barzun.

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IN BRIEF

NORTHBRIDGE RECTORY. By Angela Thirkell. Knopf. $2.50.

For those who prefer to take the war with a grain of salt and a dash of Angostura, Mrs. Thirkell dishes up another of her ambling, amiable caricatures of Britishers at work and play—this time showing the matrons of Northbridge on air-raid duty but with their minds undistracted from the really important things of life, like menus, marriage, and decorum. Mrs. Thirkell is a combination of Puck and Anthony Trollope.

BREAKFAST WITH THE NIKOLIDES. By Rumer Godden. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

This exotic novel, morbid and poetic, concerns a group of people in Bengal and the death of a dog—nothing more than that, but it probes certain raw nerve ends and psychological abscesses with such weird finesse as to make this event a turbulent crisis. Its lopsided, tormented characters and its narrative mannerisms are often exasperating, but the author's sensitiveness and good taste never let these peculiarities get entirely out of hand. In her explorations of the dark broodings and memories of neurotic folk she reminds one sharply of Carson McCullers.

SEVEN TEMPEST. By Vaughan Wilkins. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

Set in the robust early days of Victoria's reign, this semi-historical romance follows the fortunes of Anne Louise, niece of King Leopold of Belgium, and the seventh illegitimate son of a rapacious English financier. It is apparent that the author enjoyed writing it quite as much as a great many readers of light popular fiction will enjoy reading it. There is no pretense of fine writing, no fretting over any problems other than those of heart and hand; it is a bright and colorful picture of high adventure, by the writer of "And So—Victoria."

LATIN AMERICA. By William Lytle Schurz. E. P. Dutton. $3.75.

To call this a one-volume encyclopedia of Latin America would give some idea of its comprehensiveness and authority but would hardly do justice to its informal readability. With map, glossary, index, and full bibliographical notes for those who wish to delve deeper, it is an ideal introduction for the student. It is also all the North American general reader needs to obtain a clear, unified picture of the background of present inter-American relations, political, economic, and cultural.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

The Newspaper and Society. Edited by George L. Bird and Frederic E. Merwin. Prentice-Hall. $5.35.

The Negro Caravan. Edited and Selected by Sterling A. Brown, Arthur P. Davis, and Ulysses Lee. Dryden Press. $4.25.

The Kentucky. By Thomas D. Clark. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Robert Bridges. By Albert Guérard, Jr. Harvard. $3.50.

Farm for Fortune and Vice Versa. By Ladd Haystead. Putnam's. $2.

They Taught Themselves. By Sidney Janis. Dial. $3.50.

Westward the Course! By Paul McGuire. Morrow. $3.75.

The Pragmatic Test. By Henry Bamford Parkes. Colt Press. $3.

The Mind of the Maker. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Music and the Line of Most Resistance. By Artur Schnabel. Princeton. $1.50.

The Economics of Total War. By Henry William Spiegel. Appleton-Century. $3.

The Destiny of Western Man. By W. T. Stace. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

Color, Class, and Personality. By Robert L. Sutherland. American Council on Education. $1.25.

Modern Battle. By Major Paul W. Thompson. Norton. $2.75.

Print, Radio, and Film in a Democracy. Edited by Douglas Waples. Chicago. $2.

The Language of Poetry. By Philip Wheelwright, Cleanth Brooks, I. A. Richards, and Wallace Stevens. Edited by Allen Tate. Princeton. $2.

DRAMA

Mice in Modern Literature

I CAN'T be accused of prejudice, for I'm an animal lover myself. What's more, I have an especially high opinion of the mouse and his relatives. He's a "wee slikit timorous cowering beastie," and he's cute. But I do think that the rodent is being rather overdone as a symbol of something. Perhaps Micky doesn't really count, since there isn't much aboriginal mouse left in him. But there was Mr. Steinbeck's Lennie, who liked them very dead; Mr. Saroyan's recent heroine, who constituted herself protectress of the whole tribe; and now comes the philosopher-tramp of "Solitaire" (Plymouth Theater), who keeps a Brother Rat in a home-made cage, and is therefore to be recognized immediately as a good man. I don't want to accuse Mr. Corle of imitating, but it does look as though he had taken "bigger and better rodents" as his motto.

Right at the beginning I should say that this new play, dramatized by John Van Druten from a novel by Edwin Corle, has the advantage of an extremely painstaking production and at least two extraordinarily well-acted roles—one by Victor Kilian as the philosophical vagabond and the other by Pat Hitchcock, the little daughter of the well-known movie director. Production and acting alike do all that could possibly be done to take the curse off the sentimental story and the frequently gooey writing. But you can't fool me. "Solitaire" is still a play about a poor little rich girl discussing the nature of ultimate reality with a philosophical tramp who talks as if he were not only thoroughly familiar with Bishop Berkeley but had probably read Bradley and other modern defenders of Absolute Idealism as well. Mr. Saroyan can get away with this sort of thing—at least he can get away with it so far as I am concerned—by keeping everything carefully on the level of unreality. But when a playwright doesn't himself seem to know on what level he is operating, when he drifts back and forth between some sort of hard-boiled realism and pure fantasy, then what you

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get is that special kind of sentimentality of which the essence is a failure to distinguish between fact and fancy, between what you literally believe and what you find it irresponsibly pleasant to imagine. I am very fond of Alice and her Wonderland, but that does not mean that I can put up with either Little Nell or Little Eva. And it is with the two last that Mr. Van Druten's "Little Virginia" unmistakably belongs.

Ostensibly "Solitaire" is a socio-humanitarian document about a group of unemployed migrants living temporarily hidden at the bottom of an arroyo (Californian for gully) near an upper-class residential district. A little girl has discovered them, and from one she gets a kind of understanding she had never had at home. But when her parents learn where she has been they can think only of driving the riffraff out, and they summon the police, who do a thorough job, even to setting the squatter camp ablaze and quite possibly burning the rat alive in his little wire box.

Now I am, I hope, capable of sympathy for men as well as for mice, but I have my doubts about sentimentalism even as a humanitarian force. There is something suspiciously Victorian about a renewed tendency I have been observing to discover all sorts of rather unlikely virtues among the dispossessed, and I am far from sure that the tendency bodes well for either humanitarianism or literature. I thought that we had wisely got over talking about the "worthy poor" and had come to the realistic conclusion that one of the worst things about destitution is just the fact that it does not have a tendency to develop in its victims the gentler virtues. I wonder about the soundness of the theory that we should hesitate to exterminate the Okies chiefly because some of them are philosophers and kind to animals besides. I remember Bernard Shaw's declaration that the trouble with the poor is poverty, his implication that we should do something about them not because they are such nice people but because, being very poor, they probably are not. I also remember William James's famous story about the Russian aristocrat who allowed her coachman to freeze to death on his box while she was inside a theater weeping over the sufferings of the poor. The coachman, you see, wasn't "worthy," like the poor in the play. And I wonder just what the reaction of a spectator at "Solitaire" will be when he rushes out to help the destitute only to discover not a single ideal companion for his daughter in the whole bunch.

At the Longacre Theater a Greek star named Katina Paxinou is appearing in a revival of "Hedda Gabler." According to the program Miss Paxinou has been very famous in Athens, and one may guess that she is probably an actress of considerable ability, but she struggles with an accent which seems to me particularly unfortunate in this particular role, despite the fact that Nazimova used to play it while laboring under the same handicap. Hedda is a strange and dangerous woman who, nevertheless, has managed up to the time of the play to be accepted as a member of the society in which she lives. But the play is thrown completely out of balance and the whole initial situation becomes completely incredible when Hedda is an obvious foreigner, totally unlike the people around her in appearance, in accent, and in gesture. It then becomes impossible to think of her except as a creature so obviously exotic that Tesman could not possibly have married her and Tesman's friends and relatives could not possibly have attempted to treat her as one of themselves.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

AARON COPLAND'S writing is fluent but not orderly or precise—which makes it difficult to deal with. As I understand the open paragraph of his book "Our New Music" (Whittlesey House; $2.50), he thinks that the lay listener has been antagonistic or apathetic to recent music because its new styles and tendencies have bewildered him, and that they have bewildered him because he has not known how and why and out of what they have developed. Mr. Copland, then, undertakes to inform this listener of the "change in expressive ideal" and the extension of vocabulary that produced modern music; and he does this to remove from the listener's mind the "fantastic notions . . . concerning the nature of so-called 'modern music' " which "incredible as it may seem . . . are still being circulated by newspaper writers and radio commentators who ought to know better"—to remove, that is, the notions that the music lacks emotion and melody, is rhythmically over-complicated and harmonically cacophonous—and to enable the listener to recognize the emotion that is merely changed in quality and intensity, the melody, rhythm, and harmony that are merely enriched. And as I understand him, Mr. Copland believes that when the listener recognizes in modern music "the expression in terms of an enriched musical language of a new spirit of objectivity, attuned to our own times . . . the music of the composer of today—in other words—*our* music," he will find this music as significant, interesting, and valuable as listeners fifty and a hundred years ago found *their* music.

Lay readers of Mr. Copland's book who have actually heard Schönberg, Bartók, von Webern, and the other modern extremists may be amused by his reference to "an enriched musical language," and his wide-eyed, incredible-as-it-may-seem, how-can-such-things-be talk about the "fantastic notions" with which newspaper writers, apparently for the sheer hell of it, have misrepresented the music; or they may be irritated by all this; but they won't be fooled by it. For they will know that those newspaper writers have described what is plain to hear in the music. Even these readers may, however, accept Mr. Copland's contention that when they understand the aesthetic and procedures of the music they will be able to hear in it the value they have not heard. And if my experience means anything that contention is wrong. At the same time as I began to listen to the music, after the last war, with mind and ears that were open, receptive, eager, I began to read discussions and explanations of it, in the hope that with them I would perceive the new artistic beauty or potency in what impressed me as hideous or feeble; but nothing I have learned from reading about Schönberg, Bartók, and the rest in the past twenty years has changed the impression I have got from listening to them.

Nor is it different with Mr. Copland's book. A reader who learns from it that there *is* emotion in Schönberg's music may find that he doesn't like the emotion or the music it is communicated in. He may learn that the emotion and the vocabulary it utilizes make the music "ours," and discover that what is "ours" is impressive and valuable to him when it is Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" or Bloch's Quintet or Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1—to say nothing of Picasso's Guernica studies and postscripts—but not when it is Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire."

Mr. Copland's treatment of the American part of his subject is also open to objection; but this requires more time and space than I have left now.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Thomas's Inconsistency

Dear Sirs: Norman Thomas's letter explaining his stand on Russia, in your issue of January 31, throws a good deal of light on the reasons for the intellectual decline of the Socialist Party under his leadership. For he either has repudiated the plain implications of his position or would repudiate them.

Thomas denounced the Soviet government for making the non-aggression pact with Hitler and thereby agreeing to remain neutral in the war, which by then was obviously just around the corner. The only logical basis for such denunciation was that Soviet Russia, in making the pact, deserted the somewhat inchoate collective-security front of the anti-Nazi nations against the Axis and thus helped to encourage aggression by making it easier for the Nazis to seize their victims one by one. But Mr. Thomas steadily insisted that the neutral position in the war which he denounced Stalin for taking should be maintained by the United States. He accordingly opposed modification of the Neutrality Act, the destroyers-for-bases deal, the Lend-Lease Act, and every other step which the Roosevelt Administration took to keep the anti-Nazi forces from being overwhelmed.

At the Socialist Party's national convention in 1940, for example, he opposed, and by his influence got the majority of the convention to oppose, resolutions favoring aid to the anti-Axis countries and also one demanding an embargo on goods to Japan. Thus Thomas and the Socialist Party under his influence opposed aid to Britain in fighting the Axis and opposed stopping the aid we were giving to Japan in its war with China, and took this position after having denounced Stalin for giving aid to Hitler through the Soviet-Nazi pact.

Of course real security against war for any nation can only be obtained through genuine international collective security. Thomas clearly perceived that when he was considering Soviet Russia's foreign policy but could not admit it in connection with our own foreign policy, although as a Socialist he was supposed to have an international viewpoint.

Thomas states that his present position on Russia and the war is that he "does not want the war to continue indefinitely till Stalin is lord over most of Europe." If this means anything at all, it means that he wants the war to stop before the Nazis are defeated and overthrown so that Germany, still powerfully armed and in possession of some of its conquests, can be used as a counterweight against Soviet Russia.

This of course is merely another example of the old balance-of-power policy which has been pursued for generations by the British Conservatives. That is the logical implication of Thomas's position, though he would bitterly denounce the British for pursuing such a policy in the past (in fact, it was exactly Chamberlain's policy), and he would probably denounce balance-of-power politics in any other form. Yet the policy of collective security against aggression, the only possible alternative, except the imperialist rule of one country, to balance-of-power politics, Thomas has likewise opposed in every one of the actual issues in which the principle of collective security has been presented to the American government and public opinion.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

New York, February 6

The Truth Will Arm Us

Dear Sirs: Such articles as Mr. Mitchell's How to Lose the War in *The Nation* of January 24 go to the heart of the grim, harsh realities of the war since December 7. If only those articles got as much attention as a Hearst headline, or a *Saturday Evening Post* article such as Demaree Bess's specious The Axis Is a Myth, or a New York *Times* cartoon, we might hope for a quick, active awakening all over America.

Too many American cartoonists fall back on the easy device of mere ridicule of the Japs. Sinister, ruthless, and menacing aggressors cannot thus be "cartooned" into weakness or impotence. In a recent Sunday New York *Times* were two cases in point: (1) a grinning Jap diplomat figure-skating "victories" on ice, after which he is seen plunging blindly into the black open water of "Allied plans"; (2) a moronic Jap shooting at a bull's-eye, the Dutch East Indies, but only managing to pepper Thailand, the Philippines, Singapore—the cartoon captioned "A miss is as good as a mile."

Such cocky-confident interpretations of the Japanese threat do not condition Americans for eventualities or steel their wills to grim, all-out efforts. Rather, these cartoons tend to lull us into a dangerous complacency comparable to the French before May, 1940, or the British before Dunkirk, or some commanders at Pearl Harbor before December 7.

Let our cartoonists ponder Owen Johnson's great letter which also appeared in the *Times:* "It is the responsibility of the great free press of America to tell the people the truth. . . . Tell them again and again and again that the stake is our own survival. Prepare them now for the disasters that may come. Stiffen their backs, toughen them, steel their courage to fight it out. . . . Believe me, the truth will double their strength and awaken the moral grandeur of a free people."

Nothing less than the forthright dramatizing of challenging realities—not wishful anticipations—can hope to arouse and sustain our national morale.

CARLTON F. WELLS

Ann Arbor, Mich., January 30

Aliens—Friends and Enemies

Dear Sirs: A re-registration of all "enemy aliens" in the United States and its possessions has been ordered by the President for the month of February. Would this not present a splendid opportunity to demonstrate the sense of justice which is the very spirit of democracy by dividing the so-called "enemy aliens" into different categories, as was done in England shortly after the outbreak of the war? A genuine refugee from Nazi oppression in England today is officially considered a "friendly alien" if he has been able to prove his identity. It should be even easier for him to prove this in the United States, where refugees have been admitted as immigrants, for American consulates abroad have been required to examine each would-be immigrant most carefully. In addition, American citizens have had to submit full guaranties as to the political and moral integrity of the future American citizen.

At the present time thousands of racial and political refugees from Axis countries have taken the necessary steps to become American citizens, and many of them have lost their former Axis citizenship by expatriation. A great number of these "enemy aliens" were hunted all over Europe by the agents of the Gestapo before they were finally able to enter the United States—often with the assistance of the very American government which now classifies them as enemies.

The sense of bitterness and disillusion in the minds of these people, who, before they became "enemy aliens," were proud to call themselves loyal immigrants and future citizens of the greatest democracy in the world, is by no means helpful in building morale among the foreign-born in America.

IRENE POPPER

New York, January 30

Rose Stein

Dear Sirs: Just as I was about to start a letter to Rose Stein I received a cutting from *The Nation* of November 27 announcing her death. I hope it is not too late for an Englishman to pay a tribute to her memory.

We met but seldom—first during a two weeks' stay I spent in Pittsburgh in 1934 and later for one day in Washington in 1937, but she admitted me, I am proud to say, to her friendship from the first, and her letters for the last half-dozen years, with their acute and realistic analysis of the American labor situation, were a perpetual delight and stimulus.

In the Current Issue of

THE PROTESTANT

formerly "The Protestant Digest"

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

The Soviets Saw It Coming

The noted author of 'Days of Our Years" and "That Day Alone" describes how the Soviets outplanned, out-produced and outfought the Nazis.

KENNETH LESLIE

God's Red Army

A powerful article by The Protestant's editor, a consistent advocate, since before Munich, of rapprochement with the Soviets as the way to stop Hitler.

A. V. H. HARTENDORP

The Jesuit Plan for the Philippines

An article by the editor of The Philippine Magazine sent on the last boat leaving the Philippines before the outbreak of hostilities.

ALSO IN THE SAME ISSUE:

Falangism, Sinarchism and Ultramontanism H. R. Southworth
Love's Strange Work.................Paul Tillich
Protestants and the Anti-Soviet Front Harry F. Ward
Religion Under Soviet Rule......James Maynard
The Great Synthesis.................David Lord
Rev. Claude......................Alva W. Taylor
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Latterly, as was perhaps inevitable, we tended to discuss rather the international position of the United States and, as no doubt was equally inevitable, did not always see eye to eye. Rose Stein had a deep aversion from war with all that it would mean for the workers of her country, while I was more inclined to urge that effort short of war was not enough to vindicate America's position as a champion of democracy. But while I fear that from time to time my arguments caused her distress, her friendship and interest never flagged.

With her passing there leaves us a valued interpreter of the American scene, a valiant champion of American labor, and a staunch friend.

E. M. HUGH-JONES

Oxford, England, January 9

Scandalous Coddling

Dear Sirs: I am a gentleman of the old school, and I beg leave to protest against the way Congress is preparing to coddle the millions of automobile workers who will be out of jobs for a few months while factories are being retooled for war production. It appears that these unemployed workers are to be paid enough to live on while they train for new jobs in war work.

That is all wrong. That is not the way to treat the unemployed. First, we should tell them that there is a job somewhere for every worker who really wants one. We should insist upon their tramping the streets looking for work until their shoes are worn out, their savings entirely spent, and their children crying for food. Then we should let them apply for relief as paupers.

Only then, if at all, should we give them work-relief jobs at ditch-digging and road-mending. But we should make it clear to them that the work they are doing is utterly useless and that they are only a bunch of bums and shovel-leaners. And finally we should decide that their so-called work is a luxury that the nation cannot afford and drastically reduce our appropriation for it, so as to throw at least half of them back on the dole.

That is what we did in the past. Are we going to start in now treating the unemployed as though they were useful and important—actually as though we could not win this great war without their help?

It is true that these automobile workers were fine, upstanding, hard-working citizens when they were still employed manufacturing Fords, Chevrolets, Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, etc. But the minute the factory closed down they joined the ranks of the unemployed, which means that they promptly became incompetent, shiftless chiselers. "They wouldn't work if you offered them a job." Anyone who has been reading the newspaper editorials of the past few years knows how to deal with the unemployed.

PRO BONO PUBLICO

New York, February 4

CONTRIBUTORS

HOWARD COSTIGAN, news analyst and radio commentator for Station KOL, initiated the campaign to block scrap shipments to Japan from Seattle.

DWIGHT MACDONALD was formerly on the editorial staff of *Fortune* and is now an editor of the *Partisan Review.*

JOACHIM JOESTEN, for six years a correspondent in the Scandinavian countries, is now editor of *Background,* a weekly news letter on foreign affairs published in New York.

W. R. RODGERS, a young poet of County Armagh, Ireland, will soon bring out in this country a book entitled "Awake! and Other Wartime Poems."

OSCAR WILLIAMS is the author of a book of poetry entitled "The Man Coming Toward You."

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER, head of the Department of Sociology at Howard University, is the author of "The Negro Family in the United States."

RUTH NORDEN, together with Heinz Norden, has edited and translated a number of German books for publication in this country.

CATHERINE PORTER, editor of the *Far Eastern Survey,* published by the Institute of Pacific Relations, will soon bring out a volume called "Crisis in the Philippines."

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The Shape of Things

THE SHELLS AND TORPEDOES THAT BURST on Aruba should jolt into wakefulness the dimwits who still look upon the Atlantic as a better Maginot Line. This daring foray into the Caribbean brought the enemy within 700 miles of the Panama Canal and struck a damaging blow at the supply lines of the United Nations. From the great refineries at Aruba, Venezuelan oil flows across the Atlantic to keep the R. A. F. flying above the British fortress. Fortunately, the shore installations appear not to have suffered important damage, but the sinking of half a dozen or more tankers in the harbor represents a serious loss. We should like to know whether any precautions had been taken against a night attack on such a vital point. British and American troops are garrisoned on the island, and bombers took off which may have sunk one or more of the raiders. But prevention is vastly more important than reprisal, and that necessitates night patrols and the defense of the harbor with mines and nets.

*

THE FALL OF SINGAPORE IS A DISASTER comparable only to the capitulation of France in 1940. As we go to press, many of the details are still unavailable. It seems probable, however, that the British lost not only the city and its great naval base but almost its entire defending force of some 60,000 men. So far as is known, only the wounded and part of the R. A. F. personnel were evacuated before the fall of the city. It is not even certain whether the naval base was destroyed before its seizure by the Japanese. There is a tendency in this country to place blame for the defeat on British complacency and on the obvious defects in the Empire's colonial policy. This view has been strengthened by Cecil Brown's remarkable broadcast from Sydney pointing out the undeniable laxity of the British in preparing for the defense of Singapore and their failure to adopt an effective scorched-earth policy. It is desirable that Americans recognize the shortcomings of British—or of Chinese or Russian—war policy, but it must not be forgotten that the United States shares full responsibility with Britain for the Singapore defeat. The base was as essential to the United States as to the Empire, and only the United

States had the men and supplies needed to save it. We had two months in which to get these to the battle front; yet not a single American soldier aided in Singapore's defense. Our failure was apparently due primarily to lack of advance planning. But it may also have been due in part to the same regrettable nationalism which now holds Britain responsible for a failure that was equally our own.

*

HYSTERIA OVER THE WEST COAST JAPANESE appears to be unabated despite the stringent steps now being taken to prevent sabotage or effective espionage activities. Even so sober an analyst as Walter Lippmann has contributed to the public's uneasiness by charging that there has been communication between the Japanese navy at sea and enemy agents on land—a charge which has been challenged by the coordinator of enemy-alien control for the Western Defense Command. The excitement would be understandable if there were any indications of laxity on the part of the FBI or the local defense authorities. Actually, these agencies seem to have dealt with the situation with commendable energy and realism. Enemy aliens have already been moved out of the first of the "prohibited" zones, and evacuation from other zones is under way. American-born Japanese are to be "invited" to move to non-strategic areas in the interior, where work projects will be provided for them. The FBI has been conducting raids on Japanese aliens who were believed to have failed to conform with the regulations regarding short-wave radio sets, flashlights, and reflectors. Admittedly the dangers are real. Espionage activities doubtless still continue in our large German colonies and among American-born Japanese. But the government is right in taking the position that the methods used to eliminate these activities shall not be of such a nature as to alienate the overwhelming majority in these groups who have remained loyal to the United States.

*

THE COURT WHICH IS INVESTIGATING THE Normandie's loss will presumably, on the basis of existing information, find that the fire which destroyed the huge ship was accidental in origin. Although a *PM* reporter rather conclusively demonstrated that the ship *could* have been destroyed by sabotage, the evidence so far divulged strongly indicates that the fire was due to carelessness rather than to purposeful destruction. So far as the ship is concerned, it makes very little difference. The destruction was as thoroughgoing as any incendiarist would have desired. Nor does the origin of the fire in any way affect the responsibility of the navy. It is evident from the press reports of the disaster that the precautions against sabotage or accident were grossly inadequate. No one has even sought to explain why electric welding was permitted in the vicinity of bales of mattresses. But it is obvious that it is the sort of thing which no responsible private shipping firm would permit under any circumstances. There is a rather natural tendency, to be found equally in high and low places, to regard government property and enterprise in impersonal terms. This tendency is at the root of much of the inefficiency and waste which have thus far characterized the war effort. It can be effectively counteracted among the rank and file of workmen and enlisted personnel only if the brass hats and high government officials demonstrate that they fully understand and accept their responsibilities.

*

THE TRIAL OF LAURA INGALLS THREW A revealing light on the operations of Nazi propagandists in this country and the agencies through which they worked. Miss Ingalls admitted the offense of which she was convicted—acting as a paid agent of the Reich without registering at the State Department—but insisted that she was guided by purely patriotic motives. According to her counsel, her intention was to conduct counterespionage, and her acceptance of German money and expressions of warm enthusiasm for Hitler were merely a misguided attempt to ingratiate herself. Her own testimony was confused: one minute confirming her counsel's story, the next making it clear that the "subversive influence" she was really excited about was that of supporters of aid to Britain. Whether one rejects Miss Ingalls's plea, as the jury did, or accepts it together with the explanation that she is a "crackpot," it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the trial was a severe indictment of the America First Committee. No one suggests that Baron von Gienanth, second secretary to the German embassy and Gestapo chief in America, was another crackpot, and the record shows that he told Miss Ingalls, *"The best thing you can do for our cause is to continue to promote America First."* In other words, the "patriotic" organization which was the chosen platform of Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye, *et al.*, was also the vehicle preferred by our enemies for promoting division in our ranks. Senator Wheeler, instead of trying to cash in politically on our setbacks in the Far East by saying, "I was right all along," might have the grace to blush and explain, if he can, why America First accepted the services of a paid Nazi propagandist given to spouting Nazi sentiments at its meetings.

*

THE STATE DEPARTMENT IS STILL IMPALED on those pin-points of Free French soil—the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon—and the sight of its wrigglings is far from edifying. Some weeks back Mr. Hull expressed the informal but firm opinion that the Act of Havana applied to the transfer of these islands from the control of Vichy to that of the Free French, particularly Section 6, which declares that "acquisition of territories by force cannot be permitted." On Friday, February 3, Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles told his press conference that in his judgment the act did not apply. Correspondents not unnaturally drew the inference that Mr. Hull and his second-in-command had disagreed and that the President had backed Welles. Next day, however, the State Department had a rather different story. Mr. Welles canceled his press conference, but a "spokesman" who seems to have consulted him stated that none of the American republics had invoked the Act of Havana in regard to the St. Pierre situation but that they reserved the right to do so if it impaired their security or the independence of this hemisphere. As not even a State Department official could be humorless enough to claim that a handful of French fishermen who had voted to join the Free French and follow the laws of the French republic were a menace to any nation on this continent, these conflicting statements may indicate simply a squirming effort to "find a formula." The difficulty is to reconcile the objectives of mollifying Vichy and saving the State Department's face with the fact that the island people have chosen their path and will only yield to force.

* * *

CANADA HAD A POLITICAL SENSATION OF the first order when Arthur Meighen, newly selected leader of the Conservative Party, was defeated by a comparatively unknown Cooperative Commonwealth Federation candidate in a Parliamentary by-election. Mr. Meighen, twice Prime Minister of Canada, had been called from retirement to take over the helm of the once powerful Conservatives. South York, the Toronto district in which he chose to stand, has been so overwhelmingly Conservative for the last forty years that the Liberals did not even run a candidate against him. But the C. C. F., previously unable to gain a foothold in Ontario, felt that Meighen's reactionary policies should be opposed even though there seemed little hope of victory. Meighen received enthusiastic support from Mitchell Hepburn, Premier of Ontario, who was read out of the Liberal Party for his constant sniping at the Dominion government's war efforts. Hepburn, foe of the C. I. O. and a Canadian counterpart of Martin Dies, recently achieved considerable notoriety by declaring that the United States fleet was in hiding from the Japanese, and his support probably did Meighen more harm than good. Another candidate whom he backed was defeated in the Welland by-election by Humphrey Mitchell, Labor Minister in Mackenzie King's Cabinet. Although the conscription issue was uppermost in the campaigns, it seems to have had little effect on the results. Mr. Meighen urged immediate conscription of man-power, but his opponent countered by advocating conscription of wealth and industry as well. The victory of government candidates in Quebec constituencies suggests that opposition to conscription is not as strong there as was feared.

THE CHART REPRODUCED ON PAGE 212 IS AN antidote to defeatism but not an encouragement to complacency. It shows that the economic resources of the United Nations are enormously greater than those of the Axis powers, but before we can command victory those resources must be turned into weapons. Our enemies achieved that conversion long ago, and they have proved themselves adepts in obtaining maximum military results from minimum means. We, on the other hand, as Donald M. Nelson said last week, have "lost a lot of time because industry was fearful of what might happen after the war if all our productive facilities were overexpanded." There is, happily, some reason to believe that the task of turning the automobile industry into a great arsenal is at last getting rapidly under way. The financial controllers of the industry are resigned to the fact that ordinary commercial business is finished for the duration and know that, if dividends are to be paid, they must be earned from war production. So the technicians have been given their heads, and we have much confidence that they will speedily accomplish the job which their bosses swore, twelve months ago, could not be done.

* * *

MAYOR LAGUARDIA HAS GIVEN UP MOST of his duties in Civilian Defense to become a full-time mayor of New York again, but there is no evidence that less work has made him less irascible. In his dispute with the New York Civil Service Commission, LaGuardia has been contemptuous not only of good political manners but of elementary democratic rights. In a dispute between the state and city civil service commissions, Paul Kern, city commissioner, asked Corporation Counsel William Chanler to represent the city group in court. Chanler refused. Kern and another member of the three-man board issued a statement criticizing Chanler. Forty-eight hours later, without any hearings, Mayor LaGuardia suspended the city commission; Kern and his colleagues were denied access to their files and desks. When reporters asked his reasons for the suspension, the Mayor said only that he could not tolerate an attack on Chanler. The suspension has been followed by a final dismissal of Kern and Wallace Sayre, signers of the statement about Chanler. Regardless of the issues between the two commissions, or between Kern and Chanler, LaGuardia has abused executive power and has short-circuited the legal processes which guarantee a measure of justice.

* * *

JONATHAN DANIELS BRINGS SPECIAL AND valuable gifts to his new job of helping to organize the volunteer services of civilian defense. Not the least of his qualifications is his concrete knowledge and sympathetic understanding of American communities and the people who live in them—which have kept his weekly page both vivid and fresh. During the twenty months of his association with *The Nation,* he has been truly a Native at Large, reporting the hopes and fears, the angers and the issues with which the average American community is preoccupied. As he points out, "It has not been a perfect America. . . . It has plenty of faults now not to be neglected in the midst of war"—and he has been quick to advertise its faults. "But America as it is now is still worth all we've got to give." We are gratified that another genuine democrat has been enlisted in defense; but we shall miss his weekly letter from America.

Wages, Prices, Profits

THE War Labor Board will shortly render decisions in two wage disputes of such far-reaching importance that its findings will, in effect, constitute the general wage policy for which some of its critics have been clamoring. It has been called upon to adjudicate demands made on "Little Steel" by the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and on General Motors by the Automobile Workers' Union, in both cases for wage increases of a dollar a day. The verdict in these cases will undoubtedly set wage standards throughout the steel and automobile industries, and since automobile manufacture is now closely linked with that of airplanes, the airplane industry, too, will be indirectly affected. In other words, the War Labor Board is being asked to declare whether or not a general increase in wages for the bulk of the workers engaged in armament production is desirable at this time.

The Nation believes that a widespread upward revision of wages would undermine our war economy and be contrary to the interests of the working class as a whole. Leon Henderson has pointed out that this year consumer incomes are likely to total around $95 billion, while the supply of consumer goods will not exceed $65 billion. Unless this $30 billion of surplus purchasing power which cannot possibly be satisfied is mopped up by taxation and savings, competitive bidding for scarce goods will endanger the whole price-stabilization effort. Should any strategically placed group, whether labor or capitalist, be permitted to add appreciably to its buying power, the inevitable result will be to widen what has been called the inflationary gap. Favored groups might be able to keep their incomes in step with the rise in prices, but all the many millions unable to secure such adjustments would find their purchasing power curtailed.

Since August, 1939, wages in the better-organized industries have more than kept pace with the cost of living. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that from the outbreak of war in Europe to November, 1941, average weekly earnings for workers in all manufacturing industries increased by 33.9 per cent, while the cost-of-living index rose from an average of 99 in 1939 to 111 in December, 1941. At the end of November average weekly earnings in the all-manufacturing group were $32.81, and it will not be disputed, we believe, that the average for the steel industry is somewhat above this figure and that for the automobile industry it is considerably higher. We do not suggest that such wage levels represent luxurious standards or even—in peace time—satisfactory ones, but they do provide for the maintenance of health and efficiency, and that is about all we can expect so long as the bulk of our resources must be devoted to smashing the Axis.

A policy of stabilizing wages, except for the removal of anomalies and differentials, is absolutely dependent, of course, on the prevention of further increases in the cost of living. The efforts of the Administration toward this end are threatened by more than one special interest. On page 219 Keith Hutchison discusses the demand of the railroads for increased freight rates which, if granted, must give a forward thrust to costs of all producers. Again, the Congressional farm bloc, not content with its mutilations of the Price Control Act, is now trying to hamstring the stabilization policy by denying power to the government to dispose of its crop surpluses at prices under 110 per cent of parity. We suspect that many Congressmen forget that they represent consumers as well as producers, and we would suggest that the housewives among their constituents write to them more frequently.

Instead of positively encouraging inflation Congress ought to be combating it, and the most urgent task in this direction is the passage of a new tax bill. If swollen purchasing power is to be prevented from running amuck in a denuded market-place, there must be a further increase in income taxes, particularly in the upper and middle brackets, and much stiffer excess-profits taxes. Union spokesmen arguing in favor of pay rises naturally point to large profits and insist that the corporations can pay more. Unfortunately this is not just a matter of subtracting from capital and adding to labor, particularly as a growing volume of government contracts carry "escalator" clauses protecting the contractor from rising costs. It is true, however, that until more stringent measures are taken to curb profits, the moral case for placing a ceiling on wages will remain weak.

Last year industry as a whole was able to absorb increased costs and taxes and come out ahead of 1940. United States Steel, despite a fourfold expansion in its federal tax bill, was able to tuck away a nest egg of $25 million and still show a net profit of $116 million against $102 million in 1940. The heavy industries and the railroads, which experienced lean times in the thirties, appear to think they have a right to make up on the swings of war what they lost on the roundabouts of depression. On the other hand, those industries which were prospering in the years immediately before the war claim that they should be now allowed to remain at least as prosperous. These notions must be dispelled. We have got to realize—workers, managers, professional people, officials, and stockholders alike—that in order to devote to war production enough of our resources to achieve victory, all of us but the very poorest must accept for the duration a lower standard of living. If we want to know the alternative, we need only ask the peoples of the conquered countries.

Demagogy as Usual

IT IS nearly four years since a hitherto obscure Texas Representative found in "subversive activities" the highroad to fame. In that time the country has seen more than a dozen nations softened by genuinely subversive activities until they were ripe for military conquest by Nazi Germany. It has seen within its own borders the ominous rise of these same forces of appeasement, violence, and treason. In Hawaii spies and subversive agents grew thicker than pineapples. The poison of Father Coughlin spilled over into the streets of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The dormant Ku Klux Klan, sensing a favorable climate, stirred itself and invested in new robes. Princes of decay like Winrod, General Moseley, Gerald Smith, Pelley, and McWilliams crept out of their holes, and thought of themselves as Gauleiters of a Nazi-dominated America. The Bund goose-stepped in Jersey and Long Island, Japanese "fishermen" and consuls gave the Pacific Coast a thorough going-over, and errand-boys for Mussolini taught fascist doctrine in private schools in New York. The Communists, as always, carried on in their peculiarly blatant fashion, applying to America whatever might be the current policies of the Soviet Foreign Office. And then came the America First Committee, to give respectable shelter to the criminal along with the misguided, to the spy and the agent along with the dupe and the politically illiterate; the committee that in two months of war has already given the country's criminal courts an Ingalls, a Townsend, a von Clemm, and a George Hill.

And where were Martin Dies and his committee while all this subversion was coming to a boil? Certainly he wasn't sounding the alarm about Japanese espionage in Hawaii. He is just preparing to issue a "Yellow Paper" on that subject now—more than two months after Pearl Harbor. Did he summon Coughlin to Washington and force him to disgorge details of the best-organized effort to stir up racial hate since the Civil War? On the contrary, Dies himself shared the platform with such staunch followers of Coughlin as Merwin K. Hart and George U. Harvey. He addressed the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, headed by James True, fanatic anti-Semite and pro-Nazi. Christian Fronters received free tickets to a rally addressed by Mr. Dies in November, 1939, and *Social Justice* was sold throughout the meeting. Fritz Kuhn and James Wheeler-Hill, Bund leaders and now convicts (no thanks to the committee), attended a luncheon in honor of Mr. Dies given by Hart, one of the few witnesses permitted by the committee to testify in secret session. The activities of Pelley and Moseley were given a cursory airing and quickly forgotten, while Winrod, Smith, and other workers in the fascist vineyard were not even asked to appear. A promised exposure of a plot by Italian Fascists "more important than the Nazi" never developed, and anti-fascists who asked to testify on the subject were refused on the ground that the inquiry might "irritate the Italian government."

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that because the Dies committee allowed subversive activity to flourish without let or hindrance it was inactive or that it failed to get rid of the $385,000 Congress had given it to smoke out "un-Americanism." In its four years of existence the committee has given the nation the considered opinion that Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice-President Wallace, Supreme Court Justices Jackson and Murphy, Secretary of the Interior Ickes, James Cagney, and possibly Shirley Temple are all fellow-travelers of the Communist Party, though Cagney and Temple were subsequently cleared. Frequent allegations were made that the New Deal was honeycombed with Communists, though in no case was any proof adduced. In 1940 the committee got out a "White Paper" on Nazi activities of a minor sort, inspiring the New York *Times* to comment: "There is nothing surprising in the evidence . . . the 'White Paper' seems to tell chiefly of little schemes and little men." And in the same year it got out a "Red Paper" about Communist activities between 1920 and 1935—all rehashed from previously published material.

More recently the committee has busied itself with trying to keep the Office of Facts and Figures from falling under the spell of a left-liberal editor; with saving the navy from the threatened presence of a young man whose dislike of Communists is as great as the committee's and whose dislike of the enemy is a lot greater; and with exposing the presence of an ex-Technocrat on the staff of the OPM. In the meantime George Deatherage, Knight of the White Camellia, who only a few years ago tried to create a fascist army under the leadership of General Moseley, has emerged as chief engineer of a $7,000,000 naval construction project at Norfolk, without so much as a growl from the hired watchdog of Americanism.

Why should a Congress which in four years has not seen fit to pass a single bill introduced by the Dies committee (there have been at least nine) now appropriate another $100,000 to keep it in existence? These are dark hours to be spending the Republic's money on demagogy-as-usual.

New Leaders for Old

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TO UNDERSTAND what has been happening in these last disastrous days, a person must turn away from maps and figures and look at men. The defeats suffered by the Allied nations have been political defeats before everything else. That they can also be measured in terms of territory and materials and strategic points lost is a fact that must not be allowed to divert attention from the failure in political leadership that lies behind them. The United Nations are today losing the war, not only in Singapore or Burma or the English Channel, but in Washington and London. And it is in Washington and London that they will have to win it if it is to be won, since those capitals handle the controls. One is tempted to wonder why they do, why the direction of the war is not centered in Moscow and Chungking, which alone seem to know the secret of successful resistance. But the explanation of this apparent anomaly is immediately obvious. Britain and the United States still hold that preponderance of political and economic power which determines ultimate control. It is the failure of the political as well as the military strategy of those two proud governments which both calls into question the capacity of their present leaders and raises doubts as to their basic fitness for their leading role in the high command of the United Nations. The challenge is clear. The two chief Western powers must justify their position by developing swiftly, in the face of overwhelming danger, the sort of direction that will win the war. If they fail to do so, the war will be lost. Neither the vast potential output of American industry nor the incredible bravery of Britain's soldiers in the field can compensate for timid, fumbling leadership.

Today the British Prime Minister faces the anger of the Empire. The millions who heard his speech on Sunday must have been shaken with a sense of loss that defeats alone could not bring. Here indeed was a sample of that "stupefying magic" against which Robert Willis, secretary of the London Trades Council, had protested only the previous day. For the first time Mr. Churchill seemed to be using his eloquence and his great qualities of personal leadership to defend a record of incompetence. By implication he accused his critics of lack of patriotism and an inability to face up to harsh reality. This was as unworthy as it was unfair .The British people can face facts and accept reverses better, perhaps, than any people on earth; but they must have confidence in their leaders. On Sunday Winston Churchill offered them no reason for confidence. He merely demanded it. He cited the unity of the Russians as a model for Englishmen to follow. But if this was more than mere oratory, it was a thoroughly disingenuous suggestion. The unity of the Russians is founded in their faith in the tough, realistic, fighting qualities of their leaders. It is not for Mr. Churchill to hold up Russian unity as an example for the British people, but rather for the British people to point to Russian leadership as an example for Mr. Churchill and his government. The Russian army in retreat burned not only its bridges but houses, factories, dams, and standing crops; the British signed the terms of their surrender in Singapore in an undamaged Ford assembly plant and, so far as is known, turned over the vast facilities of their Far Eastern base intact save for the inevitable destruction from the war itself.

The British people are not demanding victories of their leaders; they are demanding leadership. They will not, I know, be satisfied with explanations and exhortations in place of action. I hope Mr. Churchill's oratorical magic will not silence them even for the moment. Now if ever is the time to insist on a change, for delay may mean final defeat. Japan's troops in Burma will not wait until the slow processes of muddle and compromise that characterize British party politics finally retire the old appeasers and fumblers responsible for Britain's political defeat.

One is more and more forced to the conclusion that only men who understand the nature of this war can fight it effectively. Churchill, in spite of his superb political talents, does not understand it. He is still an old-fashioned British imperialist, completely free from the commercial fears that corrupted the ministries of his predecessors, but also unversed in the complex political and social struggle that forms the center of the Nazi drive for world dominion. If he had understood its nature, he would not have lent himself to the succession of political compromises which, since before the war began, partly vitiated his wise counsels of military and diplomatic preparation. If he had understood it, he would never have supported Chamberlain's betrayal of Republican Spain. He would, after the war began, have accepted Franco as the open Axis ally that he is and treated Fascist Spain as enemy territory. (Today London dispatches discuss the probability of an early attack on Gibraltar and note that Franco newspapermen are scuttling out of England.) He would have insisted on a consistently vigorous policy toward Vichy on the part of his own government and urged the same attitude in Washington.

He would have understood, above all, that in this international civil struggle a democratic front had to be created as a war measure and held against the political front of fascists and reactionaries. Understanding this, he would have known better how to distinguish friends from foes, at home as well as abroad, and would have realized the demoralizing effect of permitting key posts to be occupied by men whom every democrat distrusts.

And by the same token he would have realized the military value of creating throughout the world a belief that the war against Hitler is, in fact as well as in oratory, a war for freedom. The débâcle of British power in the Far East illustrates the failure of his government to grasp this most elementary political truth. For four years, against odds which Americans and Englishmen can now finally imagine, the Chinese people have successfully grappled with a Japanese army of invasion. The same strategy and the same mechanized weapons that have brought the United States and Britain to the verge of defeat were loosed on China. But China has not been defeated. Instead, it has strengthened its resistance and developed its internal political institutions; and today, if India is to be saved at all, it may be saved only through Chinese intervention. China has held out because it is a self-governing country defending its soil and its freedom.

Suppose India had been free; suppose it had been a self-governing dominion instead of a sullen, unhappy colony. Would Burma today have to depend for its defense on a handful of Australians, a small professional Indian army, and a Chinese expeditionary force? How fantastic to think that Australia, with a total white population of some seven millions, itself threatened with invasion, should be expected to defend the high road to China and the borders of India, while India itself remains aloof, its 350 millions virtually untapped, its leaders bound to an anxious neutrality! The visit of Chiang Kai-shek to India and his conferences with Nehru and other leaders may help to win the reluctant sympathies of the Indian people; but it is a commentary on British leadership that only the personal intervention of China's Generalissimo offers hope of broader cooperation on the part of India. When one recalls that Nehru was held in prison until three days before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, one is able to measure even more accurately the political sagacity displayed by the British government in dealing with a subject people to whom today it desperately turns for help. This war will not be won until Mr. Churchill and his ministers realize that freedom is a weapon, not a prize for good behavior.

Hope for the future lies not in a sudden awakening of the dead, but in the introduction into the British government of new men who, without loss of face or agony of mind, can institute new policies. One such man is Stafford Cripps. It should not be hard to construct a Cabinet, with Mr. Churchill at its head, that would put new heart into the British people and into democrats everywhere.

But the war is being lost in Washington, too. As we point out editorially on another page, the United States is jointly responsible with Britain for the loss of Singapore. This is one war, not several. And even if the Far East were to be looked upon as a separate battlefield, it is surely ours as much as Britain's or Holland's. Yet apart from MacArthur's magnificent stand on Bataan and the recent naval raid on a group of Japanese islands, American power has yet to make itself felt.

What is wrong with our effort? Is our failure not essentially the same as Britain's—a failure bred of conservatism and complacency coupled with stubborn unawareness of Hitler's purposes?

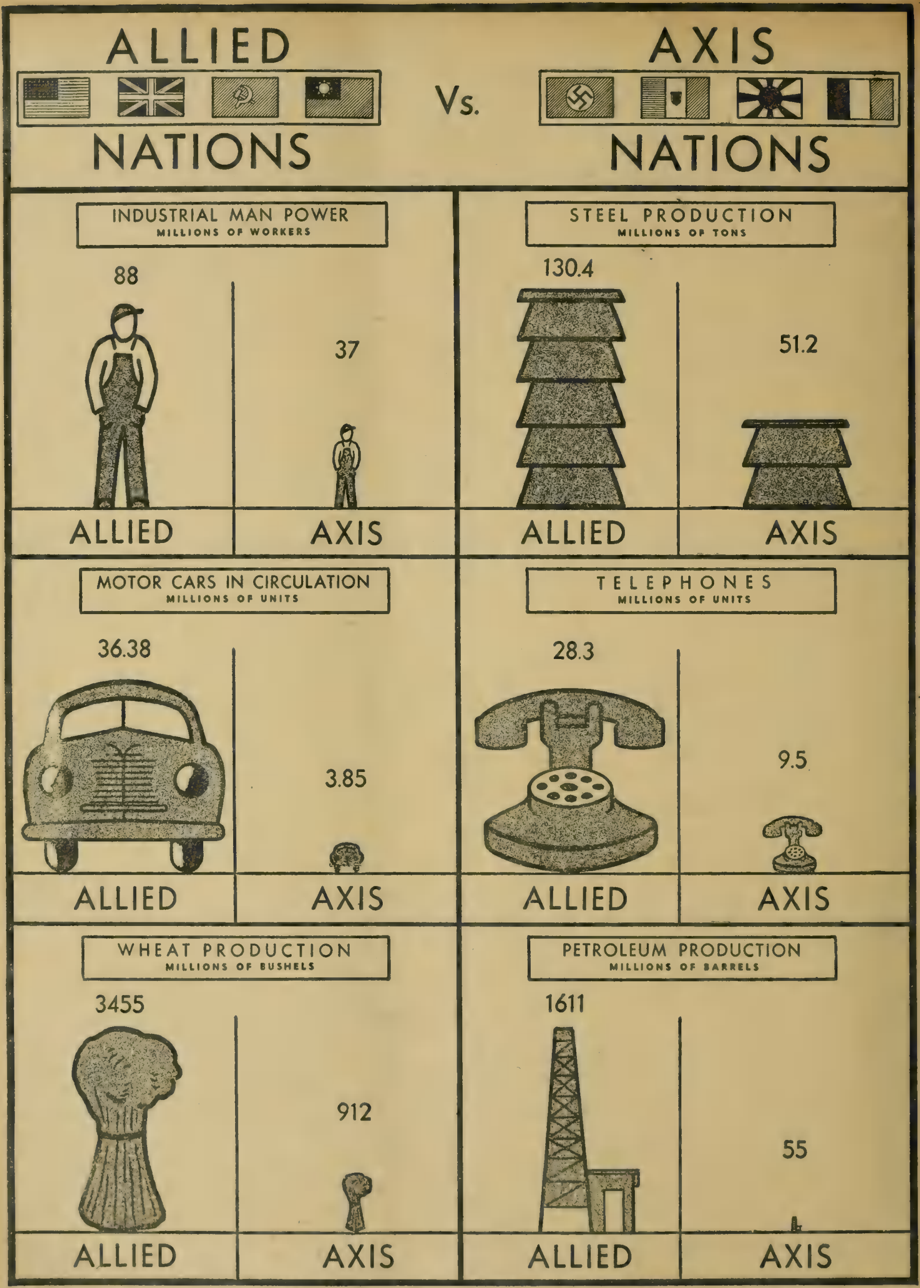
It is useless to repeat again the sorry record of concessions which year after year took the place of resistance, until at last war came on the aggressors' own terms. The record is written in history. Some of it our President has admitted, regretfully. He has several times categorically announced the end of appeasement. But he has not dismissed the men responsible for the failures he cited or forced a change in the policies that failed.

Where is the spirit of fighting, courageous democracy? Has it left Washington for the jungles of the Philippines? Or is it still here, struggling to make itself effective through confusion and politics and intrenched smugness? I know it is here; but it is no exaggeration to say that the key posts, with a few exceptions, are in the hands of men who fear democracy almost as much as they dislike Hitlerism.

The President, in spite of his uneven course in the fight against fascism, has indispensable qualities of leadership and vision. Backed by men who know what the war is about, he can still turn defeat into triumph and confusion into concentrated force. But nothing effective will be done until the appeasers in the State Department—and in other departments and agencies as well—are bundled out of office and replaced by tough democrats with a fierce contempt for tradition and private or party interests.

The tragic fact at this moment is that most of the criticism leveled at the Administration comes from those least qualified and with least right to speak. One can listen with respect to the criticisms and proposals of Wendell Willkie. But the Wheelers and Vandenbergs, who opposed even the inadequate steps taken before Pearl Harbor, who did their best to hamstring defense and promote appeasement—let these men be silent today. Every word they speak is suspect. If the country must choose between the counsels of the isolationists and the efforts, however faltering, of the Administration, it will know where its best hopes lie.

But in Washington, as in London, a reveille must be sounded by those who know what odds we face and what will be the penalties of further retreat. The political forces of democracy must rally, in both capitals, and take over the controls. Before it is too late.



Graph by Pic-S

Raw Materials for Victory

Four Freedoms (Jim Crow)

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

BY ALVIN E. WHITE

Washington, February 14

WHILE the nation fights an all-out war for the Four Freedoms, little men in Congress and elsewhere are working with insidious persistence to see that these freedoms shall be for whites only. Not only do these men attack the whole concept of nondiscrimination in government, but through control of Congressional appropriations they have succeeded in ousting liberal administrative officials who have sought to translate into reality the democratic policies of the Roosevelt Administration.

To accomplish their ends, this clique of Southern Democrats and reactionary Northern Republicans has developed a definite technique. The chosen victim may have incurred the disfavor of certain Congressmen for any one of a number of reasons. If he is an agency head whose work has in any way improved the status of Negro Americans or threatened the institution of Jim-Crowism, the attack is held in abeyance until the agency stands in need of an appropriation. Then the administrator is assailed in committee meetings and Congressional cloakrooms as a "nigger lover." The real issue need never be mentioned. The agency is given an ultimatum: the victim must go or funds will be withheld.

This technique was used effectively against Clark Foreman, who recently "resigned" his post as Director of the Division of Defense Housing, Federal Works Agency. Foreman, a Georgian, had incurred the wrath of the powerful Southern bloc by his active participation in the attempted "purge" of 1938 and also by his alleged refusal to "cooperate" in the award of defense-housing contracts and the appointment of personnel. A review of his record revealed that Mr. Foreman had long been interested in improving the status of the Negro through the work of the Southern Interracial Commission. He had also worked with the Julius Rosenwald Fund in the South. Because of his experience and interest in this work, he had received an appointment in the Department of the Interior as adviser on the economic status of Negroes early in the New Deal. And while in government service he had committed the unpardonable sin, at one time, of employing a Negro as secretary. All that was needed was a propitious moment for attack.

The occasion was provided when the Lanham bill appropriating an additional $300,000,000 for defense housing came up for final approval by the joint House-Senate conference committee. The Federal Works Agency, through Mr. Foreman's division, had developed a 200-unit housing project for Negro defense workers in Detroit. As the project neared completion, white workers protested against Negro occupancy and demanded the housing for themselves. The protesting whites enlisted the support of Congressman Rudolph Tenerowicz, in whose district the project is located. More responsive to the demands of his white constituents than to the claims of those for whom the project was originally intended, the Congressman carried the protest to Baird Snyder, III, acting FWA administrator, and gained the support of certain Negro-hating members of the conference committee. Mr. Foreman remained adamant and approved a proposal that the project should be named Sojourner Truth Homes, in honor of the slave-born Abolitionist. By wire he instructed the Detroit Housing Committee to proceed with the leasing of dwelling units to Negroes.

The moment was now at hand. Federal Works Agency officials were informed by influential Southern members of the joint conference committee that the $300,000,000 appropriation bill would not be released unless the "nigger lover" was fired and the project converted to white occupancy. Mr. Snyder promptly wired the Detroit Housing Commission to disregard the instructions received from Mr. Foreman three hours earlier. Mr. Foreman "resigned." At the present moment, the homes are completely unoccupied.

A routine speech by Robert C. Weaver, special assistant to Nathan Straus, Administrator of the United States Housing Authority, was used as a smoke screen behind which race-baiting Congressmen succeeded in denying to that agency use of an $800,000,000 development fund. Mr. Weaver's speech, delivered in April, 1940, innocuously pointed out that the government's public-housing program had "made an initial demonstration . . . that the Negro is a responsible tenant in a decent home; and that the two races can live harmoniously together in the same project." At a time when this country was trying to convert the Latin Americans, the majority of whom are not white, into good neighbors, various Representatives were alarmed at the prospect of Negro and white families living as good neighbors in slum clearance projects—even in New York City and Chicago. As a consequence the bill was not allowed to pass, and the USHA has not since received any funds for slum clearance. This year the crusade was carried farther. The House refused to approve funds for the development of defense housing by the USHA until assured of the resignation of Mr. Straus. Now Straus is out, and Weaver has been transferred to another agency.

The same Southerners, often operating behind a "front" of Northerners with few Negro constituents, are determined to maintain Jim-Crowism in government and to restrict participation of Negroes in responsible positions. The attack on Martin Carpenter, Director of the United States Employment Service, is a case in point. In keeping with the spirit of President Roosevelt's order banning discrimination, Carpenter attempted to consolidate the two Employment Service offices in Washington, and to abolish the Jim Crowe office which had failed to offer equal opportunities to Negro job-seekers. His proposal brought immediate protests from Southern Congressmen. Carpenter was supported by his administrative superior, Ewan Clague, Director of the Bureau of Employment Security. Before the consolidation could be effected, however, the annual Social Security Board appropriation came before Congress, and it is alleged that Chairman Arthur J. Altmeyer was brusquely informed that the allocation would be held up indefinitely unless the project were abandoned. The appropriation was finally approved, but the separate employment offices have had to be maintained.

The following excerpt from the hearings before the House Appropriations Subcommittee on the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill for 1943 is enlightening:

> REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD B. WIGGLESWORTH (R., Mass.): Now, have you a racial-relations setup?
>
> JOHN EDY (Executive Assistant and Budget Officer, FWA): We have a man on racial relations identified with the Personnel Division. . . .
>
> REPRESENTATIVE JOE STARNES (D., Alabama): Why was that necessary?
>
> MR. EDY: It seemed to the Administrator to be desirable in view of the fact there were claims of race discrimination, especially against Negroes, and this racial-relations person is a Negro and very competent. . . .
>
> MR. WIGGLESWORTH: I confess I do not see why we need racial-relations setups in all of these agencies. We have never had them before; we have always handled it on the American plan.
>
> MR. STARNES: I think . . . they are put in there to promote . . . the idea that racial discrimination is being practiced. . . . I think it is spotlighting something, and these people are special pleaders. . . .

Recently seventy-three leaders of Negro organizations met in New York City to discuss morale and felt obliged to recognize the fact that as a result of such attacks and discrimination Negroes are not "all-out 100 per cent" for the war. As Pearl Buck recently said, "The colored American, thanks to an education in democracy, really wants to see his country a democracy. . . . He has grown up a good deal since the World War. He is willing to fight and die again, but not for something he does not possess anyway."

Jews After the War

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

I

THE position of the Jews in Europe and the Western world is by no means the least of the many problems of post-war reconstruction which must engage our minds even while our energies are being exhausted in achieving the prerequisite of any reconstruction, that is, the defeat of the Axis. It is idle to assume that this defeat will solve the problem of the Jews; indeed, the overthrow of Nazism will provide no more than the negative condition for the solution of any of the vexing problems of justice which disturb our consciences.

Millions of Jews have been completely disinherited, and they will not be able to obtain the automatic restoration of their rights. An impoverished Europe will not find it easy to reabsorb a large number of returned Jews, and a spiritually corrupted Europe will not purge itself quickly of the virus of race bigotry with which the Nazis have infected its culture. It must also be remembered that the plight of the Jews was intolerable in those parts of Europe which represented a decadent feudalism—Poland and the Balkans—long before Hitler made their lot impossible in what was once the democratic world.

The problem of what is to become of the Jews in the post-war world ought to engage all of us, not only because a suffering people has a claim upon our compassion but because the very quality of our civilization is involved in the solution. It is, in fact, a scandal that the Jews have had so little effective aid from the rest of us in a situation in which they are only the chief victims. The Nazis intend to decimate the Poles and to reduce other peoples to the status of helots; but they are bent upon the extermination of the Jews.

One probable reason for the liberal world's failure to be more instant in its aid to the Jews is that we cannot face the full dimensions of this problem without undermining the characteristic credos of the democratic world. Even the Jews are loath to bring the problem to our attention in all its tragic depth. We will not face it because we should be overwhelmed by a sense of guilt in contemplating those aspects of the problem which Hitler did not create but only aggravated. Some Jews have refused to face it in dread of having to recognize that the solutions provided by the liberal Jewish world have failed to reach the depths of the problem.

The liberal world has sought to dissolve the prejudice between Jews and Gentiles by preaching tolerance and good-will. Friends of the Jews have joined the Jews in seeking to persuade their detractors that the charges against them are lies. But this does not meet the real issue. The real question is, why should these lies be manufactured and why should they be believed? Every cultural or racial group has its own characteristic vices and virtues. When a minority group is hated for its virtues as well as for its vices, and when its vices are hated not so much because they are vices as because they bear the stamp of uniqueness, we are obviously dealing with a collective psychology which is not easily altered by a little more enlightenment. The fact is that the relations of cultural and ethnic groups, intra-national or international, have complexities unknown in the relations between individuals, in whom intelligence may dissolve group loyalties and the concomitant evil of group friction.

American theories of tolerance in regard to race are based upon a false universalism which in practice develops into a new form of nationalism. The fact that America has actually been a melting-pot in which a new amalgam of races is being achieved has given rise to the illusion that racial and ethnic distinction can be transcended in history to an indeterminate degree. Russian nationalism has the same relation to Marxist universalism as American nationalism has to liberal universalism. There is a curious, partly unconscious, cultural imperialism in theories of tolerance which look forward to a complete destruction of all racial distinctions. The majority group expects to devour the minority group by way of assimilation. This is a painless death, but it is death nevertheless.

The collective will to survive of those ethnic groups in America which have a base in another homeland is engaged and expressed in their homeland and need not express itself here, where an amalgam of races is taking place. The Finns need not seek to perpetuate themselves in America, for their collective will to live is expressed in Finland. But the Jews are in a different position. Though as an ethnic group they have maintained some degree of integrity for thousands of years, they are a nationality scattered among the nations. Does the liberal-democratic world fully understand that it is implicitly making collective extinction the price of its provisional tolerance?

This question implies several affirmations which are challenged by both Jewish and Gentile liberals; it is therefore important to make these affirmations explicit and to elaborate them. One is that the Jews are really a nationality and not merely a cultural group. Certainly the Jews have maintained a core of racial integrity through the ages. This fact is not disproved by the assertion that their blood is considerably mixed. There are no pure races. History develops new configurations on the bases of nature, but not in such a way as to transcend completely the natural distinctions. Who would deny that the Germans have a collective will to live, or think that this simple statement can be refuted by calling attention to the admixture of Slav blood in people of German nationality?

The integrity of the Jews as a group is of course not purely biological; it has also a religious and cultural basis. But in this Jews are not unique, for there are no purely biological facts in history. The cultural and religious content of Jewish life transcends racial particularity, as does the culture of every people, though never so absolutely as to annihilate its own ethnic core. The one aspect of Jewish life which is unique is that the Jews are a nationality scattered among the nations. I use the word "nationality" to indicate something more than "race" and something less than "nation." It is more than race by reason of the admixture of culture and less than nation by reason of the absence of a state. The Jews certainly are a nationality by reason of the ethnic core of their culture. Those Jews who do not feel themselves engaged by a collective will to live have a perfect right to be so disengaged, just as Americans of French or Greek descent need feel no responsibility for the survival of their respective nationalities. But Jews render no service either to democracy or to their people by seeking to deny this ethnic foundation of their life, or by giving themselves to the illusion that they might dispel all prejudice if only they could prove that they are a purely cultural or religious community.

The fact that millions of Jews are quite prepared to be *spurlos versenkt,* to be annihilated, in a process of assimilation must affect the program of the democratic world for dealing with the Jewish question. The democratic world must accord them this privilege, including of course the right to express the ethos of their history in purely cultural and religious terms, in so far as this is possible, without an ethnic base. The democratic world must resist the insinuation that the Jews are not assimilable, particularly when the charge is made in terms of spurious friendship, as it is by Albert Jay Nock. They are not only assimilable but they have added to the riches of a democratic world by their ethnic and cultural contributions. Civilization must guard against the tendency of all communities to demand a too simple homogeneity, for if this is allowed complete expression it results in Nazi tribal primitivism. The preservation of tolerance and cultural pluralism is necessary not only from the standpoint of justice to the Jews but from the standpoint of the quality of a civilization.

The assimilability of the Jews and their right to be assimilated are not in question; this conviction must prompt one-half of the program of the democratic world, the half which consists in maintaining and extending the standards of tolerance and cultural pluralism achieved in a liberal era. But there is another aspect of the Jewish problem which is not met by this strategy. That is the simple right of the Jews to survive as a people. There are both Jews and Gentiles who deny that the Jews have such a survival impulse as an ethnic group, but the evidence of contemporary history refutes them, as does the evidence of all history in regard to the collective impulses of survival in life generally. Modern liberalism has been blind to this aspect of human existence because its individualist and universalist presuppositions and illusions have prevented it from seeing some rather obvious facts in man's collective life.

One proof of the Jews' will to survive is, of course, that they have survived the many vicissitudes of their history. They have survived in spite of the fact that they have been a nationality scattered among the nations, without a homeland of their own, since the dawn of Western European history. They are a people of the diaspora. Modern assimilationists on both sides sometimes suggest that the survival of the Jews through the centuries was determined on the one hand by the hostility of the feudal world and on the other by the toughness of an orthodox religious faith; and they suggest that the liberal era has dissipated both the external and the internal basis of this survival. They assume that the liberal ideals of tolerance are infinitely extensible and that the breaking of the hard shell of a traditional religious unity will destroy the internal will to live.

The violent nationalism of our period proves the error of the first assumption. While we need not believe that Nazism or even a milder form of national bigotry will set the social and political standards of the future, it is apparent that collective particularities and vitalities have a more stubborn life than liberal universalism had assumed. The error of the second has been proved by the Jews themselves. For Zionism is the expression of a national will to live which transcends the traditional orthodox religion of the Jews. It is supported by many forces in Jewish life, not the least of which is an impressive proletarian impulse. Poor Jews recognize that privileged members of their Jewish community may have achieved such a secure position in the Western world that they could hardly be expected to sacrifice it for a Zionist venture. But they also see that for the great multitude of Jews there is no escape from the hardships a nationality scattered among the nations must suffer. They could, if they would, be absorbed in the Western world. Or they could, if they desired, maintain their racial integrity among the various nations. But they know that the price which must be paid for such survival is high. They know from their own experience that collective prejudice is not as easily dissolved as some of their more favored brothers assume.

These poorer Jews understand, out of their experience, what is frequently withheld from the more privileged—namely, that the bigotry of majority groups toward minority groups which affront the majority by diverging from the dominant type is a perennial aspect of man's collective life. The force of it may be mitigated, but it cannot be wholly eliminated. These Jews, therefore, long for a place on the earth where they are not "tolerated," where they are neither "understood" nor misunderstood, neither appreciated nor condemned, but where they can be what they are, preserving their own unique identity without asking "by your leave" of anyone else.

It is this understanding of a basic human situation on the part of the less privileged portion of the Jewish community which has given Zionism a particular impetus. There are of course individuals in the more privileged groups who make common cause with the less privileged because they have the imagination to see what their more intellectualist brothers have not seen. But on the whole Zionism represents the wisdom of common experience as against the wisdom of the mind, which tends to take premature flights into the absolute or the universal from the tragic conflicts and the stubborn particularities of human history.

The second part of any program for the solution of the Jewish problem must rest upon the recognition that a collective survival impulse is as legitimate a "right" as an individual one. Justice, in history, is concerned with collective, as well as with individual, rights. Recognition of the legitimacy of this right must lead, in my opinion, to a more generous acceptance of the Zionist program as correct in principle, however much it may have to be qualified in application.

The Jewish religionists, the Jewish and Gentile secularists, and the Christian missionaries to the Jews have, despite the contradictory character of their various approaches, one thing in common. They would solve the problem of the particularity of a race by a cultural or religious universalism. This is a false answer if the universal character of their culture or religion demands the destruction of the historical—in this case racial—particularism. It is just as false as if the command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" were interpreted to mean that I must destroy myself so that no friction may arise between my neighbor and myself.

The author, who happens to be a Christian theologian, may be permitted the assertion, as a postscriptum, that he has his own ideas about the relation of the Christian to the Jewish religion. But he regards all religious and cultural answers to the Jewish problem which do not take basic ethnic facts into consideration as the expressions of either a premature universalism or a conscious or unconscious ethnic imperialism.

[*In a second article Dr. Niebuhr will discuss a twofold solution for the problem of anti-Semitism.*]

Guns for Europe's Guerrillas

BY H. A. DeWEERD

WHILE most facile comparisons between the careers of Napoleon and Hitler are invalid and misleading, there are some that can be drawn with great profit at the present stage of the world crisis. Amid our rejoicing over Hitler's reverses in Russia, it would be well to remember that the disastrous campaign of 1812 was not alone responsible for Napoleon's downfall. A far greater if less spectacular contribution to that result was the fact that Europe turned the forces released by the French Revolution against him. The most important of these was nationalism. Generated in the Revolution and brought to full development under the empire, the spirit of nationalism made Napoleon's armies invincible on countless battlefields. At length it made the armies of his enemies equally formidable. Under its influence the Spanish rabble fought heroically; Prussians rose from the humiliation of Jena with new strength and spirit. In the end French bayonets were not sufficiently numerous or Napoleon's genius sufficiently versatile to overcome the aroused nationalism of Europe's conquered peoples. The time is now approaching when the revolutionary implications and techniques of Hitler's system must in like manner be turned against the Nazi conqueror.

A great measure of Hitler's astounding military success has been due to the fact that he is making use of a military-revolutionary movement. Allied efforts to combat the appeals of National Socialism early in the war by a half-hearted propaganda program—not based on an impressive military position—were as ineffective as the effort to deal with Hitler by orthodox military methods. Up to the beginning of the Russian counter-offensive of December, 1941, the Reich was not only "blockade-proof"; it was "propaganda-proof" as well. When the hitherto invincible *Wehrmacht* was defeated in front of Moscow, the Reich's immunity to psychological attack ended. It remained for the United States, however, to provide the final material basis for a successful counter-revolution against Hitler by framing a program of military production which assures his final defeat.

There has been a great deal of talk about freeing the victims of Nazi conquests, but no one has come forward with a definite program. The proposals advanced in this article may have their flaws, but the urgency of the situation justifies their presentation. The conquered peoples of Europe constitute a vast untapped reservoir of military power. Ways and means of sustaining their hopes, of arming them, and of employing them in direct military operations when the state of Allied preparations and Axis exhaustion permits an invasion of the continent of Europe should be one of the prime concerns of Allied grand strategy.

A revolt of the conquered countries could not possibly succeed alone; it must be timed to coincide with an Allied invasion of the Continent. The formulation of plans for utilizing this huge army, now without weapons or banners, will call for great elasticity of mind on the part of our military staffs and our State Department, but the advantages to be won are incalculable. All timidity and half-measures, all conventional textbook ideas, must be ruthlessly cast aside. If the Allied military leaders try to conduct a formal invasion of Europe in the textbook manner without benefit of a major strategical surprise or without utilizing every potential ally, we shall probably have to pay for each inch of liberated ground on something like the scale of our losses in the First World War. Mere superiority in planes and tanks will not bring immediate and decisive results; in fighting Germans the maximum attention must be paid to out-thinking them. Utilization of the conquered peoples of Europe in an invasion program holds the promise of a major military surprise.

How can the discouraged Europeans be shown that they have a part to play in their own liberation? How can the fires of their resistance be kept burning? Fortunately the Germans have provided the background for a successful counter-revolution by their treatment of the conquered peoples. Had the mercifully swift strokes of the victorious *Wehrmacht* in Poland, Holland, Belgium, France, Norway, Greece, and Yugoslavia been followed by an intelligent program of decent treatment for the conquered areas, the beaten men of Europe might have allowed their admiration for the brilliant planning, bold execution, and harsh efficiency of the Nazi war machine to rise above their hatred for the conqueror. But the stupidity, cruelty, and rapacity of the Gestapo-controlled occupational authorities removed this possibility. Instead, there arose the kind of desperate anger which has prompted an endless record of forlorn-hope assassinations and acts of violence. The peoples of occupied Europe have come to recognize that "peace" in the traditional sense of the word is impossible if the military revolution of National Socialism prevails. We must be prepared to exploit this conviction by arming the forces of counter-revolution against Hitler.

The technique of distributing weapons can be determined later. The essential requirement now is that the United States and Great Britain decide on the main outlines of the program. The following articles of agreement would cover the principles involved:

1. The United States and Great Britain jointly recognize that a state of war exists in the conquered areas of Europe.

2. The United States and Great Britain will undertake to distribute weapons on a scale great enough to insure the effectiveness of an uprising in conjunction with the invasion of the Continent.

3. The United States and Great Britain will recognize as members of an army of freedom all persons in the occupied areas who accept the weapons delivered.

4. Plans for the employment of these weapons in the most effective manner will be worked out and communicated to the occupied areas by radio and pamphlets.

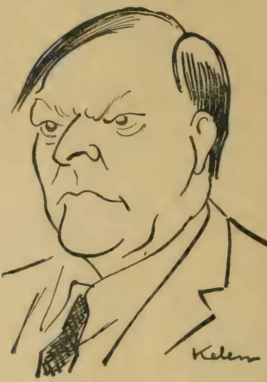
5. The men who accept these weapons will provide themselves with an identifying symbol to constitute the "uniform" of the army of freedom.

6. If Axis governments refuse to recognize such men captured in the course of military operations as *bona fide* members of an army and execute them summarily as armed civilians, adequate reprisal executions of Nazi officials, officers, prisoners, and agents will be carried out.

Though the main military advantages of this plan will not be attained until the time for the invasion of the Continent arrives, its adoption will bring great secondary advantages immediately. The period between the announcement of the program and its execution can be utilized for more systematic psychological attacks on the Nazis than the present ineffectual and sporadic attempts to undermine enemy morale. The air waves of Europe can be filled with talk of the arms-distribution plan, the certainty of freedom for the oppressed peoples, and the inevitable retribution to fall upon the Nazis. It must be repeated endlessly that this is a people's movement to restore freedom to Europe. The enemy must be told everything about the program except when it is to be put into effect. For the first time the war of nerves will thus be turned against the Nazis; it will grow in intensity as Allied military production increases and Axis reverses occur.

When the time for invasion comes, no German company will march through a forest, no platoon will move through a village, without fear; no sentry will feel safe. Quislings will be terrorized. Soldiers at the front will feel that every possible route of retreat may be filled with murderous surprises.

The weapons supplied must be simple enough for untrained persons to operate and effective enough, when employed with surprise and stealth, to give the men operating them temporary equality with German soldiers. The rifle does not possess the shock power required. The ideal arms for counter-revolution are the submachine-gun and the high-power fragmentation grenade. Both are relatively simple to manufacture, easy to operate, and deadly at close range. Both are essentially weapons of surprise. The physical courage and effectiveness of a man armed with a submachine-gun is roughly four times that of a man armed with a rifle. The high-power fragmentation grenade is admirably suited for attacking troop formations in city streets. The present rate of manufacture of these two weapons in the United States alone gives promise that at least fifty thousand submachine-guns and a million or two grenades could be allocated for this program without embarrassing the major military plans of the Allies.



Vidkun Quisling

The arms to be furnished can be fully described in radio broadcasts. Simple instructions in their use accompanied by charts and diagrams showing methods of effective employment under given circumstances can be given in pamphlets. The rest can be left to the men who will get the weapons. They can pass the long hours of waiting by perfecting traps for the conquerors. They can work out plans for exploiting their familiarity with the ground. They can make certain that arms are given only to reliable men and that the Quislings are the first to die. The liquidation of Nazi agents and local Quislings will contribute to the breakdown of the German system of control in the conquered areas and place additional strain on the German supply and transport system. For the first time since their defeat the men of subject Europe will be able to do something more useful than secretly scrawling V's on the walls of darkened houses.

The airplane must be used to distribute most of the weapons, although the ability shown by the British commando parties to land at various points on the coast of Europe may suggest other ways of handling the problem. The places where arms are to be landed can be worked out with the advice of the governments-in-exile, which know the sentiments of the population. Since their distribution must not be allowed to weaken the military air power of the main Allied movement to which the whole plan is ancillary, non-military or obsolete aircraft and civilian pilots must be employed. There were some 17,000 certified private planes and 63,000 licensed civilian pilots in the United States on January 1, 1941. The number has increased since that time, and a civilian air corps of 20,000 pilots is in process of formation. This pool of non-military pilots should be able to provide the men required to fly ten thousand weapon-carrying planes into the occupied areas of Europe when the time for the invasion arrives. If each plane carried five submachine-guns and from twenty to fifty grenades, the transportation problem would be solved.

At present Britain is the only base from which such planes can operate, but the situation may change. Holland, Belgium, and northern France are within range of private planes based on Britain—Corrigan made his non-stop trip to Ireland in such a plane. Norway, which offers unusual promise of effective cooperation on the part of the population, is within range of obsolete bombers and transport planes operating from Iceland. Yugoslavia is outside the range of private planes or obsolete bombers, but it would be worth while to sacrifice a few heavy bombers in order to transport weapons to the bold and rebellious Serbs. In fact, members of the British Middle East command have recently advocated this kind of aid to Serb guerrillas. Some losses will have to be anticipated, but the percentage of deliveries should be fairly high. By the time the program is launched it can be operated under an "umbrella" of Allied military air power. With the enemy concentrating his anti-aircraft fire on attacking planes, the widely dispersed flights of small carriers should enjoy relative immunity.

The diversion created by Lawrence in Arabia is said to have saved the lives of thousands of Allenby's soldiers. And even if the plan for distributing weapons in Europe is only partially successful, it will save many thousands of lives in the Allied armies. But there are other immediate if less tangible results to be attained. The mere adoption of a plan for the distribution of weapons for use in conjunction with a future invasion of Europe will have immense political repercussions. Wavering agents of Vichy, for example, will hardly dare risk further concessions to Hitler if they know that some day large numbers of Frenchmen will have dangerous weapons in their hands. The men of Vichy may have misread some of the lessons of history, but they cannot be ignorant of the relentlessness with which the men of the Revolution hunted down those of their countrymen whom they identified as enemies of liberty.

It does not matter much what plan for arming the anti-Nazi revolution is adopted, but it is imperative that a decision as to policy be taken without delay. We have heard the tragic words "too late" repeated after a dozen heart-breaking Allied failures. Here is one field in which there is still time to act.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

War Profits for Railroads

IMMEDIATELY after the settlement of the railroad wage dispute last December, a petition was filed with the Interstate Commerce Committee by the railroad companies asking permission to increase both passenger and freight rates, with certain exceptions, by 10 per cent. They had been encouraged to take this step by the report of the Emergency Fact-finding Board appointed by the President in connection with the wage dispute. "We feel obliged to say," this body declared, "that our recommended increases in railroad wages have been made on the assumption that the railroads can secure needed relief from resulting inadequate net revenues by obtaining permission to increase their transportation rates."

In making their request to the ICC the railroads estimated that their increased wage bill would be about $312,000,000 annually, and they also stressed rising material costs and the expense of precautionary measures against sabotage. On the basis of 1941 traffics they calculated that the 10 per cent increase in rates would roughly cover these additional charges. Acting with unusual celerity, the ICC has already granted the desired revision in passenger fares, and it is expected shortly to give its blessing to a 6 or 7 per cent rise in freight rates.

The increase in passenger fares has not gone unprotested by the traveling public, and a rise in freight rates will probably produce still more criticism. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Eastern railroads have been buying considerable advertising space in the newspapers in order to put their case before their customers. Their story dwells heavily on the increase in labor and other costs, stresses the huge capital outlay required to meet war demands for transport, and winds up by pointing out that the increase in fares is only a fraction of a cent per mile, which reminds me of the extenuating circumstance urged by the girl who produced an unauthorized baby: "After all, it's only a very little one." Ten per cent means quite a lot to commuters caught between fixed incomes and rising living costs. The railroads' argument is illustrated by a chart showing that the new coach fares are 39 per cent less than during the depression years. Is it, I wonder, altogether tactful to remind the public that from 1929 to 1936, when so many people's incomes were depleted, when prices of all unmonopolized goods and services were tumbling headlong, the railroads blithely held fares at the level of the mad twenties? It was a policy with a sharp recoil, for it gave the long-distance buses a chance to provide the rails with a real competitive headache.

Now war has soothed them with an undeserved aspirin, although mention of this fact is not considered good taste by railroad spokesmen, who prefer to talk about the burdens rather than the benefits of war. But these benefits are very definite and substantial. Rail revenues are always closely linked to the index of industrial production, now at an all-time high. And traffics are being enlarged still further by the operation of additional war factors. For instance, the shortage of shipping has meant that goods formerly sent from coast to coast by sea are being routed by rail. Again, normally the flow of goods is heaviest from west to east, involving an expense in sending empties back to California. Now the growth of armament industries on the West Coast provides profitable round trips. Another added source of revenue is troop movements—all the more profitable because of the recent abolition of land-grant rates for government traffic. Then there is the rubber shortage, which is deterring millions of motorists from using their cars for trips which can be made by rail, and may soon curtail bus and truck competition.

The fact is, the railroads have all the traffic in sight that they can possibly handle; perhaps more, for in 1940, when it was easier to buy new equipment, railroad executives were shortsightedly deprecating the possibility of a strain on the transport system. Today Joseph B. Eastman, Director of Defense Transportation, has warned that priorities for passengers will be necessary, and a shortage of freight cars may develop later this year.

Capacity or near-capacity operations for the railroads mean an increase in net profits far greater proportionately than the increase in gross revenues. The more intensive use of equipment means a thinning out of fixed charges, which form so large a fraction of total rail expenses, so that while receipts from passengers and freight rise, costs per passenger-mile or per ton-mile decline. The experience of the New York Central last year illustrates this point. Freight revenues rose 24.6 per cent in comparison with 1940, passenger revenues 12.3 per cent, and gross revenues 20.8 per cent. But after higher operating and maintenance costs and much bigger tax charges were met, net operating revenues increased 30.7 per cent, and net income per share of capital stock jumped from $1.75 to $4.09.

Reports from 135 Class I railroads showed an estimated aggregate net income in 1941 of $500,545,071, which was more than two and a half times the profit earned in 1940. These results were achieved by increasing gross revenue by not much over 25 per cent. It is true that this prosperity was not entirely evenly spread, for 28 Class I roads were still unable to earn full interest and rentals. But most of the big roads did very well indeed and were able either to decrease their indebtedness or increase their dividends, or both.

For 1942 rail prospects are bright. During the first five weeks of the year carloadings increased by 11.7 per cent despite the slowing down of the automobile and other consumer industries. Later in the year, when conversion to war production becomes fully effective, a still greater increase in freight traffics seems certain. Provided that the ICC complies with the railroads' request for higher freight rates and thus takes care of their increased wage and other costs, profits will surely make another leap forward. And since transport charges enter into practically all costs, a new inflationary influence will be operating.

Spokesmen for the industry may say: "Well, what of it? Haven't the railroads suffered enough since 1930? Isn't it time they put on a little fat to compensate for the lean years?" The answer to that is that the objective of this war is not to compensate anyone for past deprivations. On the contrary, it is high time we started tightening our belts instead of expanding our corporations.

In the Wind

WASHINGTON DEBUTANTES last week gave a party to raise funds for various civilian organizations aiding the war effort. One of their number gave a talk on the problems they faced and ended her oration on this militant note: "And let us always," she said, "remember Bar Harbor!"

THREE BOOKS by George Sylvester Viereck, who is now under indictment as a Nazi agent, will be reprinted this spring by Gold Label Books of New York.

THE FAMOUS street-corner racks from which the people of Baltimore were accustomed to get their newspapers are no longer being used. The Sunpapers, which owned the devices, fired the crew that operated them after the Wage-Hour Board informed the publishers that their employment standards would have to be raised.

AMERICA FIRST still keeps its Chicago headquarters open. Reporters visiting the offices in the Board of Trade Building have been unable to learn precisely what business the committee is now engaged in, but most of the old staff is on hand and some committee officials can still be reached by telephone at the office.

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY is so sensitive to charges that it impeded the defense program in the pre-Pearl Harbor days that it is sponsoring a huge publicity campaign to clear itself. Dozens of the country's leading journalists have been visiting Detroit in the past three weeks at the invitation of the Automobile Manufacturers' Association. Reprints of dispatches by these correspondents have been distributed daily by the association to all newspapers, sometimes as many as fifteen stories being sent out in one mailing.

THOMAS R. AMLIE, former Congressman from Wisconsin, has been appointed Washington representative of the Union for Democratic Action. Amlie, whose office will serve as a clearing-house for non-government liberals in Washington, was one of the leaders of the La Follette Progressives before the present war and was at one time head of the Farmer-Labor Federation. He split with the La Follette group two years ago on the issue of American intervention in the war, which he supported.

FROM A RECENT ISSUE of the London *Times:* "Every effort should be made to keep sport going in this country on as big a scale as possible, for if there is to be no sport there will be no results to send out to our poor fellows in Germany, many of whom probably do not yet know that Owen Tudor won the New Derby at Newmarket."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

For the Duration

A GOOD many people are saying goodby these days—and certainly mine is not the most difficult farewell. But it is bad enough. I have been happy on this page. I don't want to leave it. I have been aware that it has been a sort of country product in the company of the intellectual and the erudite. I would not have had it otherwise. I wanted to be a "native at large." But in such company, if I was not always wise, I was always free. I said what I wanted to say. I hope I may have said some things that needed to be said. And there are still so many things—there always will be so many things—that need to be said, in freedom, in America.

A man about to try to do a job in this great business which is still too often and too softly called defense can be surer that America is worth defending because it contains such free journals for the free mind as *The Nation*. Maybe the best place for a man who wants to be a patriot without trimmings in this emergency is on such a page. I am still not sure that I cannot do more at a typewriter than at a defense desk. But choices have to be made. I chose Washington. But I should like to make it clear in departure that I am not claiming any credit for making a sacrifice. I am going to do a job I want to do, even if I want to do it because I believe in this country. I am not going into danger or dramatics. I hope I am not going to be a bureaucrat in that Washington I have so often reported on this page as too big and bewildering. I still find it big and bewildering. The first four nights I spent in Washington I slept in four different beds. I have not yet eaten a meal at the same table twice. I'm not in Washington as one of those dollar-a-year men I've inveighed against on this page. I'm going as a working man with a chance to take part in the work most worth doing in my lifetime in America. As far as I am concerned, it is the only job on earth.

I believe the work I am going to have a chance to help with—the volunteer services of Americans in defense of America—is important. Indeed, I feel that the entirely non-military functions of civilian defense may grow more important as the months go by. Last year, as a nation, we bought more consumers' goods than were ever before produced in America, or in any other country. That is the best indicator I know that we were still rich and getting fatter in a world at war. In such a year it was hard to make it apparent that savings in terms of people or materials meant patriotism. Civilian defense seemed appealing only in the limited terms of the work of the air-raid wardens, filter-center workers, and fire fighters. We shall soon begin another year, with an income tax which digs down deeper than ever before into the pockets of taxpayers. We have begun to have rationing and shall have more, as both consumers and salesmen are beginning to discover. But if times become tougher, as war times are expected to be, they may teach us also that in total war that civilian service is greatest which saves the most hands and resources to throw into total aggressive war. The civilians in the air-raid services which seemed so dramatic last year may have to wait a long time for air raids. We can hope so. The rest of us cannot delay the activities which will make it possible for us to save materials and man-power and turn them into the strength which will support our determination on victory. The undramatic services and sacrifices add up to the dramatic hope of success in total war.

I believe in the certainty of that success. I believe in it because I have no doubts about the quality of America. But I want to get out of government as soon as we are successfully out of war. It is not a little thing to me that success will mean a chance for a man to write on a free page such as mine has been in *The Nation*. I hope I can come back to it. Indeed, Freda Kirchwey has been good enough to suggest that I continue writing it from Washington. But I know she agrees with me that, even for such a bureaucrat as I may turn out to be in Washington, this is not a part-time war to be worked at in part-time jobs. Indeed, it seems to me to be the one job of any importance to us all.

Even if I cannot come back to the full freedom given me on this page, at least I have had it. For some twenty months I have had a chance to have my say. I have had my chance in America, too. It has not been a perfect America. In it trooped people who found it a long way from perfection. It has plenty of faults now not to be neglected in the midst of war. I do not expect America to be perfect even when we shall have made that best possible peace after victory. I do not expect us to reach the ideal even with mechanized equipment produced according to the best American standards of production. But America as it is now is still worth all we've got to give. I'm hoping—along with more Americans than any of us can count—that what I've got will be worth something to that America.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE END OF THE LINE

BY RANDALL JARRELL

WHAT has impressed everyone about modernist poetry is its *differentness*. The familiar and rather touching "I like poetry—but not modern poetry" is only another way of noticing what almost all criticism has emphasized: the violent separation between modernist poetry and the essentially romantic poetry of the preceding hundred years. This separation was enough to discredit modernist poetry with "conventional" poets, critics, and readers, who were satisfied with romantic poetry; and more "advanced" poets and critics—who usually disliked romanticism with all the fervor of converts—were delighted to find modernist poetry as different as possible from romantic poetry. "Romantic," once again, after almost two centuries, became a term of derogation; correspondingly, there grew up a rather blank cult of the "classical," and poets like Eliot began to hint that they were the new classicism for which we—or perhaps I should say they—had been impatiently searching.

In this essay I want to develop a different theory of the relationship of modernist and romantic poetry. But if the reader understands me to be using "romantic" as an unfavorably weighted term, most of what I say will be badly distorted. A good many romantic tendencies seem to me bad ones, and some of the better tendencies, if exaggerated enough, become vicious; but a great deal of the best poetry I know is romantic. Of course, one can say almost that about neo-classicism, metaphysical poetry, modernism, or most other tendencies in English poetry; if the reader brings up that superior tendency, classicism, let me answer that I have never heard of two people who could agree on any English "classical" tradition. It is not strange that any real movement, compared with this wax monster, comes off nowhere; but it is strange that anyone should take the comparison for a real one. I shall pay more attention to unfortunate or exaggerated romantic tendencies because these are the most characteristic: the "good" tendencies of movements are far more alike than the "bad" ones; a proof that two movements are essentially similar needs to show that their bad or exaggerated tendencies resemble each other. People often condemn critics for using terms like "romantic" or "neo-classic"; but this is like condemning them for having legs instead of wheels.

Modernist poetry—the poetry of Pound, Eliot, Crane, Tate, Stevens, Cummings, Moore, MacLeish, et cetera—appears to be and is generally considered to be a violent break with romanticism; it is actually, I believe, an extension of romanticism, an end-product in which most of the tendencies of romanticism have been carried to their limits. Romanticism—whether considered as the product of a whole culture or, in isolation, as a purely literary phenomenon—is necessarily a process of extension, a vector; it presupposes a constant experimentalism, the indefinite attainment of "originality," generation after generation, primarily by the novel extrapolation of previously exploited processes. (Neo-classicism, in theory at least, is a static system.) All these romantic tendencies are exploited to their limits; and the movement which carries out this final exploitation, apparently so different from earlier stages of the same process, is what we call modernism. Then, at last, romanticism is confronted with an impasse, a critical point, a genuinely novel situation that it can meet successfully only by contriving genuinely novel means—that is, means that are essentially non-romantic; the romantic means have already been exhausted. Until these new means are found (they have not been, and I am reluctant to imply that they can be found, at will, without the social changes that are their concomitant), romanticism operates by repeating its last modernist successes or by reverting to its earlier stages; but its normal development has ended, and—the momentum that gave it most of its attraction gone—it becomes a relatively eclectic system, much closer to neo-classicism than it has hitherto been. (A few of these last romanticists actually go over into neo-classicism). If this account seems odd or unlikely to the reader, let me remind him that the same course of development is extremely plain in modern music.

A good many factors combine to conceal the essentially romantic character of modernist poetry. 1. A great quantitative change looks like a qualitative one: for instance, the attenuation or breaking-up of form characteristic of romanticism will not be recognized or tolerated by the average romantic when it reaches its limit in modernist poetry. 2. The violent contrast between the modernist limits of romantic tendencies and the earlier stages of these tendencies, practiced belatedly and eclectically by "conventional" poets, is an important source of confusion. 3. Most of the best modern criticism of poetry is extremely anti-romantic—a poet's criticism is frequently not a reflection of but a compensation for his own poetry; and this change in theory has helped to hide the lack of any essential change in practice. 4. Modernist poems, while possessing some romantic tendencies in hypertrophied forms, often lack others so noticeably that the reader disregards the ones they have, especially since these may be too common for him to be conscious of them as specifically romantic. (Most of the romantic qualities that poetry has specialized in for the last 150 years seem to the average reader "normal" or "poetic," what poetry inescapably is.) 5. Romanticism holds in solution contradictory tendencies which, when isolated and exaggerated in modernism, look startlingly opposite both to each other and to the earlier stages of romanticism. 6. Both modernist and conventional critics have been unable to see the fundamental similarities between modernist and romantic poetry because they were

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unwilling to see anything but differences: these were to the former a final recommendation, to the latter a final condemnation.

We can understand modernist poetry better by noticing where and how it began. The English poetry that we call *fin de siècle*—the most important tendency of its time—was a limit of one easily recognizable extension of romanticism. These "decadent" poets were strongly influenced by Baudelaire, Verlaine, and similar French poets. Rimbaud, Laforgue, and Corbière—who had already written plainly "modern" poetry—had no influence on them. Why? Because a section of French poetry was developing a quarter-century ahead of English poetry: Rimbaud wrote typically modernist poetry in the '70's; in the '90's a surrealist play, Jarry's "Ubu Roi," scared the young Yeats into crying: "After us the Savage God!" France, without England's industrial advantages and enormous colonial profits, had had little of the Victorian prosperity which slowed up the economic and political rate of change in England. And—if we stick to a part of the culture, literature—the rate of change could be greater in France because romanticism was more of a surface phenomenon there. English poetry was not *ready* to be influenced by French modernism for many years. Meanwhile there were two movements so beautifully suited to criticism that I can hardly bear to neglect them. Accompanying the triumph of prose naturalism there was a prosy, realistic, small-scale, and extremely limited reaction against "decadent" poetry (it included Robinson, Frost, Masters, Masefield, some of the Georgians, etc.); it had about it something rather safe, small, and dowdy that reminds one of the last fictitious lull that was its political and economic counterpart. The other movement, imagism, carried four or five romantic tendencies to their limits with the hot-house perfection of a mathematical demonstration.

French modernist poetry first influenced poetry in English through Americans, who lacking a determining or confining tradition of their own, were particularly accessible and susceptible. Pound and Eliot were expatriates in both space and time; their methods have always been those of a Picasso without much talent for organization. (But both, to a European, must seem peculiarly American; one could with justice call Pound the Henry Ford of culture, or say that both Pound and Eliot represent the successful application of American industrial methods to literature.) Pound, that great source of modernist influences, is the plainest example of the shift from late romanticism into modernism. After many years of Browning imitations, of Pre-Raphaelite pastiches from the Middle Ages, he passes through imagism into modernism. Another fine example is the Irish expatriate Joyce, who, beginning with *fin de siècle* lyrics, goes on to the modernist poetry of "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake"—as Edmund Wilson has observed, parts of these are plainly poetry.

Since I have no space to talk chronologically or in terms of individual poets, I am going to support my theory with a list of the general characteristics of modernist poetry. 1. A pronounced experimentalism; "originality" is everyone's aim, and novel techniques are as much prized as new scientific discoveries. Eliot states it with surprising naivete: "It is exactly as wasteful for a poet to do what has been done already as for a biologist to rediscover Mendel's discoveries." 2. External formlessness and internal disorganization; these are justified either as the disorganization necessary to express a disorganized age or as new and more complex forms of organization. This tendency is extended to language, syntax, punctuation. Meter becomes irregular or disappears; the rhythmical flow of verse is broken up into a jerky half-prose *collage* or *montage*. 3. Heightened emotional intensity; violence of every sort. 4. Obscurity, inaccessibility: logic, both for structure and for texture, is neglected; without this for a ground the masses of the illogical or a-logical lose much of their effectiveness. The poet's peculiar erudition and allusiveness (compare the Alexandrian poet Lycophron) consciously restrict his audience to a small, highly specialized group; the poet is a specialist like everyone else. He intimidates or overawes the reader with a professional pose that may be unkindly paraphrased as "Even if I try to talk down to you, I'm so cultivated, so really different, that I can't help talking about all these things you never heard of, in a way too complicated or subtle for you ever to understand." *Epater les bourgeois* is a policy that adds to the popularity it had enjoyed with earlier romantics. 5. A lack of restraint, order, proportion: all tendencies are forced to their limits, even contradictory tendencies—and not merely in the same movement but, frequently, in the same poet or the same poem. Some modernist poetry puts an unparalleled emphasis on texture, connotation, violently "interesting" language (attained partly by an extension of romantic principles, partly by a more violent rhetoric based on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century practices); but there has never before been such prosaic poetry—conversational-colloquial verse without even a pretense at meter. 6. A great emphasis on details—on parts, not wholes. Poetry is essentially lyric: the rare narrative or expository poem is a disorganized collocation of lyric details. Poetry exploits particulars and avoids and condemns generalizations. 7. The typical romantic preoccupation with sensation, perceptual nuances. 8. A preoccupation with the unconscious, dreams, the stream of consciousness, the thoroughly subjective and irrational: this *surréaliste* emphasis might better have been called *sous-réaliste.*

9. Irony of every type, Byronic, Laforguian, or helplessly sentimental. Poetry is noticeably negativist; it rejects rather than accepts, is embarrassed at any affirmation. 10. *Fauve* or neo-primitive elements. 11. Modernist poets, though they may write about the ordinary life of the time, are removed from it, have highly specialized relations with it. The poet's realism is employed as indictment, as justification for his own isolation; prosaic and sordid details become important as what writers like Stevens and Williams somewhat primitively think of as the *anti-poetic.* Contemporary life is condemned, patronized, or treated as a rather disgraceful aberration or special case (compared with the past); the poet hangs out the window of the Ivory Tower making nasty but unintelligible remarks about what is happening below—he accepts the universe with several volumes of reservations. What was happening below was bad enough; but it was the poet's material, his world, all he had; and his rejection or patronizing acceptance on his own terms—and what terms they were!—was a grave limitation. 12. Individual-

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ism, isolation. The poet is not only different from the rest of society, but as different as possible from other poets; all this differentness is exploited to the limit—is used as subject-matter, even. Each poet develops an elaborate, personalized, bureaucratized machinery of effect; *refine your singularities* is everybody's maxim. 13. These poets dislike and condemn science, industrialism, humanitarianism, "progress," the main tendencies of Western development; they want desperately to return to the past, to an essentially literary-philosophical-theological world view.

This complex of qualities is essentially romantic, and the poetry that exhibits it is the culminating point of romanticism.

It is the end of the line. We can go back and repeat the ride; we can settle in little atavistic colonies along the street-car track; we can repudiate the whole system, *à la* Winters, for some neo-classical donkey caravan of our own. But Modernism as We Know It—the most successful and influential body of poetry of this century—is dead. Compare the current copy of *Poetry* with a ten-year-old one. Who could have believed that modernism would collapse so fast? Only someone who realized that it was impossible for it to go any farther; that it was a beyond-which-not. How can poems be written that are more violent, more disorganized, more obscure, more—supply your own adjective—than those that have already been written? But if modernism could not go any farther, it was equally impossible for it to stay where it was; even if the development of our whole society had not been forcing it on, how could a movement completely dynamic in character, as "progressive" as the science and industrialism that accompanied it, manage to become static or retrogressive without going to pieces? Fifteen or eighteen years ago there were a dozen good young American poets—all, with animal certainty, pouring out experimental verse. What has become of them? Where are the poets to take their place? Today there is an embarrassment of choices: young poets can choose—do choose—to write anything from surrealism to imitations of Robert Bridges; the only thing they have no choice about is making a choice. The Muse, forsaking her sterner laws, says to everyone: "Do what you will." But first-rate romantic poetry, unlike neo-classic, is almost always produced by poets who are at that moment "advanced," carrying tendencies to their limits; if we eclectically reproduce earlier stages of romanticism we get Benét—how delighted I am with the ambiguity that makes this refer both to William Rose and Stephen Vincent—plaster casts. Just now poets are in a bad spot—one which a few will escape from, one which a great many will never even hear about.

For a long time society and poetry have been developing in the same direction, have exploited certain tendencies to their limits: how can anyone fail to realize that the individualist excesses of modernist poetry are the necessary concomitants of the individualist excesses of late-capitalist society? (The absurdly perfect example is Jeffers, caught up in the throes of an individualism so exaggerated that he despises any bonds—society, people, life itself. Old Rocky Face, perched on his sea crag, is the last of laissez faire; Free Economic Man at the end of his rope.) Modernist poets—aggressively experimental, isolated, anti-social, individualist—rushed toward the limits of tendencies, alongside their society, with

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HANS KOHN

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THIS AGE OF FABLE

The Political and Economic World We Live In

*By GUSTAV STOLPER

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK : Publishers : New York

the greatest confidence; when, by the '30's, these limits are reached, what becomes of the individualists of the '20's? They reach desperately for any collectivist emphasis: Catholicism, social credit, agrarianism, fascism, communism. Their work changes: they write neo-classic criticism and verse, or write political criticism and verse, or stop writing; one or two heartlessly or helplessly repeat the old, to the uncomprehending dismay of the others—remember the reception of Cummings's last book, everyone's genuine astonishment at his being able to keep on almost as before.

Auden has been so influential because his poetry is the most successful and novel reaction against modernist romanticism; very few of the modernist tendencies I have listed are important in his work. (The youngest English poets, who react against Auden's reaction—Thomas, for instance—have been forced to return, with a different emphasis, to the semi-surrealist excesses of some modernist poetry.) But Auden, though moving in the direction of a solution, soon goes past it into didacticism and abstraction.

I am afraid that my hypothesis, without the mass of evidence that makes a theory plausible, or the tangle of extensions and incidental insights that makes it charming, may seem improbable or unpleasant to many readers. But I hope no one will dislike it because he thinks it an attack on romanticism or modernism. This has been description, not condemnation; Burke said you can't condemn a whole people, and I hope I am not such a fool as to condemn a century and a half of a world. (Besides, I liked it—a lot of it, anyway.) Let me ask the reader, if he disagrees with my theory, to look once again at the poems of Pound or Eliot or Crane or MacLeish—the proof or disproof of it is there.

Homage to Ezra Pound

BY GILBERT HIGHET

AND so depart into dark
long in limbo, hornet-stung and following battered flags
and then manufacturing various hells for his own enemies
all stamped EZRA POUND
(Phoebus, what a name
to swill the speaking trump, *gloriae futuris*)
though ole T. S. E. proclaimed his maestro
and in *such* prose, my God
constipated but dignified like an elderly cat
"trying his technique so that it will be ready like a well-oiled fire-engine when the moment comes to strain it to the utmost," ooh, my God, *splendeur Dex!*

But the *Criterion* folded
(good old *Criterion* many a happy hour
have I spent at the bar watching the lovelies
shantih
shantih?
No, 'e shan't!)
and the Cantos went not with a bang but a fizzle
didn't even get ther ber-luddy reviews
and the expatriate adorers all came running back to mamma's womb
so there was no one left to visit the shrine. . . .

We have observed, quoth Plinius, that sacrifices hitherto popular in many provinces of the empire have now almost ceased, to the great impoverishment of butchers, graziers, and the like. *Dabam Romae prid. III Kal. Iul.:* that's June 1, buddy, in their dago lingo. . . .

And there sat the well-oiled fire-engine
all ready to strain its gutmost
eek ow ouf honk honk
unable to think, but ready to quote and paraphrase in six languages
including Provençal. . . .
ei didl didl
li chat e li fidl
it took a man like Ezra to kill Provençal poetry for us. . . .

And he had learnt all he could
not a hell of a lot
στεῖϱαν βοῦν = sterile bulls, that was a good one, Canto I
a significant bit of bull
Cimbrorumque minas = Welsh coal mines, meant to be funny, maybe?
pretty damn funny, anyway
QUAINT like all his Chinese and Greeks and Romans
they appear QUAINT to Homer Pound's boy from the backwoods
the Idaho poeta. . . .

And his temper was never good, you get eccentric living in Rapallo and loving
BEAUTY
the Emperor is at Ko
but No
silken strings shiver no longer, clashing of smilax, dark nuts on the dry bough, nuts on wet earth, nuts
it's lonesome too being the only one who understands
Caius Properzius,
'Alkaios,
Li Pu,
all great guys,
an' I *know* 'em, see?
Uncle Ezry on the Acropopopoulos, the rube at his grocery stove
gignetei colon
:
SO?
So he took to damning his own country, living in Rapallo and Rome
among the blackshirted brownbottomed yellowhearted Heroes
the gallant macaronis that ran from the Greeks, 3 to 1
aera!
aera!!
whoosh!!!
—sure, Ezra loved 'em:
the lover of the third-rate loving fascist Italia e l'IMPERO pfft
the bogus aristocrat wanting Discipline and no Lower Classes

A Great* NATION *Correspondent Probes Victory and Peace

DAWN OF VICTORY

by Louis Fischer

All the skill at looking behind the surface of events, the objectivity of approach, and the world viewpoint which thoughtful readers have found in Louis Fischer's twenty years of writing for *The Nation* and in his revealing autobiography, *Men and Politics,* are here concentrated in *Dawn of Victory* which weighs the chances for victory in both war and peace . . . and presents a daring forecast of the peace which will be widely and heatedly discussed on both sides of the Atlantic.

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DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE, Inc., NEW YORK

So Ezra attacked the ole USA and pluto-bolsho-Britain
Jews, & negroes, & Roosevelt, & armament trusts, & usurers
melodious swill-pipe for Goebbels
(Frank Sullivan says Gayda is the only newspaperman that can write the way a Pekinese barks. . . He shd read Ezra's XIVth Canto. . . .
tender . . .
like a centaur's asphodel . . .)

And so to his own hell, the last hell, the ninth hell, Antenora of ice
for traitors
teeth gnashing like the chattering of storks

American Dream vs. Nightmare

AMERICA AND WORLD MASTERY. By John MacCormac. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.

AMERICA IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By Allan Nevins. Oxford University Press. $1.

WHILE these two books, one by a thoughtful journalist and the other by a historian, are not identical in purpose, they supplement each other admirably and arrive at fairly similar conclusions. Both of them deal with the curious mixture of isolationism and imperialism in American foreign policy, of the impulse to withdraw from the world and the impulse to dominate it. MacCormac examines with real penetration the search for a "synthesis for the isolationism which the United States has always preached and sometimes practiced and the expansionism which it has frequently practiced but seldom admitted." He recognizes that the combination of youth and power, of a youthful nation's immaturity in foreign relations and a great nation's sense of power, helped to generate this inconsistency and the self-deception which accompanied it. "Americans," he writes, "had achieved a continental imperialism as inevitably as a boy stretches his limbs in growth. But they had always felt the uneasy necessity to justify or to glorify it under such pleas as natural right, propinquity, paramount interest, political affinity, the need of self-defense, etc." It must be noted of course that this kind of moral pretense is not uniquely American, not even uniquely Anglo-Saxon.

In his chapter on the History of a Neurosis MacCormac presents the climax of this ambivalence in the World War and the post-war period, when the rather spiritualized sense of power and world responsibility of Wilsonian internationalism gave way to the impulse of withdrawal: "The dream was overpowered by the nightmare. The revolt was led by Senators Lodge and Beveridge, who twenty years earlier had been imperialists."

Mr. Nevins sheds added light upon this inconsistency of American foreign politics by showing to what degree the President and the Department of State have always been inclined to accept the more positive and responsible attitude toward world affairs, while the great power of the Senate in treaty-making permitted isolationist impulses, particularly those of the agrarian states, to introduce contradictory notes into American foreign policy. The persistence of this inconsistency in our foreign relations is really quite remarkable, and Mr. Nevins traces it with skill.

Mr. MacCormac is convinced that future world organization must be within the framework of a new League of Nations, but that if it is to be implemented by power it must have a stable Anglo-Saxon hegemony. He therefore regards the elimination of political misunderstandings and economic tensions between the two great Anglo-Saxon powers as of paramount importance. For this reason he gives special attention to the various causes of misunderstanding between the two peoples. In contrasting our more bourgeois and egalitarian democracy with the amalgam of feudal-aristocratic and bourgeois elements which we know as British democracy, the author proves himself a really wise and understanding friend of both nations. He discusses the differences with wit as well as wisdom. Yet despite his great appreciation of British achievements he comes to the conclusion that the British have "been long wretchedly represented and lately have been disastrously led by a ruling class which seems to have outlived its historic mission. . . . Some of the proconsuls it has lately dispatched to the United States could not have been more exquisitely unfitted for their mission if they had been chosen by Adolf Hitler himself." Does he mean Lord Halifax?

Mr. MacCormac comes to the rather astounding conclusion that if the impulse of isolationism should overtake us once more after this war, Britain would have no other recourse than an Anglo-German control of Europe.

Mr. Nevins does not give advice in regard to the future. He contents himself with the more modest task of historical analysis. But it is the kind of analysis which illumines the future and points unmistakably to the necessity of the United States assuming responsibilities commensurate with its preponderant power.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Dr. Vespucci

AMERIGO: A COMEDY OF ERRORS IN HISTORY. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $2.

STEFAN ZWEIG deserves a prize for writing a book about Amerigo Vespucci without losing his temper. True, he does not tell us anything more about America's eponym than E. G. Bourne did in one chapter of his "Spain in America," less than Diego Luis Molinari does in his recent "Nacimiento del Nuevo Mundo," and neither lost his temper; but they were historians, not biographers. The biographers of Vespucci either have been angrily cocksure that he was an impostor who never went to sea or claim that he was a greater navigator than Columbus. Stefan Zweig presents the genial hypothesis that Vespucci was mainly a clever writer who profited unconsciously by a series of literary errors. His letters to his old friends in Florence were so amusing that they got into print; because the voyage of 1499 with Alonso de Hojeda along the Pearl Coast was redated 1497 by the Florentine scribe or printer, people inferred that Vespucci reached the mainland before Columbus; and as Florence was only interested in her home-town boy, the name of Captain Hojeda was not mentioned.

To the reviewer this seems plausible. He once shipped at

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Says . . . . .

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INSIDE HITLER

by KURT KRUEGER, M. D.

Hitler's Doctor from 1919 to 1934

Introduction by **UPTON SINCLAIR** • *Preface by* **DR. K. ARVID ENLIND**, U. S. MEDICAL RESERVE

TOM COLLINS in *The Kansas City Journal:* "If the personal physician of Hitler came and sat in your front room, and for three hours told you the intimate things his patient told him in his effort to get his tortured mind cured by psychoanalysis, you'd count it quite an experience, wouldn't you? I've had what amounts to that experience (in reading INSIDE HITLER) and it's left me bothered, shaken, and decidedly more thoughtful."

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JOHN MCHUGH in *The Boston Herald:* "There is nothing like it in the abundant literature written around this man. INSIDE HITLER helps us realize what is ravaging the world. . . . The reader is supplied, literally, with the naked truth."

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the Azores a local seaman named Henrique who was a good sailmaker but illiterate and with no pretension to be anything but a foremast hand. After our *Capitana* had reached Lisbon, and the Portuguese newspaper correspondents had interviewed the crew, we were amused to read in the paper that "Captain Henrique joined the *Capitana* at Ponta Delgada and took command." But I am not so easily convinced of the innocence of Vespucci as of Henrique; for Vespucci never mentions captain or shipmate on any one of his four voyages. He was "All Alone in Cubia," as Mr. Dooley said of Theodore Roosevelt's book. It is possible that a publisher of 1504, when confronted with Vespucci's account of his first voyage, might have said, "Hey! There's enough material here for two voyages!" and told his devil to make it two, dating No. 1 a couple of years earlier. An instance of similar garbling in these early travelogues is the voyage to the Pearl Coast in the Thacher or Sneyd Codex, which Dr. W. J. Wilson is endeavoring to build up into a new voyage of Columbus but which I think is made up from bits of this Hojeda-Vespucci voyage and from Columbus's third. Before Amerigo's death in 1512 he had ample opportunity to correct these omissions and errors, but he simply "sat pretty" while his fictitious reputation increased.

Stefan Zweig believes that Amerigo did after all deserve to have something named after him, on the ground that, if he was not the discoverer of the Continent, he was the first to call it *Mundus Novus,* Columbus having insisted that it was Asia. "By so doing he disperses the fog clouding the great discoverer's eye to his own feat." "Vespucci actually completes the discovery of America." Now this is plain hokum, as Mr. Zweig might have learned by consulting the works of Bourne and Nunn. Peter Martyr d'Anghiera hailed Columbus as *Novi Orbis repertor* in 1493; so by Mr. Zweig's principles America should have been named Angleria. Moreover, Columbus on his 1498 voyage declared he had found an *Otro Mundo,* unknown to the ancients, which occupied the same position relative to China as Australia does. There is nothing in Vespucci's writings to suggest that he had any other conception of his New World than Columbus had of his Other World. Plenty of maps came out after Vespucci, representing North America as an extension of Asia, and South America, *the* America, as an immense island. Even Magellan's voyage did not at once end this geographical heresy, initiated by Columbus and certainly not quenched by Vespucci.

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The naming of America, as Mr. Zweig shows, arose out of a combination of pedantry and ignorance for which Amerigo was only indirectly responsible. A young instructor at an obscure gymnasium in the Vosges, writing an introduction to a new geography, and ignorant of Columbus's work, suggested that as Europe and Asia were named after women, this "fourth part of the world" *discovered* by Amerigo should be called "America." Strangely enough, this suggestion by an unimportant pedant was taken up everywhere in Northern Europe, even for more than it was worth. The young instructor meant America to be the name of Brazil and there placed it on his own map, but Sir Thomas More has his North American Utopia (1516) discovered by Vespucci. Only Spain and Portugal failed to snap at the America naming—for they knew Amerigo. Spain called the New World Las Indias throughout the colonial period; the first Spanish map to use the name "America" is of 1758; and the Portuguese, whose empire of Brazil was Amerigo's original *Novus Mundus,* ignored both him and it. The name "America" has been particularly appropriated by that part of the New World never seen by Amerigo and unknown to his donnish promoter! A comedy of errors, indeed.

A writer with the language equipment and literary gifts of Stefan Zweig might have done a better job on Amerigo, even within this modest compass. It seems not unreasonable that he should have mastered the critical and controversial literature on Vespucci, much of which has appeared recently, before giving the public what purports to be the real facts. I allude especially to the work of Northup, Alberti, Magnaghi, Almagià, and Vignaud. He has inverted the misprint of *Parias* as *Lariab,* which has a vital bearing on the alleged voyage of 1497. His march-of-time chapter, "A. D. 1000. A dark and heavy slumber lies over the Western world," etc., one could well spare in favor of a translation of the Vespucci letter recently discovered by Alberti, or George Tyler Northup's excellent translation of "Mundus Novus." Mr. Zweig does reproduce the original tract in facsimile; but not many of his public can read abbreviated Renaissance Latin in black letter, and there are better facsimiles for scholars. Finally, there are some data in the Vespuccian tracts which are of significance in the history of celestial magnetism; but of these Mr. Zweig says nothing. Like so many writers on the discovery of America, he loses interest in the navigators as soon as they step aboard ship.

As for Vespucci, his fame is based on pleasantly written narratives of voyages, at least one of which was fictitious and none of which he commanded. He still remains, after all the explanations and apologetics, the Dr. Cook of the great age of discovery. SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

Shakespeare and His Audience

SHAKESPEARE'S AUDIENCE. By Alfred Harbage. Columbia University Press. $2.25.

THE question "Who went to the Elizabethan theater?" is one of more than merely antiquarian interest. All sorts of conclusions concerning Shakespeare's aims and methods, even concerning the conditions under which genius is most likely to flourish, have been based upon the usual assumption that the bulk of the spectators at the first performance of "Hamlet" were disreputable in one way or another. Professor Harbage, whose competence has been demonstrated by several previous works of scholarship, reopens the whole question, weighs evidence more carefully than it has ever been weighed before, and comes to some fresh conclusions. Because he carries his learning lightly, his little book is also entertaining reading.

There are, of course, no attendance records for any one of the Elizabethan theaters, but Henslowe's famous diary does preserve a record of his receipts, and we do know what admission charges were to the various places in the theater. Juggling all the figures, Mr. Harbage succeeds in making it seem probable that Elizabethan theaters held a good many more people than is sometimes assumed, that about 13 per cent of the London population attended the theater weekly (as compared with the 65 per cent of the American population said to pay a weekly visit to the movies), and that the penny paid for admission to the pit represented about the same proportion of a workman's earnings as is represented today by the thirty cents which will buy admission to a movie. Upper-class people certainly went to the theater also, as we know from some direct evidence, as well as from the indirect evidence furnished by the fact that more expensive places were provided. Why, then, the assumption that the Elizabethan audience was not a cross-section of the entire population probably quite as representative as a movie audience today, but, instead, composed largely of disreputable elements?

Mr. Harbage's answer to this question is to me even more interesting, and perhaps even more convincing, than his statistical deductions concerning the size of the audience. Surely we would need very positive evidence to prove the inherently improbable assumption that the finest poetry in the English language was relished chiefly by the lowest elements in the population, and Professor Harbage shows that such evidence simply does not really exist. There is, to be sure, plenty of contemporary testimony furnished by Puritans and stern distrusters of popular amusement, but the same kind of testimony also regularly describes the plays themselves as "scurrilous," "impious," "blasphemous," and the like; and unless we are ready to accept as unprejudiced such descriptions of Shakespeare's plays, there seems no good reason for accepting judgments from the same kind of

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sources on Shakespeare's audience. And yet even Sir Edmund Chambers seems to take it for granted that the atmosphere of the playhouse was as bad as its enemies maintained.

In a concluding chapter Professor Harbage asks our indulgence for some pure speculation concerning the effect of a representative audience, neither exclusively highbrow nor exclusively lowbrow, on the creative artist. He thinks Shakespeare had such an audience, that it brought out the best in him, and that if the even more nearly perfect audience enjoyed by the movies does not produce masterpieces, that is probably because too many executives, collaborators, agents, and what not come between that audience and the artist who is striving to use the medium of the film. I doubt, however, that it is quite so simple as this, or that it is much safer to say "the great public wants the best" than it is to say "public taste is always bad." I suspect that any audience, specialized or general, usually wants the best of the kind of thing it wants, but that its taste is limited in various ways at various times. There seems to have been an epoch in Italy when everybody was interested in painting, just as, broadly speaking, everybody today is interested in science and technology. Your average American wants the best radio he can get, but that does not mean that he wants the best painting or that one of the Italians said to have carried Cimabue's Virgin in triumph through the streets would have wanted the best dramatic poetry. Elizabethans were sensitive to words, especially to high astounding terms, and they were capable of appreciating the best that could be given them. But it is not certain that even the most representative American audience, in closest possible touch with its men of letters, would necessarily demand of them the best they could give.

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Mme Undset's Report

RETURN TO THE FUTURE. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Henriette C. K. Naeseth. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

NEVER tell a lie. And don't tell the truth—unless you have to," is an old Norse saying for which I am indebted to Mme Undset; I do not find it among the many Norwegian proverbs and adages that give a homey touch to this story of her experiences during the war in Norway, her flight to Sweden, and her journey through Russia and Japan. The book does, however, live up to the prescription. She clearly had to tell the story. And, as a great writer, she is incapable of telling a lie.

Sigrid Undset saw it happen, and it is good to have in forthright language the living testimony of a human being who is a woman and a mother before she is a writer or thinker about what that evil thing, Nazi aggression, means on the spot. In this country such awareness is all too far away as yet. Mme Undset lost a son in the fighting in Norway, She does not make a secret of it, but people seeking for emotional thrills in her presentation of that episode will be disappointed. It is no coincidence that the comrades of her son described him as "quiet in manner, undemonstrative."

Mme Undset writes as a Norwegian. She places the Norwegian campaign in its proper perspective. She never lets you forget that Norway is her homeland. But this Norwegian approach is linked with a world view that takes account of the sufferings and efforts of other nations. She recalls the fight in northern Norway of a Norwegian army and fleet together with Englishmen, Poles, and French *chasseurs alpins*—"these last and the people up there were as congenial as Scotch and soda" is her phrase.

There may be readers who will find that Mme Undset has not quite lived up to her prescription in the chapters entitled Fourteen Days in Russia and Japan *en Passant*. The picture is dark in the one case and light in the other. Even if she were telling the truth one might argue that she did not have to tell it at a moment when we are fighting alongside the Russians and against the Japanese. But her observations are clearly and honestly qualified in both cases. The very titles of those two chapters are serious qualifications. And she does pose a problem which the democracies must face during the war, as well as when peace is won. The totalitarian nations have so far fought better and more successfully than the democracies, while sacrificing everything in the way of human values and improved standards of living.

She uncompromisingly affirms her own faith in the democratic way: "For in spite of everything, with the world as it has become today, it is certain that the victory of democracy along the whole line is the only guaranty of a better future, for all nations and all peoples, through endless centuries." And I know no better presentation of matured thinking on post-war reconstruction than her final chapter: Return to the Future.

BJARNE BRAATOY

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Dwight of Yale

TIMOTHY DWIGHT: A BIOGRAPHY. By Charles E. Cuningham. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

NEVER before has it been more evident how closely our critical and biographical estimates are related to the prevailing sense of security or of danger. The booming twenties gave us a biography that was usually hard, often scornful, and sometimes contemptuous in its treatment of persons who had formerly been objects of veneration. During recent years and months, however, we have begun to realize that there was something quite indispensable in those virtues that once seemed parochial and outworn. We are now learning once more to respect those orthodoxies and fidelities which are the products not of ease but of danger. Now and then we look back a little wistfully at the heroes of our national past, wishing that the attitude of hero-worship had not been quite so violently assailed in the presence of those who are now called upon to be themselves heroic.

What this amounts to is that our pose of ultra-sophistication, a familiar trait of adolescence, is no longer fashionable. We are now making rapid progress toward the simplicity of really mature minds. And in this change a good many readjustments in our estimates of ideas, ideals, events, and persons will be involved.

It was in 1925 that the late Vernon Louis Parrington, a fair representative of the sophisticated attitude toward the national mind, called Timothy Dwight "the most dogmatic of Yankee Puritans." This remark, both untrue and highly dogmatic in itself, was made possible by the fact that Parrington did not know much about Timothy Dwight. Mr. Cuningham, who knows a great deal about him, indulges in no such hyperboles. He is content to let the facts speak. One suspects that Parrington held it against Dwight that he was a Yankee, a Calvinist, a Federalist, and, perhaps worst of all, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards. To Mr. Cuningham these incontrovertible facts are easily forgivable. Parrington could say that Timothy Dwight "swept away" the small beginnings of scientific study that had been made at Yale by Ezra Stiles, his predecessor in the presidential chair. Mr. Cuningham tells the absorbing story of how Dwight instituted the study of chemistry at Yale by his unassisted main force, choosing for the first instructor in that subject a young graduate by the name of Benjamin Silliman who had not, at the time, heard so much as one lecture or read even one book on the subject.

One can see that Parrington disliked Timothy Dwight for his extreme conservatism, and it is interesting to observe that Mr. Cuningham admires the same man for his many audacious innovations. The fact is, of course, that Dwight was intensely conservative in matters of church and state—which matters, it should be added, he thought practically inseparable—but that he was inventive, imaginative, almost creative, in the field of education. With regard to what seemed to him the central questions his mind was definitely made up; one might say it had been since the lifetime of his grandfather. On that very account he felt perhaps the more free to diverge in other regards from the prejudices and practices of his time.

Timothy Dwight, the man who set Yale College on its way to becoming one of the world's foremost universities, is by no means an easy topic for a biographer. His activities

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and accomplishments covered a wide range. His industry was phenomenal. His influence in the religious, political, and educational life of his time is not easily overestimated. And yet there was no touch of genius in the man, or even of greatness. He fell very far below the intellectual and spiritual elevation of his grandfather. Neither was he the "prodigy of learning" that Van Wyck Brooks has called him. He was, of course, widely informed, according to the standards of his time and place, but he was not erudite. Living nearly all his life with boys and among admiring parishioners, always talking down, never leaving America or even New England, he acquired a very extensive knowledge of the sort that clergymen and schoolmasters are expected to have. And yet one would hesitate to call him a highly cultivated man.

Mr. Cuningham is nowhere sharply critical of Dwight. He does not point out that the man's thought is deficient in depth and in passion. On the whole, he admires the great president of Yale, and he does all that can be done to make his reader like him. His book is pleasant reading, written with good humor and not a little brilliancy of wit. Based in large part upon primary sources of information, it shows unusual skill in the techniques of research and also in the concealment of them.

One closes the book with the feeling that here is an important task thoroughly and finally done.

ODELL SHEPARD

Germany's "Lost Generation"

TIME WAS: DEATH OF A JUNKER. By Heinrich Hauser. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE most eloquent form of history is biography, but it is most eloquent, as well as most revealing of its times, when the author is hardly conscious that he is writing more than a personal history. Such unawareness cannot be expected of the autobiographers of the present day, when the roar of titanic events is dinning in the ears of every writer, as well as in those of less sensitive people. As a result, many a good artist becomes an indifferent journalist, and Heinrich Hauser is only partially an exception.

However, Hauser avoids the pitfall of didacticism by telling two distinct stories, his own and Germany's. When he is concerned with his personal story, his narrative unrolls almost like a documentary film, a series of staccato shots which build up an extraordinarily powerful effect. As the child of a Junker family he is surrounded by that mirage of security which rendered his little caste even more unready for the cataclysm of 1914 than its analogues in other countries. (In fact, the mirage survived almost until 1918.) As a boy of seventeen he enters the Reich's last army along with the aged and the infirm and the other human scrap which was salvaged for Germany's final war effort. As a disillusioned young member of the "lost generation" he seeks escape and adventure as a seaman. As an advertising expert for the Hamburg-America Line he watches starving unemployed workers turning Communist and witnesses the revolting brutality of waterfront brawls between Nazis and Communists. Through the first six years of Hitler's regime he knocks about Germany, chiefly concerned with the ever fiercer necessity of getting a living. In a final scene he revisits the old Junker homestead, which the family is preparing to abandon. "We are being melted down," Hauser's old uncle tells him, as the shabby butler pours cheap wine into costly crystal glasses. One can almost hear the ax hacking at the cherry orchard which it seems must be growing just outside the windows of the *Schloss.*

The other story which Hauser tells is of course familiar to us; how a despairing Germany turned its eyes on Hitler as its last hope, and how a good many Germans were disillusioned in the following years, among them some of the original Nazi enthusiasts. But Hauser is a professional journalist and a competent one, and he knows his terrain better than many foreign correspondents who have told the story before him. He adds some striking anecdotes to the record, notably those which concern the clandestine building up of Hitler's war machine.

Most memorable are the chapters describing the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* that great voice of liberalism and the humanities which spoke to Germany, and to the whole enlightened world, every day for three generations, and was not immediately silenced even when Hitler came to power. Everyone who has ever worked on a newspaper—and everyone who has not—will enjoy this glimpse into the genial bedlam which by some miracle got out three editions a day.

In spite of its hybrid character the book is a spellbinder. It is also a model of the art of translation.

BETSY HUTCHISON

James Joyce, Heretic

JAMES JOYCE: A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION. By Harry Levin. New Directions. $1.50.

THE shade of James Joyce is probably smiling rather sadly in its sleeve at this quite excellent study because, although it anatomizes the technical Joyce with penetration, it fights slightly shy of the spiritual *Poltergeists* that inhabit the technical Joyce. I mean that here the critic has either deliberately minimized or elected to overlook the fact that above everything else James Joyce suffered from the same sense of guilt that devastates the Dostoevskian and makes "The Ancient Mariner" a poem comparable in content with "Crime and Punishment." This sense of guilt arises, I think, from the knowledge that blasphemy is possible only to those who venerate the objects of their blasphemy. Thus the clue, the whole clue, and nothing but the clue to James Joyce is not Dublin but Rome. Apart, however, from the fact that this autopsy omits to take the heart out of the corpse of Joyce, it is at once scrupulous, intelligent, and expertly surgical. Mr. Levin deserves all the applause that I am sure his study will receive. Well, almost all. That he has, as I happen to feel, missed the mill where the gist of Joyce is ground down to a kind of anathematical eucharist, is not, finally, as important as the possibility that a gifted critic has at last appeared on the landscape.

It is because I recognize Mr. Levin's incontestable critical acumen that I am surprised he has not suspected that the hysterical and desperately heretical gestures of Joyce prove principally that he fought on the end of an orthodox religious tether. These gestures of blasphemy certainly do not prove that he had liberated himself from the orthodox. For Mr. Levin the act of Joycean blasphemy represents nothing more than a "rebellion" against the Roman Catholic church; but under this particular employment of the noun all the seven cycles of apostatic hell happen to be concealed. "Joyce," Mr. Levin remarks, "is orthodox enough to go on believing in hell." This sentence, properly speaking, should have presented us with the crossed keys to the solution of James Joyce. Both "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake" were written in spiritual circumstances that only a Dante Alighieri or a Julian the Apostate could perfectly visualize: for every word that James Joyce wrote took its dynamic from the thing he sought to escape. This, in two words, was God Almighty. Thus the best thumbnail introduction to Joyce is not Stuart Gilbert's concordance or Harry Levin's volume but Francis Thompson's all too facilely discredited "The Hound of Heaven." While Mr. Levin has demonstrably observed this dynamic of recoil in Joyce, I do not think that he has ascribed to it the dominance that in fact it possesses here. On the day he died Joyce was not an atheist or an agnostic or a Parsee or a Holy Roller; he was a Roman Catholic who hated Roman Catholicism.

It is, finally, as exegesis that this introduction to Joyce is most meritorious. For in the matter of specific elucidations the critic can dispense with his faculties of abstract investigation, that is, if he happens to have them, and get down to the much more amusing and much less pretentious business of textual detection. This, in the works of James Joyce, becomes quite as entertaining as a murder mystery and infinitely more hazardous. Mr. Levin may not be particularly ingenious in observing that "Nobirdy avair soar anywing to eagle it" is an ornithological "Nobody ever saw anything to equal it"; but when he states that "the real romance [of Finnegans Wake] is between Joyce and the language," then he really pulls a plum; as in the remark, at once so obvious and so necessary, though I know of no one else who has made it, that Joyce's "restless play of allusion depends, to the vast extent of his knowledge, on the acceptance of a linguistic status quo." I wonder that this observation did not invite the critic to suspect that here again the Joycean dynamic of recoil asserted itself. For this "restless play of allusion," continually in a state of flirtation with the language proper, amounts, in the end, to a retreat in the face of established authority.

When a person sets about the invention of a new language, he is either schizoid or James Joyce. The real difference between the two is that Joyce invented variations on the English tongue for the sanest of reasons: he was in love with it, and love does the oddest things. It took Mr. T. S. Eliot, with his judicious eye fixed on the reasons why writers write so rather than on the way in which they write, to see that James Joyce, instead of being, as *hoi polloi* and the Bohemian suspect, the most heterodox, was in fact the most orthodox of writers. I imagine that Mr. Eliot is of this opinion because he recognizes in Joyce the writer who takes his drive from his hates, and Joyce's hates consisted of authority in the shapes of the British constitution, the Oxford Dictionary, and the Roman Catholic church. GEORGE BARKER

How to Woo a Jury

SUCCESS IN COURT. By Francis L. Wellman. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IN FORTY years of experience as a trial lawyer Francis L. Wellman has been identified with numerous sensational cases, representing either prosecution or defense. From time to time he has written inspirational and instructive books which explain in detail to the young members of the profession the posture which must be struck, the apparel which must be worn, and the witticisms which must be related to win juries and influence judges. "Success in Court," the latest in this series, contains a selection of episodes from his own career and the careers of such giants of former days as Choate, Evarts, and Butler. Each story, of course, points some moral to the young practitioner. "This episode," Wellman explains at one point, "unconsciously led me to adopt a sort of legerdemain of my own, in later cross-examination, when I attempted to lead the witness into some sort of trap out of which I hoped to pull a rabbit—and to my surprise often did." In addition to the 299 pages of Mr. Wellman's anecdotage, there is a section of equal size to which nine ornaments of the bar have contributed brief memoirs of similar tenor.

The book is valuable chiefly for the light it sheds upon the methods employed for the ascertainment of truth in judicial tribunals. It reveals how great an emphasis is placed upon the skill of the advocate in handling witnesses, in dramatizing his facts, and in selecting and "wooing" a jury. It may seem strange to the uninitiated, but the elders of the bar find no inconsistency whatever between their complete confidence in the adequacy of the judicial process for the trial of issues of fact and their open admiration for those members of their profession who are most adept at the manipulation of courtroom procedure for the obfuscation of issues and the confusion of juries. JEROME H. SPINGARN

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Aesthetic Theology

THE MIND OF THE MAKER. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

DISCOURSE about God can take only two forms—analogy or the special language of the mystic. As her contribution to the general reawakening of interest in religion, Dorothy Sayers has traced the analogy between God and man as creators. She is not advocating any change of heart or declaring any faith of her own—implicit though her faith is in this concern with a particular analogy. She is merely expounding what Trinitarian Christianity says about God, and she does it by describing in simple and concrete fashion the behavior of man as artist. Being a writer, she naturally takes as her example the art of writing; so this book about God contains mostly matters of literary history and criticism, references to the conventions of the theater, quotations from the poets, and autobiographical insights into the mind that created the admirable shelfful of Wimseycality, from "Whose Body?" to "Busman's Honeymoon."

Miss Sayers's competence for her task is beyond question. Before being a writer of great detective novels, a medievalist, a playwright, a theologian, or any other sort of institutional person, she is a woman of immense culture and fine intelligence. "Begin Here," published last season, was a fitting forerunner to this more ambitious essay in what I should like to call aesthetic theology. But the importance and worth of "The Mind of the Maker" do not seem to me so conspicuously above criticism as her previous tract for the times. Even in execution the present work is not so successful. Miss Sayers begins with a justifiably angry preface about the modern reader's inability to understand what he reads, and in the past she has given such a reader no opportunity for reversing the blame. Hers is the prose of a master and a lucid one: remember, for instance, the judge's summing up at the beginning of "Strong Poison." But in the present book she is often ambiguous and over-full of words. Her aim is admittedly to reach the common reader, but again and again she uses needless technicalities, Latin derivatives and awkward circumlocutions that destroy rhythm, making difficult matters still more difficult.

These strictures are to be read in the light of the standard she herself has set. From some other pen, the same book might deserve to be called a triumph of exposition. Similarly, I am thinking of the many wonderful passages of criticism in her novels when I say that, despite its core of truth, her present account of the creative process in man has a strange absolutism about it. She speaks as if no other possibilities than those of a certain temperament and tradition had ever been successfully exploited in European art. With a view to her analogy, she takes the very slippery and distracting notion of perfection as an artistic standard, and she is thus led into the common error of choosing qualities apart from defects and persons apart from intentions. She forgets also the effect of time on artistic error: the nearer the greater. By now Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare—the most imperfect of craftsmen when compared with, say, Austin Dobson—possess through mere age a real patina and polish which amount to a false and irrelevant perfection. And of course the author's neglect of non-European art with the conditions of *its* creation tends to cast doubt on the universality of the "natural law" induced from her observations. Miss Sayers, in short, is not so empirical or so historical as she was wont to be.

Whether she is right in her abstraction or I am wrong in carping at it, the fact remains that her thesis is extremely well conceived and her exposition of it in the terms of the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity at once dramatic and persuasive. No more hocus-pocus here than in her tales of detection. The analogy of the two creations, as the author clearly states, proves neither the existence of God nor the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount. But it does show the psychological truth of Christian dogma. In making this point Miss Sayers is a worthy disciple of Shaw's, though very likely the seeming filiation is a mere convergence of perceptive minds. What this attempt at retranslation has to do with the modern world in its travail is contained in the final chapter (XI and Postscript), a *bonne bouche* I shall leave untouched for the reader. He might do well, incidentally, to begin with this last chapter and end with the first. He will then be scolded *after* he has committed the mistakes of slovenly reading—or perhaps after he has been enabled by the splendid conclusion to avoid committing the most obvious among them.

JACQUES BARZUN

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

The American Idea. By Eugene T. Adams and Others. Harper. $2.50.
Flight in Winter. By John Clinton Adams. Princeton. $3.
The Declaration of Independence. A Study in the History of Political Ideas. By Carl Becker. New Edition. Knopf. $3.
Cesare Borgia: The Machiavellian Prince. By Carlo Beuf. Oxford. $3.50.
The Men Who Make the Future. By Bruce Bliven. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.
The Japanese Enemy: His Power and His Vulnerability. By Hugh Byas. Knopf. $1.25.
All-Out on the Road to Smolensk. By Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.
Television: Today and Tomorrow. By Lee De Forest. Dial. $3.75.
Flight to Arras. By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.
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Cordell Hull. By Harold B. Hinton. Doubleday, Doran. $3.
The Unknown Country: Canada and Her People. By Bruce Hutchison. Coward-McCann. $3.50.
New Directions in Prose and Poetry, 1941. By Dwight E. Lee. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.
Enjoyment of Science. By Jonathan Norton Leonard. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
Bolivar: The Life of an Idealist. By Emil Ludwig. Alliance. $3.50.
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Black Borneo. By Charles C. Miller. Modern Age. $2.75.
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The Panama Canal in Peace and War. By Norman J. Padelford. Macmillan. $3.
Pemberton: Defender of Vicksburg. By John C. Pemberton. North Carolina. $3.50.
Crisis in the Philippines. By Catherine Porter. Knopf. $1.50.
Gardens for Victory. By Jean-Marie Putnam and Lloyd C. Cosper. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
The Needle Trades. By Joel Seidman. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
Anton Bruckner: Rustic Genius. By Werner Wolff. With an Introduction by Walter Damrosch. Dutton. $3.75.

FILMS

"PRIVATE faces in public places," says Mr. Auden, "are wiser and nicer than public faces in private places." In the case of "Woman of the Year," a film directed by George Stevens (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), the public face is that of Miss Katharine Hepburn, who plays the part of a distinguished political columnist with a range of international connections and a proficiency in foreign languages equaled only by her total ignorance of the domestic arts; and the film portrays the uphill but ultimately successful efforts of Spencer Tracy, as the sports writer whom she marries, to reconcile her public eminence with the privacy and intimacy of home life. As a contribution to the hackneyed theme of "Can career women make successful wives?" the film is neither interesting nor moving, but it contains five or six farcical set pieces which make it well worth seeing: Miss Hepburn at her first baseball game; Mr. Tracy at a polyglot party; Miss Hepburn at sea in the kitchen; the embarrassments of a wedding night with the bedroom invaded by foreign diplomats and prize fighters. These and other such scenes are funny enough to carry the film over its occasional lapses into drama. The dialogue, too, is almost uniformly good. Miss Hepburn, though she looks more attractive than in any other film in which I have seen her, is not altogether well cast; she never succeeds in giving the impression that her political activity is vitally important to her or even that she is very good at it. Mr. Tracy's part is not one to tax his powers, but he performs it more than competently. The minor parts are well played, especially by Roscoe Karns as a wisecracking newspaperman and by Dan Tobin as the heroine's priggish secretary.

"Joan of Paris" (RKO-Radio) is important only because it introduces Mlle Michele Morgan to the American screen. She appears as a Parisian barmaid who falls in love with the Free French leader of a group of R. A. F. airmen and enables him and his friends to escape from Paris at the sacrifice of her own life. In reality, I am afraid, the Gestapo would not be so easily outwitted; but in this film the spy game is played by both sides with a disgraceful lack of subtlety and precaution. This would not matter so much if an atmosphere of suspense and danger were effectively created, but though the film begins well in this respect, it goes to pieces later on. The long chase of the hero by a bowler-hatted Gestapo agent through the streets of Paris, which could and should have been sinister, turns out to be inappropriately comic. But the chief disappointment to me was Mlle Morgan herself. She has made very good progress with her English, but she has lost or been robbed of the intensity that made her so remarkable in her previous films. Paul Henreld makes an adequate hero, and Thomas Mitchell, who for once is allowed to stay sober, is sympathetic in the part of a priest who helps the fliers to escape.

There is an air of improvisation about all of Sacha Guitry's films which gives the audience the sense that they are participating in a charade. In "Nine Bachelors" he has chosen to present himself as a dealer in a special kind of marriage à la mode, his profession being to furnish alien women with husbands who will give them French citizenship without in any way inconveniencing them. The most amusing scenes in the film occur when his group of down-at-heel elderly bachelors escape from their "home" and go to call on their wives. Neither Mr. Guitry himself nor Elvire Popesco, who plays the nearest thing there is to a heroine, is seen here to best advantage,

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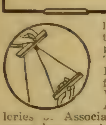

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and it is the bachelors who make the film the entertaining piece that it is. While they are meant to be oddities, they are portrayed by Max Dearly, Saturnin Fabre, Aimos, and others as individuals and not as types; and it is not the least of their merits that none of them bears the slightest resemblance to any of the Seven Dwarfs.

P. H. RYE

RECORDS

MANY persons' idea of a critic is that he is someone who gets his only satisfaction in life from finding fault with everything and disliking everything. Speaking only for myself I can say that I approach music with love, and every concert, every recording with hope; and that I listen to a series of records like Columbia's of this month with nothing less than despair.

I began with the Lotte Lehmann recording of Schumann's great "Dichterliebe" song-cycle (Set 486, $4.20)—with eagerness and expectation born of my love of the work, my recollection of Lehmann's singing of it in 1937. And I heard the superb music superbly sung. But I also heard the piano part—so important in these songs that Bruno Walter was secured to play it—reduced to a distant, tinkly, tinny miniature by poor microphone-placement or whatever else produced the poor balance of voice and piano. Also I heard occasional shrillnesses and stridencies in the recorded sound of Lehmann's voice; and while some of them undoubtedly were produced by Lehmann herself, others may be like the ones in her Columbia Brahms Recital, which, as the records were worn by repeated playing, turned out to be distortions by faulty recording that got to be frightful; and as a matter of fact on a finer wide-range machine than my own the distortion on the "Dichterliebe" records was evident already. Also I heard additional evidence of poor recording or processing in occasional rumbling, hissing, crackling, grit. And let nobody tell me that I heard these faults and report them with pleasure.

Then a group of orchestral works: Brahms's Tragic Overture, played by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (Set X-214, $2.63); Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," played by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony (Set X-212, $2.63); Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, played by Stokowski with the American Youth Orchestra (Set 485, $3.68); Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture, played by Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (11670-D, $1.05.) Even if I were impressed by the empty pretensions of Brahms's overture I would not want Stock's hurried, noisy performance when I could have Toscanini's magnificent performance with the B. B. C. Symphony; Mitropoulos's performance of Dukas's piece, though largely straightforward, has its inevitable Mitropoulos touches which would cause me to prefer the older Columbia set of Gaubert's performance or the old Victor record of Toscanini's; the inevitable Stokowski touches would cause me to prefer the Columbia set of Beecham's performance of the Schubert symphony; and I would prefer the Victor record of Bigot's lighter-footed performance of the Berlioz overture. But additional reason for avoiding these new Columbia versions is their recorded orchestral sound, ranging from poor to distorted—so poor and so distorted that I had to make sure nothing had gone wrong with my machine, and was reassured by the sounds of the Toscanini recording (English) of the Brahms overture, the Monteux recording (American) of Franck's Symphony. Sides 1 and 4 of my copy of the Schubert set wavered in pitch; sides 1 and 2 of my copy of the Dukas set were full of rattly distortion and grit.

After all this I wish I could report wonders about Shostakovitch's Quintet for piano and strings (Set 483, $4.78); but to my ears it is more of this all-too-fluent composer's tripe, well played by Vivian Rivkin and the Stuyvesant Quartet, and recorded with good fidelity to timbre. Or about Schumann's Andante and Variations for two pianos (Set X-213, $2.63), which is, however, a minor piece, well written for the instruments, well played by Bartlett and Robertson, and recorded with good fidelity but with occasional disproportionate sonorities that leap out at one.

These occasional explosive sonorities occur also in the recorded sound of Risë Stevens's singing of Wolf's charming "In dem Schatten meiner Locken" (17297-D, $.79); the sound is, in addition, rather harsh; the beautiful voice itself is afflicted occasionally by strong tremolo; the phrasing of this song, of Wolf's "Mausfallensprüchlein," of Schumann's "Widmung" is good but not excitingly so (I recommend Lehmann's Victor record of "In dem Schatten"). On another single disc (17294-D, $.79) Roland Hayes does well with "Xango," a Villa-Lobos arrangement of an African religious chant, and Nickerson's arrangement of a Creole folksong, "Micheu Banjo." And on still another single (17293-D, $.79) the young Metropolitan baritone Robert Weede sings an arrangement of the Negro spiritual "City Called Heaven" very beautifully, but spoils "Ol' Man River" with now mannered, now melodramatic phrasing.

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The Shape of Things

"TIMELY" IS THE WORD FOR PRESIDENT Roosevelt's report to the nation. Given the circumstances in which we entered the war, it was inevitable that we should taste defeat before victory. It was equally inevitable that this period of trial and disappointment would restore the bloom to the faded cheeks of those who never wanted us to stand up to the threat of the Axis powers. A process has been set in motion whereby isolationists and diehard enemies of the Administration can regain the limelight, reassume the pose of "patriot," and do more damage than ever. They need only join the cry for a defensive war. The President not only put the finger on this metamorphosis from ostrich to turtle but indicated its logical progression into a movement for a negotiated peace. We shall doubtless have to put up with a growing body of quitters until a turn in the military tide sets in. In the meantime it is good to have the President call national attention to their presence and to the fatuousness of the turtle tactics which they advocate. It is good, too, to hear the President speak contemptuously not of "the so-called Free French" but of "the Vichy French," and to have him remind the State Department of Vichy's role in making the Philippines untenable by yielding Indo-China to the Japanese. Finally it is good and vitally necessary for the President to take the people into his confidence concerning the worldwide military strategies pursued by the United Nations. The sure feeling that a carefully weighed plan is being followed, that the military effort is not a hit-or-miss affair, will go far to steel the country to temporary setbacks, to induce it to cheerful sacrifice, and to stiffen its resistance to the campaign of lies and rumors he so effectively damned.

*

SENATORS WALSH AND JOHNSON—FORMER exponents of the isolationist nobody-can-attack-us theory —are now practically inviting Axis raids by irresponsible talk about our "defenseless" coasts. Senator Johnson says that "we haven't any protection at all on the West Coast," and his colleague from Massachusetts, who unfortunately is chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, chimes in to say that the situation in the East is just as bad and it might become necessary "to recall our depleted fleet" from its present battle stations in order to defend these areas. We have an enormous coastline on both oceans, and it is impossible to guarantee that we shall not suffer from aerial or naval attacks of the kind made by a submarine on California. Such raids, however, are costly, and they will certainly be disadvantageous to our enemies, since they tend to dispel the apathetic attitude of some groups in this country toward the war. Nor will there be any strategic gain unless our High Command can be panicked into concentrating the fleet in home waters. Senators who broadcast the idea that this, indeed, might be the result of a raid or two are certainly putting a tempting proposal before the Axis war chiefs. Hit-and-run raids may be tough to take, but they cannot defeat us so long as we keep our heads.

*

THE AIR AND NAVAL VICTORY OFF BALI HAS done little to relieve the desperate plight of the United Nations in the Pacific. By seizing airfields on Timor and Bali, as well as Sumatra, the Japanese have gained invaluable bases from which to attack Java. Although the Java defenses are believed to be much stronger than those of the other Dutch islands, it appears that the defenders have little chance of maintaining their present air superiority. Australia's decision to send aid to Java rather than wait for an attack on the Dominion itself holds out hope that the enemy can be made to pay dearly for the last of the main Dutch islands, but it is obvious that the island can be held only if the United States has sent an expeditionary force amounting to several divisions. On the Burma front the news is even more discouraging. Aided by troops released from the Singapore front, the Japanese have broken through the British defenses east of Rangoon, and the fall of this vital city seems imminent. Although arrangements have been made to ship goods destined for China by way of India, many tens of millions of dollars' worth of supplies are believed to be piled on the wharves at Rangoon.

*

BY INVITING CHIANG KAI-SHEK TO VISIT India and talk with the Indian National leaders as well as with the Viceroy the British government acknowledged that the white man could no longer carry his self-imposed burden. The writing on the walls of Singapore has convinced Prime Minister Churchill that India must be given full partnership in the Empire and among the United Nations, that a new Eastern democracy must be brought in to redress the balance of the Western world. In his parting message the Generalissimo expressed the hope that "Britain, without waiting for any demand on the part of the Indian people, as speedily as possible will give them real political power so that they will be in a position to develop further their spiritual and material strength." The Chinese leader could hardly have made such a statement without the foreknowledge of the British government and without some assurance that his hope would be realized. Hence there is good reason to give credence to the reports from London that Sir Stafford Cripps received guaranties on the subject of freedom for India before entering the War Cabinet and that a British minister will shortly be dispatched to Delhi to negotiate with National leaders. It must be recognized, however, that something more than British good-will is needed to solve the Indian problem. It is not encouraging that Mohammed Ali Jinnah, president of the Moslem League, should have commented sourly on Chiang Kai-shek's message, and at the same time pressed his demand for partition. Nothing could be more dangerous at this time than a prolonged dispute between the Hindu and Moslem communities—a dispute which we can be sure the Axis, already actively propagandizing the people of Allah in all parts of the world, will do its utmost to enlarge and embitter.

*

RED ARMY DAY HAS PASSED WITHOUT THE hoped-for announcement of a specific victory, although there have been reports of new offensive drives in several sectors. The struggle in Russia, and particularly on the central front, now seems to combine positional warfare with a war of maneuver. The Germans are clinging desperately to a number of towns which they have fortified so strongly that their reduction by direct assault would be a very costly task. Between these points Soviet mobile forces have broken through at a number of points and are ranging far to the rear of the most advanced German lines, harassing communications and rounding up isolated detachments. Presumably their hope it to deprive the exposed enemy garrisons of supplies and thus either to force their surrender or so soften them that they will be unable to withstand a full-scale attack. Hitler has ordered these German garrisons to hold on at all costs, for he needs the towns they occupy as bases for his spring offensive and calculates that communications can soon be restored once the roads are fit for mechanized transport. This expectation may be upset if the Soviets retain their present initiative and are able, as the weather improves, to swing into a general offensive. In his order of the day to the Red Army on its twenty-fourth anniversary, Stalin adopted a tone of sober confidence. He declared that the Nazis would eventually be thrown out of Russia but warned against any delusion that the enemy was already beaten. He also vigorously disclaimed any intention of destroying the German state and rebuked "the foreign press" for spreading such libels. Actually it is the Soviet press which has been indulging in overflamboyant talk of revenge. Stalin's disclaimer suggests that this has proved a handicap on the propaganda front.

THE HOUSE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE played politics disgracefully when it shelved the bill which would have provided special unemployment benefits totaling $300,000,000 to workers being retrained to meet the needs of the war-production program. No reason was given by the committee for its action, but the one objection to the bill brought out in the hearings was the fear lest it pave the way for a federal unemployment-insurance system. While experts are almost unanimously agreed that there should be a federalization of the system, the employees of the present state boards, many of whom hold their jobs through political favoritism, have formed a powerful lobby against alteration of the existing arrangement. The plan was far from satisfactory, but for reasons diametrically opposite to those cited by its critics. It had been drawn up hastily by Mr. Hillman and his associates, who gave far too little thought to the long-range problem of reorganizing our social-security system. The Social Security Board, which alone has the experience for dealing with the problem, seems to have had comparatively little to say about the technical aspects of the program. But since Congress is not in a mood to listen to experts and prefers to take advice from the state political machines, the result would doubtless have been the same if a carefully worked-out plan had been presented. Meanwhile hundreds of thousands of men must suffer because a small group of Congressmen put politics above their country's welfare.

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THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE SHONE ONCE MORE when Léon Blum faced the court at the opening of the long-delayed Riom war-guilt trial. The other defendants showed the effects of disillusionment and long months of imprisonment. M. Jacomet, former controller general of the army, seemed a broken man. Both M. La Chambre, a former Air Minister, and General Gamelin bore signs of their recent illnesses. Gamelin refused to make any defense, declaring that he could not be held responsible for a regime that had disappeared. Daladier was vigorous but truculent. Blum appeared unchanged. He eloquently denied the death of the Third Republic and declared that the Republic and democracy were in fact the chief defendants at Riom. His attorney challenged the legality of the court and the government which had created it. The attorney read the instructions given to the press for reporting the trial to show that judgment had in fact been pronounced before the trial started. Daladier made an effort to place responsibility for the trial where it belonged, on Germany, but one of the judges checked his remarks by threatening to clear the court. The outcome of the trial is, of course, a foregone conclusion. The five men will be found guilty of betraying France. But the men chiefly responsible for the dishonor of France are not on trial; they are the rulers of Vichy who arranged the trial and prejudiced its outcome.

Churchill's New Cabinet

MEETING the House of Commons just after the fall of Singapore had shaken the British Empire to its foundations, Prime Minister Churchill was successful in getting a general debate postponed until the current "mood of anger" had cooled, although he refused to make any concessions to his critics. But democratic processes remain effective in Britain, and Mr. Churchill is not deaf to the voice of the people. He could not fail to recognize that the rising demand for real changes in the government was no phony agitation but the kind of genuine political ground-swell which wrecked the appeasement policy after the Nazi march to Prague and swept Chamberlain out of office in May, 1940. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have gone part way to meet the public insistence on a change in men and methods.

The ministerial shake-up has undoubtedly warded off a first-class political crisis, although the changes are not as drastic as many people would wish. Very little new blood has been infused into the system, but at least some bad old blood has been drained out. Public support has strengthened Churchill to dismiss from the War Office Captain David Margesson, a central figure in the Tory machine and former whipper-up of majorities for Chamberlain. Another notable departure is that of Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who incautiously revealed the old appeasement Adam last summer when he expressed the hope that Russia and Germany would destroy each other.

More important than the reshuffle of departmental heads is the change in personnel of the War Cabinet and its reduction to a less unwieldy size. Sir Kingsley Wood, one of the holdovers from the appeasement era, and Arthur Greenwood, a Labor leader who has proved disappointingly ineffective since he "spoke for England" at the beginning of the war, can easily be spared. The other member to retire is Lord Beaverbrook, who only a week or two ago was appointed Minister of Supply. It proved impossible, however, to reconcile the powers he felt he needed for this job with those of other ministers, notably those of Ernest Bevin, Minister of Production. Consequently Lord Beaverbrook, whose health is affected by English winters, is to come to Washington to work on the problem of pooling supplies among the United Nations.

The new blood in the Cabinet is represented by Sir Stafford Cripps, left-wing independent and recently returned ambassador to Moscow, and Oliver Lyttleton—both young men as statesmen go. Cripps has sometimes proved a clumsy political tactician in the past, but he has a fine mind and probably a firmer grasp of the fundamental issues of the war than any other front-rank British leader. Lyttleton, who has been representing the British government in the Middle East, is one of the white hopes of the Conservative Party but something of a dark horse so far as the general public is concerned. He is said to be both able and energetic, but his pre-war activities as head of a metal monopoly with international ramifications raise the suspicion that he is being given his place in order to voice the views of those who still believe that the war is being fought to maintain intact the existing social system.

That is a view rejected by a growing multitude of Britons of all classes, who in the last two and a half years have become convinced that the paramountcy of property and the habits of thought it engenders are major obstacles to winning the war and absolute barriers to winning the peace.

Manpower and the Draft

THE fall of Singapore has brought home to many Americans for the first time the magnitude of the task that lies ahead. All hope that this will be a short or even a moderately long war has now been dissipated. Possibly because the crushing defeat suffered by the United Nations happened to coincide with registration for the third draft, speculation has centered largely on the size of the army that will be required to achieve victory. Newspaper accounts have mentioned the possibility that our armed forces may eventually reach seven, eight, or even ten million men. These stories have caused much needless anxiety among families who are completely dependent upon men registered for the draft. What is even more serious, they have nurtured a misconception regarding America's role in the war. The idea that the effectiveness of our war effort can be measured by the size of our army is deeply rooted in our thinking. And it is a misconception which, unfortunately, is not limited to the lay public. Many high army officers are convinced that we need an army of at least 10,000,000.

Such an army is not, of course, an impossibility, but it would mean a complete shift in our fundamental strategy. It would involve the repudiation of any idea of making the United States an arsenal for democracy and a complete concentration on our own defense needs. It is a reflection of isolationist psychology, since it would abandon our allies to their own resources in the mistaken view that we could thus save our own skins.

Some decision regarding basic policy is forced upon us by arithmetic. We shall face within a matter of months a man-power crisis far more serious than that encountered in the last war. The figures are readily available for anyone who has the courage to look at them. At the present moment we have about 2,500,000 men in the armed services. About 5,000,000 are employed in war industries and 44,000,000 elsewhere in industry and agriculture. It is estimated that there are about 4,000,000 unemployed, many of them skilled workers in industries being converted for war purposes. This does not seem a very alarming state of affairs, particularly since there are several million women and older persons who can be brought into production. But we must remember that the all-out production program that was launched after Pearl Harbor is still largely in the blueprint stage. Real production will not start until summer, when inductions into the army will also have been stepped up materially.

The pinch will be felt acutely by the end of this year. The army and navy plan by that time to have at least 4,000,000 men under arms. Employment in the war industries will probably reach 14,000,000 (some estimates run as high as 17,000,000). Employment in agriculture and non-defense industries will probably drop to around 40,000,000. The total, making no allowance for transitional or sectional unemployment, is approximately 58,000,000—or about 2,000,000 more than our aggregate labor force as usually estimated. Judging by the experience of World War I, these 2,000,000 workers can be provided by bringing women, retired persons, and youth into productive life. But the maximum labor supply available, on the basis of World War I ratios, is 60,000,000 or 61,000,000. This should be fully utilized early in 1943 if present production schedules are maintained. From this it is evident that we are bound to encounter real difficulties if we seek to increase the armed forces much above the levels now planned for the end of 1942. Figures on the number of factory workers needed to maintain a soldier at the front are notoriously unreliable, but according to the most conservative of these estimates, an increase of 1,000,000 men in the armed services would necessitate the employment of at least 3,000,000 additional men in the defense industries. It is possible that by a longer working day and a further curtailment of civilian industries, involving a considerable decrease in living standards, provision could be made for an additional million or so under these conditions, but an army of 8,000,000 or 10,000,000 can only be achieved by a drastic cut in aid to our allies.

Careful planning is needed not only to make the best use of our man-power but also to make the necessary transitions as smooth as possible. Never in our history have we undertaken anything so gigantic as the present diversion of the nation's man-power to the defense effort. In adopting legislation to register every man between eighteen and sixty-five we recognized that this vast change-over can only be done under governmental direction. So far there has been no real planning. But it is expected that the President will shortly set up an agency which will be responsible for directing the civilian draft and deciding broad policies for the use of our man-power. On the wisdom of its decisions may rest the outcome of the entire war effort.

Court and Profiteer

THE ancient spell of property rights seems to exercise its sway even over a liberal Supreme Court. Justice Black's decision in the Bethlehem War Profits case holds, in effect, that the law will not interfere if a business man takes advantage of his country's distress to drive a hard bargain. This was expressed most simply, and naively, in Justice Murphy's concurring opinion. "It is understandable," he said, "that one may be indignant at Bethlehem's claim, but such indignation does not justify the distortion of established legal principles. . . ."

The point of Justice Frankfurter's able dissent is that no principle is older or better established in equity and contracts than that "courts will not enforce transactions in which the relative positions of the parties are such that one has unconscionably taken advantage of the necessities of the other." This was certainly the case when the government negotiated what a lower court termed the "daylight robbery" shipbuilding contracts of 1917 and 1918 with Bethlehem.

The government's negotiators were forced under protest to accept an "efficiency" clause giving Bethlehem half of all savings effected on the original estimated cost. The clause permitted Bethlehem to place the estimates as high as it pleased in order to increase the margin of "savings" on which its bonus would be paid. The ships cost $120,000,000 to build, and the government has already paid Bethlehem $25,000,000 in "cost plus" fees, bonuses, and money for plant expansion. In addition Bethlehem Steel made a considerable profit selling steel to its own Bethlehem Shipbuilding. The government asked the courts to reduce these profits to a reasonable level. Bethlehem asked for $7,500,000 more in "bonuses" and under this decision will be paid an additional $3,800,000.

Justice Black argued for the majority that if the government didn't like the terms forced upon it, it should have commandeered the shipyards. The fact that this remedy was not used does not seem to us to foreclose appeal to equity. We have no doubt that Justice Black would approve commandeering, but we wonder whether Justices Reed, Byrnes, and Douglas, who agreed with him on that point, would today dare to propose the commandeering of General Motors or U. S. Steel.

The question is an appropriate one because Justice Byrnes has become a Presidential adviser on defense and Justice Douglas would like to be the head of the arms-production program. The reactionary social outlook of Justice Byrnes is well known, but it is disappointing to find Justice Douglas taking so weak a position on so basic a war problem. His only point of dissent was that Bethlehem should have been required to prove that the bonuses were due it for efficiency, not miscalculation.

Luce Thinking—II

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

I DON'T like to be blunt, particularly in talking about a contemporary, but the article by Henry Luce in *Life* for February 16, 1942, is without question the most pompous poppycock that has appeared in print since February 17, 1941, when The American Century, written by the same author, appeared in the same magazine. A whole year of this world's mortal pain, ending in several weeks of crashing defeat for American arms, has served only to tighten the seams and chromium-plate the surface of Mr. Luce's armor of self-righteousness. And I must say I am surprised. While I have never thought the editor of *Life*, etc., a man of broad social understanding, he is surely no provincial. During the past year he has heard with his own ears the crash of bombs in Chungking. He has seen death in distant lands. But he has learned only one new thing about the war.

He still believes, as he believed a year ago, that the peace to follow it must be "America's peace," and that it must produce a world which will guarantee "liberty under law." "Obviously," he says, "no one else is going to give us that kind of world." "It is useless," he says, for other countries "to worry about a peace which they are incapable of creating." So it is up to us. This is what he also said in the embarrassing pages of The American Century. The thing he has learned since 1941 is the importance of China in the war and the peace-to-be. China alone can hold Japan, and quite obviously Japan had better be held. So Mr. Luce adds that nation to the union of America and Britain which formed the basis of his last year's hegemony. What effect this new partner will have on the brave dream of an English-speaking order, the Führer of *Time* and *Life* fails to explain. It is to be hoped, for his sake, that the people of China will learn English. But whatever language they speak, the Chinese are offered a junior partnership in the enterprise Mr. Luce is promoting. In the Lucite New Order they will play a role similar to that offered the Danes and Swedes and Hollanders—if they behave themselves—in the Nazi New Order. They will be the little brothers of the boys who run the show. And just as Hitler has transformed the Japanese into honorary Aryans, so it may be possible for Luce to make Anglo-Saxons out of the Chinese.

Now this implied parallel between the ideas of the American super-editor and the Nazi super-tyrant would be inexcusable, even as jest, if Mr. Luce had not provided so much of the raw material himself. But the fact is, his whole cult of American superiority is no whit less revolting and no less unjustified than the Nordic myth that provides the moral sanction for Hitler's brutal aggressions. Mr. Luce modestly admits the existence of flaws in American society. The pure expression of the capitalist order has not yet been attained. But the ideal is unassailable, and it can only be achieved by American courage, American ingenuity, American principles, American I-forget-what-all. And the rest of the world will take it and like it, first, because it is American and therefore the best and, second, because America is strong enough to dictate terms—to friends as well as foes.

I maintain that such talk is both nonsensical and against the interests of the nations arrayed against Hitler. The unconcealed contempt for Europe which pervades Mr. Luce's article is not only ignorant and crude; it is exactly the attitude best calculated to create resentment among anti-Axis elements here and in the conquered countries across the Atlantic. To men and women in Nazi concentration camps, to guerrillas fighting in the mountains of Serbia, to Russian soldiers driving the German armies westward, mile by mile, to refugees from Hitler's terror, to civilians in every land risking their lives in acts of sabotage or counter-propaganda, the notion that Americans alone are equipped to formulate and dominate the coming peace would seem a tragic joke. To Americans who are not possessed by Mr. Luce's strange delusions, the idea is stupid and repugnant.

Britain stands well above continental Europe in Mr. Luce's hierarchy of nations but clearly, permanently, below that of the United States. Very smoothly Mr. Luce makes this matter clear. Gently he relegates Britain to the lesser role in the great partnership. Kindly he suggests a transfer of the burdens of leadership—and specifically of power—from Britain's weary back to our strong one. Delicately he proposes in effect that we take over the whole empire and "protect" it in the years to come.

As for other countries, they aren't considered at all—either as partners or protectorates. Mr. Luce mentions Russia's presence among the fighting nations, but it completely drops out of Mr. Luce's calculations when he takes up the matter of organizing the forces available to defeat Hitler and make an "American peace." This omission is not hard to understand. Mr. Luce's world order would be a neater affair altogether if only Russia could be forgotten—if only Russia were not winning all the battles being won by anti-Nazi forces anywhere.

And he manages to forget Latin America, too, a curious lapse so soon after the happy reunion at Rio. The other half of the hemisphere is not mentioned at all, either in relation to the war or to the peace. It is to be hoped that *Life* is not much read below the border.

But perhaps even now I haven't made Mr. Luce's basic position clear to those who have failed to read his little essay on internationalism. The thing is, only the United States knows what this war is about. And even the United States is a little puzzled. Or was until Mr. Luce set it straight.

This war is "a war against the cleavage of mankind into right and left." May I quote a few lines?

> It is war against the hidden civil war which, raging throughout the world, weakened the structure of nations until much of their national identity had been lost before Hitler overwhelmed them. . . . It is war against the politics of unprincipled power, the setting of group against group, of labor against business, business against government, farmers against wage-earners, which turns the rivalries of politics into class war.
>
> Because America alone among the nations of the earth was founded on ideas and ideals which transcend class and caste and racial and occupational differences, America alone can provide the pattern for the future. Because America stands for a system wherein many groups, however diverse, are united under a system of laws and faiths that enables them to live peacefully together, American experience is the key to the future.

So now you see. America wins the war—"America's war"—and institutes a reign of liberty under law which transcends the whole ugly clash of interests which makes for disorder and gives tyrants their chance.

It would be funny, this innocent and arrogant dismissal of the most profound problems that have emerged from our complex industrial society, if it were not typical of a certain broad streak of American opinion. It is fatally easy for us as a people to pretend that because equality was one of the ideals for which our own Revolution was fought we are somehow immunized against the ordinary ills of social conflict. It is easy to ignore the fact that we are in the thick of that conflict every day of our lives, that it is implicit in the political struggles waged in Washington as it is in the industrial struggles waged in Detroit or West Virginia. And, more serious still, Mr. Luce's fantasy obscures, by denying, the real meaning of the war itself.

That civil war against which he asks us to fight is the war in which we are, on the contrary, *forced to take sides,* and the side we are forced to take is the side aligned against Hitler. And unhappily for Mr. Luce and his theories, this side is a rather mixed team which includes, along with rather nice imperialists and capitalists, those very elements of the left toward whom he directs such specific contempt. For Hitler's war was *first of all* a war against the organized political and economic forces of the working class—against trade unions and Socialists and Communists. Hitler's war began as a class war and it is still that, along with several other kinds. It is still a civil war, too. And it is that war which must be won—not by America but by the men and groups in all countries who know what the war is about and on which side they are fighting. One can understand Mr. Luce's dislike of this war in which he is enlisted, but he can't change it around just to suit his preferences. Hitler set the terms long ago—sometime back in the twenties.

Pet Fascists

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, February 20

OIL to Spain. Shipment of oil to Spain, shut off entirely about two months ago when confidential figures on them were published in these pages, may be resumed within the near future. Export-control authorities claim, however, that they now have observers not only at all ports of entry but at all storage points in Spain, that they can prevent any transshipment to the Axis, and that only low-grade oil will be sent.

Hush, Hush. Had the figures on Spanish oil shipments remained undisclosed, shipments would have continued without the new safeguards. Publication of the news made it possible for the Milo Perkins crowd in the Board of Economic Warfare to win the fight for stricter surveillance against the flabbier-minded State Department. Dean Acheson, the Assistant Secretary in charge of export-control matters, and Max W. Thornburg, the department's adviser on oil, seem to have been allies of the Board of Economic Welfare in that battle.

Remedy. The remedy, in the opinion of the State Department, is not to shut off the oil but to shut off the information. There is good reason to believe that the department played a major part in the birth of the Biddle "hush-hush" bill now before the Senate Judiciary Committee. Under the terms of this bill a reporter revealing information declared confidential by any government department would be liable to a $5,000 fine or two years in jail or both. J. Edgar Hoover's friend, Assistant Attorney General Alexander Holtzoff, is to steer it through Congress, but newspapermen here are strongly aroused about it, and the bill can be defeated.

Too Delicate. Acheson, though better than his colleagues on export-control matters, is as bad as the rest of them when it comes to this question of secrecy. He, too, seems to feel that all matters handled by the State Department are much too delicate for public knowledge and discussion, and it was on his urging last year that the Coffee-Gillette resolution for an inquiry into the leak of American war materials to the Axis was killed in committee.

Test Case. The spectacle of our leading diplomats caught with their striped trousers down is indeed a delicate one. An example was furnished this week when Sumner Welles declared Vichy's explanations on North Africa "unsatisfactory." The British have again presented evidence that supplies are going through French African territory to the Axis forces in Libya. Only a few weeks ago A. A. Berle and other officials of the State Department were telling the press that they could find no substance in British complaints and that American observers in North Africa had a complete check on the situation.

Pétain Personally. Like less august mortals, State Department officials are prone to believe what they want to believe, and it is too early to assume that an "unsatisfactory" reply from Gaston Henry-Haye marks the beginning of the end of appeasing Vichy. The State Department feels that it has an ace in the hole because, as was explained to the press, Admiral Leahy can see Pétain personally. Our officials seem to regard this as a great privilege. But reliable reports indicate—not that it matters—that Leahy can see Pétain only in the presence of Darlan or one of the Admiral's stooges.

Progress. When a man does one the honor to receive one personally, it is hard to call him a liar, even in diplomatic language. What if Pétain assures Leahy that no supplies are going to Libya from North Africa? There is good reason to believe that the White House is less gullible about Vichy than the State Department. Even in the department progress is being made. Welles actually granted an audience to Adrien Tixier, leader of the so-called Free French, hitherto cold-shouldered in the department. And it is now admitted by the State Department that Pétain may be a fascist, though it is felt that he is not pro-Nazi. These fine distinctions seem to comfort some people.

Each Its Pet. The British government feels that our government is much too friendly to Pétain; ours that Britain is much too friendly to Franco. Each has its pet fascist. Halifax visited the department during the week to protest against (1) "appeasement" of Vichy, and (2) disclosure of the fact that the British were sending mining machinery to the Rio Tinto copper mines in Spain. Since there is an acute shortage of mining machinery here, and the Rio Tinto mines have long been a source of Axis supply, lease-lend officials were angered by the shipments.

Where Does F. D. R. Stand? Under the Eden White Paper, lease-lend materials or their equivalent cannot be reexported from Britain without American approval. The British embassy here claimed that urgent political considerations, perhaps Franco's empty threat to enter the war, and an agreement between the President and Prime Minister Churchill justified them in making these shipments without further consultation. Consultation was to be avoided because American export-control and lease-lend officials had previously vetoed proposed shipments of rubber and mining machinery to Spain.

The Roosevelt-Churchill Agreement. The agreement, according to the British embassy, was to support the economic life of Spain. Lend-lease is still waiting for an answer from Hull's assistant, Lynn R. Edminster, on (1) whether there is such an agreement, and (2) whether it is broad enough to justify waiving the White Paper and exporting scarce mining machinery to Spain. The State Department's usual technique in handling embarrassing questions of this kind is to delay an answer as long as possible or, providentially, to mislay the letter of inquiry. The department is much more interested in trying to find out how the information leaked.

Gaul, D. C. On the question of appeasement official Washington is divided into three parts. There are people friendly to fascism, particularly of the Catholic variety, who would give Spain and Vichy anything they want, and there are those who are opposed to "appeasement" of any kind, an extremist position but not without support from the events of the past ten years. In between are those who think it necessary to dole out limited quantities of supplies to Vichy and Franco to keep them "from joining the Axis." The President belongs to this intermediate group. The difference between the American and British governments is that the former would give less to Franco and more to Vichy, and vice versa. The difference between the dominant policy in our government and dominant opinion in the State Department is that the latter would like to give more to both.

Machiavellis or Suckers? It may be that this is a very clever policy, or it may be that Hitler prefers to leave the fueling and feeding of unoccupied France and unoccupied Spain to us until he is ready to take them over. Export-control officials may be justified in thinking that they can resume exports of low-grade oil to Franco without danger of transshipment. But Hitler is equally justified in appreciating the tuna sent the Axis by Spanish fishing smacks operating on our low-grade oil. There is another factor sometimes overlooked here. The spectacle of free America dickering fearfully with two-by-four fascist dictators is not the most effective inspiration for a democratic crusade.

The U-Boat Strategy

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE war at sea, spread over the greatest arena of any conflict known to history, has rearrested public interest; submarine sinkings are rising sharply after being held at low levels for six months. Submarine raids all through the war have come in waves, and a renewal of damage was to be expected after the phenomenally low level of losses in November and December. But the location of Germany's latest campaign, not in the seas near the British Isles, where targets are most plentiful, but along our own Atlantic coast and as close to the Panama Canal as Aruba, was a surprise. To make attacks on tankers and freighters in American waters the rather small German U-boats must have undergone a heavy battering in mid-Atlantic and have sacrificed at least half of their effective cruising radius.

One probable explanation of the change of field, that risks were too great in the eastern Atlantic, speaks well for the success of our convoys to England. But entirely aside from this reason, several other possible factors may account for Germany's decision to carry on its main campaign at sea farther west and also for the recent successes of that strategy.

In the first place, the United Nations have probably transferred some ships to the Pacific, leaving the western Atlantic, at least, with lighter protection. Still other vessels, especially British airplane carriers, are at present laid up for repairs. In this connection the recent burning of the Normandie is especially unfortunate since she would have made an unusually fast and efficient plane carrier. In the western Atlantic, also, from the beginning of the war, fewer precautions have been taken against submarines. We have depended mainly upon seaplane and blimp patrols along the coast, together with small naval vessels and Coast Guard ships equipped with hydrophones. Safeguards for harbors have been installed, and merchant vessels are being given defensive armaments, but none of these measures have been carried so far as they will now have to be, and no convoys have been used. German raiders are thus taking advantage of the fact that we are far less prepared today than we shall be later. While it is necessary for them to range widely in search of targets, they may, if lucky, score a number of successes in a two weeks' campaign.

The real objective of the attacks, however, may be to "test" the United States, in the hope that a panic-stricken populace will demand the retention of American ships at home. Germany may even dream of causing us to abandon our war plans for an invasion of continental Europe by a new A. E. F. If it can compel us, by this new effort, to expend a great amount of time and material that should be employed elsewhere in guarding ships near our coast, it will have won a definite victory.

The voyage of the three German capital ships from Brest is part of this strategy. United in one fleet, German sea power presents a far greater threat to the British and forces upon them a heavy concentration of strength at a time when the effective accomplishment of tasks in many parts of the world demands dispersion. Psychologically, the move has been effective in creating doubt in Allied ranks; it has aroused distrust of the adequacy of the protection which the British could assure to a future A. E. F. This protection must be their charge if we are to fight successfully in the Pacific.

Because of Navy Department censorship it is difficult to determine with what degree of success we are protecting our merchant ships. Even the navy itself may be in doubt since there is no sure way of deciding whether oil and air bubbles rising to the surface after a submarine has been attacked with bomb or depth charge indicate a corpse or merely a canny commander "playing possum." At any rate the Germans are finding more victims than they have found for some months. Only when they abandon these long voyages can we be sure that they feel the price has become too high. It is of course possible to meet the danger by adopting the convoy system, but a large diversion of tonnage from other sectors for this purpose would be justly regarded as a great gain for Hitler.

High as is the rate of recent losses, the situation can hardly be compared with that existing a year ago, when the British were in danger of starvation. Not only were total losses much greater at that time but the replacement angle was less hopeful, the tonnage of new ships completed being only a third of the amount destroyed. During January, 1942, in the United States alone completions held an advantage of about two to one over sinkings.

Today's threat in the Atlantic is no longer the starvation of the British Isles. It is rather the prevention of effective American intervention on the continent by restricting the merchant tonnage needed to transport adequate man-power, munitions, and planes. The 18,000,000 tons of new ships scheduled for completion in 1942 and 1943 are intended to serve the needs of an American Expeditionary Force of five million men in Europe. Every ship scheduled is needed, and in view of Japanese victories in the Far East, the total may have to be increased.

In the Pacific our navy is struggling with a problem of transport more difficult to solve than any ever faced before by a nation at war. Of the planes needed to defeat Japan only the largest bombers have sufficient radius to reach the scene of hostilities on their own power. And even in their case the equipment needed to keep them in running order, the bombs for them to drop, and the gasoline required for along-the-way refueling all have to be transported by sea. Japan's capture of most of the mid-Pacific bases used for earlier American air transport has compelled us to follow a much longer route. Using the safest routes available, supplies from the United States to the Far East have to be transported nearly halfway around the globe. It probably takes two months to transport fighting planes from San Francisco or Los Angeles to Burma or Port Darwin, unload them, and make them ready for use.

Perhaps because their main attention has been centered elsewhere the Japanese have so far made singularly ineffective use of their large fleet of cruiser submarines. Since their early and somewhat clumsy forays along our Pacific Coast Japanese submarines have claimed few victims.

The work of our navy in the Pacific in dealing with raiders, guarding convoys, and establishing new bases has been hard, unspectacular, and unappreciated. Because the factors of time and geography are so much in Japan's favor such efforts may even be fruitless in preventing it from continuing its string of conquests. Aerial equality is an absolute prerequisite to the naval and air offensive needed to bring about victory for the United Nations in the Far East. However, in view of the administrative mistakes of underestimating Japan and dividing the United States fleet and the unpardonable episode at Pearl Harbor, the navy has probably done as effective a job in the Pacific as could reasonably be expected.

In the war of attrition in the Pacific our score against both naval and merchant vessels has been high. But we should not make the mistake common to our radio and newspaper commentators of overemphasizing Japanese losses. Even in the engagements in the Macassar Straits the Japanese, despite tremendous losses, attained their objectives. None of the damage we have inflicted on man-power, air power, or shipping has been decisive. The shipping losses will be hardest to replace, but even in this field the Japanese will experience no extreme difficulty. They entered the war with 5,600,000 tons of merchant vessels and claim the seizure of 200 enemy and neutral vessels in their ports. Since embargoes have cut off Japanese trade, all these ships are available for war uses. At most we have not destroyed more than 10 per cent of them, and more than ample replacements for such losses are available. The sinking of the Haruna, a plane carrier, half a dozen cruisers, and a minimum of twenty-five destroyers and submarines, with heavy damage to other ships, was more serious, but the Japanese are still winning.

The United Nations are making a respectable showing on the high seas, but even complete success in the maintenance of sea communications is a negative achievement which enables us at best to continue the fight on other fronts.

Uncertainty in Mexico

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, February 13

FOREIGN MINISTER PADILLA's eloquence at Rio de Janeiro appears to have been a powerful factor in engineering the successful conclusion of the recent conference, and he has been accorded much deserved praise in the United States for his labors. In fact, Mexico's anti-fascist attitude, which antedates by several years the virtual scrapping of neutrality in June, 1940—when President Cárdenas sent a telegram to President Lebrun deploring the invasion of France by Nazi Germany—has led many progressives to believe that Mexico was safely on the side of the angels. During those years it raised what was often an almost solitary voice of protest against the attacks on China, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia. It has played a leading part among the architects of inter-American unity. And after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor it fulfilled without hesitation the obligations assumed at the several pan-American conferences.

The country as a whole, however, does not present quite the unbroken democratic front that its government's official stand seems to indicate. The present administration has continued the Cárdenas line in foreign affairs, but this policy was as unpopular among the groups which attacked Cárdenas as was his domestic program. The divisions of opinion that produced such bitter political struggles under Cárdenas have not been bridged in spite of the present government's appeals for national unity. But though the antagonisms persist, there has been a rather startling reversal of roles which it will require some explanation to make clear.

President Avila Camacho belongs to the moderate wing of the Mexican Revolution, a group whose interpretation of the revolution's purposes and final aims is considerably at variance with what was orthodox doctrine during the Popular Front days of Cárdenas. While the election campaign was in progress, however, it was expected that in a free play of social and political forces a new balance would be struck which, though it might be considerably to the right of the retiring administration's position, would still represent a continuation of its general policy. But the new government took office in a mounting war emergency, and the President appealed to all factions to sink narrow "sectarian" interests in a common patriotic endeavor to defend the larger interests of the whole nation. The labor movement responded loyally, but there is very little evidence that other groups and parties displayed a similar political quixotism. As a result, labor voluntarily yielded its initiative to its bitterest enemies, a circumstance from which most of the puzzling contradictions of the current situation have developed.

It is in the nature of middle-of-the-road governments that they adhere to the middle of the road only to the extent that roughly equivalent pressures from both sides operate to keep them there. The leadership of the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers) adopted, however, a different theory, on which its course of action has since been based. Briefly stated, this was that the new regime faithfully represented the Mexican Revolution, that is, the hopes and aspirations of the Mexican masses for a better economic and political future. The reactionaries, the C. T. M. asserted, were trying to drive a wedge between the revolutionary government and the people, in order to destroy the alliance that had been the principal buttress of the Cárdenas regime and an important factor in the election of his successor. Unless unconditionally supported by the liberal and labor groups, the government, it argued, would be driven into the arms of reaction, and the power of Mexican fascism would be thereby increased. Finally, it maintained, any criticism of or opposition to the government's measures would open the way to the charge of "subversive" fifth-column activities.

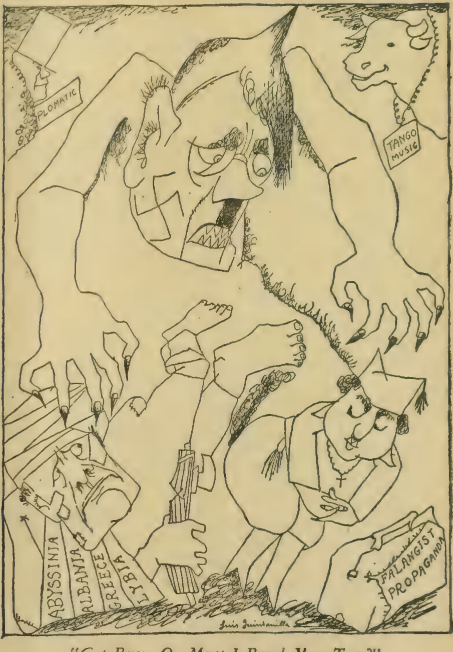
But while the C. T. M., in pursuance of this policy, has pretended that there is no essential difference between the new government and that of Cárdenas, it appears to have been fostering the very development it set out to prevent, and its foes have been jubilantly making hay. Two recent examples will serve to indicate the general trend.

When the Federal District government last month imposed a transfer tax on the sale of bonds and other securities, the bankers, who have small patience with the shibboleth of "national unity" and the virtue of universal sacrifice in these trying times, raised such a howl of protest that the measure was hastily withdrawn. At almost the same time the law regulating public education came before Congress for amendment and revision. Now this law represents a major political battle in the recent Mexican past. The famous "socialist" education, which has never, in fact, existed outside the statute books, had become during eight years of attack by the country's most obscurantist groups one of those political banners which the progressives could least afford to surrender. Actually they were defending the indefensible—what, after all, can be more absurd than the proposal to institute socialist education in a land that no one pretends is socialist?—and President Calles, when he presented this particular lemon to the radicals of the Revolutionary Party in 1933, must have derived considerable sardonic amusement from anticipation of the difficulties in which it was going to land them. But it had since become a standard around which people could be rallied for a number of quite different struggles, and to relinquish it would constitute a disaster precisely because it had been so tenaciously defended. However, when the new Congress proceeded last December to emasculate the law, the C. T. M. acclaimed the new legislation for having maintained "the principle of socialist education," in spite of the fact that, to mention only one of its quaint provisions, it discourages coeducation even in elementary schools on grounds of morality!

When one recalls the optimistic militancy of the C. T. M. three years ago, this seems indeed a sad eclipse. Only time will tell whether the present policy will in the long run prove beneficial; for the moment it is difficult to escape the feeling that the labor leadership must bear its share of responsibility for the country's present unstable temper. For the combination of labor paralysis and economic difficulties is producing general discontent. It is no secret that the workers' apparently spectacular gains under Cárdenas were largely illusory and that they have little to show for their paper victories—literally paper, as they constituted in effect promissory notes on the future. Wages, at a generous estimate, have increased possibly 40 per cent during the six years but have never come within hailing distance of a price level which in its most important item, food, has soared 100 per cent. It is unfortunately true that Cárdenas, who showed such conspicuous daring in other directions, became afflicted with palsy whenever he was brought face to face with the problem of price control.

Since the outbreak of the war prices have continued to rise while wages have remained, at best, stationary. Real suffering and resentment have begun to spread through large worker and middle-class groups, no longer sustained by the stimulation of united action and the hope in the future they had known under Cárdenas. The political result has been the curious reversal of roles mentioned above. When Cárdenas preached democratic solidarity and anti-fascist action to a largely unheeding world, he was denounced as an international busybody and a Bolshevik by all the reactionaries in Mexico, whereas the traditionally anti-gringo masses shed a large part of their ingrained hostility to the United States. But now that the reactionaries believe that things are coming their way at last, that the government is on *their* side, they are drawing a discreet veil over their recent paeans to Hitler and swearing undying loyalty to a democracy for which, in fact, they have no more use than they ever had. The workers, meanwhile, bewildered by the retreat they have been forced into, are drifting into a dangerous mood of cynical opposition and becoming ever more susceptible to the blandishments of fascist demagogy. It is true that as yet this feeling is prevalent only among the more reactionary worker groups and the labor "aristocracy" on the fringe of the middle class—those who made up most of the urban following of Almazán during the 1940 campaign. But it is among them also that the Spanish Falange, composed of Hitler's deputies in Latin America with their phony Indian-baiting Hispanicism, and its allies, the *Sinarquistas,* are making inroads.

There is nothing that a certain class of Mexicans respects so much as *machismo* (maleness) and military ruthlessness; a large part of the respect with which the Germans are regarded here is due to their demonstrated *machismo*—they are *muy hombres,* very tough guys. Few actions of the American government have done more to strengthen American prestige here in recent months than its placing Axel Wenner-Gren, the somewhat mysterious Swedish financier, on the black list. Wenner-Gren had been on intimate terms with high government officials and prominent politicians, who were apparently preparing to make him handsome concessions for the money he was reputedly going to invest here. The blow, when it fell, was a heavy one to these insiders, including several Americans who were not above flirting with the enemy.



"Get Busy. Or Must I Break You Too?"

But while the United States government's action was resented, it was also respected, because it showed that the gringos too could get tough when necessary.

It would be easy, however, to exaggerate the importance of such aberrations; I mention them only to show that Mexico is far from being of one mind about the war. Does this mean that the country could be converted into a base of operations against the United States? I think not. There are plenty of actual and potential fifth columnists, but there is one effective bar to their successful action. With an insufficient agriculture and a rudimentary industrial structure, the country is largely dependent on its foreign trade, and the United States has now become almost the sole country with which trade can be carried on. Nearly 100 per cent of exports and imports now go to or come from the United States, and under that compulsion the most recalcitrant diehard nationalists can see that, with or without Good Neighbor policies, with or without pan-American conferences and hemisphere solidarity, their country's future is now irrevocably bound up with that of its neighbor.

Thus the government's policy of full cooperation with Washington, while it may not command universal approval, has been accepted by everyone except the openly fascist minority. At the same time there has been a strong conviction that Mexico should get very substantial *national* concessions in return. This was the opportunity to obtain compensation for El Chamizal, to reach an agreement in the oil dispute, to settle on advantageous terms such long-standing issues as the Claims Convention, the government and railroad debts, and some other dubious financial obligations inherited from former regimes. In short, if Mexico were to aid the United States and Great Britain in the war against Nazi imperialism, the least it could expect in return was a loosening of the bonds which had obstructed its own advance toward a democratic future.

Unhappily, these things did not come to pass. Relations with Great Britain were resumed—in a voluntary expression of democratic solidarity—with no mention of the oil dispute that had provoked the rupture. Why, people asked, did not Mexico insist on a settlement as a prerequisite to renewed diplomatic relations? On the other hand, the American State Department missed a real opportunity for cementing Mexican friendship by allowing the talks to drag on for a year and by conducting them in a pinch-penny bargaining spirit. The final agreement is excellent as far as it goes, but for all the anguished protests of Standard Oil and the New York *Herald Tribune,* it does not go very far. Actually, because of the stubbornness of the American oil interests, a final oil settlement was again postponed. The agreement exacted $40,000,000, from 10 to 15 per cent of the face value, in payment of old American claims—many of which I am told, had in fact been disallowed by the International Claims Convention—whereas Mexico had been able to settle similar claims with other countries at about 2 per cent. It provided a fund to stabilize the shaky Mexican peso, but a better way might have been for the United States to buy more Mexican goods, which it is still not importing in anything like requisite quantities. A loan was granted, but since the money is to be used principally in building highways and improving harbors and the railroad system, almost purely military and defense projects, it will not necessarily have any lasting beneficial effects on the national economy. Finally, direct silver purchases from the Mexican government were renewed, purchases that had been suspended in 1938 after the oil expropriation. The profit on the turnover will of course be useful to the Mexican Treasury and many mine workers will keep their jobs, but the principal beneficiaries of this transaction are the Americans who own 70 per cent of Mexico's silver mines.

What was most encouraging about the settlement, in fact, was its being concluded at all, after so many premature announcements of its imminent signing. It was encouraging to find the United States recognizing Mexican sovereignty in the oil dispute after Mr. Hull's unhappy attempt to impose international arbitration of a purely domestic issue; and to find that an amicable solution was possible for some, if not all, of the issues that were obstructing improved Mexican-American relations. But much as Mexicans welcomed the clearing of financial horizons and the disappearance of existing tension, they could not help wishing they had secured more favorable terms.

Foreign Minister Padilla went to Rio with a program to which most Mexicans would subscribe, either out of personal conviction or the feeling that expediency offered no better course. But they rose up in wrath when he rather clumsily stated that Mexico's proposal of a unanimous rupture of relations with the Axis should be adopted "because that was what the United States wanted." Doubtless he meant to say that in this way the American republics would be best able to realize their desire to aid the United States in the existing emergency. But the wording, coupled with what was widely regarded here as Mexico's failure to derive greater profit from the financial settlement with the United States, seemed to indicate a subservience to Washington that was extremely galling. This is not to say that Mexicans are trying to be mercenary at American expense; but the national policy of any country is seldom conspicuously identified with pure altruism, and many Mexicans felt that the war was providing an opportunity of which the nation was not taking full advantage. At any rate, I have yet to talk to a Mexican of any class or occupation who was not deeply mortified by the Padilla statement.

The discouraging course of the war in the Pacific has naturally given rise to preoccupation about defense. Here the government has shown a full disposition to march shoulder to shoulder with the United States. It has granted the facilities of harbors and landing fields; it has concluded a defense agreement with Washington; it is strengthening, so far as limited resources will permit, its coastal defenses; it is acquiring some modern equipment for its army and few naval vessels; and it has appointed General Cárdenas to supreme command of the Pacific Zone.

These measures, important as they are, have not been reinforced with anything like an adequate mobilization of popular sentiment for the war. Apart from a few frigid official pronouncements, the government has done little to create a broad democratic front or to rouse the people to the urgency of an uncompromising anti-fascist stand. On the contrary, many genuine anti-fascists have been removed from government service or shunted into minor posts in response to the conservative clamor for a purge of the Cárdenas "Communists," and certain men whose fascist sympathies are well known and scarcely disguised have been elevated to positions of authority. The appointment of General Cárdenas was indeed a gesture to the left, but his scope of action has been seriously circumscribed by political enemies in the capital, who dread any activity tending to increase his prominence in public and political life.

What is wrong, then, with Mexico's reactions to the war? Simply that the country does not yet realize that this is its war quite as much as it is anyone else's and that its own independence is bound up with the defeat of the Axis. An anti-fascist war can be won only by people who are sincerely anti-fascist, and anti-fascism is not nourished by discouraging liberalism at home. A total war against fascism requires a rooting out of all fascist tendencies in the rear lines and the widest possible extension of democratic methods and policies. The present regime in Mexico has shown an unhappy disposition to give greater attention to the opinions of the anti-democratic minority than to maintaining the people's advance toward participation in national affairs which was Cárdenas's real achievement. And unless the energies and convictions of the common people are fully enlisted, Mexico will be exerting only a fraction of its potential power for a democratic victory.

Jews After the War

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

II

I OFFER "a" solution rather than "the" solution to the problem of anti-Semitism precisely because a prerequisite for any solution of a basic social problem is the understanding that there is no perfectly satisfactory formula. A perennial problem of human relations can be dealt with on many levels of social and moral achievements, but not in such a way that new perplexities will not emerge upon each new level. The tendency of modern culture to find pat answers and panaceas for vexing problems—one aspect of its inveterate utopianism—has confused rather than clarified most issues with which it has occupied itself.

I have previously suggested that the problem of the relation of the Jews to our Western democratic world calls for at least two different approaches. We must on the one hand preserve and if possible extend the democratic standards of tolerance and of cultural and racial pluralism which allow the Jews *Lebensraum* as a nation among the nations. We must on the other hand support more generously than in the past the legitimate aspiration of Jews for a "homeland" in which they will not be simply tolerated but which they will possess. The type of liberalism which fights for and with the Jews on the first battle line but leaves them to fight alone on the second is informed by an unrealistic universalism. If its presuppositions are fully analyzed it will be discovered that they rest upon the hope that history is moving forward to a universal culture which will eliminate all particularities and every collective uniqueness, whether rooted in nature or in history. History has perennially refuted this hope.

The late Justice Louis D. Brandeis illustrated in his person and his ideas exactly what we mean by this double strategy. Brandeis was first a great American, whose contributions to our national life prove that justice to the Jew is also a service to democracy in that it allows democracy to profit from the peculiar gifts of the Jew—in the case of Brandeis and many another leader, the Hebraic-prophetic passion for social justice. But Brandeis was also a Zionist; his belief in the movement was regarded by some of his friends, both Gentile and Jewish, as an aberration that one had to condone in an otherwise sane and worthy man. Brandeis's Zionism sprang from his understanding of an aspect of human existence to which most of his fellow-liberals were blind. He understood "that whole peoples have an individuality no less marked than that of single persons, that the individuality of a people is irrepressible, and that the misnamed internationalism which seeks the elimination of nationalities or peoples is unattainable. The new nationalism proclaims that each race or people has a right and duty to develop, and that only through such differentiated development will high civilization be attained."* Brandeis understood in 1916 what some of his fellow-Jews did not learn until 1933 and what many a Gentile liberal will never learn. "We Jews," he said, "are a distinct nationality, of which every Jew is necessarily a member. Let us insist that the struggle for liberty shall not cease until equal opportunity is accorded to nationalities as to individuals."

It must be emphasized that any program which recognizes the rights of Jews as a nationality and which sees in Zionism a legitimate demand for the recognition of these rights must at the same time support the struggle for the rights of Jews as citizens in the nations in which they are now established or may be established. This strategy is demanded, if for no other reason, because there is no possibility that Palestine will ever absorb all the Jews of the world. Even if it were physically able to absorb them, we know very well that migrations never develop as logically as this. I cannot judge whether Zionist estimates of the millions which a fully developed Palestine could absorb are correct. They seem to me to err on the side of optimism. But in any case it would be fantastic to assume that all Jews could or would find their way to Palestine, even in the course of many centuries.

It is more important, however, to consider what democracy owes to its own ideals of justice and to its own quality as a civilization than what it owes to the Jews. Neither democracy nor any other civilization pretending to maturity can afford to capitulate to the tendency in collective life which would bring about unity by establishing a simple homogeneity. We must not underestimate this tendency as a perennial factor in man's social life. Nor must we fail to understand the logic behind it. Otherwise we shall become involved in the futile task of seeking to prove that minority groups are not really as bad as their critics accuse them of being, instead of understanding that minority groups are thought "bad" only because they diverge from the dominant type and affront that type by their divergence. But to yield to this tendency would be to allow civilization to be swallowed up in primitivism, for the effort to return to the simple unity of tribal life is a primitive urge of which Nazism is the most consistent, absurd, and dangerous contemporary expression. In the case of the Jews, with their peculiar relation to the modern world and the peculiar contributions which they have made to every aspect of modern culture and civilization, any relaxation of democratic standards would also mean robbing our civilization of the special gifts which they have developed as a nation among the nations.

The necessity for a second strategy in dealing with the Jewish problem stems from certain aspects of the collective life of men which the modern situation has brought into tragic relief. The Jews require a homeland, if for no other reason, because even the most generous immigration laws of the Western democracies will not permit all the dispossessed Jews of Europe to find a haven in which they may look forward to a tolerable future. When I say the most "generous" immigration laws, I mean, of course, "generous" only within terms of political exigencies. It must be observed that the liberals of the Western world maintain a conspiracy of silence on this point. They do not dare to work for immigration laws generous enough to cope with the magnitude of the problem which the Jewish race faces. They are afraid of political repercussions, tacitly acknowledging that their theories do not square with the actual facts. Race prejudice, the intolerance of a dominant group toward a minority group, is a more powerful and more easily aroused force than they dare admit.

A much weightier justification of Zionism is that every race finally has a right to a homeland where it will not be "different," where it will neither be patronized by "good" people nor subjected to calumny by bad people. Of course many Jews have achieved a position in democratic nations in which the disabilities from which they suffer as a minority group are comparatively insignificant in comparison with the prestige which they have won. A democratic world would not disturb them. Their situation would actually be eased to an even further degree if the racial survival impulse were primarily engaged in Palestine. Religious and cultural divergences alone do not present a serious problem, particularly under traditions of cultural pluralism. But there are millions of Jews, not only in the democratic world but in the remnants of the feudal world, such as Poland and the Balkans, who ought to have a chance to escape from the almost intolerable handicaps to which they are subjected. One reason why Jews suffer more than any other minority is that they bear the brunt of two divergences from type, religious and racial, and it is idle for Jews or Gentiles to speculate about which is the primary source of prejudice. Either would suffice, but the prejudice is compounded when both divergences are involved.

Zionist aspirations, it seems to me, deserve a more generous support than they have been accorded by liberal and democratic groups in Western countries. Non-Zionist Jews have erred in being apologetic or even hostile to these aspirations on the ground that their open expression might imperil rights painfully won in the democratic world. Non-Jewish liberals have erred equally in regarding Zionism as nothing but the vestigial remnant of an ancient religious dream, the unfortunate aberration of a hard-pressed people.

Whether the Jews will be allowed to develop a genuine homeland under their own sovereignty, within the framework of the British Empire, depends solely upon the amount of support which they secure in the two great democracies, for those democracies will have it in their power, if Hitler is defeated, to make the necessary political arrangements. The influence of the American government will be indirect but none the less effective—which is why American public opinion on this issue cannot be a matter of indifference. It is obviously no easy matter for British statecraft to give the proper assurances and to make basic arrangements for the future while it is forced to deal with a vast and complex Arab world still in danger of falling under the sway of the Nazis. Yet it must be observed that the Arabs achieved freedom and great possessions in the last war, and that this war, in the event of victory for the United Nations, will increase the extent and cohesion of their realm. The Anglo-Saxon hegemony that is bound to exist in the event of an Axis defeat will be in a position to see to it that Palestine is set aside for the Jews, that the present restrictions on immigration are abrogated, and that the Arabs are otherwise compensated.

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* From an essay first published in 1916 and reprinted by the *Jewish Frontier* in its October, 1941, issue.

Zionist leaders are unrealistic in insisting that their demands entail no "injustice" to the Arab population since Jewish immigration has brought new economic strength to Palestine. It is absurd to expect any people to regard the restriction of their sovereignty over a traditional possession as "just," no matter how many other benefits accrue from that abridgment. What is demanded in this instance is a policy which offers a just solution of an intricate problem faced by a whole civilization. The solution must, and can, be made acceptable to the Arabs if it is incorporated into a total settlement of the issues of the Mediterranean and Near Eastern world; and it need not be unjust to the Arabs in the long run if the same "imperial" policy which establishes the Jewish homeland also consolidates and unifies the Arab world. One may hope that this will not be done by making the Jewish homeland a part of an essentially Arab federation.

It must be noted in conclusion that there are both Jews and Gentiles who do not believe that Palestine is a desirable locus for a Jewish homeland though they do believe that a homeland must be created. They contend that there is as yet no evidence of Palestine's ability to maintain an independent economic existence without subsidies; that the cooperative agricultural ventures of the Jews, impressive in quality but not in size, offer no hope of a solid agricultural basis for the national economy; that the enmity of the Arab world would require the constant interposition of imperial arms; that the resources of Palestine could not support the millions whom the Zionists hope to settle there; and that the tendency to use Arab agricultural labor may once more create a Jewish urban caste. It is difficult to know to what degree such criticisms are justified. The fact that 25 per cent of the Jewish settlers in Palestine are engaged in agriculture tends to refute the argument that the Palestinian economy has no adequate agricultural base. The criticism that Palestine cannot, under the most favorable circumstances, absorb all the Jews who must find a new home and security after the war is more serious. However, even if fully borne out, it would not affect the thesis that the Jews require a homeland. It would simply raise the question whether a different, or an additional, region should be chosen. It is barely possible that a location ought to be found in Europe.

The whole matter is so important that it should be explored by an international commission, consisting of both Jews and Gentiles, both Zionists and non-Zionists. The Jews were the first, as they have been the chief, victims of Nazi fury. Their rehabilitation, like the rehabilitation of every Nazi victim, requires something more than the restoration of the *status quo ante.* We must consider this task one of the most important among the many problems of post-war reconstruction. We cannot, in justice either to ourselves or to the Jews, dismiss it from our conscience.

[*The first part of this article was published last week.*]

Recognition

BY RICHARD ARMOUR

Stalin gets nine more words in the 1942 edition of the British "Who's Who" than he did in the 1941 edition.—NEWS ITEM.

They didn't call him comrade
And they had no medal struck
When he might have left the Kremlin flat,
Instead of having stuck.

They didn't send him shillings
And they didn't dub him knight
For turning back the Nazi hordes
And putting them to flight.

They didn't ask him over,
Nor name their children Joe,
Because he kept on taking towns
In forty-odd below.

But you can trust the British,
From commoner to king,
To recognize accomplishment
And do the handsome thing.

And that is why the editors
Of Britain's proud "Who's Who"
Bestowed on Stalin nine more words
In nineteen forty-two.

No Obligations

BY IDA TREAT

IT'S not the principle, it's the person—" Mrs. Wason said for the second time. There she stuck. She had no idea what to say next. The Club expected her to find a solution. She was perfectly aware of that. She was their president. She stood by the oak table, twisting and untwisting the chain of her lorgnon.

Young Mrs. Cotton, who sat facing her, lifted her chin from its nest of silver fox. "The person generally *is* to blame, don't you think?" she asked helpfully.

Mrs. Wason flushed, and Mrs. Philip Nycey, who was acting as secretary, stopped scribbling a row of *M's* across the top of a blank sheet of note paper. "This is a very unpleasant predicament for us *all,*" she emphasized.

"In other words," young Mrs. Cotton's tone was as silky as her furs, "the refugee-as-an-idea and the refugee-in-the-flesh have proved to be two quite distinct and contradictory—"

"Ladies, members of Current Events!" Mrs. Wason found her voice again and plunged headlong into her speech, spacing her breathing like a singer. "I am sure none of us regret our generous effort (breath) in behalf of the unhappy victims of aggression (breath) even though today we are confronted—"

"—with the person," young Mrs. Cotton cut in pertly. Some of the younger members tittered. Mrs. Wason brought up short, sails flapping. The look she gave the girl with the silver foxes was heavy with reproach. The chain of her lorgnon wriggled in knots among the frills of her jabot.

"I didn't mean to sound unkind," she faltered, and then and there decided to give up her speech. "Whatever shall we do with her?" she asked helplessly. Then she stepped behind the table and sat down.

Mrs. Nycey gave a disapproving cough, and someone in the back row remarked: "If we had taken a child as I suggested—"

Mrs. Wason tried to look as if she had not heard. She avoided the eye of the secretary, who was trying to get her attention. Whereupon Mrs. Nycey shrugged her shoulders none too graciously and answered for her.

"As I remember, we were all agreed—a child would have been too permanent. The Club was in no position to assume the responsibility. ("How well she does it," thought Mrs. Wason. "Why didn't they make her president?") We chose an adult refugee because helping an adult had the advantage of being temporary."

"Or so we thought," young Mrs. Cotton corrected. "We weren't anticipating Miss Lipovska."

Mrs. Nycey rapped the table with her pencil. "I am sure no one forgets what Miss Lipovska has been through."

Mrs. Wason looked troubled. She wondered whether she herself had not forgotten. She recalled the day Miss Lipovska told the Club of her escape from burning Warsaw and her spectacular flight across Europe. The members had listened spellbound. They all wanted the privilege of entertaining Miss Lipovska. They were none too pleased when their president carried her off, a little dazed and tearfully grateful at such a competitive display of friendliness.

That was three months ago. Since then, other members besides the president had entertained their refugee. Today she was back again at Mrs. Wason's. As the last hostess pointed out, Mrs. Wason had the biggest house. Since Miss Lipovska's return Mrs. Wason had been obliged to change housemaids. Now the new one was threatening to leave. That was what had precipitated the meeting.

Mrs. Wason was aware she had let Mrs. Nycey take the meeting away from her. Not that she minded personally. But perhaps it was not fair to the Club. The Club had not wanted Mrs. Nycey for president, though she would have made an efficient one. A little too aggressively efficient, Mrs. Wason decided. She stopped twisting her lorgnon chain and rose to answer a member who wanted to know why a job had not yet been found for Miss Lipovska. Mrs. Wason referred the question to the Refugee Committee.

The chairman reported her committee had been active. It was not their fault if Miss Lipovska spoke French so queerly that no one wanted her as a teacher. The chairman had tried her out on her own children—and in a week they were pronouncing all their *l's* like *w's!* Miss Lipovska admitted she did not know any grammar. She had learned to speak French as a child. What was more, she hadn't the faintest notion of how to handle children. The committee doubted if Miss Lipovska was really fitted to teach anything.

"She can talk," said a voice.

"Oh, can she!" This from young Mrs. Cotton. "Neither Milton nor I got any sleep when she stayed with us. She'd sit up until all hours—"

"All Slavs are like that. They never go to bed," put in Mrs. Nycey.

"—talking and smoking. Cigarette ashes over everything."

"I know," nodded the chairman. "Stubs on the rugs and setting wastebaskets on fire—"

"I don't like to criticize a guest, but—" began Mrs. Wason, who was thinking of her housemaid.

Young Mrs. Cotton caught her up. "What I would like to know is—is or is not Miss Lipovska a guest?"

"One would think she was," sighed the chairman. "At my house she never lifted a hand. She'd leave her bed unmade all day rather than do it herself."

Mrs. Nycey made herself heard again. "Miss Lipovska is used to servants."

"I know—four maids and a chauffeur and a villa in Zacopani. I'm so *tired* of her villa in Zacopani."

"She hasn't a villa any longer," Mrs. Wason reminded.

"She has a mink coat," Mrs. Nycey said suddenly. The Club looked startled, as if Mrs. Nycey had set Miss Lipovska in their midst like a Godiva in furs.

Mrs. Wason frowned. "It's the one thing of value she has left."

Mrs. Nycey predicted the coat would soon lose its value.

"She sits around in it all day like a house cat. It's a shame the way she treats it. I couldn't afford a mink coat."

Someone asked why Miss Lipovska did not sell her coat.

Mrs. Nycey raised her eyebrows. "She doesn't feel she has to."

Mrs. Wason called them to order. She thought they were getting away from the subject. Had no one an idea? Couldn't they think of some sort of work for Miss Lipovska?

The chairman of the Refugee Committee recapitulated: "She can't teach. She never would do in an office. I'm sure no one would keep her a day as a saleswoman. She doesn't know how to sew. She never cooked anything in her life."

"Couldn't she be a companion?" someone suggested.

The chairman shook her head. "She's the kind that hires companions. And you could scarcely ask her to work as a charwoman."

"Not in a mink coat!" Mrs. Nycey added she was sure the coat had prejudiced people. They took Miss Lipovska for one of the well-to-do refugees—like the man who wanted Philip to pay such a lot of money for doing something secret to rubber, and all the time he was living at the Waldorf. A lot of them lived at the Waldorf.

"Haven't you *any* suggestions?" Mrs. Wason's voice had a panicky ring. She scanned the faces before her hopefully.

Nobody ventured a remark except young Mrs. Cotton, who suggested frivolously that they might try to marry off Miss Lipovska. Mrs. Wason knew they were all thinking: You got us into this. It's for you to find a way out. She tried to steel herself with the thought of the cigarette ashes, the unmade bed, the tub Miss Lipovska always neglected to clean after her bath—and the housemaid who said that morning she wasn't hired to be the foreign lady's personal maid. In spite of herself, she kept seeing Miss Lipovska, with her frightened eyes and brown-stained fingers, homeless and helpless, huddled like a sick bird in her wrappings of expensive fur. It made Mrs. Wason feel like crying—for Miss Lipovska and herself. She awoke to the fact that Mrs. Nycey had taken over the meeting again.

"I think the time has come to speak straight out," began the secretary. "We can't go on forever being sentimental. It gives refugees the impression that we owe them something. We're not responsible for what the Germans did. We're under no obligations. Miss Lipovska can't expect the Club to support her for the rest of her life. None of us here would expect strangers to support us."

"We leave that to our husbands," murmured young Mrs. Cotton.

Mrs. Nycey ignored the remark. "We have nothing to reproach ourselves with. We welcomed Miss Lipovska into our homes and gave her three months' vacation. She must realize the vacation is ended."

"So what?" thought Mrs. Wason. She felt guiltier and guiltier as she listened.

It seemed Mrs. Nycey had a plan for Miss Lipovska. She had not mentioned it before, since no one had asked for her advice. If she proposed it now, it was out of loyalty to their president. Everyone knew that the president had too big a heart.

Mrs. Wason caught herself wondering whether she had a heart. Would she have called the meeting if she had?

"The first thing, Miss Lipovska must sell her coat," Mrs. Nycey said firmly. "She can't expect a big price for it, but the money she will get should be sufficient to pay for a good wool one and keep her through the winter if she's careful."

Here Mrs. Wason interrupted. "You're not suggesting she pay board to me?"

"Of course not." Mrs. Nycey explained she had first thought of taking Miss Lipovska into her own home, to relieve Mrs. Wason. She had no guest room. She would have had to put Miss Lipovska on a couch in the hall. "And that would not give her the sense of independence she needs, now would it?"

Mrs. Wason nodded no, emphatically. She could not imagine herself feeling independent on a couch in the hall at Mrs. Nycey's.

Mrs. Nycey looked gratified. "And so I had to think up a better plan. There's that little Polish baker on Elm Street, the one who makes the nice meat patties. I spoke to him tentatively and he's quite agreed. He will let

Miss Lipovska a little room over his shop. Cheaply too. I told him it was for a refugee."

"Do you think Miss Lipovska will like—"

"She can't help but like it. The room is quite acceptable, and, besides, she'll be among her own people. We all know what that means."

Mrs. Wason was not quite sure that she did. Listening to Mrs. Nycey made her somehow feel it was more than a matter of language. Young Mrs. Cotton broke in with the very question she wanted to ask.

"And when Miss Lipovska's money is spent?"

Mrs. Nycey said she thought that was looking too far ahead. The main thing was to help Miss Lipovska to her feet and make her feel her independence. "When she is definitely on her own, she'll enjoy looking about to find a place for herself. I'm convinced, too, the baker will do something eventually. It ought to be a matter of national pride for him. He may let her help out in the shop."

Mrs. Wason felt her cheeks tingle. She stole a look at the Club. They were listening as they had listened that other time, when Miss Lipovska first came and spoke. Young Mrs. Cotton's gaze met hers, a pair of bold young eyes above a faintly ironical smile. Mrs. Wason looked away.

When Mrs. Nycey's plan was put to vote it carried without a dissenting voice. The Club moved a vote of thanks to the secretary and appointed her a committee of one to put the plan into effect.

"If it doesn't work, why not try arsenic?" young Mrs. Cotton suggested. Mrs. Nycey was frankly shocked. She saw no humor in cynicism, she said afterward to Mrs. Wason.

As president, Mrs. Wason took no part in the votes. She felt she must speak to Mrs. Nycey, but it took her some time making up her mind what to say. Nearly everyone had left when she moved over to the secretary's chair. Even then she hesitated, tugging at the chain of her lorgnon. But not for long.

"Have you anyone in mind . . . for Miss Lipovska's coat, Mildred?" she asked.

Mrs. Nycey, who was writing down the notes of the meeting, answered vaguely that she really hadn't thought. Though now that Mrs. Wason spoke of it; "Perhaps I might get Philip to buy it," she said, laying down her pencil. "Three hundred dollars at the outside—that would be a fair price, don't you think, and a lot of money for Miss Lipovska."

Something beat quickly under Mrs. Wason's satin frills. When she spoke her voice shook a little, but there was purpose behind it. "I'll be glad to contribute half myself—but the coat *must go back to Miss Lipovska afterward.*"

She hoped she sounded fierce enough to make Mrs. Nycey understand.

In the Wind

A PLAN TO OVERCOME the geographical obstacles to bombing Japan and at the same time to take advantage of Russia's neutrality in the Pacific war is being widely discussed in Washington government circles. American bombers and flying fortresses would take off from Alaska or the Aleutian Islands and bombard Tokyo. Instead of trying to return to their bases, they would go on to Vladivostok, where the Russians would be forced, under their present agreement with Japan, to intern the planes. The presence of American bombers and fighting planes in Vladivostok might discourage Japan from making an early attack on the Soviet Union and would, in any event, enable the Russians to release a good part of their Eastern defense for use against the Nazis. And finally, Soviet military men could study the design of the flying fortresses, none of which have reached Russia as yet.

THE LEAGUE for the Rights of Man, the international civil-liberties organization which formerly had its headquarters in Paris, will soon be reorganized here.

A LARGE DISTRIBUTOR of magazines and newspapers in Chicago, the Post Office News Company, discontinued the sale of several magazines a few days ago after America's entry into war. When the editors of *Partisan Review* inquired why their publication was no longer being distributed, they learned that Post Office News had dropped all left-wing magazines for the duration of the war.

RECENT REPORTS that John L. Lewis and David Dubinsky intend to cooperate gained further credibility with the recent appointment of Emil Schlesinger as attorney for District 50 of the United Mine Workers. Lewis has been concentrating most of his energies on District 50 in recent months, and Schlesinger, a friend of Dubinsky's, has for several years been counsel to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

THE CANADIAN NATIONALIST PARTY, an avowedly fascist group, is still functioning. Recently it distributed thousands of copies of its program throughout the dominion. While not openly pro-Hitler so far as the war is concerned, the statement boasts that the party wants for Canada an internal regime modeled on that of Nazi Germany.

THE NEW YORK *WORLD-TELEGRAM,* which has been running an editorial almost every day demanding that all social-welfare work be eliminated from civilian defense, has at the same time been running a series called This Too Is Defense by Jay Nelson Tuck. The point of the series is that child-training and physical-fitness programs and adult education are essential to civilian defense.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Chirico, the Etruscans, and Others

THE STORY OF MODERN ART. By Sheldon Cheney. The Viking Press. $5.

THE EARLY CHIRICO. By James Thrall Soby. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

AMERICANS 1942: 18 ARTISTS FROM 9 STATES. Edited by Dorothy C. Miller. The Museum of Modern Art. $2.

THEY TAUGHT THEMSELVES: AMERICAN PRIMITIVE PAINTERS OF THE 20th CENTURY. By Sidney Janis. Foreword by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The Dial Press. $3.50.

ETRUSCAN SCULPTURE. Phaidon Edition. The Oxford University Press. $3.50.

CONSIDERING the enormous prestige, recognition, and popularity modern art has won and boasted during the past two decades—its success in dramatizing the struggles, conflicts, and ambitions of artists for the general public, its controversies and battles, its skill in bringing the whole range of contemporary scientific interest, ideological enthusiasms, and historical curiosity within the range of plastic expression, its establishment of works by Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Gauguin as household classics, and the success of even the wildest aberrations of surrealism in drawing record crowds to galleries and influencing popular taste—it is startling to hear that Mr. Cheney was moved to write his latest compendium only "two or three years ago" by a museum director who told him he still thought "modern art is all a racket" and by the fact that about the same time "a patron of the arts in Chicago [the socially prominent dowager and poetess, Mrs. Frank G. Logan, whose verses are warmly admired by the local press] had organized a movement and was spending her money freely to combat the advance of modernism, under a banner inscribed 'Sanity in Art.' " He thereupon undertook to write a book to convert "the form-blind," those who continue to "see and read pictures" rather than "see and experience" them. The "Story of Modern Art" that has resulted, a large book of over 600 pages, is frankly a "story" on the scale and level of the well-standardized stories of philosophy, science, and literature that have become endemic to our age. His hope is to win a public which has hitherto been given too many "mystifying and alienating" treatises—"including my own."

At this late date such a book from the hands of a competent defender of causes like Mr. Cheney is to be welcomed, but only after admitting that propaganda's work is never done and that Mr. Cheney's numerous predecessors in evangelism were either pioneers who wrote too soon or sophisticated specialists who wrote too preciously and even sooner. It isn't too easy to do this. There may always be room for another good general history of painting since the time of David and Ingres; but Mr. Cheney has been preceded by a number of able chroniclers as well as by various specialists who have not only made his work possible but who have provided the kind of serious analysis and criticism which the public needs today much more than it needs the loosely defensive propaganda and overwrought storyizings that have more to do with museum publicity and dealers' profits than with the serious judgment and appreciation of artists and pictures. One may say of Mr. Cheney's book that at best it satisfies its purpose by being attractively readable, historically colorful, lively in arrangement and dramatic contrasts, never blatantly vulgarizing in the manner of Burton Rascoe, prejudiced like Meier-Graefe, or slipshodly combative like C. J. Bulliet; but that conversely it shows how the synthesis, digesting, and persistence necessary to so vast a project are bound to lead to an overworking of epithets, a flagging of discriminations, a continuous wavering of the line that separates specific analysis and critical tact from propagandist enthusiasm, a straining of pedagogical zeal, and a scattering of critical force and taste through an eagerness to do justice to the claims of almost every type and school of painting that has appeared in the last 150 years. And one must add that Mr. Cheney's survey, however serviceable in a worthy cause, is hardly the best job of its kind. It does not show the workable apparatus of terms and the vigorous historical grasp of R. H. Wilenski's books, the analytical virtues of men like Salmon, Read, and Einstein, or the penetrating insight and originality that intensify both style and content in the books of Roger Fry. It is one of the best products of the propagandist wing of current aesthetic publicity and may without qualms be placed in the hands of the prejudiced and uninitiated—provided they are given to understand that its spirited chapters remain, even as late as 1942, more in the nature of first words on their subjects than last, and that the time has now arrived when last words are within the reach of the best historians and critics in this field.

Mr. Soby's book on the early work of Chirico comes opportunely to hand as an example of what the serious critic can do when he tempers propaganda—Mr. Soby presents himself as an ardent pleader for his hero—with serious formal and historical criticism. The problem he defines in Chirico is exemplary. Chirico's paintings of the past two decades are the work of a talent in tragic disintegration, showing not only the deterioration of one of the most powerful creative visions of our century but a fatal distraction by the personal and professional conflicts through which he has lived. His imagery has lapsed into sterile formulation, his "classicism" into banality, his symbols into an almost complete enervation of what was once an absolutely authoritative plastic and poetic genius. Mr. Soby deals slightly with this problem of deterioration, but his chief business is to define the origins and growth of Chirico's great gifts during his formative and mature years, between 1906 when the artist was only eighteen and 1917 when he came to the end of his precocious fruition and began to revise, adapt, and disfigure his own canvases in a fashion that seems to have destroyed both his imaginative confidence and his actual technical skill. In Chirico at his greatest there appeared a brilliant fusion of the romantic, symbolic, and metaphysical capacities of the modern sensibility. He superbly summarized the elements of classic perspective, imagery, and form; he epitomized the psychic crisis of our times so intensely as to make his work the fountainhead of new possibilities in design and iconography (he might be called a Rimbaud among painters, and like Rimbaud he shows up at a glance most of his descendants, the surrealists, for the dabblers and decadents they are); he perfected certain condensations of imagery and allegory—supremely in the "Chirico city" with its unforgettable squares, arcades, wharves, statues, towers, engines, and unearthly skies—that succeeded in extracting both from his original experience of nature and from such sources as Raphael, the Renaissance landscapists, Courbet, and Böcklin the central essence of a major tradition, loosely called the "romantic," whose strength he passed on to fellow-artists as various as Picasso, Braque, Ernst, Duchamp, Berman, and the egregious Dali. His finest canvases are unquestionably among the greatest things in twentieth-century art. And Mr. Soby's well-written, reasonably argued, carefully discriminating study is one of the best monographs in its field in recent years—exactly what was needed to bring the genius of Chirico into line with the significant developments of his age and to fix him as one of its most decisive and influential inventors.

The eighteen Americans currently exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art show as well as any recent collection the always astonishing technical competence and stylistic varieties of present-day American art. But the competence either scatters into a baffling eclecticism or exists so self-sufficiently as to preclude intensity and depth of personal vision, and the styles in most cases need only to be measured by work like Chirico's to reveal themselves as ungrounded in any recognizable power of sensibility or concept. None of these painters goes in for the stultifying documentary realism that has become a bane in American studios. Some of them—Breinin, Austin, Lebrun, Howard—show skill in the devising of original forms and images; some—Hirsch, Martin, Chapin, Siporin—in naturalistic derivation; one, Emma Lu Davis, the sculptor, has a deft hand in symbolic fancies and shows great cleverness in bringing her mediums into a characterizing play with her themes; one symbolist of fantastic tendencies, Graves, is not embarrassed by comparison with Arp and Klee. But the mark of derivation and understudy is so continuously present among these craftsmen, the submersion of insight by medium and craft is so deliberately patented an appeal among their exhibits, that when their talent for diverting and entertaining the spectator is spent, they show few of the solider satisfactions we have a right to expect of a display of national proportions. What they show too often, in fact, is the compressing of a great fund of natural talent and craftsmanship into the Procrustean molds of fashionable styles, fads, and mannerisms; the servility of their attitudes goes to extremes in the work of Merrild, Medellin, the thickly racial designs of Bloom and Levine, the glib fantasies—she calls it "classicism" but allows the new coinage "postsurrealism"—of Helen Lundeberg. Anyone might own with pleasure the pictures of Graves, Breinin, and Lebrun, but it would be hard to grant house room to the pretentious spooks of Darrel Austin or the exhausting action studies of Fletcher Martin. And it is quite likely that close living with most of these pictures would bring one to realize the sterility and fragmentary intelligence that are still present in most of the modern styles they ape or suggest.

Nor is it likely that a very great refreshment of vision and craftsmanship will come from what Mr. Janis presents as our modern American "self-taught" artists—"non-professionals," "popular painters," "folk-artists," "instinctives," "naives," and "naive-primitives" are discussed by him as alternative names for the race whose patron saint is the *douanier* Rousseau, who now receives his first large-scale American exhibition at the Chicago Institute. The reversion to primitive models in modern painting and literature has had its usefulness, but it is a usefulness easily overestimated, notoriously so by Frank Crowninshield when he devotes a panegyric to John Kane as "a magnificent paradox," "an immigrant day laborer who had no time to paint, no money to paint, no earthly provocation or encouragement to paint," yet now stands revealed as "the most significant painter America has produced during the past quarter-century." To mistake the work of this order of painter with that of a genuine creative talent is to show the lamest and most prejudiced of all contemporary hostilities—the hostility toward reasonable intelligence and culture which leads André Breton to say that the "four poles of attraction" in modern art are "primitive sculpture, children's art, paintings done in psychic states, and the artistic work of the insane." We may go as far as we like in admitting the suggestive, cleansing, and restorative value of these sources without going to the length of making either a cult or a major historical issue of illiteracy and regressive innocence, both of which lead us right back to where the dogma of the primitive or pre-conscious has always led in the past, whether in poetry or the plastic arts. If authentic models of the primitive are wanted they still exist in genuinely fruitful forms, and they are likely to be much less confusing when found in the actual past than in the mentally arrested or emotionally retarded present.

The latest volume in the superb Phaidon series offers a convenient means of studying one of the great inheritances from antiquity whose bearings on the modern sensibility is a case in point. These fine photographs show the full range of Etruscan invention in stone, bronze, pottery, and wood; they include the dynamically rudimentary stylization and symbolism of the earlier centuries and the heightened realism and psychological penetration of the later figures and portraits, and they readily reveal what Professor Goldscheider emphasizes as the informing element of all Etruscan creation —the "transcendental" character of its religion and vision: "they had . . . to depict essentials, not aspects solely; not once-for-all and fleeting impressions, nor yet the sum of all impressions, for they had to show the underlying reality which the phenomena express." The "expressionist" nature of their art thus becomes emphasized in its relevance to the modern creative ambition, and it is impossible to miss the subtle balance between abstract values and suggestive or symbolic revelation, between idea and physiognomic intensity, that brings this tradition into line with the most serious archaistic sympathies of the modern craftsman. Goldscheider provides an elaborate critical apparatus in his preface, notes, and bibliography. Specialists will find him guilty of a considerable simplification of his problems in his prefatory essay (one may be warned of some of the limitations of the Phaidon series in this respect by a severe criticism of the recent volume on Michelangelo's sculptures by Professor Wittkower in the *Burlington Magazine* for April, 1941); but for the general reader and practicing artist no more beautiful introduction to Etruscan art exists at the moment, no more convenient opportunity for becoming aware of what a radical difference exists between genuine archaism of matter and spirit and the wasteful archaistic derivation which has occasionally refreshed but more often stultified by pedantry and puerile mannerism the obsessions of novelty and originality among modern artists. Years ago, in writing about the Florentines Berenson made a distinction between true and false archaism in painting, calling in the example of Degas by way of modern illustration of the true. It is still a valid and necessary distinction, if only because its usefulness recurs in the continuously imperative problem of distinguishing between style and cliché, mastery and talent, art and entertainment, true vision and an eye for public susceptibility, in the art around us today.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Poor White

FIRE IN SUMMER. By Robert Ramsey. The Viking Press. $2.50.

"FIRE IN SUMMER," by Robert Ramsey, is a very interesting and exciting novel which is embarrassed by a peculiarly tactless and offensive blurb. "Because Mr. Ramsey is a Southerner, writing of Southern people and employing that speech . . . heard only in the back-country districts, his book will be called 'regional.' It will be compared to Caldwell and Faulkner. . . . In a sense it is regional, and in a measure it is akin to the work of other Southern writers. But Ramsey's tragic hero transcends the narrow bounds of regionalism. . . ." This is precisely the sort of nonsense which infected a good many of the reviews of Eudora Welty's excellent "A Curtain of Green" or Katherine Anne Porter's "Pale Horse, Pale Rider." If a book happens to be good, it "transcends" regionalism. This is like saying that if a man can run a hundred yards in ten seconds he "transcends" the fact that he has two legs.

Regionalism is a descriptive term; it may be taken to describe a certain type of material used by a writer or to describe a certain complex of attitudes exhibited by a writer. But the word can be made to make critical sense only if one understands it in its more fundamental social reference. Even then it is useful only to define something about the nature of a literary work and not its degree of excellence. This is no place to discuss regionalism, and it should be unnecessary at this date to point out that the adjective "regional" as applied to a novel carries no implication in regard to the excellence of the work. But the nameless blurb writer has here implied that Faulkner, for instance, is *merely* regional—therefore limited, inferior, etc.—while Ramsey "transcends" regionalism.

Now one factor which contributes heavily to Faulkner's superiority over Ramsey—it is an unfair comparison, for this is a first novel and Faulkner is a veteran, but the comparison is forced on us by the blurb writer and by certain aspects of

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Ramsey's own method—is that Faulkner is not less, but more, "regional." That is, he understands his regionalism in terms of the history of his region and in terms of the values which are competing not only in Southern but in American society, while most of the so-called regional writers are content merely to report a special way of life and a special sociological situation. But Faulkner's concern with the history of his region and with the conflict of values in Southern society provides the forms in which the psychological and ethical issues are dramatized. However, the theme of "Fire in Summer"—"the hatred of the poor white for the Negro," as the blurb tells us—is treated almost entirely at the sociological level.

We have the story of a poor white farmer who comes down into the rich bottom lands of Arkansas to find himself squeezed by a system based on Negro labor, and who takes out his frustration in irrational violence. This may be a valid piece of sociological commentary as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to provide a real center for the novel. For instance, the hero, we are given to understand, had always been the same fury-possessed man, even before he left the hill country, where he was not in competition with Negroes. Spence Lovell's attitude toward Negroes is the effect of a complex set of causes; and the novelist should, if he is to explore a depth beyond the sociological threshold, give us an understanding of these causes. But he delineates, instead, the pattern of effect. And this pattern is mechanical rather than organic; that is, each instance tends to recapitulate the meaning of previous instances, without enriching the meaning. The character is "flat"; it repeats its formula in action, but without shading, reservation, complexity, irony, or internal tension. Ultimately, Spence Lovell has no story.

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It might have been effective for the author to show the fury of Spence Lovell thus simplified when it manifests itself in the white-Negro situation, where Lovell appears in a social role, if he had played off this simplification against a complexity in the manifestations of fury when Lovell appears in a private role, in relation to his family, for example. But Lovell's fury is as mechanically patterned in his private as in his public role. He is simply robot, monster, machine, and the few comments offered by the wife do not give us an adequate lead back into the character. In other words, the novelist has avoided his responsibility on this point—probably because he has accepted sociology as explanation.

Such remarks as these would be meaningless about the work of a bad novelist, because a novel must, in a sense, set up the standard by which its very deficiencies can be defined and measured. But Mr. Ramsey has, I believe, the talent of a very good novelist indeed. He has an excellent sense of narrative and pace, his powers of observation are sharp, he can build and control excitement in a scene, his dialogue is good, and the style of his first-person narrator is well handled, despite a tendency to strain dramatic appropriateness by attempting incidental literary effects. The basic defect of his novel derives from the fact that he has not set himself the proper problem. He did not try, apparently, to define the center of his book. There is no clearly realized issue at the heart of Spence Lovell's character, and therefore none at the heart of the book. There is only the catchword of a journalistic sociology. Perhaps Mr. Ramsey needs to look harder at his region; for if he looks hard enough at his region he may see that the Spence Lovells are rather complicated people, after all.

ROBERT PENN WARREN

Hector Bywater, Prophet

THE GREAT PACIFIC WAR. By Hector C. Bywater. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

NO OTHER war in recent history has been as thoroughly discussed in advance as the war in the Pacific between the United States and Japan. It has been a favorite study in our Naval War College for at least thirty-five years, and has been commented on by publications ranging from the yellow journals to the New York *Times* and by military and naval critics as far apart in views and type as "Big Bill" Shearer and Hanson Baldwin. The best book on the subject, however, is undoubtedly "The Great Pacific War" by the English naval expert, the late Hector Bywater, and Houghton Mifflin is to be praised for reprinting it.

Since Mahan no naval expert has enjoyed greater international prestige than Bywater, who served as naval correspondent for newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. Books dealing with military and naval strategy are generally lacking in popular appeal, but both the book under review and the same author's "Seapower in the Pacific" have an unusually wide circle of American readers, whose admiration is fully justified by the books' extremely engrossing content and technical excellence.

Today it is especially interesting to reexamine "The Great Pacific War" and note how closely the outlines of the struggle correspond with the facts of the present world war. Bywater expected the Pacific war to be preceded by a successful surprise attack which would arouse in Americans a grim determination to see the war through to a successful conclusion. In his forecast the early war continues to go badly for the United States. Japanese submarines and plane carriers go into action off our Pacific Coast and cause considerable psychological and some material damage. The Philippines and Guam fall into Japanese hands after putting up a brief opposition, and much American trade is cut off. Meanwhile, United States submarines and planes create havoc among Japanese transports. Both sides make feints along the Alaska-Aleutian-Kurile chain of islands but do not undertake a real offensive because of climatic obstacles and lack of important objectives.

The turning point is reached when the United States abandons the defensive strategy with which it entered the war in 1931—as in 1941—and resolves on a vigorous offensive in the western Pacific. An expedition to seize the Bonins is at first a failure, but repeated attacks eventually place the Japanese fleet in a strategic position in which it is obliged to fight. In pitched battle the United States navy proves to be definitely superior. With the crippling of Japanese sea power the early American losses are regained. Japan is blockaded and in danger of being bombed. It recognizes its hopeless situation and sues for peace.

In general, events have so far conformed to this pattern. The surprise attack was made on Hawaii, the center of United States strength, rather than on the Panama Canal, and caught our armed forces woefully unprepared. Wake, which Bywater overlooked as unimportant, also fell to the Japanese onslaught. By clever strategy the United States avoided the likely easy destruction of its Asiatic fleet, and this fleet has since caused Japan serious losses. West Coast feints by Japan have been much less effective than Bywater supposed would be the case, and our civilian reaction has been decidedly calmer, with a more alert defense than he expected. A book written in 1925 could not entirely foresee and does in fact underemphasize the role of air power. Moreover, in this Pacific war the British Empire, the Netherlands Indies, and China, as well as the United States, are involved, with the Soviet Union a somewhat truculent neutral, and it is, therefore, a very different affair from a war between Japan and the United States alone. Despite these changed conditions, the book on the whole offers a brilliant discussion of the strategy of today's war.

It is only when Bywater gets away from military matters and deals with politics or economics that he ceases to be a trustworthy guide. He almost totally overlooks the important effect of economic strength or weakness on the war effort of his contestants and believes that Japanese morale is apt to be affected by rationing and scarcity. This is contrary to all other estimates of Japan, not only those made today but also those current when the book was written. These are, however, only minute flaws in a work which for general timeliness, despite the seventeen years which have passed since it was written, can hardly be surpassed.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

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PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

Book of Bays. By William Beebe. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

The Arch Lectures. By Claude Bragdon. Creative Age Press. $2.

Belgium: The Official Account of What Happened 1939-1940. Didier Publishers for the Belgian Ministry of Foreign Affairs. $2.50.

The War at Sea. By Gilbert Cant. John Day. $3.

Army Talk: A Familiar Dictionary of Soldier Speech. By Elbridge Colby. Princeton. $2.

The Good Inheritance: The Democratic Chance. By Norman Cousins. Coward-McCann. $3.

All My Born Days: Experiences of a Naval Intelligence Officer in Europe. By John A. Gade. Scribner's. $3.50.

Franklin Street. By Philip Goodman. Knopf. $2.75.

Defense Will Not Win the War. By Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Kernan. Little, Brown. $1.50.

The Sea of Memories: The Story of Mediterranean Strife Past and Present. By Charles Moran. Scribner's. $3.50.

Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Little, Brown. $3.50.

Capured: My Experiences as an Ambulance Driver and as a Prisoner of the Nazis. By Bessy Myers. Appleton-Century. $2.50.

Dead Men Do Tell Tales. By Byron de Prorok. Creative Age Press. $3.50.

This Freedom: Thirteen New Radio Plays. By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $3.

The New Day. By Jules Romains. Knopf. $3.

Bookman's Holiday: The Private Satisfactions of an Incurable Collector. By Vincent Starrett. Random House. $3.

The Voice of Russia. Edited by Lucien Zacharoff. Alliance. $3.

DRAMA

Leave of Absence

MY TASK for the week—and no easy one at that—is to explain how it happens that I like a certain new English war play at Henry Miller's Theater and why, with appropriate warnings and apologies, I recommend it to others. Its title, "The Heart of a City," certainly suggests early Owen Davis, and the play itself undoubtedly has some relations to the ten-twent'-thirt'. But perhaps it could be more precisely described as a judicious combination of the Messrs. Dunning and Abbott's once famous "Broadway" and "The Wookey" of more recent memory. It is, in other words, a rather gaudy tale of back-stage life, with beautiful girls running about in various stages of deshabille and conducting their private affairs en route between the dressing-room and the stage. But instead, as in "Broadway," of introducing bootleggers and gangsters to furnish the excitement it introduces the blitz, and the show must go on despite blackouts, falling bombs, and boy friends who are in the R. A. F. I do not think that it is very well written; perhaps it is not, except in the most elementary sense, written at all. I am certain that the complications are pretty obvious and that both the sentiments and the heroics, though tolerably restrained, are equally unoriginal. But since the whole is rather gay and inoffensive, its topicality somehow renders it not only amusing and interesting but quite astonishingly heartening as well. Indeed, I am inclined to think that its cheerful triviality carries more reassurance than a more serious play would be likely to inspire. Evidently it is possible for a people to behave quite heroically without having to accomplish what we fear, for ourselves, would be the impossible task of becoming Heroes, with all the spiritual rebirth, etc., which the latter seems to imply.

I find all this more embarrassing to say than I would if I were not aware of the fact that I have always insisted in a rather lofty and superior manner that works of art should be judged by nothing except artistic standards. When, for example, some pretty bad plays of the Marxist-proletarian variety were at least tolerantly reviewed I not only explained that the most important subjects and the best intentions in the world were artistically unimportant unless something was made of them but also, as I remember, inveighed against those who failed to distinguish between what the play in question actually managed to communicate and what they themselves brought to it in the way of knowledge, conviction, and emotional conditioning to certain subjects. But I am afraid that something like this last is chiefly responsible for the effectiveness of "The Heart of a City." The situations do not have to be powerfully conceived; we know too well what they refer to, and events have given them emotional values which the author has not needed to establish since they are, for us, already established. Indeed, he does not even have to be especially convincing. We already know that such things not only can be but are.

I doubt that anything like this could be true of a more solemn or more pretentious play. In fact, some of our own war dramas seem to have proved that it is not. Trying to write seriously, the author merely reminds us that his elevation and his eloquence are not adequate. In the same way a popular song, say "Tipperary," may be not only less embarrassing than an Ode to Our Gallant Forces but also actually moving, more moving certainly than the Ode; unless, of course, the latter is really first-rate—which none of the serious war plays have been.

"The Heart of a City" would certainly be vulgar and cheap if it were not the product of an actual war, and it will certainly be trivial if ever that war is victoriously disposed of. Artistically, in other words, it is a nullity, and perhaps in liking it I am abdicating or at least taking a leave of absence as critic. But if I have lost my critical integrity I shall at least try to stay honest. And I should not be that if I told you either that "The Heart of a City" is a good play or that I did not both enjoy it and feel the better for it after the last curtain was down.

P. S. The girls are most unusually goodlooking, and one of them, Miss Musgrove, an English newcomer, is an ingenue of considerable charm.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

"Bubble House" Afflatus

IN A tough world the story of the defense "bubble house" may provide a small spot of entertainment. There has been great fanfare for the house shaped like a little dome, while other experiments have been left to oblivion. Why?

A few of these houses have been erected at Falls Church, Virginia; the architect is the Californian Wallace Neff, and the sponsor none other than Jesse Jones, having quite a fling solving the housing problem (never mind what he did about a few others, such as aluminum or rubber).

The method of construction that gives rise to the nickname "bubble house" is to inflate a half-balloon and spray it with air-spray cement, which hardens to form the inner shell of the house; a layer of insulation and an outer shell finish the job. The shape that has been most frequently illustrated is composed of twin domes linked by a conventional room containing the kitchen; but some of the later models are single elongated shapes like a fat sausage or the top half of a blimp.

People who have visited the houses describe them as really quite enchanting; seen from the outside they have a fairy-tale quality—like giant mushrooms in the woods—and inside they are said to be surprisingly inviting. What is there that makes it seem so snug, reassuring, and refreshing to live and sleep in such a fantastic fashion, with a domical vault up above one's domestic head?

There are functional explanations, of course, for the domical shape. An especially ambitious one, in the *New Yorker*, connects it with the "traditional, simple, nomadic house—the tepee, the igloo"; and declares, moreover, that no "decisive" advance in mass production is possible without working from those. Well, the idea that there is *no* other good way forward might suffer under pinprick even more than would Mr. Neff's balloon; but it is true that there is a connection. Indeed, everybody who sees the bubble house seems to recall something primitive or remote in his own memory—Walt Disney movie settings, or the group of domed huts that Professor Wagner was going to build against earthquakes in Turkey, or the Mongolian *yurt* which so pleases Buckminster Fuller[*] because its streamlining makes the wind anchor it all the more firmly, or again the round-topped tepees of some Eastern woodland Indian tribe, or African villages—especially African villages, since no form of primitivism is more fashionable. Once you begin looking, the domed shape sprouts all over the primitive world; rounded mud-plastered huts were the early prototypes of all the domed splendor of Persia, and the little prehistoric Greek beehive house was the humble precursor of the great Pantheon and even of that grand end-slice of melon which caps our most ambitious National Gallery of Art.

So here we find ourselves, with our sudden overwhelming need for security, reaching right back to those primitive shapes, hitting on just that kind of "functionalism" which delivers the most emotional reassurance. The reason it does would seem to be definitely Freudian; the primitive tribes were sticking close to Mother. Mr. Dali has put the case bluntly if indelicately by suggesting "small, dark, womblike houses" as retreats from the whole of the modern world; and the doubling of the hemispheric form detracts in no way from the force of the symbolism.

Such allusions need not scare us! The war need not make us deliquesce into anti-mechanical Dali-ance. After all, the

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[*] Mr. Fuller's metal defense igloo is at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

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native, healthy, popular builders of America also take to the dome shape regularly with all the avidity of an African tribesman. We have our derby-shaped restaurants and brooder-house tourist cabins; and at the World's Fair some designers who had read a book and who also knew their public used domes for the structures of an air-conditioning company, a pickle company, a steel company, and the distillers' building, not to mention the mound-like shape of the building for General Motors—and remember the perisphere?

So the manifest affection being displayed for the "bubble house" suggests the desire to return to fantastic shapes for relief from the shock of rationalism disrupted; the deep base of such fantasy; hence, the wisdom of giving more study to the irrational and super-rational drives in the building field, of understanding the neighbors with some of the attention given hitherto to European *flaneurs*. It suggests the possibility that domed or rounded vaults may multiply as an element even in domestic building, serving for quiet withdrawal from the openness of our glass planning. At one end of the scale stand the African village, the drive-in igloo, and the bubble house; and at the other St. Mark's in Venice or the Hagia Sophia; and the basic impulse is the same.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

MUSIC

THE post-Christmas chamber music concerts of the New Friends of Music have made distinguished and memorable contributions to the season's music. One of them offered Schubert's song cycle "Die schöne Müllerin" sung by Lotte Lehmann; a series of five gave us Schubert's piano sonatas and some of his other piano music played by Artur Schnabel. And meanwhile another series of five concerts at the Y. M. H. A. has presented Beethoven's string quartets played by the Budapest Quartet.

There is nothing new that I can say about the artistic resources of voice and feeling which Lehmann brought to Schubert's cycle, or about the playing of the Budapest Quartet at its best—the luminous beauty of the four strands of sound, their sensitive inflection, their marvelously integrated progression. The qualities that were familiar had fresh and newly astounding impact; and some of Schnabel's performances also made me more sharply aware of the characteristics and effect of phrasing that is unique, inimitable, wonderful in the way—by timing and force—it places sounds in significant, powerful relations in the contours of the successions of sounds, the way it builds up and releases tensions in the movement toward and away from salient points in those contours.

My experience with this Schnabel series has left me with a doubt whether all-Schubert concerts are a good way of presenting Schubert's music—whether they don't offer more of the music than a person can absorb at one time. I had the same doubts about the New Friends all-Haydn concerts, the Y. M. H. A.'s all-Mozart quartet concerts, two or three years ago. And at the Y. M. H. A.'s Beethoven quartet concerts people have complained that after an Op. 18 and an Op. 59 they are incapable of the attention and concentration demanded by one of the last five; but I suspect that if one of the last five were placed second these people would find it just as difficult to concentrate on an Op. 59. I think it would be best to offer only an hour of Beethoven or Schubert at each concert; but then the works would have to be distributed over a greater number of concerts; and both the individual concert and the series would be more expensive. It would be better still to make it an hour of Beethoven and Schubert or Haydn; and no more than an hour even of the two composers, for I find that even the mixed program of normal length offers more than I can keep my mind on, and more, apparently, than other people can.

Few of us can afford what it would cost to have Schnabel or the Budapest Quartet play for an hour in the quiet of our homes; so we pay 1/1500 of this cost to hear them at Town Hall or the Y. M. H. A. And as a result we hear them play longer, and hear them under less favorable conditions—the restlessness of some of the other 1,499 persons as they tire, the mere bad manners of some of the others from the start. For the concert has been made possible only by heavy promotion, which has included appeals to snobbery and pretentiousness that have brought some people in who should have been kept out. On my left at Town Hall are two women who at tomorrow's bridge table will talk of having heard Schnabel play Schubert at the New Friends, but who now, while he is playing, are talking about yesterday's bridge, fussing with their pocketbooks, idly leafing through their crackling programs, abstractedly fingering the rattling chains on their necks. In front of me at the Y. M. H. A. Budapest Quartet concert are three youngsters making exhibitionistic nuisances of themselves over a score; behind me are a young man and a young woman who have come to the concert to impress each other and are whispering uninterruptedly in the process.

But last autumn an hour of Beethoven played by the Budapest Quartet was brought into my quiet living room on Sunday mornings by the Columbia Broadcasting System; and Schnabel's performance of Schubert's great posthumous A major Sonata, which I heard at the New Friends concert through a continuous fidgeting and rustling of programs like the sound of leaves in a forest, I can hear undisturbed from the Victor records whenever I wish. That is what the radio and phonograph can do for us, and what they do, but only to an inadequate extent as yet. The broadcasting companies justify the American system of commercial broadcasting by the fact that it pays for the good music they send out all over the country. But a Chicago reader told me that those Budapest Quartet broadcasts were not heard in Chicago; readers elsewhere have told me of not getting C. B. S.'s New York Philharmonic broadcasts; and the reason is the American system of commercial broadcasting—the fact that the local stations don't carry these programs when they can sell the time. And C. B. S. itself lops off the concluding half-hour of the New York Philharmonic concert to sell to an advertiser. My Chicago reader told me of hearing N. B. C.'s Radio City Music Hall broadcast of a Mahler symphony cut off in the middle of a movement after a half-hour. And Schubert's piano sonatas performed by Schnabel may be an event of artistic magnitude; but commercial contracts have cut down the hour that N. B. C. formerly gave the New Friends concerts to about twenty minutes, so that I myself heard a broadcast break into the middle of one movement of Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata and break off in the middle of the next, and the same thing, outraged readers informed me, happened to Schnabel's performances of Schubert. So with records: at Columbia's rate of progress we are a long way from having the Budapest Quartet's performances of all of Beethoven's string quartets available to us on records; and Victor has yet to give us even a second Schubert sonata played by Schnabel—for example, the great posthumous B flat Sonata that was issued in England last year.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Protest from Mexico

Dear Sirs: We are unable to understand the real reasons for the slanderous attack upon André Simone in your issue of February 7. We wish to call your attention to Richard Rovere's complete misrepresentation of facts in his article dealing with the attacks being made in Mexico against Victor Serge, Marceau Pivert, and Julian Gorkin. A representative committee of the Mexican Congress has made serious formal accusations against Serge and his partners, charging that it has proofs of their connection with the Nazi fifth column in this country. None of the members of the committee belong to the Communist Party, some even being well-known anti-Communists.

André Simone has made constant and valuable contributions to the fight against Hitler's agents in Mexico and has exposed their methods of work. On the other hand, Mr. Serge and his partners have never done this type of work, dedicating their efforts exclusively to slander of the Soviet Union and its government. Significantly, the first issue of a magazine edited by Gorkin contains no single article against Hitler or Japanese aggression and fails to call for help for the democracies in their fight against fascism. Serge and his partners adhere openly to the official Trotskyite line, which fights the Soviet Union today for "allying itself with imperialistic powers such as England and the United States."

Recently an anti-fascist congress organized by the Acción Democrática Internacional and patronized by the Free French, the British propaganda office, and native professional and intellectual groups refused admittance to Serge and his partners on the basis of their anti-Allied activities in this country. Also the directors of the Liga Cultura Alemana, among whom are several anti-Communists, have bitterly condemned Regler's behavior in Mexico. Rovere's article has created ill-feeling among representative Mexicans for its vicious attack upon the Mexican people in general, whom he considers always in readiness to commit crimes in gangster style.

We are addressing you in the hope that the true information submitted herewith will help you to understand the Mexican situation with regard to foreigners posing as leftist who are really undermining the anti-fascist struggle. We protest also against the unsupported attacks upon Simone by Mr. Rovere, using terms which do not differ from those employed by Nazi official agents in Mexico as a reprisal for Simone's well-known valuable activities against Hitlerites here.

VICENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO, president Latin American Workers Federation; CESAR GARIZURIENTA, deputy; REINALDO LECONA SOTO, deputy; LUIS AGUILERA, deputy; CARLOS ZAPATA VELA, deputy; LUIS ORDORICA CERDA, deputy; ALFONSO FELIX DIAZ ESCOBAR, deputy; ALEJANDRO CARRILLO, deputy; LUDWIG RENN, ANNA SEGHERS, EGON ERWIN KISCH, COLONEL JUAN B. GOMEZ, PABLO NERUDA.

Mexico City, February 16

[The editors of *The Nation* do not want to enter into an argument with the distinguished Mexicans and European exiles who sign the telegram printed above. Our consistent support of the anti-fascist struggle, both before and since the start of the war, relieves us of the necessity of restating our general position. As for our attitude toward Mexico and the Mexican revolution, that has been established through long years of warm support and by our consistent opposition to all the imperialistic attitudes and practices of which our own government has in the past been guilty.

So it should not be necessary to insist that we have no wish either to criticize the Mexican people or to defend pro-Nazi activities. We cannot answer for the character of all the persons who have been under attack in Mexico, but it is difficult for us to believe, on the basis of his public record, that Victor Serge is connected with the Nazi fifth column. However, we shall waste no sympathy on Nazi agents. If the legislative committee mentioned in the protest has proof that "Serge and his partners" are actually guilty of such connections, we believe and hope that they will be dealt with severely by the proper authorities. And if such proof can be submitted for examination, here or in Mexico, *The Nation* will without hesitation make any further statement the facts demand.

Toward Gustav Regler, whose character and record are well known to us, we feel certain that injustice is being done. Regler served with utmost courage and distinction as an officer and commissar in the Loyalist army throughout the Spanish civil war. His devotion to the Allied cause since 1939 has been consistent and outspoken. To find him accused of such offenses against our common cause as consorting with Phalangists and Nazis, is to us shocking. We believe that accusations such as these are in themselves a betrayal of the ideal of democratic solidarity and a source of aid and comfort to those reactionaries—and even some misguided leftists—who in this country as in Mexico seize upon every excuse to attack the Soviet Union and so weaken the anti-fascist front.

Meanwhile, we reaffirm our belief in freedom of political expression. *The Nation* defended the rights of the Communists when they opposed the war and the entire Allied position; we similarly defend the rights of persons whose only offense is to criticize the tactics of the Communists.—THE EDITORS OF THE NATION.]

A Socialist Looks at Ireland

Dear Sirs: Your recent supplement on Ireland failed to measure up to the *Nation* standard. Like most Irish people, your writers are living in the past and are ignoring the fact that though southern Ireland has been a "free" state since 1921, it is no better off than before. This has been a rude shock to the Irish people, who had been led to believe that their troubles would disappear with the British. Their hopes have of course proved false, for while the English brought feudalism to Ireland they did not take capitalism away with them when they left.

Unable to fill the people with food, De Valera continues to fill them with hate against the British, against the Protestants, against the Ulstermen, against anybody but his masters, the Irish capitalists. Mr. Maloney plays this game when he speaks of the peace established in Ulster with "Protestant clubs." Presumably the Irish Catholics like being clubbed, for numbers of them emigrate every year from Eire to Northern Ireland. At the same time Mr. Maloney is silent as to why the Six Counties are not a part of Eire. Articles 11 and 12 of the Anglo-Irish treaty gave Northern Ireland the right of self-determination which it exercised. Consequently the partition question is closed until it is reopened by the people of Ulster.

If De Valera were really an Irish statesman, he would have inserted a clause in his constitution providing for the separation of church and state and the equality of all religions. This was absolutely necessary in a country so divided religiously. His followers, however, have singled out the Protestant churches for acts of terrorism. Many Protestant church halls, and even an orphanage on the banks of the Shannon, have been burned by armed ruffians whose activities the Eire government either cannot or will not stop. As Maloney fails to mention these facts, we must conclude either that he approves of them or that the newspapers he receives from Ireland contain no mention of them. When we look at the books and plays that are banned in Eire we see at once that it is a clerical-fascist state like Pilsudski's Poland and Dollfuss's Austria. In passing it may be well to note that the number of Protestants in the south have declined 32 per cent in fifteen years. This brings me to a further conclusion that the picture of Lincoln and the copy of the American Declaration of Independence that hang on the walls of De Valera's office are mere window-dressing.

Turning to the economic situation, we find that recent population figures show a decrease of 3,572 while Ulster's population has increased by 78,558, although Belfast was considered a depressed area before the present war. This indicates that Eire is worse than a depressed area. The situation could be improved by the industrialization of Eire, and this is the aim of Fianna Fail, but along conventional capitalist lines, which means years of misery for the Irish workers and farmers. The only way out for Ireland is socialism, but this is anathema to the church and De Valera's backers. We even hear today that the Irish Labor Party has been considering changes in its platform to please the church after its reverses in the 1938 election.

I also find myself in disagreement with Keith Hutchison, whose usual care in sifting economic events has produced many fine articles for *The Nation.* Mr. Hutchison says that the trade war between Eire and Britain had no effect on the political situation in Ireland, citing the election of 1933 as proof. Inasmuch as the trade war did not start until 1932, its effects did not spread over the country before that election. The test came in the following election, when the Fianna Fail failed to get a majority and Labor held the balance of power. De Valera immediately sought an agreement with Britain and, having the senile Chamberlain to deal with, came out on top. In an election held shortly afterward De Valera regained his former majority. This indicates that more than the big ranchers were affected by the loss of the British market.

Two events that occurred in the last Ulster election show that De Valera and his Ulster Tory "enemies" are really allies. Just prior to the elections a progressive movement was started against the late Lord Craigavon in his own party, and the number of disaffected members became so large that they might have gained a majority in the approaching election. Mr. de Valera at once rushed to the support of the reactionaries by emitting a violent blast against partition. Craigavon called an election immediately and by making partition the main issue swept the Six Counties and emerged with a greater majority than before.

In the same election the leader of the Northern Ireland Labor Party contested a seat in the dock area of Belfast. The voters were divided into Tories, Laborites, and Nationalists. The Nationalists had no chance of winning the seat and usually did not contest it, but this time they ran a candidate, split the vote, and elected an Orangeman. Why did they do this? Because the Labor Party had supported the Spanish Republican government against the murderer Franco.

In Canada we have the same national and religious differences as Ireland has, and the C. C. F., Canada's farmer-labor party, is faced with the same problem in its relation to the Roman church as the Irish Labor Party. All Canadian political parties must recognize the special privileges of the Roman church in Canada or it takes the field against them. Toward the end of the last century the Canadian Liberal Party faced the same situation. It overcame the difficulty by ceasing to be liberal. To avoid more years of strife and misery the Labor Party in Ireland and the C. C. F. in Canada must separate church and state completely at the same time as they end the capitalist system; otherwise they will leave a fifth column ready to stab them in the back as in Spain.

KENNETH STEWART

Verdun, Quebec, February 13

O. G. V.'s Birthday Dinner

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* will be interested to know that a dinner is being given in honor of Oswald Garrison Villard on his seventieth birthday, March 13, 1942, at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York.

Some of those who are on the committee sponsoring the dinner disagree with Mr. Villard's views on the present world crisis, but this is America, where we are still free to disagree.

It couldn't happen anywhere except in America—or in England. We remember and honor the gallant fights Oswald Villard waged in the old *Evening Post* and *The Nation,* fights for civil-service reform, for decency in government, for Irish and Hungarian and Russian and Chinese freedom. And we honor him today for his continuing fight for Negro rights, for all human rights, and for American freedom. We honor him for his courage in dissent, and we are glad that America produces such a man and gives him the right to be heard.

Speakers at the dinner will include John Haynes Holmes, Lewis Gannett, Walter White, Norman Thomas, Joseph Schlossberg, and Mr. Villard. Reservations for the dinner may be secured through the committee, at 112 East Nineteenth Street.

MARY W. HILLYER,
for the Committee

New York, February 19

CONTRIBUTORS

HARRY BLOCK is *The Nation's* Mexican correspondent.

IDA TREAT is an American writer who has recently returned to this country after twenty years in Europe. She has published a book on defeated France entitled "The Anchored Heart."

RICHARD ARMOUR is a member of the English Department of Wells College. A book of his light verse will be published shortly.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, professor of English at Loyola University, appears frequently in *The Nation* as a critic of art and literature.

ROBERT PENN WARREN, an editor of the *Southern Review,* will soon publish "Bearded Oaks and Other Poems on the Same Theme."

THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

THE BATTLE OF STARAYA RUSSA, WHERE THE Red Army claims to have trapped a Nazi army of 90,000 men, may prove of decisive importance. This city is the northern anchor of the German winter line and one of the strongholds which Hitler has ordered held at all costs. If the Russians succeed in capturing it, the German positions in front of Leningrad will be endangered and the invaders may be forced to retreat on a wide front. The value attached to this city by the German High Command is suggested by the use of hundreds of planes in an attempt to provision it by air. The Russians claim that this endeavor has been frustrated with heavy enemy losses. The battle, however, is not yet won, and it must be remembered that the German garrison at Mozhaisk, which had also dug in, strongly resisted for weeks after it had been surrounded. And while winter still grips this section of the Russian front, it will not be many weeks before the snows begin to vanish. In the south the spring thaws have already set in, and both sides are struggling with the mud. The Moscow radio, however, reports that a new drive against Kharkov, which is the chief southern anchor of the German army, has been launched. Several previous offensives in this direction have proved abortive, but there are still grounds for hope that Marshal Timoshenko may be able to turn this position before Hitler is ready to use it as a springboard for a new campaign to win the Caucasus. In this connection reports originating in Berlin of tremendous new Russian concentrations are worth noting. They may be preparing the way for announcements of fresh retreats.

*

THE SENATE FARM BLOC STRUCK A POWERFUL blow against our living standards when it passed a bill prohibiting the sale of government-owned farm products at less than parity prices. Not content to allow the bill to pass through normal legislative channels and thus risk a Presidential veto, Senate farm-bloc leaders threaten to attach it as rider to the $32,000,000,000 war-appropriation bill. When the President denounced this plan as "reprehensible," Senate farm leaders declared that they would withdraw from the fight pending developments. These developments have now materialized: the issue has been transferred to the House, where the Appropriations Committee has attached a similar provision to the Department of Agriculture's regular supply bill. To date the agricultural exemptions which the farm bloc wrote into the Price Control Act have been largely inoperative because of the government's power to dispose of its huge crop holdings at less than parity prices. If this power is removed by Congressional action, it will be impossible for the Price Control Administration or any other government agency to prevent a sharp rise in the prices of foodstuffs and agricultural raw materials—a rise which must inevitably be reflected in higher wage and production costs for industry. Furthermore, as the President pointed out in his letter to Vice-President Wallace, the proposed legislation would bring about an unwanted increase in the production of wheat and corn at the expense of needed livestock products and oil-producing crops.

* * *

CREDIT KENNETH G. CRAWFORD AND *PM* with a service to the country. Through their watchfulness and persistence a $25,000,000 naval construction project of the utmost secrecy is no longer intrusted to the engineering supervision of George Deatherage, one of America's more violent fascists. If it seems strange that this little anomaly had to be cleared up by a newspaper reporter rather than by the Naval Intelligence, how much stranger is it that considerable pressure had to be applied before Mr. Deatherage was finally ousted? One Navy Department official explained that there could be no haste in the matter since "a man's job is at stake," and for several days it seemed improbable that the navy's delicate sense of justice would permit branding a man a fascist simply because he had proclaimed himself a fascist. Thanks to Representative Vinson of Georgia, the matter came to the attention of Secretary Knox, and Mr. Deatherage is again an unemployed Knight of the White Camellia. His experience, however, has not discouraged an even more distinguished fascist from aspiring to be an officer in the ranks of democracy. Lawrence Dennis, author of "The Coming American Fascism," has offered his services and has been told by the War Department that he is eligible, by virtue of his World War record, to apply for a captain's commission in the military police. Thus unless Mr. Dennis's past is as forcefully recalled to Secretary Stimson as Deatherage's was to Secretary Knox, American soldiers who lean toward subversion may have to answer to the man who only a month ago predicted hopefully that "we shall react from international communism to a brand of National Socialism of our own making."

* * *

THE HONORABLE HAMILTON FISH APPEARS at last to have become an embarrassment to the Republican Party, an achievement of no small proportions. It has never been a secret that the man who represents President Roosevelt's home district in Congress is an arch-appeaser, but it took the trial of George Sylvester Viereck, a professional Nazi agent, to reveal the extent to which Mr. Fish had become enmeshed in pro-German intrigue. For weeks, it may be recalled, Mr. Fish dodged subpoenas issued by a District of Columbia grand jury investigating local subversive activities. When his wretched clerk, George Hill, testified falsely before that same jury, Fish defended him warmly in the press but allowed him to go to jail for perjury without testifying in his behalf. When Hill threatened to reverse himself after his conviction, Mr. Fish raced from judge to judge seeking an order to forbid any further grilling of the prisoner. His failure led to the revelation that for months he had maintained a working arrangement with Viereck to send copies of anti-British, pro-appeasement speeches through the mails at the taxpayers' expense through use of his franking privilege and mailing lists. Some of these speeches were actually written by Viereck and made on the floor of Congress by the late Senator Lundeen. All of which is not more palatable for being technically within the law. The forced retirement of Mr. Fish would assuredly be a great boon, but not if it draws the lightning away from other equally dubious legislators. The Viereck trial indicates that Mr. Fish was by no means the only one to use the Congress of the United States as a sounding board for Dr. Goebbels's opinions. The removal of Representatives Day of Illinois and Sweeney of Ohio would similarly sweeten the air over Capitol Hill.

* * *

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM MR. ROOSEVELT to Marshal Pétain has produced assurances from Vichy that France will continue to be neutral, that it will not allow the use of French vessels "for purposes of war," and that it will not "adopt a policy of assistance to the Axis powers beyond the terms of the armistice." It is interesting to note that the President's message, which referred specifically to supplies shipped from France to the Axis forces in Libya, was sent on February 10. The reply was handed to Ambassador Leahy in Vichy only on February 24, four days after the Olympian patience of the State Department had been so far exhausted that it went to the lengths of using the adjective "unsatisfactory" to describe information received from the French government. After the receipt of Vichy's tardy communication Sumner Welles refused to say whether the situation was still unsatisfactory but did say that "further clarifications" were being sought on the French attitude. We presume this means an attempt to get a direct explanation of the shipment of trucks, oil, and other supplies from France to Libya. If this aid to the Axis is within "the terms of the armistice," there is nothing about Vichy's new promise to the United States which need disturb Hitler. We think the State Department would do well to insist on receiving an unexpurgated copy of the armistice agreement together with a full and exact statement of the commitments to which Vichy considers itself bound by that instrument.

* * *

MEANWHILE THE LOGIC OF WAR HAS FORCED the State Department to give left-handed recognition, at least, to the Free French by agreeing that the United States will cooperate in the defense of the Pacific islands which, as it recognizes, "are under the effective control of the French National Committee established in London." Just what French possessions are included in this agreement are not specified because, it is stated unofficially, the United States government has not been able to determine whether effective control is exercised in many islands claimed by the Free French. Only New Caledonia, the largest, richest, and strategically most important of the French colonies in the South Seas, is definitely named. Actually there is no doubt that the Free French also effectively control the Marquesas and the Society Islands, the most easterly of the Pacific archipelagoes, which in the event of raids against the west coast of South America would assume great strategic importance. Cautious as the State Department's announcement is, it constitutes a real slap at Vichy, which not long ago named Admiral Decoux, governor of Indo-China, as High Commissioner of all French Pacific possessions—an obvious attempt to set up a diplomatic obstacle to cooperation between the United States and the Free French in this area. Incidentally, the doctrine now adopted by the State Department as governing relations with French territories points clearly to a solution of the St. Pierre problem, since it is undeniable that the Free French are in "effective control" there.

* * *

THE NAZI-CONTROLLED PARIS PRESS AND radio have once again been attacking Ambassador Leahy, accusing him of carrying on espionage and propaganda and falsely reporting his forthcoming retirement. This campaign may be intended as a hint to the State Department to play no favorites but bestow on Vichy as accommodating an envoy as Franco has been happy to entertain for nearly three years. In an interview given to Louis J. O'Donnell of the Baltimore *Sun,* Alexander W. Weddell, American ambassador in Madrid, who recently returned to this country for consultation with the State Department, declared with evident approval that the Spaniards regarded the war as a large-scale projection of their civil conflict—a "war between the forces of communism and the civilizing forces of opposition." Asked in a later interview whether this statement represented his views, Weddell replied that he was quoting a Spanish newspaper. To the question whether Spain had moved closer to the Axis in the past six months, our chief official source of information on Spain answered, "I wouldn't know." Another query about the amount of trade between Germany and Spain drew the evasive reply, "I know there is a good deal of trade between Spain and the United States and there ought to be more." Mr. Weddell and his wife, who has presented the Falange with a clubhouse, are said to be extremely popular in Spanish government circles.

* * *

LORD HALIFAX HAS REPLIED EFFECTIVELY to the charges of American isolationists that England is not doing its share in the war effort. Speaking before the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the British Ambassador pointed out that England sent abroad last year four and a half times as many airplanes and ten times as many tanks as it received from the United States. He also disclosed that British fighter-pilot losses in the series of daylight forays made over Western Europe last summer for the purpose of aiding Russia were half as large as those suffered in the Battle of Britain in 1940. He warned us especially against allowing ourselves to fall victim to the "skilful and utterly unscrupulous" attempt of Nazi propagandists to drive a wedge between the United States and Britain, declaring, "If the lion's claws seem blunt to you, you will not sharpen them by giving his tail a twist." His comments were particularly appropriate in view of the new wave of Nazi-inspired anti-British propaganda which has recently been appearing in the McCormick and Hearst press and such organs as *Social Justice.* It must be recognized, of course, that not all criticism of Britain is Nazi-inspired; nor is it all to be deplored. Constructive and vigorous criticism is essential to the effectiveness of the war effort in all the democratic countries. In this process the United Nations need not spare one another. But clear distinction must be made between the healthy criticism of a free people and the parroting of enemy propaganda. A review of the short-wave reports emanating from Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo will almost invariably show the pattern utilized by the enemies in our midst.

Japan Can Be Stopped

WITH the invasion of Java the plight of the United Nations in the Pacific war has become desperate. Java is by far the most important of the Indies. Its population and resources are approximately double those of the other islands. In the hands of the Japanese it would provide easy access to the Allied supply lines to Australia, India, and the Near East. Equally grave consequences may result from the fall of Rangoon and the cutting of the Burma road. Continuation of the present defensive strategy of the United Nations, as Mr. Mitchell points out elsewhere in this issue, can lead to only one result—an early and decisive defeat. This fact must be faced in all its implications while there is still time to prevent final catastrophe.

The strategy of the United Nations in the Far East to date appears to be identical with that adopted by Britain in the early months of its war against Germany: it is an endeavor to wear the enemy down by a war of attrition until our resources become adequate for a decisive offensive thrust. This involves fighting a delaying action in the East Indies, Australia, India, or wherever the enemy may choose to attack. It has two fatal weaknesses: (1) it gives the enemy the immense advantage of the initiative and a short inner line; and (2) it accentuates our grave shipping weakness by forcing us to maintain a 12,000-mile line of communications with the battle front. The events of the past three months indicate rather conclusively that we cannot hope to win against a determined and resourceful enemy in the face of these handicaps. If we take into account China, India, and Russia, the United Nations have tremendous superiority in man-power, fighting equipment, and potential resources. But this superiority can only be made effective if we are able, through taking the offensive, to choose the battlefields and make the most efficient use of our admittedly inadequate shipping.

By following a bold strategy it is perfectly possible to stop Japan in 1942. But the psychological and political obstacles to the adoption of such a strategy are tremendous. In outlining this strategy we shall be betraying no military secrets. The Japanese leaders know very well how they can be defeated. But they have risked everything on the assumption that the United Nations, particularly the United States, will be unwilling to pay the price of victory.

The first condition of victory is obviously a willingness to gamble with losses in order to seize the offensive and strike Japan at its weakest point. The first step to this end might well be a vigorous attack on the Japanese lines of communication by submarines and surface raiders supported by carrier-borne planes. This should be done with something of the audacity shown by Nazi and Japanese submarines in our waters. It would obviously bring losses, probably heavy ones, but if it resulted only in the sinking of ten or twelve tankers Japan's military efficiency would be dealt a crippling blow. The chief obstacle to the adoption of such tactics seems to be the navy's desire to conserve its ships and men. This consideration does not prevent the enemy from taking even greater risks although neither Japan nor Germany has a capacity for replacing losses that is comparable to our own.

Since Japan cannot be effectively blockaded by naval action alone under present conditions, it will also be necessary to strike directly at Japanese bases and industrial centers by aerial attack. To achieve this, we must find bases closer than the Aleutian Islands. Certain areas in Free China would provide ideal bases—only a few hundred miles from the center of Japan—but the Chinese have been seeking in vain for nearly a year to obtain bombers and the necessary technical equipment for such landing fields. The closing of the Burma road will make this undertaking vastly more difficult, but it is still within the realm of possibility.

An even more satisfactory base for operations against Japan is to be found in the Soviet Maritime Provinces. But since Russia is not at war with Japan, this base is not available today. Nor will it be made available by our sitting back and hoping that Japan will attack Russia or that Russia will attack Japan. If Russia is to be brought into the Pacific war under circumstances favorable to the United Nations, we must do two things: (1) mobilize planes, ships, and men in Alaska to enable us to support a Russian attack; and (2) open up a second front in the West so as to assure the defeat of Hitler. Russia has not said openly that it would enter the Far Eastern war on these conditions, but Maxim Litvinov's speech before the Overseas Press Club suggests that Moscow would welcome this type of strategy. Russia is under no illusions as to the necessity for defeating Japan. Its Far Eastern army is reported to be virtually intact, but it dare not get involved in the East until Nazi pressure is relieved in the West.

Perhaps the greatest argument for such a plan of action is that it would permit us to utilize our strained shipping resources with maximum efficiency. American supply lines to Europe would be 3,000 miles in length, those to Vladivostock between 4,000 and 5,000 miles, as against the 12,000 miles to the South Pacific. Although it is the only plan that offers real hope for victory in 1942, it presupposes a type of political and military collaboration with the Soviet Union which does not yet exist. Progress is undoubtedly being made in that direction, but history will not wait. If the opportunities for dealing the Axis a knockout blow which exist today are lost, they may not reappear.

Hearst Carries On

WE CALLED attention in our issue of February 14 to the fact that very powerful newspapers in the United States—those owned by William Randolph Hearst, Joseph M. Patterson, and Robert R. McCormick—were making a concerted drive along lines disturbingly similar to those followed by the reactionary elements in France previous to the French surrender. Last week Hearst's New York *Journal-American* published an editorial on the trials at Riom which marks a new limit in this campaign. The whole free world is nauseated at the spectacle of the men of Vichy, who, having first supported policies that undermined the security of their country and then delivered it over, bound hand and foot by "collaboration," to the enemy, are now trying Léon Blum and his colleagues for treason. The whole world knows that even if Hitler is not the direct instigator of this trial it is an attempt to curry favor with him; and it knows, too, that what Blum and the others are really being tried for is the crime of having attempted to resist Germany at all. But this is what Mr. Hearst has to say:

> The trial of Daladier and Blum in France may be the beginning of a new era of justice and of peace on this earth. . . . It is surely time that the men responsible for the murder and misery of war should be tried and convicted and deservedly punished for the highest of all crimes against heaven and humanity.
>
> It is to be hoped that the guilty will be convicted in France and that their prosecution will afford an example—a precedent—which all the other outraged peoples of the world will follow.

Nor does Mr. Hearst leave one in any doubt as to the people who he thinks should profit by this example. His article continues:

> Blum . . . is blamed for coddling the Communists and the anarchists when they were undermining the strength of France by strikes and sabotage and every kind of obstruction to progress and production.
>
> He is arraigned for having wasted the wealth of France in political boondoggling, in compelling the payment of preposterous increases that disloyal strikers demanded through force and violence . . . for having filled the public offices of France with political bureaucrats loyal to nothing but themselves and the regime which kept them in place and power.
>
> The point that holds out a bright promise for a better future is that leaders who project their nations into the war are already being prosecuted, with fair hope of punishment, for their failure in war.

It need hardly be pointed out that Hearst's charges against Blum are precisely those made daily against the Washington Administration in the papers cited above, which for the best part of two years have also been accusing Roosevelt of "projecting" this nation into war. Now Hearst is devising and rejoicing in the punishment to be meted out by an "incensed and outraged people" to leaders who "involve the world in the disasters of war."

The extraordinary thing about it is that, except for a brief note in *PM,* no responsible commentator has thought this inflammatory editorial worth mentioning. If some eccentric professor should write a book developing the theme of Mr. Hearst's article it would reach comparatively few readers but would no doubt be denounced and discredited by reviewers all over the country. Yet for every hundred readers reached by such a book and by the reviews of it, Mr. Hearst reaches 10,000.

Interventions — Old and New

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE other day Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles stated with great clarity the principles underlying the present Latin American policy of the United States. The Rio conference, he said, marked the "beginning of a new era" in which "inter-American solidarity had become a reality." He contrasted the present situation with that of a decade ago when "on our southern border there lay a Republic of Mexico filled with resentment and antagonism against the United States" and when "in those republics more nearly adjacent to the Panama Canal there still burned a flaming hostility toward our government because of acts of unjustifiable and unjustified intervention and of military occupation," and when the republics of South America "were still deeply suspicious of our ultimate aims and outraged because of our unwillingness to concede their sovereign equality."

He insisted most emphatically that the perpetuation of the new understanding between ourselves and the rest of the hemisphere depended upon the avoidance by any one nation of interference in the internal affairs of another. And he condemned "certain individuals and groups" who have urged the United States to cooperate only with certain Latin American governments or with certain individuals and groups in other countries whose views favor a policy he described as "revolutionary democracy." The failure to name names or define groups leaves this charge somewhat vague, but it may not be too conceited to assume that it applies to *The Nation,* among others. In any case the glove is a loose fit. I don't mind wearing it—at least for the duration of this editorial.

"I wonder," said Mr. Welles, "if this group of alleged liberals to whom I refer has ever realized that what they are now proposing is the pursuit by their government of a policy which is identical with the policy of picking puppet governments that has been pursued during the past five years by Hitler."

In this speech Mr. Welles reveals himself as a repentant sinner. Surely no American ever played the game of diplomatic intervention more consciously and purposefully than he in the days immediately following the overthrow of the Machado dictatorship in Cuba. But in his regenerate state Mr. Welles puts up a powerful argument against interfering in other nations' affairs. It is an argument *The Nation* has used so often against the State Department and Mr. Welles that I find it refreshing, as well as challenging, to have it turned, even by implication, against *The Nation.* For it is true enough that today we seem to be in the position of advocating, in the interest of democratic survival, methods we opposed when they were used to bolster the reactionary policy of the pre-Good Neighbor era. The inconsistency is more apparent than real—as I believe Mr. Welles's repentance is also—but on the surface the case against us is a good one.

For years *The Nation*, along with a few other organs of progressive opinion and a very few Senators and Congressmen, opposed the arrogant and domineering attitude of our government toward the Latin American countries. We fought against oil imperialism in Mexico. We fought to get the marines out of Haiti and Santo Domingo. We attacked intervention in Nicaragua. We argued against an interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine that turned the Latin American countries into a private hunting preserve for the capitalists of the United States. We opposed intervention, but intervention was no more than the outward sign of the inward disgrace of imperialist penetration and control. Somehow the question never arose whether the money or the influence—or even the marines—of the United States should or should not be sent to help the people of a country resist economic exploitation or the oppression of a dictator.

Now, in a new and fearfully insistent form, that question does arise. The democratic forces in Latin America that were united in suspicion and hate of the United States have been partly disarmed by the friendly overtures of the Roosevelt Administration; and, whether or not they fully trust the intentions of this country, they understand that their real enemy is the fascist menace which moves closer day by day. In every country they have shown their desire to join the struggle against Hitler. Even the best efforts of the Nazis have failed to turn them against the war and the United States.

It is unnecessary to say that this overwhelming democratic sentiment is ineffective in several South American states. In the Argentine the government of Acting President Castillo still plays the Axis game in defiance of the pronouncements of Rio. In Brazil several events have already created doubts about the sincerity of the government's professions of love for the anti-Axis cause. Sumner Welles announced just after the conference closed that one of its immediate good results would be the ousting of all Axis agents, official and otherwise, from the countries severing relations with the Axis powers. But just the other day the Brazilian government issued a decree specifically providing that German diplomatic and consular agents should be allowed to continue to carry on their private lives in the cities where they have their residence. In Brazil, too, the German societies—which had been banned for just twenty-four hours after the Rio meeting—have been permitted to resume operations under the supervision of a representative of the government. So the Nazi agents stay and the Nazi organizations carry on—and one of Mr. Welles's accomplishments at Rio goes up in smoke.

The Nation has never advocated sending the marines to the Argentine to help the people throw Castillo out of office or to Brazil to institute democratic elections. We have advocated a policy of supporting and encouraging the democratic forces in all the Latin American countries. The people can take care of their own dictators if they have a chance. But when the United States gives financial and moral backing to a reactionary, pro-Axis dictatorship, we not only help keep in office men who work against our interests and for the interests of Hitler but we discourage and confuse the groups organized to back the democratic fight.

If Mr. Welles wants to know just what we "alleged liberals" would do in the case, for example, of Castillo, we can tell him. We would make financial support of the Argentine government dependent on the establishment of a straight-out anti-Axis policy. (Why should we finance an avowed partisan of our enemies?) We would openly encourage the pro-democratic organizations of the country by sending outstanding Americans to work with them and by inviting their leaders to visit this country. When deputies representing the democratic, anti-Axis position—men like Damonte Taborda or Americo Ghioldi—come to the United States, we would see to it not only that they were received with honor but that their advice was sought and their information put to use.

We would cooperate with Argentine democratic groups to carry on strong counter-propaganda against the Axis. In case of actual threat to the security of the country, we would not hesitate to give practical material aid to the anti-Axis forces. We would send as diplomatic and consular representatives thoroughgoing democrats who would be in contact with representative popular groups, as well as with officials, and would stand ready to encourage whatever activities were necessary for victory. We would realize that our natural—and only—allies are those people, in office or out, who are committed to the democratic cause; and we would not let the bogy of "interference" or the tyranny of protocol prevent intimate collaboration with them. This, briefly, is the sort of intervention we would substitute for Mr. Welles's theoretical non-intervention.

For his non-intervention is no more real than was non-intervention in Spain. Mr. Welles wonders whether we alleged liberals have ever realized that the policy we advocate "is identical with the policy of picking puppet governments that has been pursued by Hitler." (Surely he can't mean the governments of Pétain and Franco!) But I wonder whether Mr. Welles has ever realized that the policy he has pursued of supporting pro-Axis dictatorships in Latin America is itself a policy of picking puppet governments? The only difference between our strategy and Hitler's is that the puppets we pick are Hitler's—not ours.

Labor and the Long View

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 2

DESPITE our old bogyman friend, the fall of France, the Smith amendment to suspend the forty-hour law for the duration, if not longer, has been defeated, but the forces behind the amendment are playing for larger stakes and their strategy is mapped in longer perspectives.

German fascism fattened during the post-war decade on the myth that the Reich lost the last war because it was stabbed in the back by liberals, democrats, socialists, and Jews. American reactionaries are busy building up for future use the myth that democracy was stabbed in the back by the forty-hour week. The debate in the House disproved the notion that the forty-hour law is an obstacle to the war effort, but the circulation of the *Congressional Record* is not as wide as that of the anti-labor press, and it is a good deal harder to read than headlines. As Representative Voorhis of California pointed out, not more than 20 per cent of our workers are on a forty-hour week, and two-thirds of those are in continuous-process industries where production is best organized in three eight-hour shifts.

The Smith amendment actually was not a bill to lengthen the work week but a bill to end the payment of overtime. Insufficient stress has been laid on the part played by the need to pay overtime in the development of the swing shift and other devices for continuous operation. So long as overtime must be paid, it is cheaper to work out methods for two- or three-shift operation on a forty-hour basis than to operate on one or two ten- or eleven-hour shifts. In some cases employers would rather work their force longer hours than take on and train new employees for additional shifts. The 53.8-hour average work week in machine tools, for example, reveals the failure of that crucial industry to embark on continuous round-the-clock production.

One cannot exclude the possibility that some big companies are causing trouble as part of a deliberate campaign to discredit labor. Much was made in the press and the House debate over the walkout at the Bethlehem Steel Corporation plant in Los Angeles. But as Representative Fogarty of Rhode Island said, "When Bethlehem ordered two ten-hour shifts instead of three eight-hour schedules, it defied the Navy Department, the Maritime Commission, and the War Production Board."

This is an election year. Repeal of overtime would help the sweatshop South against the organized North. Northern Republicans stood with New Deal Democrats in the 226-to-62 vote by which the amendment was rejected. The Administration, aware of the dangers to morale in repeal of overtime when huge profits are being made by industry, really threw its weight into the fight. But neither the size of the vote nor the formidable array of argument on its side should blind labor to the dangers ahead of it. If logic and statistics were enough to demolish a lie, the German scholars who disproved and the clever German journalists who ridiculed the stab-in-the-back myth under the republic would never have ended their days in concentration camps. Labor cannot wage a defensive war on a Maginot Line of social gains without suffering ultimate defeat. This is not 1937 and it is not 1939. It is 1942, and 1942 will be a dark year for the forces of freedom. Labor leadership, as much as industry or government, needs to shake loose from customary thinking and to lift eyes to broader horizons. Too many labor leaders, especially those near the top of the labor movement, continue to think in terms of conventional labor issues and labor politics. The strategy of the right is to keep labor on the defensive, to make it appear to be worrying more about its "rights" than about the safety of the country, to distil a constant poison in the press. What gets through to the blurred mind of the public is not the arguments or the statistics but the echo of what seems a continuous yammer from labor. Labor leaders must pick their issues carefully, must prepare to play a more constructive role, if labor is not to be badly smeared by a hostile press before the war is over.

I think that it was a mistake for automobile labor, for example, to raise the issue of double pay for Sundays on a five-day swing shift. I think it might better surrender on a minor issue than risk public misunderstanding. Too much of the squabbling now going on would be deeply regretted by all of us if our country should suffer defeat. I think that in a nation, as in a family, there are times when the partner with the most sense must give in to the partner with the loudest voice, even though justice be on his own side. I think it time we stopped talking of "labor" in the narrow meaning of a faction contending for its share of the national income and began to think broadly of "labor" as a great force in the direction of the war effort and for the reconstruction of our society afterward.

In the ranks of labor and among the lesser labor leaders there is ferment, a desire for fresh leadership able to operate outside the sphere of routine trade unionism.

Bewildered draftees and harassed small business men could be won to labor's cause if labor's cause were made America's cause. There is too much insistence on formulas like "industry councils," too little willingness to get down to the long and hard task of training labor for a share in management. Too much time and energy are spent on old rivalries and petty feuds.

Labor can win the war and labor can win the peace. It must do both if it is to save its freedom. This must become the framework of its thinking. The war cannot be won without considerable reconstruction of our society in the direction of greater democracy in industry. Labor must win allies among other classes for that program. There is a long pull ahead of us, and foreign troops may be on our soil before the grip of monopoly and the dollar-a-year mentality on the means of our defense is loosened, but loosened it will be. In the choice between property and patriotism some will call for a negotiated peace if Germany and Japan succeed this year in dismembering the British and Dutch empires and cutting off the Soviet Union from its allies. Labor must be prepared for grave eventualities.

Labor's first task is production. Younger people in the labor movement here have been talking for months of the need for some kind of joint A. F. of L.-C. I. O. bureau, divided into industry sections, to study the problems of war production, to siphon up ideas from the work bench, to win public esteem by a constant stream of informed criticism and suggestions, and to educate labor leadership in industrial management for war. But production is not labor's only responsibility. Labor could play a leavening role in every aspect of the war effort where more democratic thinking is required—in dealing with the draftees, in our relations with our allies, in our appeals to the German and Japanese masses, in mobilizing colonial peoples, and in framing war aims. It is by gearing itself to these tasks, not by fighting rear-guard actions for overtime, that the labor movement can find safety and fulfil its obligations to the country and to the future.

West Coast Perspective

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Spokane, February 27

I HAVE reverted to old habits formed in Europe and have been visiting factories. During the month of February, traveling north from Los Angeles to San Francisco and Seattle with side trips to smaller towns nearby, I went through several of America's most important munitions plants. What I saw was encouraging. I saw finished products and partly finished products moving quickly toward completion; when transported to the scene of battle, they should appreciably influence the outcome.

Production rose 70 per cent in a single recent month at a huge plant that manufactures what is probably the most effective modern weapon of war. Since then the output has jumped still higher. Pearl Harbor accelerated the assembly lines. The workingmen know from the daily military communiqués that what they do today and every day soon makes a difference at the fighting front.

I asked a sales girl whether she bought books, and when she said yes, I asked her whether she had contributed any books to the libraries of the armed forces. She replied, "No, I never felt like doing it. But last week my brother went into the army and I'm going to send some books to his camp." As more and more relatives and friends join the army, navy, and air force, and as more American combat units enter the actual arena of conflict, civilians generally and workingmen in particular will get into the spirit of the war and intensify their war effort." There is no use scolding a nation for "complacency." The average mortal just does not know how not to be complacent. Every individual should be told exactly what to do.

Key managers in unrelated and widely separated munitions enterprises made one response when I asked what was their chief complaint. "Paper," they said. Factories, I was told, are required to answer innumerable questionnaires from government offices. Washington demands information, then the state asks similar data, then the region wants more facts, then another department in Washington wires for statistics that have already been sent to its neighbor around the corner, and so on endlessly. At one plant I was shown a large administrative building in the process of construction. "That," said the director, "will house a few hundred people who will wrestle with the red tape." I had no way of learning whether this often-repeated grumble is justified. If it is, one of President Roosevelt's urgent jobs is to coordinate the work of federal and local quizzers.

Raw materials are plentiful in the crucial munitions units. Steel scrap is wanting here and there because so much of it was sent to Japan. But this is not a serious bottleneck. Experts told me that production was quickly acquiring rhythm.

Knotty labor problems exist. The population of some small towns has been doubled as a result of war work, and the housing difficulties are great. I was present in two factories when the shift changed, and to see those thousands of men rush to their cars or buses and then stand still for long periods until traffic was unsnarled made me realize that next spring's battles may be affected by the fact that most American munitions workers must take two hours to get to and from work.

Soldiers and many well-to-do anti-labor civilians say, "If the fighting man risks his life for $21 a month, why should the workingman be receiving $40 and $50 a week?" The workingman says, "If the boss is making millions and being exposed as a profiteer by a Congressional committee, why shouldn't I get a decent wage?" "If I didn't take double pay for holidays," a welder said to me at a shipyard, "the money would go to the company's stockholders. It wouldn't go to MacArthur's boys." During a war equality in facing death cries for equality of civilian effort and sacrifice.

The government has still no policy with respect to the drafting of munitions workers. Men just graduating from the apprentice stage to experienced production are sent by draft boards to the training camps. Of course, if every defense job became a reserved occupation, some men would seek war work so as to evade military service. This would have to engage the intelligence and vigilance of the authorities who choose the selectees. But factory managers declare that the first requirement of efficiency is a stable labor force. The labor turnover is considerable; bad housing, scarcity of women, and voluntary enlistments swell the ebb and flow. Confusion is intensified by steeply increased production and by changes in models introduced on the basis of experience gained in overseas battles.

In general, the West Coast is more conscious of the war than the rest of the country. It hears more facts and rumors about Pearl Harbor. It witnesses the country going into action. It is also more jittery. Rich folk are leaving San Francisco, Seattle, and other places for the safety of inland Arizona and Nevada. Most people I have encountered this month in California, Oregon, and Washington believe that they will be severely bombed by Japanese airplanes. This stimulates a demand that America keep its weapons at home to protect its own shores. It also intensifies the man-hunt on Japanese-born and American-born Japanese, who, it is alleged, might try to capture cities, shipyards, and plants during raids. I talked to women who were honestly afraid that Japanese truck growers would poison their vegetables.

In Seattle I saw a girls' school going on an excursion, and smiling Japanese children were walking hand-in-hand and arm-in-arm with American children. Teachers and superintendents in liberal Pasadena and Seattle told me that the Japanese students were often brilliant and always loyal. Numerous housewives told me they trust their Japanese servants. The public is not showing hate or spite. But the reactionary press and the politicians are out for blood and wholesale internment. Jingoes are endeavoring, under the cover of war-time flag-waving patriotism, to do what they always wanted to do in peace time: get rid of the Japanese, harness labor, and frighten the liberals. In many places one discovers beautiful souls, progressive minds—people eager and anxious to set the world right. They are especially worried about who will make the peace and what kind of peace it will be. But these liberals, though numerous, are neither vocal nor organized. It hurts them to see clowns in Congress and in editorial offices behave as though they thought they could win the war by attacking Mrs. Roosevelt and sending Japanese children out to Colorado, which doesn't want them; but pain, even in a heart which is in the right place, is not a force in politics. Cheap demagogues are having a field day.

I suppose the majority of West Coast citizens lack the knowledge and perspective to keep themselves from falling into a slough of defeatism when the news from the battle area is black. They cannot be blamed for taking the fall of Singapore hard. They ought to have more guidance from the nation's capital. They ought to be told that the fall of France was a far greater calamity than the fall of Singapore; yet almost two years have passed since Hitler defeated France, and he is much farther from victory now than he was then. Hitler has conquered Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, and Greece, but he has not won the war. In like manner Japan's triumphs in the Pacific do not spell victory. American convoys laden with valuable weapons have reached Australia and New Zealand. More will follow. Four-motor Boeing flying fortresses have been reported bombing the Japanese. Many more will follow. America is getting into the war. Factories are busy. No one will win or lose this war in the next few months.

Hitler's failure to invade England demonstrated the inadequacy of his air force. Hitler's inability to cut the lifeline between England and America demonstrates the inadequacy of his sea power. Hitler's reverses in Russia prove that he is not always invincible on land. There is more to war than the actual occupation of territory. The Allies won the war in 1918 before a single Allied soldier had set foot on German soil and when the German army still stood on conquered foreign territory. Easy optimism is very dangerous. Defeatism born of shortsightedness is also harmful. Out here a lot of "experts" had predicted that we could "knock the Japanese out of the Pacific in three weeks." When citizens discover that we cannot, they swing from the extreme of frivolous conceit to the extreme of profound dejection. The truth is that we are not as weak as events since Pearl Harbor have indicated. We shall, to judge by what I have seen recently, soon be stronger.

Dark Days Ahead

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IN THE past three months Japan has conducted a series of the fastest and most decisive campaigns on record. Its conquest of Singapore and its victories in the Netherlands Indies have completely changed the complexion of the war. The optimistic view that Japan was saving face by committing hara-kiri on a grand scale has completely faded as the forces of Nippon have marched from one success to another, not only undefeated but unchecked by any of the Allied powers. Japanese domination of all of southern Asia now appears a likely consequence of six months more of war.

The importance of the loss of Singapore depends largely upon the condition of the naval base and its facilities at the time it fell into Japanese hands. If Domei reports are to be believed, the "scorched earth" policy of the British here as elsewhere was a complete failure, and after minor repairs the base will be in a condition to do business for Japan. If it can be used effectively, it will enable Japanese warships to dominate most of the Indian Ocean. In any case the loss of the only naval base between Alexandria in Egypt and Pearl Harbor has deprived the United Nations of all chance of waging anything more decisive than a guerrilla war in the southwestern Pacific. Japan is now so firmly placed in the South Seas that direct attack can probably not dislodge it.

The surrender of 60,000 British soldiers released 100,000 Japanese and a considerable force of planes for use on other fronts. MacArthur in the Philippines, the Dutch in their last stronghold in Java, and the British armies in Burma are already feeling the increased pressure. With the main link in the Allied chain broken, all others are proportionately weakened.

Another direct gain for Japan is its acquisition of raw materials. Of the many war essentials missing at home, only mercury and copper are unobtainable in the areas now under Japanese control or subject to imminent attack. Oil resources gained may require six months for effective exploitation after the efficient job of destruction done by the Dutch, but in some instances the building of refineries will be unnecessary, for the oil is of such high quality as to permit its direct use by shipping. Iron is perhaps still a problem, since the iron resources of Luzon are hardly sufficient to replace the 94 per cent of Japan's iron supply normally imported from the British Empire and the United States. However, India, well within reach, can supply any remaining deficiency. Japan is now probably blockade-proof.

In fact, the economic screws are now turning in reverse order. The Allies expected to feel the lack of tin and rubber, but soon they will lack oil. With the loss of the wells in Burma and the Indies, fuel for planes and ships in the Far East will have to be transported, thus adding enormously to the burden on shipping.

Two intangible but serious results of Allied defeats are the growth of recriminations among the United Nations and the definite blow to Anglo-Saxon prestige. Our resentment against the British for military blunders and overconfidence and British resentment against the United States for Pearl Harbor and the failure of the navy to take a bold offensive in time are natural feelings being sedulously cultivated by Axis agents. All of us will do well to seek carefully for all mistakes, but once we have uncovered them and learned their lesson, there is no gain and much loss in continuing to spread blame. The loss of white "face" in the Far East might be kept within reasonable bounds if Great Britain, making a virtue of necessity, would offer ultimate independence to its many subject peoples in Asia and try to make this war everywhere a fight for the four freedoms.

Almost unnoticed among greater disasters has been the closing of the Burma road. Alternative longer routes are in preparation, and the old caravan route from Russia across Central Asia can still be used. But any road from India must surmount the obstacles to be met in crossing the 16,000-feet-high plateau of Tibet and runs the risk, besides, of being shortly disrupted by new Japanese attacks. Meanwhile the Soviet Union is far too busy fighting for its life to be able to spare many war materials even if the nearly uncharted deserts of Turkestan permitted their transportation. Hence we are likely to have to face an increasing military passivity on the part of the Chinese.

No one can doubt that India will be the next Japanese objective. The capture of this great subcontinent would not only supply Japanese economic lacks but represent the initial step of a gigantic pincers movement to be coordinated with a German drive to eliminate the British from the Near East. The persistent activity of Axis agents among the Pathan tribesmen on India's Northwest Frontier is one evidence of this approaching threat.

Australia may or may not be seriously attacked by the Japanese. Port Darwin, the much overrated base on the northern coast, is certain to be taken, if only to prevent later trouble from that direction. But between Port Darwin and the centers of population of southern and eastern Australia extend extremely long and poo some of communication and a singular dearth of military and economic objectives. To reach Brisbane or Sydney by either land or sea Japanese forces would have to venture far from their bases and would almost certainly come into conflict with growing forces of American troops and planes. If they regard these reinforcements far to the south as a sufficiently serious threat, the Japanese are quite likely to push an attack. If this is not the case, they are likely to expend their force in fields offering greater immediate rewards.

One of these fields is the Indian Ocean. With Singapore in its possession Japan enjoys extreme positional advantage in conducting naval operations in this third largest of the world's oceans. Because of the great distances it probably will not be able to sever completely the lines of communication between Australia and Great Britain and those by which war supplies are moving up the Persian Gulf to be transshipped to Russia and up the Red Sea to the British in the Near East. Yet with surface raiding vessels, such as cruisers, it should be able to take a considerable toll of shipping on all three routes and force the now widely dispersed Allied navies to cover still another vast sector of sea.

All this has been accomplished by a relatively poor nation disposing of mediocre air and land forces but using all weapons with unscrupulous skill. Aerial superiority is not an adequate explanation. Furthermore, on the Burma front, where Japanese armies have been making steady gains, their air force has been repeatedly and soundly trounced by American and British fliers. In addition to air superiority it was naval dominance which allowed the Japanese in Malaya to land well-trained troops repeatedly behind their opponents and compel retreat. All branches of the armed forces have been operated in perfect coordination according to a sound strategic plan sufficiently flexible to avail itself of enemy blunders.

Any realistic evaluation of the present strategical position of the United Nations must reveal that it is critical in the extreme. The darkest hours of American history probably lie ahead. We are losing the war today, and by the middle of this year it may have been definitely lost. Still, there is no room for defeatism. The situation of the United Nations today is no worse than was that of the British after Dunkirk or at the height of the submarine campaign a year ago. We have suffered a catastrophic defeat, but if we make immediate intelligent use of our vast resources and man-power, these early setbacks may finally be overcome.

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The Chicago "Sun"

BY MILTON MAYER

Chicago

THE moment Japanese planes took off for Pearl Harbor, the Chicago *Sun's* season for being ceased to exist. The *Sun,* at the tender age of three days, was the most violently belligerent paper in America with the single exception of *PM,* also owned by Marshall Field. Its Sunday cartoon on the morning of Pearl Harbor depicted Japan as a little mosquito buzzing boldly around the massive head of Uncle Sam, and the caption was "Time to Swat Him."

Intervention was the only thing Chicago's morning paper stood for. But what Chicago needed was a good newspaper, a good newspaper being no better than, say, the interventionist New York *Times* or the isolationist St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* The *Sun* management—and we shall have to distinguish the management from the owner—thought that to be interventionist in the Chicago morning field was enough. It was too easy a formula. It overlooked the inevitable disappearance of the intervention issue, and it overlooked Chicago's need, Chicago's nature, and, in particular, the nature of Chicago's hatred of the *Tribune.*

alwEverybody in Chicago hates the *Tribune.* For ninety years the *Tribune* has been fastening its paretic grip on Chicago, not by virtue of this issue or that but by virtue of its simply being there, by virtue of its being a hard-hitting newspaper in a hard-hitting town, and by virtue of its being, mechanically and technically, one of the best newspapers in the world. The liberals hated it because it was reactionary; the tories because it supported the Kelly-Nash "New Deal" machine. But they all read it.

What was indicated for a mesmerized Chicago was a good newspaper dedicated to the proposition, not that it would whip the *Tribune,* but that it would save Chicago, and in saving Chicago whip the *Tribune.* What was indicated was the long view and the long pull. But the *Sun* was going to do the job in a hurry. (The editors brag that they hired their first man September 1 and published their first paper December 4.) They were going to whip the *Tribune* and capture Chicago on the issue of isolation and appeasement. The issue went up in the smoke of the battleship Arizona, and the next morning the *Tribune* came out with Old Glory in three colors on the front page and "My Country, Right or Wrong" on the masthead.

At the end of two months the *Sun* is not a bad paper, but it is not a good one. And it is very definitely not a successful one. Its circulation, in contrast to its pre-publication promise of a million, is "in excess of 300,000." But its gross press run is around 350,000, of which 150,000 must go to the suburbs and the country in equal parts. An estimate of 40 per cent suburban and country returns is generous to the *Sun.* (Of a hundred papers shipped to New Orleans, two or three are sold.) An estimate of 35,000 returns on the city gross of 200,000 is also generous to the *Sun.* The net, generously estimated, is under 300,000.

The advertising picture, if less significant, is more promising. The January paper carried only a fourth as much department-store lineage—the bell-wether classification—as the *Tribune,* but it did phenomenally well in classified advertising, and all but two of the big local stores were represented in the display columns. Whether or not the paper "pulls," the advertisers can't yet tell, January retail sales in Chicago having been the highest in history in spite of reduced advertising budgets. What the *Sun* has to face, along with every other paper, is a steadily shrinking volume of advertising as consumer goods disappear.

More important than circulation or advertising is the great intangible—good-will. No paper in the history of American journalism ever had as much pre-publication good-will as the *Sun,* if for no other reason than that no other city ever had a Chicago *Tribune.* "Twenty-five million dollars' worth of good-will," the best editor in Chicago says, "and they blew it in sixty days." What happened? And why?

The "what" is plain to see. Chicago was led to expect a great paper. Chicagoans disagreed as to what constituted a great paper, but they agreed on certain factors. It would be well written and well edited. It would be mechanically excellent. It would be complete. It would be independent. It would be original. And—this went without saying in Chicago—it would be a fighting paper. The bourgeoisie was sure it would fight the Kelly machine. The progressives were sure it would fight the *Tribune.*

The letdown—the buildup was in part the fault of a hopeful Chicago—was terrific. After ninety days of publication Chicagoans of every kind and condition agree that the *Sun* is dull, listless, characterless, unsatisfying, uninspired. The whole city admits that the paper has no personality, no vitality, no direction, no distinction. These expressions—and I found no dissent from them, even in the local room of the *Sun* itself—damn the new paper in a way that Hearst and McCormick at their worst were never damned. These expressions damn the *Sun*—the only major American newspaper venture in the last twenty years—as just another newspaper.

That's the "what" of the *Sun.* The "why," if not quite so plain, is still plain enough. And it is not to be found in the ordinary difficulties involved in starting a metropolitan newspaper. The ordinary difficulties were there. There was the confusion of sharing the mechanical equipment of a big paper like the *News.* There was the impossibility of finding ready-made "Supermen" or "Blondies" in a comic-crazy age. There was the *Tribune's* sudden splurge of front- and back-page color, and the fact that the *News* presses won't take color decks. There was the refusal of good newspapermen—whose number is not legion—to take a flier, even a flier with Field. There was Hearst, who wanted a million dollars for the only inactive AP franchise in town. And, finally, there was McCormick, the fake apostle of free enterprise, who kept the paper out of the City News Bureau and the picture services.

The handicaps were there, but if anyone ever had a chance of beating them it was Marshall Field. He had the good-will of a million people who, in the last analysis, would settle for anything that was even a little better than the *Tribune.* He had a great Chicago name and a growing reputation in his own right as a man whose intentions were as good as McCormick's were bad. Finally, he had a half-billion dollars, and, in his own naive words, he didn't care what happened to it. He was willing to pay salaries that the Guild intended to ask for—but not get—in heaven, ranging from a rewrite man's $130 to the publisher's reported $3,000—and I mean per week. Colonel Knox, the popular patriot, is said to be paying off his building mortgage on the composing-room take alone.

The failure of the *Sun* is the work not of Field but of the men who manage the paper, beginning with its publisher, Mr. Roosevelt's "my good friend" Silliman Evans. Evans is a Texas type, a bumptious glad-hander with a banker's eye and a broker's heart. Originally a reporter for Amon Carter, the Fort Worth Hearst, he rose rapidly to his natural level, that of promoter. He managed Jack Garner's publicity campaign in 1932 in exchange for the Fourth Assistant Postmaster Generalship (no kidding). Jesse Jones gave him a teetering insurance company and some RFC money to mate it with, and then some kind friend who thought that a New Deal paper would be nice in Tennessee financed him into the Nashville *Tennesseean.* The *Tennesseean* fought the Crump machine and the poll tax, supported Roosevelt and the TVA, but somehow never got itself mistaken by anybody for a genuinely liberal paper. Evans remained, and remains today, a crusading liberal of the Garner-Carter-Jones school. He was sold to Field by Field's adviser, Charles G. Cushing of Wall Street.

Evans hired Rex Smith as editor. Smith, the AP's man in Spain for years, was editor of *Newsweek.* Apart from having been "impartially" pro-Franco during the war, he did an excellent job of making *Newsweek* readable and reliable. When he moved to Chicago, he transferred his headquarters and hiring-hall from the Stork Club to its Chicago counterpart, the Pump Room, an odd place for a fighting liberal or, for that matter, a busy man.

Smith picked the managing editor, the city editor, the editorial writer, the sports editor, and the head of the copy desk. They were all Hearst men; not men who had to work for Hearst but men who liked to. In combination, and in the same respective positions, these were the men who ran the Chicago *Herald and Examiner* into the ground. For head of the Washington bureau, Smith picked Bascom Timmons, a lifelong Garner man and the journalistic representative of Garner-Carter-Jones crusading liberalism in Washington. For business editor, Smith picked Phil Hanna, whose daily column in the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* was—and still is, in the *Sun*—reactionary even for the reactionary *Journal of Commerce*.

These are the men who hired the staff of the *Sun*. These are the men who dominate its policies and direct its gathering and selection of news. With these men in executive positions, the miracle is that the paper is as good as it is. And its redeeming features may be traced, quite directly, in equal parts to Field's surviving intentions, to a lot of good working stiffs in the lower brackets, and to the irritating presence of a couple of excellent men in secondary desk positions. Smith's alibi that he had to have men who knew Chicago and Washington suggests that his criteria are, at best, childish.

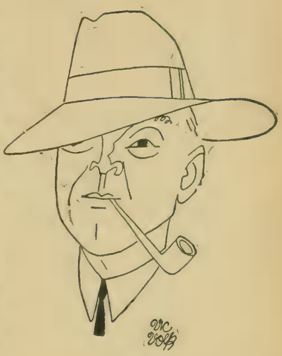
The *Sun* is plainly a reaction from *PM*. Smith and Evans, particularly Evans, are understood to regard Ralph Ingersoll as a nutty idealist and *PM* as a radical fantasy. The *Sun* was to be everything *PM* is not. It half succeeded: *PM* is a bum paper with an idea, and the *Sun* is a mediocre paper without one. Evans wanted no crusades, no attacks, no novelties, no tricks. He wanted an ordinary newspaper, and he got one.

Behind this reaction to *PM* lay the taint, as Evans saw it, of being a rich man's darling. Evans, and Smith with him, was determined to make money with the *Sun* and to begin making it with the first issue. Their determination took the form of the silliest formula in journalism: try to please everybody, but if you can't please everybody, please everybody who will swing on you if you don't. It was the wrong means even to achieve the wrong end of quick success.

Perhaps Field thought that intervention and liberalism were identical, or that the New Deal and liberalism were identical. Evans gave him his intervention and even a little New Dealism, the latter in the form of some heavy early slugging at the Smith anti-labor bill, since forgotten, and at the Honorable Martin Dies. Kind, if uninspired, words are spoken occasionally for the Farm Security Agency and for security in general. The war effort is supported fanatically, uncritically, and occasionally very stupidly, as when the paper suggested we ought to forget the Far East and smack Hitler. The good things the *Sun* says are said so limply that to date there hasn't been a single editorial worth quoting.

But the good things the *Sun* says might just as well be said in New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco. The test of a Chicago newspaper's liberalism is not where it stands on the war but where it stands on Sanitary Ed Kelly. The *Sun* stands four-square, rock-ribbed, and copper-sheathed on the fence.

Roosevelt wanted a Chicago morning paper to fight the *Tribune* on intervention. Kelly, who is everybody's man, is both McCormick's and Roosevelt's man, McCormick's at heart and Roosevelt's man at election time. Roosevelt told Kelly to help Field, and Kelly interceded with McCormick. McCormick agreed to let the *Sun* reach the newsstands, ostensibly for Ed Kelly and the fair name of Chicago, actually because a circulation war, complete with slugging of newsboys, would have made hundreds of thousands of *Sun* sympathizers. When the *Sun* circulation system broke down, after the first month, Kelly again went to McCormick, and McCormick agreed to let the *Sun* into the local delivery organizations, ostensibly for Ed Kelly, actually—according to report—because the *Sun* agreed to raise its Sunday price to a dime in the near future.



Marshall Field

So the *Sun* was tied to Kelly, and through Kelly to the whole complex of public plunder that spells Chicago. Besides, Roosevelt needed Kelly to carry Illinois in the fall, and Roosevelt's whim is the *Sun's* will. From its first day of publication the *Sun* combined the interesting procedure of building up Kelly and laying off him. Days passed into weeks without a single editorial on a local issue, while the "reactionary" *News* continued its magnificent series of campaigns against the machine in general and the rape of the school system in particular.

By the time the *Sun* began building up Kelly's campaign for the Senatorial nomination—strictly as news, of course—its readers were familiar to the point of intimacy with the name, the face, and the fame of Edward J. Kelly. When the machine decided on an unknown Congressman as its candidate, the *Sun* spoke vaguely and generally about unity.

Meanwhile, Professor Paul Douglas, a bred-in-the-bone liberal who was finishing a refreshing term in the

City Council, announced his intention, with the support of all the respectable liberals in town, to run for the Senate. The *Sun* was the only paper that failed to send a photographer to cover his announcement. The "reactionary" *News* began building him up. The machine picked its party-hack candidate, and Douglas ripped into the machine at a "harmony" luncheon in Springfield. The *Sun* said nothing. Eventually it will have to support Douglas or abandon its claim to being even a decent newspaper, but it missed its chance to grab him when it could have had him for the asking and put him in the Senate and itself on the map.

There's a pension scandal that has been kicking around unpublished since the first of the year. Business Editor Hanna either knows about it or doesn't read the annual report of one of the biggest corporations in town. Everybody else knows about it, and Messrs. Evans and Smith may even have heard about it at the Pump Room. It's a hot story, going right to the heart of the banking-utility setup, but the *Sun* hasn't broken it, and the rest of the papers won't. What the *Sun has* done is run an editorial jubilating over the fact that "Chicago's slum babies are the healthiest in the world" and asking rhetorically, "How could money be better spent?" than by the Infant Welfare Society.

Taking journalism strictly as art, the *Tribune* is journalistically excellent. It is well written, well edited, and well printed. The *Sun,* artistically considered, is atrocious. Loaded with prima donnas—some of whom were no good in their prime—it is consistently overwritten. Some days the paper carries as much as thirty-nine columns more news than the fatter *Tribune* and still fails to be a complete newspaper. The reason is that stories that ought to be a column or two—like Turner Catledge's dispatches from South America—are cut to a few paragraphs.

The paper depends on the brilliance of its individual writers—few of whom are brilliant—instead of on sound reporting. "It's like a department store with every department leased out," says one of the editors of the *News*. Some of the prima donnas are Hearst sob sisters, like the lady who began her page 1 biography of Colin Kelly with, "When he was sixteen months old, Colin Kelly's mother dedicated him to God." Others, more numerous and even more terrible, are whimsy specialists.

Whimsy is a dangerous business. There is nothing essentially whimsical about a worker's being crushed almost to death by a five-ton pile of salt, and the headline "Worker Neatly Seasoned Under 5 Tons of Salt" doesn't make it so. Neither does the lead "The flavor of a glass of beer is immeasurably improved by a pinch of salt." A painfully funny front-page feature, "Windy the Weather Girl," editorial pieces on antimacassar oil and the man-hours lost when Dorothy Lamour inspected an airplane factory, and consistently flippant or oleaginous treatment of minor tragedies are too numerous and regular to be accidental.

Bad writing and editing are posterior to bad news judgment. A reporter is sent to Missouri to cover a lynching three days after the story is dead. Another is sent to Hawaii cold, writes two or three necessarily inadequate stories, and is brought back home. A *Sun* scoop is usually something nobody else wants, and when another paper gets a real beat, the *Sun* half the time tries to outplay it and half the time ignores it.

Distortion—not, of course, anywhere near as bad as the *Tribune's*—appears regularly in the omission of local and the handling of international news. H. R. Knickerbocker's arrival in New Zealand with "United States naval forces" is played up over the invasion of Singapore island. A Washington dispatch reporting an air battle in which the Japs lost three planes to the Americans' two asserts in the lead that "the results were disastrous to the enemy." The first story on a move for A. F. of L.–C. I. O. unity is given less than a third of a column, without any background or insight.

Something that can only be described as general stupidity may lie behind all this. When *Time* ran a not unfriendly story about the decline of the paper and its circulation and editorial troubles, the *Sun* ran its telegram of protest on page 1 of the Sunday edition. The *Sun* telegram, weak, evasive, and abusive, brought the *Time* story to the attention of three million Chicagoans, of whom only some ten or twenty thousand would have seen it otherwise.

Under the same category of general stupidity must be placed the ragged, erratic make-up—particularly of the front page—and the steady stream of mistakes and inaccuracies that find their way into the paper. Churchill came over on a new battleship—and didn't go back on one, as the *Sun* reported. The squash tournament finalists represented the Chicago Club—and not the University of Chicago, as the *Sun* reported. Montgomery Ward has always lettered the extra pages in its catalogue—and didn't "hit upon the idea" in order to get war prices in, as the *Sun* said. These things are trivial, but they pile up.

Worst of all—from the standpoint of journalism strictly as art—the *Sun* doesn't know the town and hasn't touched it. Chicago is a slugging town and a sentimental town. The *Sun* hasn't waded into anything yet, except water pollution—with a Supreme Court decision on water diversion as the villain and Mayor Kelly as the hero. A suicide of a boy whose girl has told him he's too prudish for modern times goes untouched; so does the story of a little boy whose tongue froze to a fire hydrant on the coldest day of the year. A fire in one of the worst tenements in Chicago, a structure condemned and uncondemned a dozen times, is reported twice—in each case with a long story—in the same edition, but without anything on the scandal of the tenement itself. Even the war hasn't been brought home to Chicago the way it has in the smart Hearst paper.

Finally, the paper, with all its whimsy, lacks originality and independent news judgment. Having put its streamer on Knudsen the night Nelson was appointed, it shifted back and forth all night, vis-a-vis the successive editions of the *Tribune*, and wound up in its last edition with the streamer on Knudsen's "promotion." It prints more canned publicity stories and pictures than any other paper in town. It carries good syndicated columns by Lippmann, Lindley, Grafton, H. Allen Smith, and Ernie Pyle, but its local features are conventional, and its women's and club pages, on which it lavishes loving care, are completely insipid. The *Sun* does nothing that somebody else hasn't done before—and many times before. The handicaps mentioned previously explain only a few of these defects. The management is primarily at fault.

Marshall Field doesn't know Chicago and doesn't know the newspaper business, and admits he doesn't. But the men he hired do, or ought to. Field's paper lacks, among other things, the character given a paper by a dominating personality, like that of McCormick, Ochs, White, or Hearst. If Field has that personality, and he has yet to display it, he can save his paper and learn how to run it. Until he learns how to run it, he can find men like Agar or Bovard, or even a great working editor in Chicago who would like to change jobs right now. The principles on which Field founded the *Sun* can never be realized under its present executives. Chicago still needs a good paper. If Field still wants one, he, and he alone, can get it.

World Trade After the War

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

ONLY in the context of a greatly expanded world trade, the new Anglo-American economic agreement recognizes, can this country hope to receive any physical return for the billions of dollars' worth of material which it is shipping to Britain and other countries under the terms of the Lease-Lend Act. Consequently, the signatories declare, the squaring of accounts at the close of the war must be accompanied by measures to enlarge "production, employment, and the exchange and consumption of goods which are the material foundations of the liberty and welfare of all peoples"; and to this end they undertake to eliminate "discriminatory treatment in international commerce" and to reduce tariff and other barriers.

Ambitious as this program is, no one can say that it is out of scale with the magnitude of the problem of restoring international trade to full and robust health. This means much more than a return to 1939 or even to 1929, for the progressive paralysis of international trade dates back at least to the last war. But now the final crisis has been reached, and unless drastic measures are taken to enable goods to flow freely from one country to another and thus make possible the reintroduction of a stable international exchange system, we are likely to be forced back to primitive methods of barter.

It has not yet been widely enough recognized that among the major casualties of the war is the British market, which for over a century has occupied a pivotal position in world trade. Despite its abandonment of free trade during the depression, Britain was still at the beginning of the war the least autarchic of the major powers. Even the stoutest British champions of protection were forced to recognize that a crowded population and limited domestic resources made self-sufficiency a ridiculous ideal. Consequently most tariff rates were moderate, and the country drew freely on all parts of the world for food, raw materials, and even manufactured goods. The British trade balance was habitually passive, with imports exceeding exports by upward of a billion dollars a year. But normally this gap was closed by Britain's numerous "invisible" sources of international income, of which the most important were returns on foreign investments, shipping receipts, and banking and insurance earnings. Up to 1929 these items were sufficient not merely to pay for the excess of imports but to leave a balance for reinvestment abroad. During the depression years, however, foreign income from all sources fell somewhat short of the amounts payable abroad, and in order to keep its international accounts balanced, Britain was compelled to realize foreign investments.

In the two and a half years of war this trickle of disinvestment has become a flood, and even though Lease-Lend has relieved Britain of an enormous volume of current payments, its needs for foreign exchange still far exceed its receipts, forcing it to continue the dissipation of its accumulated wealth. It is worth while to examine more closely the ways and means of this liquidation. Just before the war started, according to the Federal Reserve Bulletin for December, 1941, Britain's gold and dollar resources aggregated $4,483,000,000. Today there is only $547,000,000 available in this country with which the British government can meet the many disbursements not included under Lend-Lease. Practically all British owners of American stocks have had to turn them into the British Treasury in return for payment in sterling. Several hundred million dollars' worth of these securities have been sold on the New York Stock Exchange for British government account, and other huge blocks have been pledged to the RFC as security for a loan.

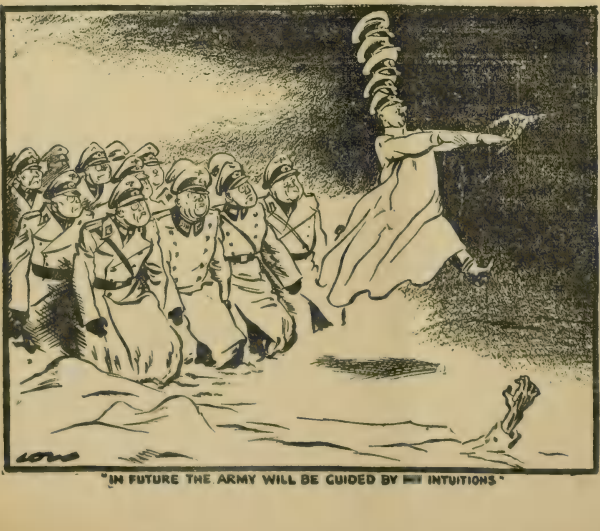
London has always been the normal financial center for the dominions and India, and their bonds formed an important segment of Britain's overseas assets. Now these countries are accumulating sterling balances as the result of sales to Britain far in excess of purchases and so are able to repatriate these debts. India, for instance, has redeemed all its direct obligations held in London and thus achieved complete financial independence, a fact which is not without political significance. The South African government has repatriated or repaid sterling debt amounting to some $160,000,000 since the outbreak of the war and in addition, according to the *Economist,* has been able to make available in London a far larger sum for the purchase by South Africans of British-held shares in South African gold mines.

Another fruitful source of British investment income has dried up in Malaya. Possibly after the war the tin mines will again yield profits if capital can be supplied for their rehabilitation, but there may be a rather limited future for rubber plantations if this country succeeds in building up a large-scale synthetic-rubber industry. Thus in all parts of the world we see that British foreign investments have either been liquidated to pay for the war or are being destroyed. And this has economic significance beyond its effects in diminishing the incomes of the British capitalist class. For it means a permanent decline in Britain's receipts of foreign exchange and thus a reduced ability after the war to buy American cotton and machinery, Canadian wheat, Argentine beef, and innumerable other commodities for which it long provided the largest and freest market in the world.

Before the war Britain's total foreign assets, including gold and investments in the empire, were estimated to be worth about 5 billion pounds, yielding in 1938 an income of about 200 million pounds. One-fifth of the capital sum was liquidated during the first eighteen months of the war, and unless peace comes much sooner than now seems possible, a total reduction of 50 per cent is a reasonable expectation. A still greater reduction in income is probable, since it is, on the whole, the most productive investments which are being disposed of. It is also necessary to take into account the fact that Britain's shipping income will decline, since its much depleted fleet will have to compete with an enlarged and almost new American mercantile marine. We can therefore expect that after the war Britain's capacity to buy imported commodities in excess of its exports will be reduced by a half. That will mean a reduced standard of living for the British, but it will also mean a reduction of income for the countries accustomed to sell in Britain and an aggravation of the harassing problem of surpluses.

It is clear that if Britain is to make a return in kind of Lease-Lend materials and also to continue as an importer on its pre-war scale, it will have to enlarge its exports. Indeed, far more than Germany before the war, it will be in a position where it must "export or die." Unless, therefore, the aspirations of the Atlantic Charter and the good intentions of the new economic agreement are translated into concrete terms of lower tariffs and demolished trade barriers, Britain is likely to be forced to turn to methods of barter. Commenting on this post-war problem, the Department of Commerce stated recently: "No other solution is seen than that the North American continent disposes itself to the import of goods on a scale far larger than ever before, while England makes every possible effort to take advantage of the opportunity offered."

Those of us who have observed in the past the responsiveness of Congress to pressure groups when discussing tariff matters cannot feel very optimistic about the adoption of this solution unless an overwhelming public opinion in favor of freer trade is organized. This means a big job of education, but if the facts can be presented clearly and authoritatively, they should prove eloquent.



"IN FUTURE THE ARMY WILL BE GUIDED BY [illegible] INTUITIONS"

Congress may shy at reducing tariffs, but it is also likely to insist that the terms of the Lease-Lend Act in regard to repayment are carried out. But how is this to be done if the barriers against goods remain as high as they are today? Perhaps it will be suggested, as indeed Senator George proposed during the debates on the Lease-Lend bill, that Britain should ship to the United States our normal requirements of tin, rubber, jute, and other non-competitive raw materials free of charge for so many years. But is this the solution? Surely the only result would be that Britain's capacity to import from foreign countries, including the United States, would be correspondingly diminished. This might be approved by some of our overprotected industries concerned only with the domestic market, but how will it sit with the farmers and the increasing number of manufacturers willing and able to find new foreign markets?

After the war, pressure to sell in foreign markets will increase in America. The farm-surplus problem is being alleviated by war demands, but it is not going to be solved. And the tremendous increase in industrial capacity now taking place will hardly be fully employed unless new outlets become available. As a result, private enterprise in this country may find itself impaled on the horns of a very awkward dilemma: either it will have to submit to far greater government interference than it has yet experienced, adapting itself to economic planning in the interests of full employment, or it will have to revert to genuine competition and sacrifice that prime begetter of monopolies—the protective tariff.

Now that we have nearly all the gold in the world, the showdown cannot be postponed by accepting bullion instead of goods that we can consume and enjoy. Our present shortages show up the Fort Knox folly, for which chief responsibility rests on the tariff system, in a glaring light. How much better off we should be today if we had stored up only half as much gold and ten billion dollars' worth of rubber, tin, sugar, wool, worsted, copper, aluminum, and steel!

We have been learning painfully in the past few weeks that even so rich a country as the United States cannot hope to attain self-sufficiency. We shall learn as the months go by that the only true criterion of economic prosperity is the amount of goods available for consumption. But shall we be able to draw the moral after the war? Shall we realize that if we bar or restrict those goods which other countries can produce more efficiently we are acting to diminish the total supply available for consumption as well as limiting the output of those goods for the production of which we have peculiar aptitude?

This is the proposition embodied in the Atlantic Charter and more specifically in the new economic agreement. The world has passed through twenty years of extreme economic nationalism, and its fruits have proved to be poverty and war. If, when peace returns, we do not seize the opportunity to build an international economy on the basis of maximum exchange and consumption of goods, we must expect our children to gather the same bitter harvest.

In the Wind

DESPITE THE STRICT RATIONING of new automobiles, Franco's ambassador to London, the Duke of Alba, has been granted permission by the State Department to buy and ship to England a new car, complete with tires. A few months after the Spanish civil war, when there was no rationing, Juan Negrín, former Republican Premier, ordered an American car with bullet-proof plating. Permission to buy the car was refused him by the State Department on the ground that the arms embargo excluded such a purchase.

AN EFFORT TO COUNTERACT the theory of "crime waves" is being made by a group of liberal criminologists who have organized a new press agency, Crime News and Feature Service. Regular feature stories on current crimes will be syndicated, but the cases will be integrated with their social and economic backrounds and not pictured as part of, or exceptions to, recurring cycles of criminality.

IN AN ARTICLE ON MORALE, the *Quartermaster Review*, an army publication, offers this analysis of military failure: "The French Revolution was ushered in by a general laxity in military discipline and courtesy. The armies of Russia utterly collapsed in the World War following the issuance of the order against saluting."

A MINOR CAMPAIGN to create a war-time job for Joseph P. Kennedy, ex-ambassador to Great Britain, is being waged by former critics of the President's foreign policy. Boake Carter, Arthur Krock, the Boston *Traveler*, and the New York *Enquirer* have all urged that Kennedy be given a high government post.

JACQUES DORIOT, the French Communist leader who became a fascist, recently returned to Paris from the Russian front. He told reporters he had gone there to "avenge the retreat of Napoleon."

ROBERT JORDAN, pro-Nazi soapboxer, was picked up by the FBI on February 17 for alleged failure to register as a foreign agent. He is known to have made several clear statements of his fascist sympathies, of which the following are examples: "I am here to bring you the word of Hitler. I am his ambassador. . . . I was smart enough to take out my papers and keep within the law." Since it could not be proved that he was receiving funds from Germany, Jordan was freed on February 23.

[The $5 prize for the best item received in February goes to Pauli Murray of Washington, D. C., for her story on discrimination against Negroes in government work, published February 7.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

End of Season

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

Leave now the beach, and even that perfect friendship
—Hair frosting, careful teeth—that came, oh! late,
Late, late, almost too late: that thought like a landslip;
Or only the swimmer's shape for which you would wait,
Bemused and pure among the bright umbrellas, while
Blue mountains breathed and the dark boys cried their bird-throated syllable.

Leave beach, *spiaggia, playa, plage,* or *spa,*
Where beginnings are always easy; or leave, even,
The Springs where your grandpa went in Arkansas
To purge the rheumatic guilt of beef and bourbon,
And slept like a child, nor called out with the accustomed nightmare,
But lolled his old hams, stained hands, in that Lethe, as others, others, before.

For waters wash our guilt and dance in the sun:
And the prophet, hairy and grim in the leonine landscape,
Came down to Jordan; toward moon-set de Leon
Woke, while squat Time clucked like the darkling ape;
And Dante's *duca,* smiling in the blessèd clime,
With rushes, sea-wet, wiped from that sad brow the infernal grime.

You'll come, you must! and with the tongue gone wintry
You'll greet in town the essential face, which now wears
The mask of travel, smudge of history;
And wordless, each one clasps, and stammering, stares:
You will have to learn a new language to say what is to say,
But it will never be useful in schoolroom, customs, or cafe.

For purity was wordless, and perfection
But the bridegroom's sleep or the athlete's marble dream,
And the annual sacrament of sea and sun,
Which browns the face and heals the heart, will seem
Silence, expectant to the answer, which is Time:
For all our conversation is index to our common crime.

On the last day swim far out, should the doctor permit
—Crawl, trudgeon, breast—or deep and wide-eyed, dive
Down the glaucous glimmer where no voice can visit;
But the mail lurks in the box at the house where you live:
The summer's wishes, winter's wisdom—you must think
On the true nature of Hope, whose eye is round and does not wink

Notes by the Way

JOHN STEINBECK'S latest book, "The Moon Is Down" (Viking Press, $2), is a fable of the occupied country cast in the dramatic form he employed in "Of Mice and Men." The action takes place in "any conquered country in any time," and the theme is the slow undermining of the morale of the conquerors. The invaders take over the island without a struggle, thanks to the expert preparatory work of a local fifth columnist—the popular storekeeper. They try to conciliate the people in the person of Mayor Orden; they see no reason why an orderly people should not remain orderly, especially since they are unarmed and helpless, and go on operating the mines which made their island important in the first place. But the islanders, who have been free for four hundred years, refuse to accept their role. They are helpless, yet they manage to disrupt the work at the mines; even worse is their ostracism of the invaders, to whom they deny in innumerable and quiet ways the status of human beings. Shootings have no effect, and in the end it is the invaders who are on the defensive.

The theme is important, timely, universal. It is closely bound up with prevailing emotions. It would seem, therefore, to be the stuff out of which a modern fable might emerge. Yet I found the book curiously unmoving despite my own preoccupation with the subject. The trouble lies, I think, with the method Mr. Steinbeck has affected—studied understatement, simple, unaccented language, matter-of-fact tone. Such writing depends for its power on the concentration and maturity of feeling with which it is charged. In this case the charge is not sufficient. The form, therefore, seems contrived, the simplicity becomes pretentious, the understatement and matter-of-fact tone sentimental. The sprawling yet effective eloquence of "The Grapes of Wrath" seems to me much better suited to Mr. Steinbeck's particular gifts.

THE WRITING of Antoine de Saint Exupéry resembles that of André Malraux in one respect: it is marked by the special kind of frenzy which results when passion is joined to technique. Such writing reminds me of the performance of a ballet dancer whose wonderful freedom of movement rises from and is released by a technical control of the body in motion strict in the extreme but so complete that it has been "forgotten" by the performer and is invisible to the observer; and it yields the same keen pleasure.

The passion of Malraux springs from an intellect and an imagination more profound and complex; but Saint Exupéry's "Flight to Arras" (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.75) is a fine performance. It gives a thrilling account of an actual flight to Arras; it brings us to the very center of the French defeat; and it gives one man's answer to the question why the members of Group 2-33 accepted, with a "Very good, sir," the command to take up their planes though France was already in collapse and the sorties of Saint Exupéry and his comrades were both useless and suicidal.

The answer reveals a man perceptive, humane, of exquisite honesty. To my mind, however, the most striking passages of the book are those in which Saint Exupéry shows us the countryside of France from his great height and particularly those which bring under our very eyes the terrible reality of France disintegrating into a sluggish stream of refugees, of villages toppling one by one into the river of defeat.

> . . . I had seen the village in which we were billeted go to pieces. I do not expect ever to be free of that clinging, viscous memory. . . . All the stables, all the sheds, all the barns and garages had vomited into the narrow streets a most extraordinary collection of contrivances. There were new motor cars, and there were ancient farm carts that for half a century had stood untouched under layers of dust. . . . Every box on wheels had been dug up and was now laden with the treasures of the home. . . .
>
> Together, these treasures had made up that greater treasure—a home. By itself each was valueless; . . . Each filling its place, they had been made indispensable by habit and beautiful by memory, had been lent price by the sort of fatherland which, together, they constituted. . . . Fling sacred relics into a heap, and they can turn your stomach.

"FALLING THROUGH SPACE" by Richard Hillary (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50) is the personal history of another aviator, a young Australian who was a student at Oxford when the war broke out. He immediately joined the R. A. F.; a year later he was shot down over the Channel during the great German air offensive. He was rescued, but he was so badly injured that he spent almost as many months in hospitals as he had spent in the air. The last third of his book is an account of his long painful recovery and of his efforts to discover the meaning of his experience.

In time of war the individual shrinks to the proportions of a pinpoint at the minimizing end of a telescope. In self-defense we think in terms of masses of men; and separate human tragedies are hidden rather than revealed by the round numbers of casualty figures. But every human being, since he is "involved in Mankinde," is under an obligation to retain his awareness of men as individuals if only because man in the mass loses his significance.

Mr. Hillary is only now twenty-two. His is a first book both as to writing and thinking. It has not the charm or the brilliance or the resolution of "Flight to Arras." But for that very reason it serves to make real for us the individual ordeal in a world at war.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Fischer on England

DAWN OF VICTORY. By Louis Fischer. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.

ONE value of Louis Fischer's new book is that it will help the American reader to understand the constant reshufflings of the British Cabinet, particularly the recent one. Those changes, in what they avoid rather than in what they confront, emphasize the real problem of Britain—war production. Mr. Churchill, an unmatched leader of the people, is not a very good conductor of the war. He does a good job as strategist-politician, but he is weak on production, as Louis Fischer says. The June 23 speech, on solidarity with the U. S. S. R., was one of the greatest strokes of political generalship of this or any other age. Yet Britain is using much less than 100 per cent of its real productive potential. Why is this so? Because, Fischer answers, the conservative classes dread the reorganization of British economy. The social perspectives which would be opened up by all-out production are what has prevented the appointment of a supreme Minister of Production.

The author is insistent on these points. In its unbreakable will to resist the Axis Britain is a unity; in the *how* of that resistance it is not. We have heard much about a "revolution" in Britain. Fischer is skeptical. There is a great desire for a more decent life, but that desire is growing up outside the political parties. Labor, certainly, has not so far made itself the natural leader of that populism. The British government is fundamentally a conservative one, even more so after the recent Cabinet changes. A great deal of what Fischer has to say here about the rivalries between Bevin and Beaverbrook and between the two factions of the Tory party is most illuminating. I wish, however, that he had paid more attention to the career of Churchill, for much of the obscurity of the situation is peculiarly due to the Prime Minister's position. Mr. Churchill is leader of the Conservative Party, yet in a sense, though he is a Conservative and on many points an extremely reactionary one, he is really a man without a party. He is distrusted by a great many Tories; his cautiously managed approach to Labor would have guaranteed that, of course, though a majority of his party realize that they could not survive without Churchill and Labor. After the Chamberlain tragedy the trade-union party alone could have got the best out of labor. But Churchill had already changed his political party twice, from Conservative to Liberal in the early 1900's and back again in 1924. He is not firmly imbedded among the Tories, and it is impracticable for him, if not impossible, to join the Labor Party. (Some labor leaders expect him to make that move should Labor ever grow strong enough to provide adequate support.)

The independence, or rather the personalism, this implies, quite as much as his courage and his rejection of appeasement, makes him the only possible leader of a coalition government. It also inevitably forces him to compromise to an excessive degree. At all costs he must placate the Conservative Party, which alone could overthrow him. Hence the defeatist Hoare, the suspected Simon, and the detested Margesson, his enemy within the Conservative Party. As the author puts it, Churchill has not captured the Tory party, "that party has captured him." The author does not give any serviceable advice as to what line Labor should follow, though he is disturbed by Labor's forcelessness. Nor does he touch upon a problem which is engaging many intelligent people of all parties, of how to create a real Board of Grand Strategy. That again is related to Mr. Churchill's monopolistic character. Nevertheless, in general these chapters are extremely useful, alike in their information and in their suggestive power. One notes only two minor errors, and one unnecessarily cruel statement. Fischer says that a certain Cabinet minister is reputed to be a descendant of Queen Elizabeth. He might have left Englishmen at least one symbol of virginity.

About Russia the author has much to say that is profoundly interesting. Axis propaganda in this country seeks to intensify the existing distrust of Britain and the Soviet Union. To the problem of Russia Fischer provides answers which differ considerably from those recently given by this reviewer in *The Nation.*

Does a Russian victory mean the domination of Europe by the Soviet Union and the spread of communism? After tracing the rebirth of Russian nationalism, Fischer offers two basic reasons why this is improbable. The European masses believe that a transformation of society is necessary. The question before them, however, is what they shall put in the place of capitalist democracy. Louis Fischer believes that it is unthinkable that they will choose communism, for greater democracy is the essence of the public desire. Given the probable circumstances of post-war Europe, I think he is right. Lenin long ago put the matter succinctly when he said that the working classes do not revolt until they are convinced that any change will be for the better, or rather not for the worse. (That, one supposes, was also why Hitler polled 44 per cent of the German electorate, though Lenin had not foreseen that sort of choice.) The problem of communism, then, is less likely to become urgent if the democratic powers reconstruct their world. This is good reasoning as long as one bears in mind that so far there is very little reason to expect that the democratic rulers of today will become vigorously reconstructive unless they are given what might be called overwhelming support. Fischer's second point is, at bottom, that it is more than likely that as the war goes on Russia will be so weakened and engrossed by home affairs that it will be little inclined toward military or political expansion. At the same time British and American armies will be in Europe, and America will have the control of food surpluses. Hence Europe will look to America rather than to the Soviets.

One confesses that the second argument, based as it is on probability, is disagreeable. It seems to suggest that the solution of the whole Russian question depends on German strength rather than on democratic vision. The estimate of relative strengths may turn out to be correct. The enormousness of the task confronting Russia will probably incline it to cooperation. That being so, we have only one sane course, to offer security, post-war aid, and the right of collaboration irrespective of any estimate of its strength. The contrary course is to perpetuate Russian fears, fears which are likely to do as much harm in the future as they have in the past. I wish Fischer had said this explicitly. He has not done so, though when he says every power must be included in our scheme for post-war reconstruction, he doubtless means the Soviets also. What is indisputably of great value, however, is his warning that the policy of the balance of power is once more likely to be pursued. Certain British Tories are already thinking of an Anglo-Russian bloc to replace the Anglo-French coalition. There is also the idea of an Anglo-American bloc, regarded by some conservatives as the complement of the Anglo-Russian setup; the one to be balanced against the other, with Britain at the center of the world seesaw. Against this the author vigorously warns us. Over and above the importance of the author's analyses of immediate realities, it is the discussion of these trends which makes "Dawn of Victory" so suggestive a book.

RALPH BATES

Japan's "Mein Kampf"

JAPAN'S DREAM OF EMPIRE: THE TANAKA MEMORIAL. Edited with an Introduction by Carl Crow. Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

ALTHOUGH it antedates the published version of "Mein Kampf" by several years, Japan's blueprint of world conquest, the Tanaka Memorial, is comparatively unknown in this country. Scholars interested in the Far East have been debating its authenticity ever since it was first brought forth by the Chinese delegation to the Kyoto conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations late in 1929. But perhaps because the scholars have been skeptical regarding its authenticity, it has received little attention outside of academic circles. Except for a few brief references in 1931 and 1932 the daily press has ignored its existence. With the attack on Pearl Harbor and the obviously carefully planned offensive against British, Dutch, and American possessions in East Asia and the South Seas, this controversial document has suddenly been rediscovered and is now published in this country for the first time.

The reviewer was among those who first read the Tanaka Memorial some twelve years ago and was among those who were dubious about its authenticity. The document purports to be a memorial presented to the Emperor of Japan on July 25, 1927, by Premier Tanaka, who was a forerunner of the present military clique. Its audacious plan for the domination of the whole of East Asia through the defeat of the United States seemed, at that date, completely incredible. Moreover, since the document itself contains certain obvious textual inaccuracies there was reason to consider it only another international forgery.

The authenticity of the document is still unproved. But as Carl Crow points out in the introduction to this edition of the memorial, "there has not been an official action of Japan in China for the past ten years which has not followed the lines laid out in the memorial. If the memorial was never written and never presented to the Emperor, then it is a very curious and unaccountable circumstance that it should form the basis for Japanese policy."

Although it does not carry us as far as the attack on Pearl Harbor and the South Seas, the document sets forth in detail the Japanese plan for overrunning Manchuria and for the subjugation and exploitation of China, and it carries explicit recognition of the necessity for fighting both the United States and the Soviet Union.

Some of the sections on the conquest of Manchuria are positively uncanny. Tanaka outlines in detail the use of Korean immigrants in providing the excuse for attacking Manchuria. He describes how Manchuria is to be exploited by the depreciation of Fengtien banknotes, and provides a blueprint for the building of railroads and other military preparations in Manchuria for the eventual war against China and the Soviet Union. All of these steps have been carried out exactly as outlined.

> For the sake of self-preservation and of giving warning to China [Tanaka adds] we must fight America some time. The American Asiatic squadron stationed at the Philippines is but a stone's throw from Tsushima and Senchima. . . . The Yamato race is then embarked on the journey of world

> conquest. According to the last will of Meiji, our first step was to conquer Formosa, and the second step to annex Korea. Having completed both of these, the third step is . . . the conquest of Manchuria, Mongolia, and China. When this is done, the rest of Asia, including the South Sea Islands, will be at our feet.

For a document written in 1927 this is pretty fair prophecy! But there are some significant variations in the pattern. Tanaka, if indeed he wrote these words, did not envision Japan fighting simultaneously against China, Great Britain, the Netherlands, and the United States. And he was clearly too optimistic regarding the economic advantages to be gained by the conquest of Manchuria and Mongolia. While Japan today is much farther along the road to world conquest than he dreamed, it has achieved this by taking risks which Tanaka sought to avoid. As prophecy, therefore, the memorial has serious shortcomings. But as a key to the mind of the Japanese militarist it should be required reading.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Robinson Jeffers

BE ANGRY AT THE SUN AND OTHER POEMS. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.

JEFFERS'S poetry turns out to be better upon reacquaintance than the reviewer remembers it to have been. And the reviewer is not one to overrate this sort of poetry. But it stays more or less the same, without amplification or development. All that is new in this latest volume—the unrelieved obsession with contemporary events and even the influence of Yeats (one of Jeffers's few admissions that he reads his contemporaries)—is imposed upon an unchanged essence. The new narrative poem, Mara, is as bad as ever, if not worse—probably worse. How Jeffers won his reputation on the basis of his narratives I cannot see: they contain some of the worse respectable poetry in English, and couch a humanity too narrow ever to be taken very seriously in poetry or out of it. Elsewhere, in the verse play included in this book and in the short poems, this narrowness does less harm, lacking the space in which to make itself felt.

The verse play, which deals with Hitler at a peripatetic moment of his career, is surprisingly successful in spite of its stilted passages, because its argument is felt strongly and seriously enough to inform the verse with strength and seriousness. Jeffers treats Hitler as a personality valuable in its own right, and thus not simply to be hated and feared but to be understood and delineated for the purposes of poetry, since, after all, it is to figure in a poem. The paths to wisdom, or to a wise attitude, are many, and not all of them are wise. Jeffers's philosophy of history, a compost of Spengler and sophomoric cynicism, enables him to understand events better for the sake of poetry, and perhaps for the sake of truth itself, than does the better-informed, better-intentioned, but more self-indulgent partisanship of liberal anti-fascism. The latter for the right reasons clings to illusions of which Jeffers has rid himself for the wrong reasons. Wrong reasons and all, this is why the short poems here make up some of the best contemporary literature about the war itself.

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But what is Jeffers's merit as a poet? Certainly he has too little and too crude a feeling for language and for the plastic requirements of poetry, too little sensitivity to the weight, texture, flavor, rhythms, and history of words, taking and using them too much as he finds them, failing to exploit their extra-logical qualities. He can state physical detail vividly; yet he has little power to suggest or evoke much beyond that which is actually *stated*. But that is just it. Jeffers's poetry is successful—when it is successful—as statement; one might almost say as charged prose. It is worst whenever the poet reminds himself that he is writing formal poetry and tries to call the reader's attention to the fact. This verse does not enter poetry by its formal merits but because it is driven by a certain force and conviction. It is *about* something. And this something, the experience of a sincere and intensely serious person, is strong enough to transfigure the crudeness and clumsiness of its own means of expression. Given, to begin with, enough intensity and some competence—which Jeffers does have—thoroughgoing sincerity will usually produce some amount of good poetry in a lifetime. With most people fashionable pretensions and the wrong influences get in the way.

For Jeffers there is little question of this last; he is an odd item, a raw poet, out of the main stream, taking nothing from and giving nothing to his contemporaries. Which is his handicap as well as his advantage. He understands too little, knows too little, cherishes too many half-truths, and like all provincials tries to make too few ideas go too far. Thus, not having enough art, he has to rely mostly on his temperament. I can only wonder whether that will be enough to make more than a small fraction of his work permanent poetry.

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Argument for Democracy

THE DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN. By W. T. Stace. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

MR. STACE is like one of those saintly philosophers of the medieval period who could not rest until he had fortified his unquestioned and unquestioning faith in God by proving that God existed, that he was eternal, and that he was good. Mr. Stace, Briton born and philosopher by profession, has written his book to prove that democracy is not only desired by our side but good on all counts. It is perfectly clear that our author has never doubted that he prefers the democratic to the totalitarian way of life, and does not think English-speaking readers need to be converted. But he feels that it is necessary to show that democracy is not only relatively but absolutely good and, what is more, absolutely "true." He seeks to demonstrate that "we can believe, on good and rational grounds, that our ideals are rooted in reason and goodness, that they are worth defending because they are right and true, because they are actually the noblest and greatest ideals which human beings have yet found in the world. And we may further fortify our faith that in the end our cause must triumph, not because it is ours, but because it is just."

A rhetorical flight such as this may be forgiven in the last paragraph of a book of three hundred pages, nearly all argument, including diagrams, and, though non-technical, highly abstract. This volume, it may be noted, won the prize of $2,500 in a contest sponsored by its publishers for members of college and university staffs. One of the judges, Carl Van Doren, calls the book "as searching and rousing a book as any in our age." It is certainly an attempt, moderately successful, to search out first principles. But "rousing" is a piece of fanfare. Though written in the decent English of an urbane Englishman, it is extremely dialectical and rather pedestrian, even to the listing in classroom fashion of Points One, Two, and Three, and sections of summaries and commentaries. One waits for the bell to ring.

Mr. Stace's argument is not unfamiliar, even in his insistence that democratic morals are grounded in the eternal order of reason; eighteenth-century democrats like Jefferson would have recognized that, too. Democracy, Mr. Stace points out, holds that impulse intelligently governed in each individual generates happiness. All systems, political, legal, social, are to be measured by the extent to which they promote that harmony of variety which is rational and self-justifying in a life satisfactory to the individual. Individuals are all in the same boat, and not only share the same fate but find their happiness in no small part in sharing the same experience. The harmonizing of impulses is the work of Reason, the Greek contribution to democracy; the sharing of life, the sense of brotherhood, and a mutual sense of the infinite value of each individual is the Christian heritage of Sympathy. The totalitarian state, in contrast, exalts will and power over reasonable control. It exalts the abstract Leviathan of the organic state and ignores or contemns the individual life.

Mr. Stace's argument for democracy lies largely in his attempt at a demonstration that what we call democracy, in aspiration if not in fact, expresses the eternally human character of human life. Democratic morality consists in an emphasis on "the infinite value of the individual"; it has exhibited the various facets of this idea—liberty, equality, and fraternity. Mr. Stace holds, then, that democracy, which he equates with "civilization," is an attempt to express and organize a life on the principles of "reason and sympathy." Totalitarianism seeks "to found instead a new civilization based on the primacy of will." It is, Mr. Stace thinks, founded on Schopenhauer rather than Plato, on Nietzsche rather than Christ.

It hardly needs to be said at this late date that Mr. Stace is speaking almost the banal truth when he reminds us that democracy in its essential symptoms goes a long way back, and far deeper than the merely recent and political forms we associate with the word. It goes back to Plato, though the aspects of Plato Mr. Stace is discussing are perhaps much more present in Aristotle. Plato was at best a very reluctant democrat, and combined an emphasis on reason with as organic a notion of the state as any German or Japanese could mumble. When Mr. Stace asks us to accept Schopenhauer as the "basis" of the totalitarian "order," he is asking us to swallow a good deal in the way of simplification. The cult of irrationality had many sources other than Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, and Schopenhauer liked to talk about sympathy almost more than any democratic thinker Mr. Stace could dig up.

Mr. Stace's essential point is a simple enough one. A society that measures its values in the terms of harmonious and satisfactory individual lives is a permanent and recurrent human ideal. In that sense democracy may be eternal and it may be true. But it seems a singular enterprise to try to defend the morality of a free and flexible society by dignifying it with the same kind of absoluteness that tyrannies cherish. Mr. Stace makes a quite good case, though an unnecessarily complicated one, for showing that a democratic society is more generous, reasonable, and happy than a totalitarian one. He is one of a long line of philosophers who apparently cannot rest until they prove that the relatively better is the eternally true. That way dogmatism lies. The relativism against which Mr. Stace inveighs so often in his book is the very essence of the democratic faith, the experimental adventure of free men in an open universe.

"The Destiny of Western Man" is a catch-penny title, obviously not the author's. The book is about the natural basis of democracy and its human fruits. Mr. Stace is much more modest than his title suggests and does not pretend to be a Spengler in reverse. He is simply a lover of democracy who wants logic as well as tanks to be all on our side.

IRWIN EDMAN

Old J. P.

JOSEPH PULITZER AND HIS WORLD. By James Wyman Barrett. The Vanguard Press. $3.50.

MR. BARRETT has, I suppose, done everything possible to make his big book on old J. P. and the *World* interesting. He offers fast, clever impressions of very important people—a bushel of them. He writes up ancient situations as though they were spot news. He totally forgets that at

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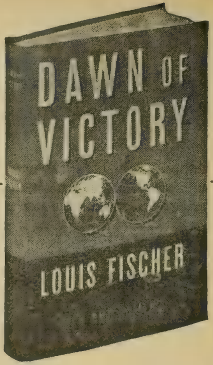

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times when momentous events were happening to J. P. they were also happening to his contemporaries. This is, in fact, a story of Pulitzer and his times rather than a biography. No one is likely to enjoy the book less for that reason—no one, at least, who has read Don C. Seitz's solemn tome on the same subject. Mr. Barrett was the last city editor of the *World,* and he remembers his newspaper with affection. He makes a valiant effort to recapture its spirit for a new generation, and I think he succeeds.

For the fact remains that after you have got past the yellow of the first yellow journal—and Mr. Barrett has his fun with absurd old headlines and fantastic feature articles—you have a newspaper which was in constant touch with the general public and operated consistently in its interest. How did it get that way? We may well ask. J. P. probably did not single-handed keep us out of an inexcusable war with England in 1896, during the famous Venezuelan affair—as Mr. Barrett suggests. But he did take a firm stand against such an adventure, and he did help organize public opinion against it. Aside from that, there were literally scores of first-rate campaigns, local as well as national, which a tribune of the people sincerely concerned for principle as well as circulation could and did conduct. They make absorbing reading today.

As for old J. P. himself, he merits all the affection, and a good deal more critical attention, that Mr. Barrett has given him. This immigrant was one of the foremost Americans of his time. Dana of the *Sun,* who had long since laid aside the old generous ideals of Brook Farm, liked to report his newspaper rival's public addresses in dialect, because Pulitzer still spoke with an accent—a shabby trick. But Pulitzer understood the American way better than Dana did. J. P. made a career of free speech and honest polemic. He surrounded himself with live, earnest journalists, many of whose names were writ large during the glamorous days of Progressivism. And it was by no means an accident that he got these men. Here, for example, are some of the questions Pulitzer asked regarding a possible editor for the *World:* "What has [he] read in American history—Rhodes, McMaster, Trevelyan, Parkman? What works on the Constitution and constitutional law? Has he read Buckle's 'History of Civilization'? Where did he stand during Bryan's Free Silver campaign?"

A pretty stiff course of reading for a yellow journalist. But bring it up to date, change the political issue, and you have a formidable pen man. It was this sort of approach that made the *World* one of the outstanding papers of its time; and very much worth reading about today. Mr. Barrett carries the story past Pulitzer's death in 1911 on to the end of the *World* in 1931. Here, of course, he writes from personal knowledge. The *World* remained a good paper to the last, but after Pulitzer it was never again great.

LOUIS FILLER

In Early Issues of The Nation

"Athene Palace" by Countess Waldeck
Reviewed by Rustem Vambery

"Admiral of the Ocean Sea" by S. E. Morison
Reviewed by William McFee

Marianne Lorraine

A WHITE, triangular face suspended in darkness, a tortured mouth, red hair curling and flaming, this was Marianne Lorraine on the stage of the Town Hall last Saturday evening. Her gestures, few but expressive, had breadth and power—arms that swung in wide circles from the shoulder, hands that lifted and exalted the phrase. Miss Lorraine's performance is unique. The word *diseuse* best describes her particular combination of recitation and song, a style nourished in the *café concert* and *boite-de-nuit* of a vanished but not forgotten Paris; to it she has given an individual slant by her interest in modern poetry and her preoccupation with the unusual in subject matter.

The Town Hall recital launched Marianne Lorraine on a new career. As Marianne Oswald she was before the war the favorite of a band of avant-garde poets, writers, musicians, artists. For her they wrote poems and songs. Her strange, raucous voice, her burning, tortured violence, her look of having been "loosed out of hell To speak of horrors," fitted the Continental mood of pre-war or inter-war disillusionment and disintegration. She gave voice and being to a very special, a very French mood, alternating her typically *grivois* pieces with laments for the under-dog, songs that pictured the misery of the poor—the anguish of the stoker at his task, the nightmares of the French taxi driver.

Her first appearances in this country were in night clubs, where she still, necessarily, sang in French. Now, with a new name derived from her birthplace, she is launching forth on a new English-speaking career. It is evident that she has worked hard and under wise guidance on the heart-breaking job of learning a new language. Her English, though of course still heavily charged with un-English accent and emphasis, is agreeable and, what is more important, understandable—especially as the evening wears on and the listener's ears become attuned to its rhythms.

Her program, in which she was accompanied on the piano by Lou Cooper, who composed several of the musical backgrounds for her pieces, and by John Serry, accordionist, consisted of poems, songs, and recitation in English and French, the English poems being by Archibald MacLeish, Carl Sandburg, Gerald Marks, García Lorca (translated by Stephen Spender), and others. Jacques Prévert and Georges Henri Clouzat were among the French poets represented; the musical credits were almost as distinguished and as far flung. For those who are afflicted with nostalgia for the Paris that is no more, Miss Lorraine's harsh, haunting voice and blue-lit mask as she sang "Les Bons Menages," "Les Soutiers," the "Song of the Hussars," and the inimitable "Quand je danse avec lui," caused the arid platform of the Town Hall to disappear and a dead scene and epoch to live again.

No one today can do a certain type of acrid, smoke-laden, sordid ditty better than Marianne Lorraine. Her songs need a smoldering earthy violence which she can express superbly. Her puckish humor as illustrated in the recital of the *New Yorker* saga of the little boy who wouldn't do anything was also diverting. In the more serious episodes making up the larger part of the program Miss Lorraine encountered the difficulty that besets all poetry readers. The grand word, the noble phrase tend to become grandiose, bombastic, and often not a little absurd when intoned from a stage. Poets have acclaimed Miss Lorraine's interpretation of their words; MacLeish, Cocteau, Rostand, Saroyan, and particularly Sandburg have sung her praises. Many have written for her; Mr. Sandburg supplied one of the less happy moments of the evening, a piece entitled "Mr. Lincoln and His Gloves." But the average listener, drilled in the school of understatement and unused to the process of poetry, recoils from the flaunted phrase.

The reading of poetry is perhaps the most difficult of "concert" arts, a lost art in this country and in this day and generation. The chief difficulty that Miss Lorraine faces in restoring the art of the *diseuse* to a serious level, somewhere in that exalted region where the memory of Yvette Guilbert trails its iridescent robes, lies in her lack of tonal and temperamental variety and in the narrowness of her appeal. She cannot express the broad humanity, the sunny laughter, the childlike gaiety and faith that Yvette could convey quite as readily as she could the wisdom, the sorrows, and the sins of a world she knew and loved. Miss Lorraine is serious to the point of harshness, sometimes to the point of humor, for she treads dangerously near and sometimes oversteps the delicate line that separates the sublime from the ridiculous. For this reason she is at her best in her less pretentious numbers.

ROSAMOND GILDER

Art Notes

ANDRE MASSON. Oils, gouaches, drawings. Buchholz and Willard Galleries. Until March 14.

Masson's failure is in the contemporary grand manner. There is little of the dull or second-rate about his work, and to fail as he does is more worthy than to succeed as any dozen safe and minor artists can. Masson is a surrealist, but he has absorbed enough cubism, in spite of himself, never to lose sight of the direction in which the pictorial art of our times must go in order to be great. His endeavor to expand painting concentrates on the means, not on the subject; color and line are to be detached and disassociated from their old habits of meaning, and made to express or suggest what is inconceivable to anything but the eye's imagination. One can glimpse through the badness of his painting how greatly Masson conceives; and so it is only by some physiological, tactile deficiency in himself that I can explain the collapse of his actual work: the raging sickness of color, the obtuseness with which he rattles together pigment, design, space—the *art nouveau*, the hard, machined insensitivity of line in his drawings, and their maladroit literary flourishes. A débâcle, in which there are at the most three acceptable pictures; but as I have said, little that is second-rate, nothing that is stereotype. Masson could cover up his faults rather plausibly and without too obvious dishonesty, and I praise him for his unwillingness to be anything but himself.

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ON THE INSIDE FRONT COVER

WALTER QUIRT. Oils, drawings. The Pinacotheca Until March 14.

Surrealism again, in which representational forms fracture off under spatial analysis into abstract design. The world on the point of dissolution. Quirt has ambition, energy, and much surface facility, but like most surrealists he takes his surface and his medium too much for granted. His work lacks painted quality; its color, keyed within a narrow range, is sapless, schematized, and impotent to affirm the space it covers and the forms it fills. In the given picture the vertical rhythms, articulated in great detail, repeat themselves too helplessly and too protractedly from one corner of the canvas to the other. Quirt's intentions, like Masson's, are in the grand style, but his failure is not.

C. G.

MUSIC

AMONG the things attractive enough to get me to stand the annoyances of the concert hall was the Dessoff Choirs' Lassus program. I could hear only the first half; and some of the music—the motet "Timor et tremor," and two of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah"—turned out to be magnificent in sound and powerful in effect; but some of it—the three motets for two voices—struck me as pretty dull. Mr. Boepple would probably contend that if I knew the two-part motets as well as he I would find them as interesting as he does; but I think the value he finds in them is the excessive value that people who saturate themselves in a composer sometimes find in even the least consequential of his products—the dullest two-part invention of a Bach, or two-part motet of a Lassus.

Irresistibly attractive also were the final two concerts of the New Friends of Music chamber music series, with Mozart's String Quartets K. 499 and 465 in the marvelous forms in living sound which they were given by the Budapest Quartet. And also the concert of the New York City Symphony with Haydn's Symphony No. 99 and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" conducted by Beecham, but with both works, as it turned out, the less effective for the orchestra's lack of precision, which dulled the sharp contours of Berlioz's musical thought, and did comparable damage to Haydn's.

The performance of "Carmen" that Beecham conducted at the Metropolitan I heard over the air; and so all my attention was given to what interested me most—the music. For a time the experience of hearing the shabby and battered phrases given sharpness and brightness and liveness was exciting; but after an hour of the unrelenting fast pace I began—as did the music, the singers—to beg for relief, for a chance to relax, to breathe.

On this occasion I got an earful of what is broadcast from the Metropolitan during intermissions. The broadcasts I heard in Salzburg in 1937 seemed to be based on the belief that there were people outside the Festspielhaus who were as interested in the music as the people inside, that they were listening to the broadcasts for that reason, and that they wanted and should be given over the air the information about the performance that the Festspielhaus audience got from the printed program—namely the cast of performers, which was all that was broadcast. The British Broadcasting Corporation used to provide additional information about opera broadcasts in its publications; and I believe it also published cheap librettos that made it possible for the radio audience to follow every word and action. When you have given the cast and the libretto you have given everything an interested listener needs to understand and enjoy the performance; and if you believe he is interested, that is all you will give him. But that is something which the people who run American broadcasting do not believe: music doesn't genuinely interest most of them, and so they can't believe it interests anyone else. What impresses them, what they think will impress the public, and what therefore they broadcast is not music but the prestige-value of the word "music," the name "Toscanini," "New York Philharmonic-Symphony," "Metropolitan Opera." And so at least one plan for publishing and distributing librettos that I heard about (consider how easy it would be to distribute them through Texaco's outlets all over the country) was turned down; and aside from the few minutes in which the story of the next act is told by the adenoidally unctuous Milton Cross, the intermissions are filled with all the rubbish that is considered necessary to hold the radio listener's interest. The day I listened this included Mr. Cross's minute-by-minute description of the awesome scene in the Metropolitan, someone else's lengthy salute to Seattle as a music-center, Lucrezia Bori interviewing Rosa Ponselle, and a quiz, in the course of which Mr. Richard Simon of Simon and Schuster, answering the question what opera one should hear at one's first visit to the Metropolitan, thought it should be an opera that had schmaltz (which Mr. Robert Lawrence later changed to "melody" under cover of a "seriously"), and specifically suggested "Pagliacci."

At Toscanini's broadcasts with the N. B. C. Symphony for the Treasury Department's defense bond campaign Deems Taylor, of all people, has been the commentator, and as such has made highly complimentary references to Toscanini. I say "of all people" because a few years ago, when Columbia Broadcasting System was trying as hard as the New York Philharmonic to make Barbirolli look big, Mr. Taylor, who had once built up Damrosch by crediting him with scorn for Muck's over-subtlety, contributed another black-is-white-white-is-black build-up of Barbirolli that knifed Toscanini: "The extraordinary thing about Mr. Barbirolli's tenure of office so far is that people have begun to realize that the Philharmonic is a great orchestra. They don't talk so much about the conductor; and I think that's the greatest tribute you can pay the conductor of any orchestra. . . . They don't talk about him getting down on his knees and begging the orchestra to sing. You know he's just a conductor. He has a group of musicians that in their line are as great musicians as Kreisler is in his line, and he asks of them to make music—and, by God, they make it!" Saying this one year, saying complimentary things about Toscanini another year—it's all in the day's work for Mr. Taylor. But I would expect some other people to recognize that one man who should not be the commentator for Toscanini's broadcasts is Deems Taylor. (N. B. C., incidentally, still doesn't seem to be able to keep those Toscanini performances from getting mixed up with a jazz band on an adjacent wavelength.)

Victor's February records have been delayed; but there is a last January release to comment on: the set (854, $3.50) of three pieces from Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. The writing is unusually expansive for Hindemith, with a stunning climax in the second piece; but the essential Hindemith feeling remains to make this work as unattractive to me as the others. Performance and recording are excellent, with a noisily defective surface on the third side of my copy.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Hitler's Volunteers: Few from Scandinavia

Dear Sirs: Hans Christian Andersen's story of the pinfeather moulted by a hen which barnyard gossip turned into five hens self-slain for love is well matched by Joachim Joesten's story of Hitler's Volunteers in your issue of February 14.

The Nazi "agreement" with the Danish government that a Danish Free Corps could be formed took most of the -government by surprise. It was made by Mr. Scavenius, who specializes in such arrangements. The number of volunteers was not published, the Danish Nazi paper declaring that this was against "military secrecy." Meanwhile the Danes openly said the volunteers were so few that the local members of the Danish Nazi Party had to join them so as to make their ranks visible when they were departing—the said members getting quietly off the train a few stations farther on. Finally, as Mr. Joesten says, the Danish Nazi paper claimed that 3,000 had volunteered.

An American lady who returned from Denmark not so long ago tells that while she was in a Copenhagen trolley car she herself heard a well-known Dane questioned as to how many volunteers he thought the Free Corps Denmark would obtain. "I don't know," he said loudly and clearly, "but I hope it will be about 3,000; then we'd get rid of our whole Nazi Party at one swoop."

It is certain that no such luck attended the appeal to enlist, or we should have seen pictures of the result. The majority of the 3,000 or so Danish Nazis belong to the German minority in Schleswig, but even so they much prefer what is left of Danish butter to Russian guns.

One wonders what possesses Mr. Joesten to bother quoting the Nazi paper's figures, as if he believed them. Can it be that he is again emulating Andersen, who wrote a long fairy tale called "Soup on a Sausage-Skewer" just to prove that he needed a minimum of material?

The Scandinavian countries have about as much Nazi meat on them as there's sausage adhering to a skewer; Mr. Joesten should really stop trying to brew any sensational soup out of that.

SIGNE TOKSVIG

Newtown, Conn., February 23

Dear Sirs: Joachim Joesten's article on Hitler's Shanghaied Volunteers was regrettably inaccurate both in detail and in perspective as far as my country, Norway, is concerned. Indeed, it is a travesty of the facts to talk about "Norway's tragic cleavage . . . reflected in the formation of the Nordland Regiment," in connection with the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war. I lived through that period in Norwegian history on the spot, before I was ordered abroad to take up the position assigned to me by the Norwegian authorities.

On the day of the German attack on the Soviet Union, June 22, 1941, I was present at a press conference in Oslo convened by the Reichskommissariat and addressed by Hauptmann Ehmer, who demanded 100 per cent active cooperation and complete solidarity from the Norwegian press in the German-ordained "crusade against bolshevism." The newspapers had to print the call for recruits to the so-called Norwegian Legion. Thousands of applications poured in. But the same names appeared again and again, and we ascertained that they were the names of well-known Nazis all over the country, sent in by patriotic Norwegians. Mass-meetings were called by the Nazis, but I saw myself how the one they arranged for July 4 in the University Square of Oslo was deserted, whereas a competing meeting convened by means of a whispering campaign among the loyal Norwegians and held around the Abraham Lincoln statue in an Oslo public park was successful.

The figure of 350 given by Mr. Joesten is in itself evidence of the lack of success in recruiting the Norwegian Legion. The officers who were ordered to join refused. Those whose names he gives either do not exist or are anything but "outstanding." The general to whom he refers was made "general" of the Labor Service of Norway by the Nazis. He had no such army title in Norway. Some of the officers on the list established by the Nazis only learned of their enrolment when the list was published.

. Yet Mr. Joesten says that a "by no means negligible fraction has accepted service with the enemy." Not even the Nazis have dared assert any such thing. Quite to the contrary, the situation has again clearly shown that the Norwegian people remain united in a desperate struggle against overwhelming odds.

HANS KRISTIAN SKOU

New York, February 24

Dear Sirs: His article on "Hitler's Shanghaied Volunteers" is another episode in the systematic campaign Mr. Joesten is conducting to devaluate democracy in Europe and particularly to paint the Scandinavian peoples with a thick Nazi brown. Having returned from Sweden only a few months ago, I can testify that if any correction is needed of American public opinion it is rather in the opposite direction. The important general fact is that the Nazis have scored very little success in the Scandinavian democracies. Specifically, the report by Mr. Joesten on Swedish participation in Germany's war is contrary to facts: there never was any "Swedish section of . . . a German military unit," much less any "Swedish regiment."

The story of Swedish volunteers in the war against Russia may rather be told as a proof of the defeat of Nazi propaganda. Whereas in the short Russo-Finnish War of 1939 about 8,200 Swedish volunteers were serving in the Finnish army when peace was signed, not more than 1,000 have gone to Finland in the present war, when Finland has Germany as an ally. Of these only 275 remain. Whereas the volunteers in the previous war were equipped at Swedish expense, those serving in the present war went individually and were equipped in Finland, contrary to Mr. Joesten's assertion.

There was also an attempt to enrol Swedish volunteers in the German army, but it failed completely. It did become a "public scandal," but not for the Swedes. The very evening it was exposed to the public I had dinner with the journalist who made the scoop, and not even he could say that a single man had left the country to join the Germans. As to the government's policy, it was made clear that no applications had been or would be granted to Swedish men of military age to serve in a foreign army other than the Finnish.

The popular reaction to the German appeal is also unambiguous: the applications filed totaled twenty-three. Mr.

Joesten, however, moves among big figures and high ranks. He makes the captain helping in the attempted recruiting "a high-ranking officer of the Swedish General Staff." He does not and never did belong there. He is a landowner with a reserve commission.

The sequence of the story should not go untold. Some of the Swedish volunteers in the Finnish army, after reaching Finland, were offered higher pay as an inducement to shift to the German army. However, as the Stockholm correspondent of the New York *Times* cabled on August 31, only ten men decided to make the change. Of these, two quickly returned home when told that they would be sent to fight in the Ukraine instead of in Finland. What became of the other eight is not clear. But to talk of a "Swedish section of the famous 'Viking Division,'" fighting in the Ukraine is evidently off the mark.

Mr. Joesten has probably not realized it, but sowing mistrust between conquered and unconquered, belligerent and non-belligerent democracies is right now one of the major objectives of Axis propaganda. One democracy has a perfect right to criticize another in a factual way. But exaggerated, misleading, or incorrect statements can serve no good purpose. We are in need of more unity—not less. ALVA MYRDAL

Princeton, February 25

Mr. Joesten Suspects

Dear Sirs: Whenever I write an article even vaguely referring to some Scandinavian country, letters like those above invariably descend on the unhappy editor. I am beginning to suspect an organizing and directing hand behind the scenes. The Scandinavians seem to hold the view that nobody but they themselves or writers specifically approved by them should write about their countries and politics.

I cannot make head or tail of Miss Toksvig's elaborate fairy-tale letter. Whether there are 3,000 or 300 or only 30 Danish volunteers in the field is quite irrelevant. I cited the one available figure, gave the source, and duly characterized it. The important point is that there is a Danish Free Corps, that it has been officially approved by the Copenhagen government, and that it is commanded by ranking officers of the Danish army, whom I have named.

Mr. Skou's letter is a typical product of the over-sensitiveness which many Norwegians have developed as a result of the world-wide publicity given to the fifth-column work in Norway. I should call it the Quisling complex. Because a few writers did overemphasize the number of the Norwegian traitors and the role they played on April 9, 1940, these people would have us believe that Quisling is a solitary phenomenon, quite by himself. Let Mr. Skou look up the (loyal Norwegian) *Nordisk Tidende* of July 24 and August 7, 1941, and he will find the names and ranks of all the "non-existent" Quisling officers whom I mentioned in my article.

What Mrs. Myrdal has to say about the amount of Swedish aid to Finland is exactly what the Stockholm government and its propaganda agencies in this country care to acknowledge for the time being. I claim the right of any independent journalist to question official facts and figures given out for political reasons. As regards Captain Schmiterlöw, Mrs. Myrdal might learn from the government organ *Socialdemokraten* of September 18, 1941, that at that time—long after his scandalous activities as a Nazi agent had been exposed—the man was still "deputy chief of an important section of Stockholm's air defenses." Would she call that a "reserve commission"?

The way to beat Hitler is not by glossing over his successes.

JOACHIM JOESTEN

New York, February 26

Master-Blood

Dear Sirs: The Red Cross at first refused donations to the blood bank from Negroes, but after pressure from organizations and individuals representing one-tenth of our population, it consented to admit Negro donations on a strictly segregated basis. Admitting that there is no distinction in the actual composition of the serum, the Red Cross, nevertheless, panders to the popular prejudices that result from our careless use of the phrases "Negro blood" and "white blood." We gladly accept serum from the blood of horses to prevent and cure diphtheria, but are afraid we might "catch" miscegenation if a bleeding white soldier should be saved by a transfusion that contained some plasma donated by his black fellow-soldier's sister back home. And so the great American Red Cross prostitutes its character in order to appease the most ignorant and bigoted of our citizens. And we follow Hitler in his shoddy, false, and perilous pronouncements of a master-race.

What will our 450,000,000 Chinese allies think, and the Filipinos, who die on our battlefield?

RUTH ATLAS BINSTOCK

Chicago, February 23

Thank Pétain for Manila

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate you for what you have done to open the eyes of your readers to the extraordinary treatment of "Free France" by Washington?

Free Frenchmen have been on active service in many parts of the world. They have the most to lose should Hitler and his Quislings win the war. Why, then, treat the men who are upholding the honor of France like insignificant adventurers? The Vichy ambassador seems to be omnipotent at the State Department. Why? By opening Indo-China to Japan Vichy paved the way for its aggression. In the long run we have Pétain to thank for Pearl Harbor and Manila.

Why was Colonel Morand, Vichy's notorious Gestapo chief, allowed to pass through the United States on his way to Martinique to carry on a "purge" of Free Frenchmen? In Martinique and Guadeloupe, as a result of Washington's policy, the regimes are 100 per cent totalitarian, backed by the naval force of Darlan's naval thugs. Nearly half a million people are not only commercially ruined but terrorized by the Gestapo. Is that what we are fighting for? I can back these statements from personal experience, having left Guadeloupe in 1940. A. W. DOWDING

Hollywood, Cal., February 16

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER is traveling up and down the country on a lecture tour while his latest volume, "Dawn of Victory," is being widely discussed in the press.

MILTON S. MAYER has contributed articles to *Harper's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other periodicals.

ROBERT PENN WARREN will soon publish "Bearded Oaks and Other Poems on the Same Theme."

CLEMENT GREENBERG is an editor of the *Partisan Review*.

IRWIN EDMAN, professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has recently published in collaboration with Herbert W. Schneider an anthology of democratic literature entitled "Fountainheads of Freedom."

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The Shape of Things

BY SEIZING JAVA AND TWO AIR BASES ON New Guinea, the Japanese have cleared the way for an all-out attack on Australia. A few weeks ago the obstacles to a drive on Australia seemed insuperable, but not many persons would hold to that opinion today after the débâcle suffered by the United Nations at Java. The defenses of Java, particularly in the Bandoeng area, were regarded in many circles as impregnable, capable of holding up the Japanese advance for some months. Actually they collapsed in a few days, for reasons that are a little difficult to discover. Most correspondents have stressed the absence of aerial support for the defenders. But no one has explained satisfactorily why the needed fighter planes were not sent, or, indeed, what happened to the 1,500 planes which were supposed to be based in the island. It is apparent that the Japanese superiority was more qualitative than quantitative, but the record of American planes on the Burma front indicates that this need not have been true if the United States had made a determined effort to save the island. Again, it may be asked what happened to the "thousands" of American soldiers who were reported to have landed at Java a few days before the invasion. The presumption is that it was only a token force—that once more our aid was "too little and too late." Although United Nations resistance has been somewhat stronger on the Burma front, it now appears that Rangoon is definitely lost and that an invasion of India may be attempted simultaneously with that of Australia. If the results of the Hongkong, Singapore, East Indies, and Burma campaigns were the only examples we had of Japan's military effectiveness, the prospect of stopping it would seem slight indeed. But Douglas MacArthur in the Philippines and the Chinese have both shown that with determination and the strategy of total warfare the Japanese can not only be stopped but thrown back by inferior numbers.

*

THE DEMAND FOR A COUNTER-OFFENSIVE IN the Pacific has mounted to such proportions in both the United States and Great Britain that it is doubtful whether the two governments can long resist it. At the beginning the struggle in the Pacific was thought of as a "war of attrition" in which the superior resources of the United Nations would eventually win. But if Japan can consolidate its gains of the last three months, it should be able to hold out indefinitely. A complete change in strategy is therefore required. The United Nations must strike, and strike hard, before Japan has time to consolidate its position. There have been rumors that such preparations are under way. Lieutenant-Governor-General Van Mook has spoken of powerful assistance coming from some quarter, and Walter Farr, in his now celebrated dispatch to the London *Daily Mail,* wrote indiscreetly and perhaps inaccurately of "great convoys of ships carrying American troops, pilots, planes, tanks, and guns" to the South Pacific. It would be folly, however, to expect offensive action in this region. Because of the immense distances, any troop movements to the South Pacific must be primarily for defensive purposes. Offensive action, under present circumstances, must be aerial or naval, or be launched by our allies on the continent of Asia. And the attack must be in the north against Japanese possessions or lines of communication. We should like to think that some such move was already in preparation, but the record of failures in United Nations strategy gives no ground for confidence.

*

FOR MONTHS NOW THE R. A. F. HAS BEEN bombing ports and industrial centers in occupied France for the simple reason that French industry has been forced into the service of the German military machine. There have been protests about other raids, but Pétain's most violent denunciation has been reserved for the raids on the industrial suburbs of Paris, and they have provoked a flow of crocodile tears in Berlin—over the bombing of civilians! The reasons are obvious. Vichy, which has a stake—miserable though it would turn out to be—in German victory, wishes support from the people of France for its policy of increasing collaboration, and one way of getting it is to arouse anti-British feeling. Germany wants the same thing, and needless to say it would also like to have its war factories in France immune from R. A. F. bombs. It is not at all surprising that both Vichy and Berlin are making the most of an "attack on Paris," the city which is a symbol both to Frenchmen and to the rest of the world. We may be sure that sympathy for France and regret for the casualties of the R. A. F. raid are far greater in London than in Berlin; and there is evidence that French workers not only expect such raids, but realize that they are necessary. In a letter to the New York *Times* a correspondent who returned only recently from occupied France says that everyone in Paris has been expecting raids. "The French will grieve, but they will understand, as they understood all the bombings which have taken place along the French coast and in the factories of northern France. . . . The destruction of these plants that were making munitions for Germany is the beginning of the liberation of France." We find this much more convincing than the complaints of Goebbels and Pétain. But we shall not be surprised if Vichy uses the Paris raids as the excuse for complete collaboration with Hitler.

*

THE PRESIDENT HAS DONE WELL TO CARRY the battle against inflation over the heads of the Congressional farm bloc direct to the farm families of America. The radio program in which he took part on March 9, together with Vice-President Wallace and Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, was designed to remind the farmers of the benefits they have received from the New Deal farm program, inaugurated just nine years ago, and to point out that the progress which has been made might be jeopardized by an attempt to take advantage of the war situation. Mr. Wallace recalled how the ever-normal-granary program had sustained prices when surpluses threatened to flood the market. "Now," he said, "the ever-normal granary is making possible the expansion of livestock production which is so urgent." This program would be difficult to achieve, however, if legislation prevented the government from stabilizing feed prices by the gradual release of its enormous stocks of corn and wheat. It is all-important, Mr. Wallace warned his audience, that "we maintain the farm program in good repute. We must not at any time give those interests which have always been against agriculture the opportunity to say that the farmers are a selfish pressure group."

*

ALTHOUGH THE EXTENT TO WHICH THE FARM bloc really represents the working farmers of America is doubtful, it seems prepared, despite these warnings, to push its program, with perhaps some modifications. The chief lobby working for the sterilization of the government-held surpluses appears to be the Farm Bureau Federation, which is essentially an organization of big farmers. It is interesting to note that this body is also active in trying to kill the Farm Security Agency, which has done so much to rehabilitate small holders and tenant farmers. It is also interesting to note that the farm bloc, while unwilling to help the taxpayer recover part of the very large sums which have been spent in keeping surpluses off the market, is ready to cripple important activities of the Department of Agriculture. Thus in the past few days the appropriation for the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, which is carrying on extraordinarily useful research work, has been slashed. This was done with the blessing of Representative Cannon of Missouri, who two days later, in a lightning change from his role of guardian of the public purse, declared, "The farmer should cling to parity as a woman clings to her virtue."

THE ACCOUNT OF THE RUBBER SITUATION which Leon Henderson gave the Truman committee of the Senate last week was a gloomy one but not more so than the facts appear to warrant. With the fall of Java only minor sources of natural rubber are available to the United Nations, and one of these, Ceylon, may soon be in serious danger. Even with civilian consumption cut to the bone, present stockpiles will be exhausted by May next year, and the continuance of the arms-production program with its demand for huge quantities of rubber will then depend almost entirely on the progress of the synthetic-rubber industry. As to that Mr. Henderson said, "Frankly, I believe it will almost require a miracle to secure the amount of synthetic rubber, 300,000 tons in 1943 and 600,000 tons in 1944, shown in the tables [of essential military requirements]." We are not entirely without confidence that the miracle will happen, but Mr. Henderson's skepticism seems to us more realistic than the hoopla statements of some other authorities. However, we should like to recommend less talk and more action to the head of the OPA. It is doubtful wisdom to threaten private motorists with the commandeering of their tires. That discourages economy in the use of tires and stimulates the second-hand-market racket. It would be better to take quick action to ration gasoline, regulate the second-hand car and tire markets, and provide really stiff penalties for "shoeleggers."

*

LET NO NORTH AMERICAN OBSERVERS interpret the Castillo victory in the recent Congressional elections in Argentina as evidence that the pro-Axis policies of the present Acting President represent the majority opinion of the country. The vote followed by three months the dishonest elections in Buenos Aires which created a scandal throughout the country. As a result of these government-operated frauds, the Radical Party boycotted last week's election outside of the Federal District of Buenos Aires, where public opinion is strong enough to guarantee relatively honest results. In that district the Socialists and Radicals won hands down; and in the country as a whole the Conservative Party won by a margin so narrow as to give the Socialists the balance of power in the new chamber. Under normal circumstances this result would provide an effective legislative block to the "prudent-neutrality" policy of Castillo. But the extension of executive power under the state of siege robs the election of any immediate practical effect.

*

IN A WORLD GROWN CALLOUS TO CRUELTY the sinking of the 400-ton ship Struma in the Black Sea outside Istanbul has attracted little attention, though 750 Jewish refugees on board lost their lives. Responsibility for the death of these hounded and miserable folk from Rumania rests not only on the Nazis and the Rumanian Iron Guard, who drove them out, but also on the Turkish and British governments. The former refused them the right to land even temporarily; the latter would not give permission to them to enter Palestine though influential Jewish organizations interceded for them and their number could have been deducted from the rigorous annual quotas imposed on immigration there. The Colonial Office is still a stronghold of bureaucracy, and the death it decreed for the poor folk on the Struma contrasts painfully with the permission it recently gave half the exiled Mufti's followers to reenter Palestine. The Mufti, Hitler's Quisling for the Holy Land, is now in Berlin. The first British soldier to fall at Tobruk was a Czech Jewish refugee, but many Jewish refugees are still interned in Palestine, presumably as dangerous aliens, while the Mufti's followers are at large, and no effort has been made to arm the Jewish community for self-defense against the Nazi tide.

*

TOM MOONEY, WHO DIED LAST WEEK, HAD only three years of freedom after his release from prison, where he had spent twenty-two years expiating a crime he did not commit. During the fight for his vindication, which was finally won when Governor Olson set him free in January, 1939, Mooney became a world figure. As a martyr to the cause of labor he commanded the sympathy and respect of tens of thousands of people. But martyrdom is a poor substitute for freedom. Mooney emerged with his innocence established and his faith miraculously unimpaired. But his health had been broken, and no court or governor could restore to him the twenty-two years he had spent behind prison bars. The sordid story of Mooney's persecution—of his conviction on perjured testimony and the repeated refusals of the courts to grant him justice—is lightened only by the fact that he was finally released. His martyrdom was one of the fruits of the last war; and we can best serve his memory by a determined fight to prevent similar miscarriages of justice in connection with the present conflict. So far we have been spared the widespread prejudice and hysteria out of which the persecution of Mooney grew; but the Minneapolis convictions and the savage sentences in the criminal-syndicalism cases in Oklahoma are warning signs.

*

"NATIVE NAZIS: HERE'S YOUR CHANCE! IF you are genuinely sympathetic with the aims of your country's enemy, if you have actively fought the American system of government and propagandized for Hitler, Mussolini, or Franco, there is a place for you in the American war effort. Don't be chagrined at having picked the wrong horse. Let us show you how you can be for Hitler and still draw pay from Uncle Sam. Send for our fascinating free booklet that tells how George E. Deatherage, who sought advice from German consuls on how to make America Nazi, was put in charge of a $25,000,000 secret naval construction job. Read how Lawrence Dennis, author of 'The Coming American Fascism,' has qualified for a captaincy in the military police of the United States army; how Joe McWilliams's lieutenant, James Stewart, Christian Mobilizer, street-corner Jew-baiter, and ardent supporter of the Bund, is now guarding the piers of New York against Nazi saboteurs and spies. Learn how the firm of Captain Torkild Rieber, former confidant of Herman Göring and friendly business associate of Ribbentrop's commercial envoy to the United States, won $10,000,000 worth of naval contracts. Others have done it. Why not you? Send today for a copy of 'How to Take Advantage of Your War and Navy Departments.' Box 62, Berlin. Remember Pearl Harbor." Advt. (imaginary—we hope).

*

MARK SULLIVAN HAS DISCOVERED A NEW New Deal plot and is exposing it with all the fervor of the happy days before war and "unity" cramped his style. The New York *Herald Tribune* editorially has taken up the same line and the line is this: The New Deal is going to hold on come hell or Hitler. Just when we are all asked to sacrifice our personal and partisan interests for the common cause, the politicians of the left are using the war emergency to slip over their subversive doctrines. How are we to achieve unity in the struggle against our foreign foes while the Administration carries on political civil war? Mr. Sullivan points up the argument by citing a couple of speeches made at a recent dinner in Washington under the auspices of the *New Republic.* Attorney General Biddle, for example, is quoted as warning the diners that the opposition is going to fight to wipe out New Deal reforms and that their supporters had better be prepared to fight back. Treason, that. Michael Straight is supposed to have said, "The New Deal is more dynamic than fascism, and more revolutionary than communism." This, to Mr. Sullivan, clinches the argument and proves the menace. But all it really proves, if it is correctly quoted, is the exuberance of a hopeful young man. The New Deal is in fact, as Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Straight both know when they drop politics and oratory, a rather confused collection of halfway measures designed to provide moderate restraints on business, moderate protection to labor, and a moderate chance of rocking along through a bad period without revolution or fascism. And today the reforms of the New Deal offer us our one hope of the unity for which Mr. Sullivan clamors. Unity can only be got if the people believe that they are not being asked to give their lives for bread lines and the other by-products of economic breakdown. But of course this is only our heresy—not the gospel according to Mark.

Haggling over India

THEIR advance in southern Burma is rapidly bringing the Japanese within striking distance of India; their capture of Singapore and the Dutch islands leaves them in a position to dominate the Bay of Bengal, if not the whole Indian Ocean. Consequently the inadequately defended subcontinent of India is dangerously exposed to military assault from the east. Nor is that its only peril. There are signs and portents that Hitler may launch his great spring campaign not against Russia but against Turkey and the British Near Eastern armies, that he may attempt an Alexandrian drive with the twin objectives of replenishing oil supplies in Iraq and Iran and joining hands in India with his Japanese allies. It is a colossal conception, but it is not the Axis leaders in this war who have failed in strategic imagination.

The extent to which the present dangers of India are the concern of all the nations resisting Axis aggression has been underlined by Chiang Kai-shek's recent visit to Delhi and by President Roosevelt's decision to send a technical and economic mission to assist in strengthening Indian defenses. Yet it would almost seem as if these dangers were insufficiently obvious to the British government and the Indian Nationalist leaders, for both appear to be approaching the crucial problem of cooperation for India's defense in a haggling spirit.

It is agreed that if India is to be properly defended, its masses must be given a stake in victory. They must know they are being called upon to fight for their own freedom, and weapons must be put into their hands; otherwise they are likely to adopt the passive attitude of the natives of Malaya. Reports from London indicate that even Prime Minister Churchill—always a diehard on the Indian question——has realized that genuine concessions must be made. But the promised Cabinet statement has been delayed, and there are rumors that the reason for the delay is pressure from conservative elements who think that the government's proposals "go too far." It is much more likely that they do not go far enough. As the weekly *Tribune,* which is close to Sir Stafford Cripps, has pointed out: "No half-measures have any value now. The Indian revolution is on. . . . This is not opportunity knocking at our door—it is history battering it down." The *Tribune* proposes that a provisional All-Indian Legislative Assembly be convened and that Jawaharlal Nehru, leader of the All-India Congress, be asked to become Prime Minister.

This is roughly Nehru's own program, and if Congress were fully representative of the varied peoples of India it might be rapidly put into effect. Unhappily any plan to give Congress, with its Hindu majority, control of the Indian central government is challenged by the Moslem League, which claims to represent between seventy and eighty million Moslems chiefly concentrated in northwestern India. In a recent interview Nehru brushed aside the fears of this organization. "The question of minorities," he said, "does not really arise in the present crisis, and in any event all reasonable and possible protection will be given to them." "Eventually," he went on, "there will either be agreement or the matter may be referred to an international tribunal—or, ultimately, the problem will be solved by conflict. The risk has to be taken, there's no other way."

To our mind this approach seems unrealistic and dangerous. Congress supporters have often insisted that the Moslem League is representative of a landowning class rather than of the Moslem masses. Be this as it may, its head, Mr. Jinnah, has a considerable following, and given an opportunity might find it feasible to exploit the social and religious differences which divide Moslem from Hindu. Should Congress secure control at Delhi and refuse to discuss Jinnah's plan for a separate Moslem state carved out of northwestern India, the Moslems, warned that eventually the question might have to be solved by "conflict," would be tempted to look around for immediate allies. And let us remember that the Nazis have been working overtime, and not without some success, to persuade the Moslem peoples in lands bordering India that the Axis cause is the cause of Allah. The real danger to Indian independence today comes from the Axis. Indian Nationalists, if they are wise, will concentrate on that danger instead of insisting on immediate and total self-government, which might well mean the horror of civil war added to the terror of invasion. They need not fear that victory for the United Nations would make them once more subject to British rule. British imperialism died at Singapore when it failed to protect people who had accepted its rule in return for protection. The revolution is on, and it cannot be reversed by any British effort; but it can be smothered in the counter-revolution of the German and Japanese new orders.

Violence and the Law

WHEN Congress passed the so-called Copeland bill against racketeering in 1934, the vote was based in part on a memorandum from the Department of Justice which said, not without unconscious cynicism, "The provisions of the proposed statute are limited so as not to include the usual activities of capitalistic combinations, bona fide labor unions, and ordinary business practices which are not accompanied by manifestations of racketeering." The Attorney General explained that the bill had been revised to exempt labor unions and that it was aimed at "price-fixing and economic extortion directed by professional gangsters."

The Supreme Court, with only Chief Justice Stone dissenting, has obeyed the intention of Congress in deciding that the activities of Local 807 of the Teamsters did not come under the statute. It is a bona fide labor union. It can muster respectable arguments for its campaign to replace tired "over-the-road" drivers on long-haul trucks with union men inside the New York City limits. There is violence in the record of the case, but the use of violence, as the majority says through Justice Byrnes, "is plainly subject to the ordinary criminal law."

To have brought violence by labor unions under the anti-racketeering statute would have been to open the door to a new series of legal devices for circumventing Congressional intention and curbing unionism. The present court, under the lead of Justice Frankfurter, has insisted on giving full weight to the exemption granted labor unions by the Clayton Anti-Trust Act and could hardly show less regard for the similar exemption granted in the anti-racketeering statute.

This decision makes it all the harder to understand Justice Frankfurter's decision for a unanimous court in the Wisconsin Injunction case. The same court which declines to make violence the excuse for extending the anti-racketeering statute to labor unions permits violence to be used as an excuse for undermining labor's right to picket. In a Wisconsin case some years ago the late Justice Brandeis held for the majority that picketing was a form of speech and as such protected by the Constitution. Is this still the rule?

Justice Frankfurter is careful to say for the court that free speech may not be enjoined, but the injunction order upheld by his decision forbade picketing. Its terms are sweeping, and to judge from the wording they cover picketing of any kind, peaceful or otherwise. Here again, as in the Chicago milk injunction last year, Justice Frankfurter seems to think that the use of violence in a strike justifies state courts in forbidding peaceful picketing after it has occurred. As our outstanding authority on the labor injunction, he should know better than anyone else the ease with which violence can be arranged and the wrongs to which rulings of this kind have exposed labor in the past and will expose it again in the future.

The conservative press was as pleased with this decision as it was displeased with the one on the anti-racketeering statute, and one wonders to what extent the desire to play a little august judicial "politics" moved the court to hand down the two decisions on the same day.

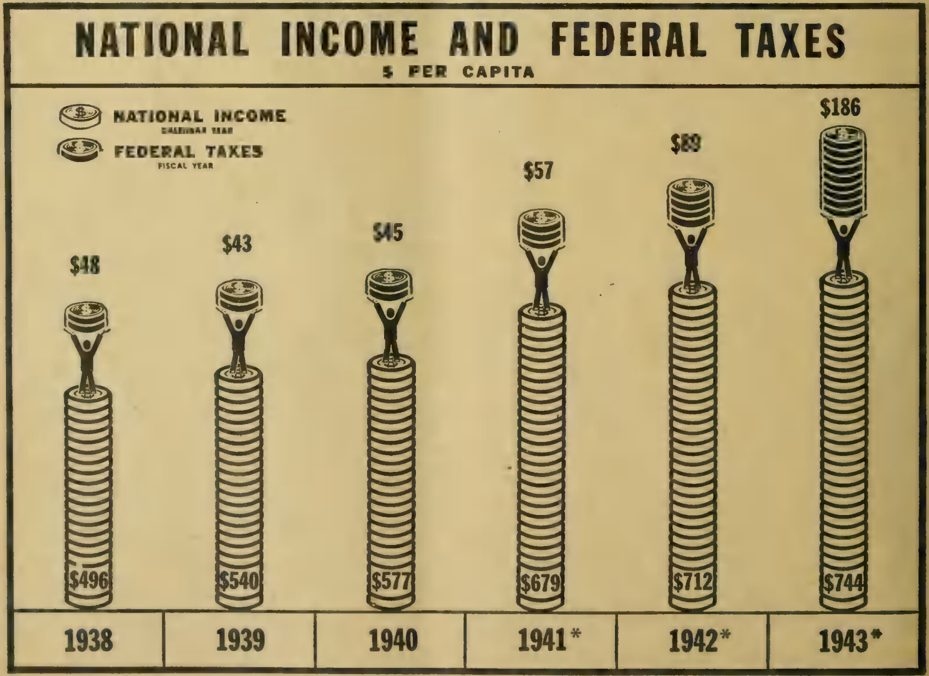
Familiar lines of cleavage were visible in a third decision by the court, this time on the power to issue subpoenas under the wage-hour law. Justices Black and Douglas, the left wing of the present court, dissented, and won Byrnes and Jackson to their side. We think the minority made the better argument and that administration of the wage-hour law will be rendered very difficult by the majority's decision that the Administrator must issue all subpoenas personally. The Chief Justice spoke for the majority.

The New Tax Proposals

ALTHOUGH it is perhaps unfortunate that the Treasury's war-tax proposals should have been announced at the moment when the average taxpayer was struggling with his 1941 returns, the new tax program is basically sound. Including a planned increase of $2,000,000,000 in social-security taxes, to be announced later, the program calls for the raising of $9,000,000,000 through increased taxation. While this leaves us far short of the original plan to raise two-thirds of the cost of the defense program through taxes, it does provide for a total tax income of $27,000,000,000, which is more than 45 per cent of the budgeted expenditures for the year. This is far closer to a pay-as-you-go policy than was achieved by any country in the last war, and compares favorably with Britain's record in the present conflict.

While the amount may not be all that is theoretically desirable, the type of increases proposed will stand up under scrutiny. Roughly one-third of the new funds are to be derived from increases in rates on individual incomes. This involves a doubling of the rates in the so-called middle-income brackets and a considerable increase in the levies on the well-to-do. At first glance the moderate-income groups may seem harshly treated, but actually these groups have been far too lightly taxed for years, and the proposed changes are in the direction of a more equitable distribution of the tax burden. Before weeping about the effect of the new taxes on the "little fellow," it may be well to remember that even under the new schedules the man with an income of $2,350 pays no tax if he has a wife and two dependents. A man with three children who owns his own house would pay virtually no income-tax on a $3,000 income. It should be axiomatic that families with incomes above this level can afford to bear the brunt of the war taxation.

Another third of the new tax funds is to be derived from taxes on corporations. No change is proposed in the normal corporation tax rate, but the surtax is to be revised and improved. It is suggested that the excess-profits tax rate be increased from the present 35 to 60 per cent to from 50 to 75 per cent. While this, together with the technical changes in the corporation surtax, should result in a more effective tapping of war profits, we shall still be a long way from eliminating all abnormal profits derived from the war effort. As the optional method of calculating excess profits was retained in the Treasury proposals, it will be possible for some firms



GRAPHIC by PICK-S '* Taxes per capita for 1941 and 1942 are estimated on the basis of the tax rates effective during those years; those for 1943 [illegible] the basis of the Treasury program presented to Congress last week.

to make huge profits and still pay little or nothing in the way of an excess-profits levy.

The remainder of the new funds is to be obtained under the Treasury program from a small increase in estate and gift taxes, increased excise taxes, and the removal of the "special privileges" of certain groups. While the new excise taxes might be criticized as bearing on all groups of the population, the poor as well as the rich, they are relatively moderate—being designed to raise only $1,340,000,000. Moreover, they apply chiefly to such articles as liquors, photographic apparatus, gasoline and lubricating oil, and to transportation, and these, for the most part, are not everyday necessities. Among those receiving "special privileges" Secretary Morgenthau mentioned the owners of tax-exempt securities, married couples who file separate returns, and the life-insurance companies. He estimated that $680,000,000 could be obtained by eliminating these privileges.

Viewed as a whole, the proposals are excellent. If adopted as they stand, they should provide a reasonably effective counterweight against inflation. More important, they tend to safeguard low-income groups from sacrifices that would be injurious to the nation's health, efficiency, and morale. While they will not prevent a few individuals from becoming rich through profiteering, they take a long step in that direction. Unfortunately this does not mean that the proposals will enjoy clear sailing in Congress. On the contrary, the only ones which seem to be welcome in Congress are the suggested increases in excise taxes. It is likely that these will be adopted first, so as to permit Congress to squabble over the more controversial aspects of taxation policy.

As in previous years the Congressional advocates of a sales tax have been extraordinarily vocal, and their voices have been magnified by organized business, including a considerable portion of the press. An attempt has even been made to suggest that there is a vast popular demand for this tax, which, as Secretary Morgenthau points out, would fall on those who "have all they can do to feed and clothe themselves and their families." On previous occasions the Administration has been able to prevent Congress from adopting this cumbersome, regressive form of taxation, but the battle is likely to be a particularly fierce one this year. Business groups profess to be greatly concerned lest the increased corporation and excess-profits levies will impair the cash position of many companies and thus limit expansion for war production. They urge Congress to lighten the burden on corporations and to raise as much money as possible by either a sales tax or a withholding tax on wages. This is, of course, a purely class proposal designed to shift the burden of financing the war to the lower-income groups. But camouflaged as an aid to the war effort, it may carry more weight in Congress than it deserves. It is to be hoped that in this election year Congressmen will remember the interests of the overwhelming majority of their constituents and not yield to the business lobby.

Dies Helps the Axis

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 8

IT IS a pity that Hitler's Reich does not have a Dies. A special committee of the Reichstag to harass Nazi officials and spread suspicion of Germany's allies could be forgiven the occasional exposure of some notorious democrat. On a purely reciprocal basis the Reich might well go in for a Dies committee of its own in exchange for the growing readiness of our Congress to adopt innovations from Berlin. Saying "Ja" to Mr. Dies has become a habit with the House. Tom Eliot and Vito Marcantonio, the only two Congressmen with the courage to oppose the latest request for an extension of his committee, were cut short with a motion to adjourn. Dies was forced to make some kind of promise that he would "lay off the reds," but no one expects him to keep it. He will soon be helping us to win the war—by summoning Leon Henderson from the task of price control to say whether he was ever a technocrat.

The danger Dies represents is not unappreciated in the House, and a passage in the crafty attack he made on Eliot reflects this. It also illustrates the Texan's ability as a demagogue. He does not allow himself to be forced into a defensive position. He knows it is easier to affect people's thinking by association of ideas than by logical argument. These are among the lessons of "Mein Kampf," and Dies showed that he could apply them when Eliot demanded that he explain what he meant when he said, "A fear of displeasing foreign powers and a maudlin attitude toward fifth columnists was largely responsible for the unparalleled tragedy at Pearl Harbor."

Dies's claim to clairvoyance in the Pacific will not bear examination, and he therefore brushed past the question to take the offensive in an extraordinary reply. A stranger to the events of the past few months would conclude from it that Pearl Harbor was bombed by the Soviet

Union, that Congress shared the blame by refusing to permit registration of Communists, and that the C. I. O. was somehow responsible for the inability of the Dies committee to prevent the catastrophe.

Dies began his reply by saying that he thought the answer to Eliot's question obvious. He said he was still of the same opinion about Pearl Harbor. "However," he continued, "under all the circumstances, the House of Representatives saw otherwise, and they refused to adopt my amendments." The amendments to which he referred would have required the registration of Communists, but Dies indicated that he bore no hard feelings. "I now believe," he declared graciously, "that the House and Mr. Hatton W. Sumners were wiser than I was to this extent: that I believe that while it is absolutely essential for this committee to investigate and expose communism, I agree with the great majority of this House that there is no occasion, *regardless of the facts,* to risk antagonizing any other foreign country that happens to be allied with us." The italics are mine. Dies went on to talk of the C. I. O.'s refusal to cooperate with his committee. Goebbels could not have done a more skilful job in poisonous association.

Much in domestic and foreign policy becomes clearer if one studies this passage closely. Dies is no freak in the political skies. He is the embodiment of the forces on which Hitler has relied from the beginning. He is spokesman for those who feel as did the Czech agrarian leader who said, "If the Germans come, they will take half my purse. If the Russians come, they will take it all." His reference to the Soviet Union as a foreign country "that happens to be allied with us" was no slip in tact. The Russians have lost several million men fighting Hitler. We are just on the verge of making the ultimate sacrifice of stopping all production of civilian radio sets next April 22. The relative sacrifices of the allies make Dies's casual reference sting, as it was intended to do. But there are too many men in the War and Navy departments who feel just that way about the Russian alliance.

As important as the foreign are the domestic overtones of the Dies statement. If, "regardless of the facts," one cannot risk antagonizing an ally by investigating communism, the corollary is clear. Not until the Soviet Union is out of the war by defeat or by a separate peace can the war on "Communists" at home be carried on with full vigor.

I have a copy of an open letter recently sent to members of Congress by Walter E. Spahr, professor of economics at New York University and secretary of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy. "It may be doubted," the letter begins, "whether anyone can reliably predict how the United States will emerge from the present war." There is one school of thought, Spahr suggests coyly, "whose members expect that we will emerge as a collectivist state. They point to the large number of collectivists in our federal government and to the power these leftists wield. They believe that the regimentation of this war is being capitalized in every way possible by the revolutionists . . . as a short cut to their desired collectivism." Spahr warns that "a careful watch must be maintained not only over our revolutionists but also over those who clumsily tinker with our economic mechanism." But as long as the Russian alliance holds, the Dies statement implies, there will be difficulty enough in going after Communists, to say nothing of the subversive fellows who merely disbelieve in the gold standard.

The Dies committee survives demonstrations of its errors and of its danger to unity because a majority of the members of Congress haven't really made up their mind whether they prefer to win the war abroad or the war at home. The basic problems of our war effort revolve about the tasks of mobilizing our machines and educating the masses to the meaning and necessity of the war. The men best suited to the former task are those who have no compunctions about subordinating property rights to patriotism. The men best suited to the latter are those who sympathize with the aspirations of the underprivileged. Both are almost certain to be on the black list of Dies. That is another of the services he performs for the Axis.

Exile

BY RICHARD ARMOUR

[Hitler, at the eastern front, is reported to have taken a vow never again to set a foot on Reich German territory until the last Russian army unit has been annihilated.—NEWS ITEM.]

Never to visit Berlin any more,
Or ride in state through the Brandenburg Tor,
Never again in his life to see
The vast marble halls of the Chancellery.

Never to soar in Wagnerian moods,
Or gaze upon galleries plastered with nudes,
Never to visit old pals at the Keller
In Munich, where Adolf's a regular feller.

Never to relish first-hand the good sport
Of Himmler's bi-weekly cadaver report,
Never to frolic with maidens in Baden,
Or muse on the mountains of Berchtesgaden.

Never to go from this land of barbarians
To heavenly Germany, home of the Aryans. . . .
Although I confess I'm a doubting Thomas,
I hope that this once he will hold to his promise.

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How Strong Is Our Home Front?

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

ALTHOUGH the rapid succession of disasters in the Far East has inevitably drawn attention away from the home front, it is probably on the success with which production, organization, coordination, and planning are carried on in the United States that future victories in the field will depend.

The essentials for turning this nation into the most efficient possible base and arsenal are in broad outlines quite clear. We need first of all a well-coordinated plan of operations joined to a knowledge of the war material required for its execution. The master-plan must then be broken up into military and industrial parts to be efficiently taken care of by able men operating within the framework of an organization which will promote rather than retard their efforts. Finally, the details of the plan must receive maximum cooperation from all citizens.

Despite impressive achievements in the past two years, our reforms in planning, organization, and production and our progress toward national unity have failed to keep pace with the steady deterioration in world conditions. It is high time we checked up on the weaknesses of our home front.

We are today operating on a master-plan drawn up by the Joint Board of the Army and Navy after July, 1941. As more and more of its items have been translated into legislation, our citizens have learned of the 125,000 planes, 18,000,000 tons of shipping, and 10,000,000 men under arms projected for the end of 1943. If we reach the production planned we shall have achieved the greatest industrial miracle in our history. Yet even this accomplishment may well be insufficient, since the strategic situation on which it was based has already changed. The original plan was directed against Germany. After the U-boats had been defeated and overwhelming aerial superiority reached, the plan called for a large-scale invasion of Europe. Bombing offensives against the Japanese mainland, economic boycott, aid to China and Siberia, and defense of the Netherlands Indies and Singapore were expected to hold Japan in check. Such measures have now proved tragically inadequate. It has been made appallingly evident that waging a defensive war against Japan leads only to one defeat after another. On the other hand, the collapse of Russia by the middle of 1942, which was assumed in our calculation of the enormous forces needed to defeat Germany, does not seem likely, and the question arises to what extent the mistaken evaluation of our ally, Russia, counterbalances the gross underestimation of Japan.

Important as a good plan may be, the machinery for transforming the blueprint of victory into reality is equally essential. The Administration has been alert to the need for cooperation among the United Nations but has been unable to effect a perfect working harmony. Unified command has been adopted for several theaters of operation, and Anglo-American production is being increasingly coordinated. A weak point on the diplomatic front is the persistence of appeasers in the Department of State, whose actions fail to mesh either with British actions or with the demands of a successful war. A greater obstacle to complete coordination of effort has been the attitude of the Soviet Union, which has so far failed to impart the complete facts upon which its allies must base plans for its aid. The present economic setup under Donald Nelson fixes responsibility and is a definite improvement over the muddled, badly constructed NDAC, OPM, and SPAB which preceded it. But only the future can show how capable some of Nelson's subordinates really are. The lack of plans for the conversion of basic industries to war production is not a good sign.

In the services some progress has been made, although many incompetents are still to be eliminated. The jolt which Pearl Harbor gave to the higher-ups has probably done some good, but it could not implant initiative and originality where such qualities did not grow before. The retirement of the physically unfit among the lower officers in the army has improved the tone of the service, but the purge has not yet been sufficiently thorough or reached high enough. In the navy the fact that the two commanding officers carrying the greatest war responsibility in the Pacific area had to be immediately replaced is not too comforting. But at least demonstrated ineptitude brought quick corrective action. One first-rate military leader has been uncovered in General MacArthur. Since Japan's gains in the Indies have made his holding out in the Philippines of minor importance, the suggestion for his evacuation and promotion to army leadership has more than purely political significance.

Perhaps our greatest weakness on the home front is to be found in the attitude of the general public. The pensions for Congressmen, the newest veterans' bonus grab, the farm bloc's insistence on special treatment, the unwillingness of organized labor to abandon any of its gains at a time when German workers in some industries are putting in sixteen hours' work a day, all are indications that civilians either fail to realize the significance of the struggle or are so blindly selfish as to put personal gains above the threatened loss of all that makes democratic existence worth living.

This attitude stems in part from the publicity policy of the government. News announcements, in theory controlled by the Office of Facts and Figures, are given out by many agencies and departments, and in actual practice Mr. MacLeish has no way of preventing a false emphasis, as in Secretary Knox's speech likening the well-conducted but indecisive raid of cruisers and carriers in the Central Pacific to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. We have probably not been getting as much manufactured news as we did on occasion in 1918, but neither have we been getting as much of the truth as military safety will allow. And many facts have been sugar-coated, by either the government or the headline writers.

This badly mistaken public-relations policy has been the government's greatest blunder since December 7. Defeatism is not likely to be a common attitude of mind in the United States, but complacency and what Homer Lea once termed "the valor of ignorance" are fairly common. Every time the war has brought a disaster the American reaction has been prompt and positive. But we have not been scared frequently enough or badly enough to keep us working at maximum tempo. Only a sustained sense of emergency, a realization that the war is steadily being lost, seems likely to give Americans the drive needed to achieve success. And only the brutal facts, without any softening, will give us this realization.

To My Accusers

BY PIERRE COT

THE American people know how to interpret the Riom trial. Americans have understood, from the time of the first hearings, that it was not to be a real trial which would enable impartial judges to apply the law but an act of political vengeance which would enable a fascist government born of defeat to blame that defeat on democracy.

In bringing the accused to trial the Vichy government had two motives. In the first place, it wished to prevent the French people from asking why the army had been so badly trained in modern methods, and so badly commanded in May and June, 1940. After the armistice the whole country, and especially the soldiers, showed intense anger at the military chiefs. Some generals were accused of incompetence, others of treason. It was necessary to direct this anger away from the government and to look for scapegoats outside the military order. In the second place, the fascist Vichy government wanted to destroy democracy. Beyond Léon Blum, Daladier, and myself, it was the Front Populaire that it wanted to reach. Pétain and Darlan are afraid of the Front Populaire, and they have reason to be. One of the best observers of French politics, Pertinax, wrote recently: "If France were free, she would vote again for the Front Populaire."

The Riom affair is going to last for several months. I shall have more than one opportunity to reply to the charges made against democracy and to show that the most elementary rules of justice have been violated by the Vichy government. I desire here merely to recall to the American public the character and the achievements of the statesmen who have been accused along with me, to pay homage to my friends Léon Blum and Edouard Daladier, and to note that the incrimination of Guy la Chambre was both maladroit and unexpected.

The difference in moral and intellectual quality between the leaders of the Front Populaire and their accusers was apparent in the very first days of the proceedings. Beside Pétain and Darlan, the defendants Blum and Daladier have the aspect of intellectual giants. Their retorts have shown on which side lie not only abstract right and reason but individual intelligence and probity. For nearly two years French democracy has been silent, and one might have thought that the genius of France had disappeared forever. But when the imprisoned democrats spoke at Riom, there vibrated once more the human note which will always be missing from the military pronouncements of Marshal Pétain. For all the treason of the fascist generals, the spirit of the French Revolution is still alive.

Léon Blum is the greatest of those accused. His first words raised the debate to a level which the representatives of the Vichy government could scarcely reach. Thanks to him, the roles have been reversed, and the accused have become the accusers. The ministers of the Front Populaire do not have to give an accounting to the military men who were in charge of national defense—such as Pétain and Darlan. But when the French people regain the power to express their will and to choose their government, they will demand an accounting of those who betrayed them. The demonstration of the illegality of the trial made by Léon Blum, his protest against Marshal Pétain's scandalous interference with the course of justice, impressed even the judges, and it was necessary to adjourn the court to give the Procureur Général the chance to frame a pitiful reply.

Only those who did not know Léon Blum were surprised. The leader of the French Social Democracy is one of the noblest spirits and one of the finest minds of his day. Unfortunately, the calumnies of the reactionary press, cleverly disseminated even in the United States, have created an abominable myth about Léon Blum which I may compare—*si parva licet,* etc.—with the one which this same propaganda has built up around my name. Yet the political ideas of Léon Blum have always been openly expressed; and whether one condemns or approves them, one cannot deny their nobility. In foreign politics, from 1919 to 1933, he made every effort to bring republican France and democratic Germany closer together, and from 1932 to 1940 he did everything possible to oppose the action of fascist aggressors by promoting the union of free peoples. In domestic politics he tried to substitute for the domination of man by the machine and by money the supremacy of man—that is to say, of labor—over the machine and over money—that is to say, over capital. It was the privilege of the French conservatives to prefer Hitler and Mussolini to the Republic of Weimar, fascism to democracy, and capitalism to socialism, and it was the privilege of Léon Blum to combat those preferences in the name of the workers, whose leader he was. If fascism should triumph in the world, the "crime" of Léon Blum, before history, will be that he wished to give all Frenchmen "bread, peace, and liberty," while the "glory" of Marshal Pétain will be that he profited by Hitler's victory to suppress liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Léon Blum is blamed for having carried out the policies of the Front Populaire: for having put into effect a new labor statute—providing for a forty-hour week, two weeks of vacation with pay each year for workers, and the practice of collective bargaining—and for nationalizing the war industries. But these measures were submitted to the French nation during the general elections of May, 1936. Right or wrong, this program was approved by the great majority of the French people. Léon Blum's duty was to put it into effect. Léon Blum is accused only of having carried out, by means of governmental decisions, the will of the nation.

I must emphasize, for that part of the American public which does not know it and for the French conservatives who pretend to forget it, that all the acts for which Léon Blum today is blamed were controlled and approved by the elected representatives of the French people. They were ordered by laws voted by Parliament. The law nationalizing war industries was passed by the vote of about 80 per cent of the deputies and senators. The execution of these laws was supervised not only by competent parliamentary commissions but by the entire Parliament. The application of the new labor code and of the war-industries law was the subject of public debate in the Chamber and the Senate, and the debates were concluded by votes which proved that the government acted in full accord with the majority of the senators and deputies, the sole qualified interpreters of the popular will. The two Cabinets headed by Léon Blum were, it is true, overthrown by the Senate, one in July, 1937, the other in February, 1938, but the lack of harmony between Léon Blum and the Senate had to do with the financial and monetary policy of the government and not with the measures now being criticized by the Vichy regime. What Marshal Pétain is asking for at the Riom court is the condemnation of Léon Blum for having respected the sovereign will of the French people.

Léon Blum is a man more than seventy years of age. Chief of a political party which used to have the largest number of adherents in France, accused only of having done his duty, he appeared before the tribunal by order of his foes after having spent eighteen months in prison. But his first words at Riom sufficed to show the world that the spirit of French democracy is still living—proud, vigorous, and worthy of the French genius.

Edouard Daladier, head of the Radical Socialist Party, was Minister of National Defense from June, 1936, to March, 1940. Certainly it is permissible to dislike this brusque and stubborn man, the son of a baker in Provence, who by hard work alone became a professor of history, then a minister of the republic. We may not approve of his politics. But we need only consider the facts without prejudice, as set forth in the *Journal Officiel,* to realize that Daladier, more than any other French statesman, consecrated himself to building up the military strength of France, and to perceive that he also worked in the open under the control of Parliament.

As a result of his origin, his development, his type of mentality, and his way of living, Daladier has been the incarnation of the qualities and the defects of the French lower bourgeoisie. I often criticized his military policy while he was at the head of the government, but I deny the right of anyone, certainly of the friends of fascism in the ranks of the French émigrés, to challenge his patriotism or the loyalty of his intentions. He had a passion for his country and for the French army, and this should suffice to silence those who now strike him down, after having received from him titles, favors, or honors; Marshal Pétain and Admiral Darlan are in that position. For it was Daladier who not only made De Gaulle a general but made Darlan head of the navy; and it was Daladier—alas!—who made Pétain the French ambassador in Spain. Daladier was thrown into prison by the very men whom he had appointed to head the French forces or maintained at their head.

If Daladier is to be tried, it is proper also to try Pétain, for Daladier's responsibility for the military organization of France is but a reflection of the responsibility of Marshal Pétain. It was not the inspiration of a good

Minister of War which the French army needed; it was a military plan adapted to the conditions of modern warfare. And no other man is so responsible as Pétain for the French military plan. Pétain is the only man who, from 1919 to 1939, occupied without interruption the highest posts in the French army. He was the only man who was able to act with that continuity of control which is ordinarily associated with totalitarian regimes. If the French army was badly trained, Pétain, rather than Gamelin or Weygand, is culpable. The only fault which military historians will be able to find in Daladier will be that of having kept a marshal more than eighty years old at the summit of the hierarchy.

During the whole period that Daladier was Minister of National Defense, Pétain was vice-president of the Permanent Committee on National Defense and of the High Military Committee. Because of this double function he was the highest French military authority. From June, 1936, to January, 1938, I was present at all the meetings of the High Military Committee, and I never heard Marshal Pétain oppose a single one of the measures relating to national defense; on the contrary, he either suggested or approved all of them. If he believed that the policy of Daladier or of the Front Populaire endangered the security of France, it was his duty to resign; since he did not do so, one may well ask who was the more guilty: Daladier, who thought he was acting for the good of the country in placing confidence in Pétain, or Pétain, who associated himself with and even inspired a course the errors of which he denounces today.

American journalists attending the Riom proceedings have described the astonishment visible on the face of Guy la Chambre. La Chambre is justified in not understanding why he is included in the case against the leaders of the Front Populaire.

Guy la Chambre, as a matter of fact, was never an adherent of the Front Populaire. He is a young bourgeois liberal, the possessor of a large fortune, brought up in luxury, a man bound by friendship to Daladier, who made him Air Minister after the disruption of the Front Populaire in 1938. Previously La Chambre had opposed not only the Communists but the Socialists. As a member of the government he fought the Front Populaire; he opposed aid to the Spanish Republic, was against the Franco-Soviet military understanding, was a partisan of the foreign policy of "appeasement" which Georges Bonnet directed and which culminated in the agreement of Munich. And after leaving France in June, 1940, he made on his arrival in the United States public statements favorable to Marshal Pétain.

The real reason for the presence of Guy la Chambre at Riom is that it was necessary to inculpate him in order to strike at me. I left the Air Ministry in January, 1938, two and a half years before the defeat of France, and the average life of a military plane in time of peace is three years, in time of war a few months. It was difficult in these circumstances, even for a military dictatorship, to declare that I was solely responsible for the inadequacy of French aviation in June, 1940, since Guy la Chambre had been Minister of Air since January, 1938. Out of hatred of my politics Marshal Pétain threw into prison one of his own partisans; fascist manners are not pretty.

I forbid myself to utter a single word that might be used against the unjustly accused Guy la Chambre. I should like to be able to help him, and I hope that he will be able to unload upon me the entire responsibility of his long ministerial tenure. He may have committed errors, but he too acted in good faith, and no more than any of the other accused persons has he committed any act subject to punishment by law. He too was the victim of the incapacity of his military advisers. It was on the demand of the General Staff that parachute troops were suppressed in 1939. We had brought them into being in 1937, in imitation of the Soviet parachutists. Guy la Chambre was able to obtain, in 1938 and 1939, very large appropriations because the menace of German air power, which I had vainly reported to the Permanent Committee of National Defense from 1936 on, had finally impressed the members of the General Staff. If the growth of French air power in 1938 and 1939 was far less than the increased appropriations authorized, the cause was largely the rivalry existing between the military and the technicians of the Air Ministry.

Finally, to Guy la Chambre must be given the credit for having placed the first orders for airplane supplies in the United States. The indictment of this man by Pétain and Darlan is merely a low political maneuver. Because he was opposed to the Front Populaire, he will be given a very light sentence. It will still be unjust and unreasonable to have kept him in prison for two years.

With all his machiavellianism Hitler has not proved that the Communists burned the Reichstag. Even with false documents, the French General Staff could convince no one of the guilt of Dreyfus. Nor will the Vichy government be able to make even its partisans believe that the military defeat of France is to be explained solely by the mistakes of six statesmen.

The causes of the French defeat were many. France paid in a lump sum for the errors piled up during twenty years of bad politics. During those twenty years the Front Populaire was in power only for eighteen months. The defeat of France was due largely to the intellectual and moral decadence of the French bourgeoisie. The people of France are not responsible for this middle-class decadence. If they were able to make a free decision, they would seek the guilty ones among the generals, the industrialists, and the financiers who clamored in 1936 and 1937: "Hitler rather than Blum!"

John L. Lewis's Commandos

BY WILL CHASAN AND VICTOR RIESEL

JOHN L. LEWIS, the mine-union leader, is organizing farmers. When newspapers recently were informed that District 50 of the United Mine Workers of America had undertaken a nation-wide organization campaign among dairy farmers, they treated it as a huge joke. "John L. Lewis Organizing Cows," one newspaper headed its story. Hostile union leaders jeered and the public laughed.

But District 50 and its campaign are not a joke. Ousted from C. I. O. leadership by pro-New Deal unionists with tacit support from President Roosevelt, Lewis has begun a grim drive to regain his former eminence as the nation's leading labor spokesman and to turn labor against the White House. In this drive District 50 and its cows are intended to play a decisive part.

Some see in District 50 the beginnings of a new farmer-labor bloc which Lewis will swing to the Republican Party in the 1944 elections. Influential Republicans in the Hoover camp have expressed the conviction that the U. M. W. A. boss is the only man able to lead the labor vote, or a substantial part of it, back into the G. O. P. fold. For representatives of the party's most conservative wing to pin their hopes on the *bête noire* of American employers is less paradoxical than it may appear. Lewis supported Hoover in 1928, urged his nomination in 1940, and was allied with the Hoover Republicans in their fight against Roosevelt's foreign policy. Moreover, several Republican publicists felt, after Lewis's move for peace with the A. F. of L. had collapsed, that it had greatly improved his position and set the stage for the kind of venture he has now launched.

Potentially District 50 is a vast new labor empire. Established in 1936 as a U. M. W. A. subsidiary for workers in coke, chemical, and allied industries, of whom there are about 1,000,000, it now wishes to annex some 3,000,000 dairy farmers and 2,000,000 utility workers. In the hands of another union leader this extended domain would mean little or nothing, but Lewis's daring and pertinacity, fed by the U. M. W. A.'s $5,000,000 treasury and $900,000 monthly income, may swiftly transform it into the nation's mightiest labor group. "This new Lewis movement will be bigger and more important than the whole damn C. I. O.," John's brother, Denny, is said to have boasted.

It is doubtful that the miners' boss sees his new organization as a rival to the C. I. O. Despite rumors that he plans to bolt, most of which have emanated from left-wing sources, Lewis has told several persons of his intention to remain in the C. I. O. and to continue to pay his per capita taxes. His course ultimately will be determined by the degree of success attained by District 50, but at the moment it is difficult to see how any of his purposes would be furthered by the formation of a new labor federation. Moreover, a realignment of the controlling forces within the C. I. O. in the post-war period is almost inevitable, and Lewis will then have a splendid opportunity to reestablish his hegemony.

The "new Lewis movement" got started last December, when organization among dairymen began. At about the same time Kathryn Lewis, secretary-treasurer of District 50 and third member of the Lewis triumvirate, began a purge of her father's former left-wing allies. The opening stages of the campaign among the dairymen received no publicity; the days following Pearl Harbor were thought unpropitious for an announcement of Lewis's plans for empire. Only after the move for labor unity had diverted public attention from Lewis the isolationist to Lewis the peacemaker did fanfare begin. The failure of proposals calculated to give him the balance of power in a united labor movement chagrined the miners' boss, but the attempt created a fine backdrop for District 50's activities, which perhaps was one of its purposes.

It is estimated that District 50 now has 100,000 members, some 50,000 of them acquired since December, and the number is increasing rapidly. Using the C. I. O. as a model, it has established separate organizing committees in each of its industrial subdivisions and started local campaigns in at least a dozen states. A farm-association representative has described the U. M. W. A. drive among dairymen as "a deeply sinister thing," but there is apparently some truth in the assertion of a District 50 spokesman that "dairy farmers seem to like John Lewis's record of getting results and are coming in without much urging." Last month 22,000 members of the Dairy Farmers' Union—an organization of farm owners, not of farm workers, in the New York milkshed—joined in a body. An immense staff has been assembled to supply whatever urging Lewis's intended subjects require. Michael Widman, Jr., who directed the Ford drive and is now District 50's organization director, claims that 700 organizers are already in the field. The 700, if that is the number, no doubt include a liberal sprinkling of those large-muscled gentlemen without whom no Lewis retinue is complete. Except for a prediction in mid-February that 150,000 dairymen would be recruited "at no distant date," District 50 has not publicly discussed its hopes.

However, an effort obviously is being made to duplicate the early spectacular growth of the C. I. O.

R. J. Thomas, president of the C. I. O. automobile workers' union, is reported to have assured President Roosevelt that "John L. Lewis is ripe for repeal," but other C. I. O. leaders are less sanguine. Many are frankly apprehensive about the possibility of large-scale raids by "Lewis's commandos," as one New York leader has dubbed District 50. It is improbable that Lewis plans to invade jurisdictions of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee or other large C. I. O. units, but he has already begun to attack smaller units. The establishment of a special utilities division within District 50, despite the existence of a C. I. O. utilities' organizing committee, indicates that he doesn't intend to be hampered by C. I. O. charters. Many of the smaller C. I. O. units are led by left-wingers, for whom Lewis has developed an intense hatred since their line changed last summer, and whose jurisdictions he will now systematically raid. In the words he used in his dramatic attack on the A. F. of L. Executive Council in 1935, he feels that the left-wingers have "seduced" him with "fair words" and now he is "enraged and ready to rend" his "seducers limb from limb."

The left-wingers, of course, are preparing to resist the rending operations and to do some rending in retaliation. Organizers recently dismissed from District 50's staff have been hired by the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union. Lewis, who probably anticipated such a development, tried to entice Reid Robinson, president of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, into District 50, but was rebuffed. The New York City C. I. O. met the announcement that the Dairy Farmers' Union had joined the U. M. W. A. with a cold statement to the effect that it was "not interested in the type of organization" the farmers' union represented. A spokesman for the C. I. O. utilities' organizing committee told us that "Lewis was going to have a fight on his hands." Lewis himself has thus far remained in the background, partly because Mrs. Lewis, to whom he is deeply attached, has been seriously ill, but he is expected to step forward shortly to take personal charge of District 50's fortunes.

Few patriotic impulses will impede District 50's efforts to gather members. It has referred to its campaign as "part of the whole fight" against the Axis, but it is apparently untroubled by the nation's defense problems and plainly intends to exploit any unrest created by war-time pressures; in Widman's words, it intends to "organize, organize, organize!" Since most C. I. O. and A. F. of L. national officials now are completely identified with defense and mediation agencies, groups dissatisfied with decisions of these agencies will gravitate naturally toward Lewis. If the last war is any guide, there will be many such groups, especially after the tide has turned against the Axis and our production needs become less acute. Aided by this fact, Lewis undoubtedly expects to make great advances during the war period, and to emerge from it in a position to dominate labor's politics.

Meanwhile, his effort to establish himself as the leader of a powerful farmer-labor bloc ought to be watched. The combination of his autocratic impulses, tory views, and desire to acquire a middle-class following has ominous implications.

Standing Firm for Genesis

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

A DECADE and a half has passed since the anti-evolutionist uproar was at its height and Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas passed laws officially banning the teaching of the evolutionary hypothesis in state-supported institutions of learning. These laws are largely dead letters today, and it is unthinkable that any other state would seek to buttress the historical truth of Genesis by legislative fiat. Yet many institutions in this country make a fetish of Fundamentalism by offering bowdlerized courses in biology, and still require their faculties to affirm annually an unshakable belief in the entire Bible or otherwise to provide convincing evidence that they are untainted by modern heterodoxies.

One such institution is William Jennings Bryan University, established at Dayton, Tennessee, in honor of the man who during the Scopes trial was "complete master of every situation"—or so the institutional literature says. The university leaflet goes on to declare that "it was not William Jennings Bryan who was on the stand throughout those trying days; it was the Word of God." Following the Commoner's death at Dayton a few days after the trial ended, the plan to establish a university as a memorial to him, took shape. The ambitious founders set out to raise $5,000,000 for the purpose. Since only a small fraction of this sum was obtained, the "university" opened in 1930 in an abandoned high school. After functioning there for five years, it moved into a concrete basement, the only structure which had been built with the scanty funds available. Later several rooms were added to the basement, and a dormitory was secured. Other improvements and additions were made subsequently, and the main building now has a couple of floors.

This seat of the higher learning, curiously enough, has attracted far more students from Pennsylvania than from any other state. Of the ninety matriculates enrolled for the session of 1939-40, no fewer than thirty-one came from Pennsylvania, as against thirteen from Tennessee and ten from Ohio. The use of tobacco by any student brings immediate expulsion, although the catalogue states that "the religious attitude of the university is one of Christian love and sufferance." It goes without saying that alcoholic beverages "of any strength or kind" are forbidden. Moreover, no undergraduate "who visits beer parlors, pool halls, and other such places of ill repute will be tolerated in the university." Every member of the teaching staff, which is composed of "consecrated Christian men and women," must subscribe annually to a "Statement of Belief" which commits him or her to the dictum that the Bible is "of final and supreme authority in faith and life, and, being inspired by God, is inerrant in the original writings," and to the further thesis that the "origin of man was by fiat of God in the act of creation as related in the Book of Genesis." Allegiance to these principles is solemnly renewed each year by the pedagogues at Bryan, lest heresy rear its head on the faculty.

Among the institutional needs emphasized in the university's fugitive literature is "an enlarged science department, the better to combat false teachings [masquerading] under the name of science." Those who may be desirous of contributing to this objective should consult the catalogue. It says: "The attitude of the Science Department of this university is that the theory of evolution is not supported by scientific evidence. Facts of nature which prove the theory of evolution to be without sound basis are abundant and are brought to the attention of the student. The facts of science are found to be in harmony with the Bible, our foundation and guide." A recent issue of the *Newsette,* published monthly by the university, listed the names of seven "recognized scientists who discredited evolution." Five of them had been dead anywhere from thirty-one to forty-two years, the sixth was an unidentifiable Englishman, and the seventh was in reality an evolutionist, although the quotation given from his writings, when hastily read, created the opposite impression. William Jennings Bryan University is under the presidential ministrations of Judson A. Rudd, M.A., University of Kansas.

Another Southern institution which rests its appeal primarily upon its belief in the "absolute authority of the Bible" and the "creation of man by the direct act of God" is Bob Jones College, established in 1927 at Cleveland, Tennessee, which boasts that it is "America's Most Unusual College." The boast seems justified, if for no other reason than the college's announcement in 1941 that "every graduate of Bob Jones College has a good position and is a leader in his profession or business"! Its founder, Dr. Bob Jones, is chairman of the Educational Committee of the World's Christian Fundamentals Association, and the acting president, Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., is an M.A. of the University of Pittsburgh and a Litt.D. of Asbury College. Former Governor Bibb Graves of Alabama is vice-president of the trustees, and other members are the Reverend Bob Shuler of Los Angeles and Mrs. Billy Sunday. As at Bryan University, every teacher at Bob Jones College signs a statement annually which expresses complete faith in every syllable in the Bible. "Whatever the Bible says is true" sums up the attitude. While the college protests that it is "not 'overly pious,' " the catalogue points out that "every class is opened with prayer, and our social gatherings blend easily and naturally into 'a little prayer before we go.' " Each student is required to take the Bible course every year. Like William Jennings Bryan University, with which it appears to compete, Bob Jones College grants the B.A. and the B.S. degree. "Training in the Department of Science strengthens a student's faith in the Word of God and its divine inspiration," says a prospectus.

Also founded in the 1920's, and emphasizing the inerrancy of the Scriptures, is Columbia Bible College, at Columbia, South Carolina. At the session of 1939-40 it had 228 matriculates from twenty-seven states and seven foreign countries. While South Carolina, with 53, furnished more than any other state, Pennsylvania—seemingly a Fundamentalist stronghold—was next with 27; North Carolina was third with 24, and New York fourth with 20. Robert C. McQuilkin, B.A., University of Pennsylvania, and D.D., Wheaton College, Illinois, is president. The institutional keynote seems to be struck in the following paragraph: "It is urged that Christian educators recognize that a course of study in which Christ is central, and in which God's revelation is the determining guide, is the only truly scientific way to educate young people. It is, at least, an ideal toward which he should work. Deuteronomy 6:4-9 is God's plan for educating our children." The college does not offer a separate course in biology, but does give one in "physiography and introduction to science," and the catalogue elucidates the course's methodology as follows: "Reference is made to important theories of modern science, and the proper attitude of Christians toward those which affect one's belief in divine revelation is explained."

A similar attitude toward the Biblical story of the creation is inculcated by Toccoa Falls Institute and Bible College, Toccoa Falls, Georgia. Dr. R. A. Forrest and his wife founded the institute in 1911, "strictly as a matter of faith in God," says a publication of the school. There are 400 students, distributed among the high school, the four-year Bible College course, the Commercial Department specializing in vocational training, and the Music Department. "Possession of firearms and playing cards, the use of profane or improper language, and the use of tobacco and alcoholic beverages in any and every form are positively forbidden." The institute is noteworthy by virtue of the fact that on its property is situated Toccoa Falls, "the highest perpendicular falls east of the Rocky Mountains," and also because Dr. Forrest, who is still president, finds "it much easier to believe the Bible story of the origin of man than to believe the evolutionary hypothesis." The institute is in full accord with the views of Bryan on evolution.

It should be emphasized that most Southerners have never even heard of this Georgia college or of the three other obscure Fundamentalist institutions described above. Their influence upon Southern thought is almost nil, and they are eclipsed in the public mind by the many progressively oriented and competently manned colleges and universities in the region.

If a handful of Southern institutions seem to stress Fundamentalist doctrine far too heavily, at the expense of scientific inquiry, various colleges in the Middle West and other parts of the country are doing the same thing. Wheaton College, at Wheaton, Illinois, has a platform which places the institution on record as believing in the Scriptures "as verbally inspired by God and inerrant in the original writing"; and it not only forbids all students to use either liquor or tobacco but also to dance, play cards, or attend any theatrical performances, including motion-picture shows, on pain of expulsion. Every applicant for admission must answer the following in writing: "Have you ever read through the Gospel of John consecutively? . . . What is your attitude toward Jesus Christ? (Think carefully before answering this question.)" Of the 1,149 students at Wheaton in 1940-41, 291 came from Illinois, 92 from Pennsylvania, 91 from New York, 63 from California, and scarcely any from the South.

Cleveland Bible College at Cleveland, Ohio, is another Fundamentalist institution. In its biology course "life and its origin will be considered in the light of divine revelation." All women matriculates are required to wear sleeves which reach at least to the elbow and skirts "well below the knees, not higher than fourteen inches from the floor." Other important Fundamentalist centers of the Middle West are the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, founded by Dwight L. Moody, and the Northwestern Evangelical Seminary and Northwestern Bible School of Minneapolis, founded and still headed by Dr. W. B. Riley, who as executive secretary of the World's Christian Fundamentals Association, said in 1927 that every state would be "thoroughly organized" for state and federal anti-evolution laws within a year, and that ample funds were in hand. These celebrated centers of religious learning, as well as others which have not been cited here, offer not so much as a single course in natural science. Moody Institute, "the West Point of Christian Service," is entitled to high praise, however, by virtue of the fact that it has two Jewish faculty members who teach a course in Jewish Missions. One of the stated purposes of this course is to "create a feeling of sympathy between the Christians and their Jewish neighbors."

Thus, although three Southern states wear the stigmata of unrepealed anti-evolution laws, there is evidence that the evolutionary hypothesis is, on the whole, not in greater disrepute below the Potomac than in the corn, hog, and wheat belt.

George W. Kirchwey

(1855-1942)

BY RUSTEM VAMBERY

THIRTY-TWO years ago a large number of European criminologists attended, as representatives of their respective governments, the International Penitentiary Congress at Washington. Among our American colleagues in this assembly one of the best known was George Washington Kirchwey, at that time Dean of the Law School of Columbia University. His road to fame had not been paved with bulky legal textbooks and treatises, though he had started his literary career with scholarly volumes on the law of real property (1900) and the law of mortgages (1901). His real interest was in human beings rather than in legal abstractions, as was manifest in his paper on Crime and Punishment prepared for the Penitentiary Congress, in which he stressed the importance of individual treatment of the criminal.

This was the issue of the day, and it was fought all over the Western world in scientific duels between the protagonists of retribution and the advocates of prevention, between the representatives of the past and the prophets of the future of criminal law. On this issue Dean Kirchwey took a firm stand. He possessed a fortunate blend of the requisites of a criminologist—a gentle heart and a serene mind, as one of our Italian colleagues put it, qualities to which a number of masterful essays bear witness. "The Rate of Progress," "Social Work and the Law," "The Future of the Criminal Law," "The Old Justice and the New Order," the brilliant compendium of criminal law in the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences, and many others express both his humanity and his scientific credo.

Dean Kirchwey utterly disbelieved in the theory of deterrence—not out of any sentimentality but because of his knowledge of human nature. "Unlike the poet the criminal is not born, but made"; "psychology shows that men differ not in kind, but in degree"; therefore "the individual criminal must be studied and understood." Through these affirmations he nourished in us the hope that "as the new wisdom increases . . . those hoary institutions will change from courts of criminal justice into courts of social and personal amelioration." It was not sensibility that made him a sworn enemy of capital punishment but the experience that "the millions who read of it in the press are less affected by the lesson the penalty aims to teach them than by the emotion of sympathy for the tragic victim." After reviewing an "elaborate array of motives for punishment," he concluded that "it has been a long journey from the era of hatred and contempt, but the end of the reign of terror is in sight."

These were not the dreams of an armchair liberal criminologist. Of even greater importance, perhaps, than his teachings on the theory of the indeterminate sentence, the probation system, and the organization of prison inmates or his suggestions for a State Commission on Prison Reform were his achievements in practical life. If the hardest task of the lawgiver is to apply the laws he has made, the professor who has to watch the test of his theories in practice is in an even more difficult position. It is a victory both for the theories and the man if they stand the test. Such success crowned Dean Kirchwey.

When Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of Sing Sing, chairman of the Commission on Prison Reform, and an intimate friend of Dean Kirchwey, reorganized the Golden Rule Brotherhood, an association of inmates, and stopped the graft in prison contracts, his superiors and political adversaries charged him with failure of discipline and neglect of duty. While the case was being investigated, Osborne took a leave of absence and Dean Kirchwey was appointed temporary warden of the penitentiary. According to the expert criticism of Professor Haynes, conditions in the prison improved during the more than six months of his administration, and he won the loyalty of the inmates and demonstrated that their association could succeed. He proved the truth of what a prisoner, Donald Lowrie, once wrote: "Some day people will realize that the man at the head of a state prison should be just as capable and efficient as a man at the head of a university."

Loyal to his liberal principles, George Kirchwey took an active part in work for peace as president of the American Peace Society and by promoting social peace as well. Some persons called him a radical because he was so often on the side of the under-dog, occupying himself with finding employment for World War veterans and with looking out for discharged prisoners.

We criminologists remember his own quotation of Sir Edward Coke, who early in the seventeenth century made a plea for a preventive instead of a punitive justice, and invoked the blessing of God upon him "that layeth the first stone of this building." Dean Kirchwey was one of the ablest architects of that structure.

In the Wind

IN A RECENT ADDRESS to the Georgia Farm Bureau Federation, Governor Talmadge promised farmers affected by the labor shortage that he would help them with convict labor when their need became acute. "I will say this," asserted the Governor, "and let the newspapers give me the devil for it, that if you are troubled with labor, just find yourself a convict and let me know."

GYPSY ROSE LEE, the strip-tease artist, agreed to make some extemporaneous remarks at a rally of the Victory Book Campaign on the steps of the New York Public Library. When she arrived at the meeting and saw the size of the crowd she became panicky and wanted to read from a prepared script. There was no opportunity to write anything; so she grabbed the first script she saw, which happened to be Clifton Fadiman's. "All my life," Miss Lee began, "has been spent in the world of books."

THE GERMAN SEAMEN'S MISSION of Hoboken, New Jersey, which used to be a Nazi recruiting ground, is still operating, although there have been no German ships in New York Harbor for months.

THE KU KLUX KLAN, which burned fiery crosses at the Detroit race riots last week, is reorganizing its combat units, known as the "Faithful Fifties."

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES have reported that instability is developing in the labor market because women are quitting their jobs and seeking war work. Suspecting that women were not replacing men at anything like the rate reported in the press, the United States Employment Agency has been investigating. A preliminary survey shows that munitions plants plan to hire about three women to every twenty men during the next six months, a very slight shift from the peace-time ratio.

A BARRAGE OF PROTESTS from clergymen and reformers has forced the War Production Board to back down on its order to conserve textiles by shortening women's skirts.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES, former ambassador to the Soviet Union, whose "Mission to Moscow" has made him extremely popular in Communist circles, is due to draw the fire of the *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker*. Those publications have been carrying on a campaign against Evalyn Walsh McLean as the leader of "America's Cliveden set." When questioned about the charges at a meeting of the Chicago Press Club last week, Davies strongly defended Mrs. McLean. "It was a horrible charge," he said. "I would not put the name of my friend Mrs. McLean on that list."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Stefan Zweig

TO THOSE who knew Stefan Zweig only as an author whose fame and success were world wide and who was therefore not subject to the more sordid vicissitudes of exile, the effect of his suicide was a sense of shock mingled with resentment. He had chosen to live in Brazil; from all accounts he was happy in his choice; and the sale of his books in the still free countries ruled out the material difficulties that haunt the lives of most refugees. To those who knew him intimately, however, his death has a different context. Berthold Viertel, the German poet, was one of his contemporaries and close friends, and what follows gives the sense and in part the text of a talk with Mr. Viertel.

Zweig, a Viennese and a Jew, was above all a European. His interest in literature, which began at a very early age, and his amazing capacity for receiving, assimilating, and translating ideas made him one of the mediators of European culture. He was the friend of every important writer; he was also the patron of the young and the unknown. At the close of the last war he was one of the first, along with Romains Rolland, to set out to repair the cultural ravages and divisions it had brought about. He was a prolific writer, and his own books—novellas, biographies, and in particular essays on literature and literary men—were translated into thirty languages. He himself made voluminous translations of the work of other writers.

To Zweig—the non-political, the humanist, the *écrivain absolu*—the collapse of Europe meant the end of a world he had helped to build, to preserve, to enrich, a world of which he had been, moreover, a favorite son. And though he had the right to feel at home anywhere in the free world, he could actually feel at home only in the Europe that had fallen to pieces.

In a letter to Mr. Viertel written at the end of January Zweig praised the Brazilian village where he lived and where he planned to write a book about Montaigne, who was his ideal man. But he also had this to say—in English:

> All that happens now will perhaps be helpful to the next or the overnext generation, but not more to ours; and those of us who went quietly away were perhaps the wisest; they had a round life while we will hang over like shadows of ourselves.

As Mr. Viertel points out in a note to me, Zweig had completed his autobiography—the one book necessary to round out his literary life. "I do believe that his was a kind of Roman death." "The past was stronger within him than the future." "He was a pan-European who could not survive the destruction of Europe."

We must still reserve our highest honors for those Europeans, like Berthold Viertel himself, who do not go "quietly away"; in whom the future is stronger than the past despite the bitter struggle for survival; who are, in Viertel's words, "deeply opposed to the solution of suicide." But we cannot but grant his generous contention that "the ways of human beings are manifold; and a preacher for tolerance, as Stefan Zweig was, ought to find some tolerance among us."

MARGARET MARSHALL

The Discoverer

ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA: A LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Samuel Eliot Morison. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown and Company. One Volume. $3.50. Definitive Edition, with Additional Notes and a Chapter on the Origin of Syphilis, in Two Volumes. $10.

NOT long ago that eminent humanist and scholar Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia made a speech defending himself from the attacks of college professors. He and Columbus, he said, were just two poor boys who happened to be right, while the professors were wrong. Columbus said the world was round, that America was over there; the professors laughed at him. The barefoot boy showed the professors up by discovering America.

This is the sort of homespun fustian which Samuel Eliot Morison in his "Admiral of the Ocean Sea" would like to destroy in our national culture. The Columbus legend has become so incrusted with fabulous irrelevances that the man himself has been obscured. He has become a figure of fun and satire. And as Professor Morison says, most biographers have been afraid to put to sea with the Discoverer. Their books might be described as the life of Columbus on shore. They tell us he was a Jew or a Spaniard or a Portuguee, or even a German or a Greek. They suggest that he was a madman and a fanatic, that he never discovered America, or if he did it was another man of the same name.

Professor Morison has superseded most books about Columbus with this new and magnificently presented biography. He disposes with skill and vigor of most of the Columbus myths. Governor Talmadge won't like it at all.

Columbus was not "just a poor boy." He was the son of a master-weaver in good circumstances resident in Genoa, one of the republics of medieval Italy. His father was a burgess in business for himself. Domenico Colombo was as well off, probably, as was Shakespeare's father in Stratford-on-Avon a century later. He married the daughter of another master-weaver. He had a coat of arms. He took his sons, Christopher and Bartolomeo, into the business. He kept his real estate in his wife's name.

Columbus was not an Italian. The word meant little at that time. He was a Genoese and spoke the Genoese dialect, which was, and is, as different from classical Tuscan as Gumbo French is from the French of Racine. He was a tall, strong, adventurous young man, uneducated in the academic sense of being a good Latin and Greek scholar but far from uneducated in other matters. He knew how to sail a boat and was fond of map-making. Genoa had a school of map-

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makers and supplied the mariners of the Mediterranean with charts. All traffic, owing to the configuration of the Ligurian coast, was carried on by sea. It was as natural for Columbus to take to the sea as for a native of Plymouth, England, or Gloucester, New England. From short voyages he took to longer ones. He visited the Aegean, a good school for sailors. He joined a convoy going through the Straits of Gibraltar, and was in a sea fight in which he was wounded and his ship sunk. He got ashore, six miles away, with an oar for support, and went to sea again. That was when he was twenty-five. The next year he made a voyage to Iceland and called at an Irish port. He was a sailor. He was also a thinker. When we consider the available data at his disposal, we can only add that he was a thinker of genius.

There is no other word for it. The popular notion that between the legendary voyages of Leif Ericson and the start from Palos nobody had tried to get across the Western sea, is absurd. So is the notion that Columbus had to convince the ecclesiastical professors that the world was round. Everybody knew it was round. Professor Morison published last year an interesting little book about "The Portuguese Voyages to America in the Fifteenth Century." Portugal was the leading maritime nation. Its mariners were pushing out in all directions, inspired by their sovereigns and the hope of gold. They had settled the Azores and were familiar with the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands. Quite possibly some of them believed Asia could be reached by going west, but doubted whether the westerly route would be any easier than that discovered by Bartolomeo Diaz in 1488, when he was blown clear to the south of the cape that was afterward called Good Hope. Sea captains were pushing out in all directions. Many were lost. Many sailed and sailed, and then turned back, or were blown back by the southwest trades, a few leagues before they might have sighted land.

Columbus had troubles enough to get his own scheme approved. He wanted to run farther south before striking across. His experience with the courts of Portugal, France, and England would have sickened anyone but a genius with a profound faith in his star. The stories told by Washington Irving, which match those told by Parson Weems, have become so firmly imbedded in the national consciousness that Professor Morison will be accused of debunking. In fact, he is the arch debunker of debunkers. He is a foe to all pretentiousness. When he does not know he says so, instead of concealing his ignorance with a hypothesis. Most marvelous of all, he has taken a leaf from the book of the historian Parkman and followed the tracks of Columbus in a ship about the same size as the Santa Maria and the Niña. This results in something new in maritime history. We see Columbus at work as a navigator and explorer. Columbus, by the way, was never very good at latitude. He was not too good at longitude, sometimes, either. At dead reckoning, on the other hand, he was astonishing. Professor Morison tells us that the famous dual reckoning Columbus kept, to fool his crew and keep them from being scared at going so far, was the correct one. His private log was much farther from the facts.

It was only to be expected that the author of "The Maritime History of Massachusetts," from which many of us have stolen shamelessly on occasion, should write his life of Columbus in a style that is a model of lucid English, full of lusty vernacular phrases, and shot with dry humor. We have become so accustomed to second-rate biography of the fictionalized kind, a kind that is neither good fiction nor accurate history, that Professor Morison's scholarly, unpedantic prose is, to use an expression dear to British seamen, a fair treat. He is so completely master of his theme and his medium that he creates the impression of an amateur yachtsman chatting with good humor of his own experiences. It looks easy. No doubt, if one has Professor Morison's scholarship and historical sense, it is easy. It is certainly pleasant to read. Pleasant also is the professor's light disregard of some of the fetishes of newspaper "good grammar." Reporters will be horrified to see that he can make the word "none" singular or plural at will, and get away with it.

The two-volume edition includes a large assortment of notes to chapters omitted from the popular issue, sailing charts, and comments upon navigation, and an exhaustive discussion of the probable origin of syphilis. This last matter is dealt with in a short note in the cheaper edition; and after a careful survey of both, this reviewer can assure readers of the one-volume treatise that they are missing nothing of importance. They are getting the meat without the gristle.

WILLIAM MC FEE

Russia at War

THE VOICE OF FIGHTING RUSSIA. Edited by Lucien Zacharoff. Preface by Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. Alliance Book Corporation. $3.

ALL-OUT ON THE ROAD TO SMOLENSK. By Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

"THE VOICE OF FIGHTING RUSSIA" is an anonymous anthology. There is a list of contributors, but the reports are unsigned. I could easily sort the stories into those written by professional writers and journalists, and those written or told by Red Army men, peasants, guerrilla fighters, women and children. Among the authors of the first group are men who for years have with the same eloquence hailed abortions, modern art, smart clothes, nationalism, free school lunches, folk music, Bolshevik leaders, democracy, or family ties, or condemned them when the line demanded it. I do not doubt their sincerity at the present moment, but I feel happier to have more than their high-flown language to tell me what is going on in Russia today. The matter-of-fact heroism of soldiers, guerrillas, and civilians, the heartbreaking process of scorching the earth, the readiness of every man, woman, and child to sacrifice everything make moving reading when related in simple words by the people who do the sacrificing and the dying. Some of the stories tell how the Russians die. Only one battle cry is mentioned throughout the book: "For Fatherland and Stalin!" The Czarist soldier used to die for "Fatherland and the Czar!" The Germans die for the "Führer." But surely the Russians must be dying, willingly and heroically, for more than a leader, even though his name is Stalin. They did not fight the civil war for Lenin or Trotsky. Today they have the hard-won gains of the October Revolution and many hopes for the future to fight and die for.

The feats of the guerrilla fighters are presented very dramatically, but their importance is probably underrated. During the civil war, without leadership, weapons, or experience, the Russian guerrillas contributed greatly to the final victory over an enemy overwhelmingly superior in numbers and weapons. How much more effective they must be after years of training in this type of fighting, with government guidance, with ample supplies—and with no traitors in their midst. For there are no traitors—not because they were shot in the purge but because no Russian expects anything from fascism but barbarism and slavery.

The Germans are represented in this book as stupid and cowardly: they run as soon as they sight the enemy; their higher officers are afraid to go near the fighting line; the soldiers fight only because their officers force them to. It would have been more complimentary to the Red Army to picture the enemy as he is in reality—strong, well-equipped, and as ready to fight as the Russians are. These pages, as well as the letters of Russian parents to their sons at the front, are full of official political phraseology, reminiscent of *Pravda* editorials; and an appeal from the Volga Germans to Reich Germans sounds compleetly out of tune with the Soviet government's decree ordering the entire population of the Volga German republic to be removed to Siberia.

Erskine Caldwell writes superbly of what he has seen with his own eyes or of concrete happenings reported to him by others. His account of the tank battles, the bombings of Moscow, the splendid work of civilian defense, and his visit to the front and his description of the deserted battlefield are forceful and exciting. And he also conveys the most important fact about Russia today—the absolute unity of the people in fighting the war and their inflexible determination to achieve victory at whatever sacrifice. He does not, however, seem to be very well acquainted with Soviet history—he never saw Moscow before 1941—and when he interprets Russian mentality and politics he frequently errs.

Mr. Caldwell thinks that "when the government seized all individually owned radio sets . . . the people from that time forward believed everything they were told by the government." They believed it before. And the handful of Russians who listened to foreign broadcasts never had any influence over the 190,000,000 for whom there was but one radio, one press, one voice. "There is no doubt," he says further, "that a controlled press is the ideal means of rallying a country like the Soviet Union, where people have been educated . . . in the tradition of looking to the government for guidance. Without an official press, its citizens would have been at a loss to know what was expected of them." These words, as well as the following, "In any discussion of the Soviet Union all arguments in the last analysis narrow down to the question of whether a person desires socialism, security, and restricted existence or whether he desires capitalism, insecurity, and freedom of action and speech," show that Mr. Caldwell's acquaintance with Soviet ideology dates from quite a late period. He will not find, in any of the writings of Lenin or any other leader of the 1917 revolution, advocacy of a controlled press or a restricted existence. It was always socialism plus freedom of action and speech. Dictatorship was accepted only as a necessary transitional stage, never as a system of government. He underestimates the Russians. They would, like everyone else in the world, greatly enjoy freedom. I know because I saw them listening to the radio with tears of happiness in their eyes when the new constitution, with its promise of freedom, was proclaimed in 1936.

Mr. Caldwell deplores the lack of initiative among the civilian population; he says regretfully that "many do not wish to accept responsibility," that "not everyone wants to be a director of his factory, and there is no other incentive in normal times to lift a person out of his rut." He tells us what happened on one occasion when the automobile he was driving was caught between two guard gates on a railway crossing. The gates were down and a train was approaching, but nothing could induce the guard to raise the gates. He was prepared to see five people killed rather than disobey an order. Not so many years ago the Russians—overworked, underfed, poorly clothed and housed as they were—were full of initiative and a sense of responsibility. They had a very important incentive, the task of building up the Soviet Union. But after so many had to pay with their lives or with exile for their own and their subordinates' slightest shortcomings, it is not surprising that people lost initiative and avoided responsibility. I cannot help feeling, however, that the Russians are themselves again in this respect. They could hardly fight as they do today if they were not able to use their ingenuity and their wits.

Mr. Caldwell says that "before the war started, Lozovsky was not known outside the Kremlin." As head of the Profintern (Trade Union International) Lozovsky attended numerous congresses and conferences abroad and was well known to millions who were interested in Soviet politics.

Russians will appreciate the warm sympathy with which Mr. Caldwell describes their struggle, but they will hardly like these words: "Stalin's success in mapping and directing the campaign against Germany will place him on a pedestal alongside, *if not above,* Lenin" (italics mine). They know that Lenin mapped and directed the 1917 revolution, which is still the most important event in their history; and despite their respect for Stalin their feelings for him have never approached the supreme adoration they had and have for Lenin. Mr. Caldwell talks of Stalin as a man who "knows the secret of dictatorship and the totalitarian state from *a* to *z*," whose "knowledge of military, economic, and political conditions . . . is superior to that of anyone else in the world," as "the supreme strategist of the age," who "has made a thorough study of fascism and Nazism," but "who has a slight conception of democracy and does not understand its composition and function." But why should totalitarianism be easier for a man of his genius to understand than democracy? And if he does not understand democracy, may he not be mistaken when he calls Russia "the greatest democracy on earth"?

Both of these books show clearly that the Russians, in the first moment of war, realized that nothing else mattered but a victory over Hitler, and reveal how almost overnight they transformed their entire industry into a war industry. Their history has taught them that the only way to win a war is to fight it with all the material and human resources the country possesses.

MARKOOSHA FISCHER

Loneliness in the Modern World

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM. By Erich Fromm. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

FOR many years to come there will exist a peculiar problem in the intellectual life of America relative to the sudden arrival in this country of thousands of intelligent German refugees, bringing with them, on the one hand, the erudition, experience, and in some degree the prestige acquired from their European life, but bringing with them also certain prejudices, methodologies, and mythologies which belong to the Old World rather than to the New. It is inevitable that American colleagues will react and overreact to the productions of specific individuals among these newcomers with resentment, contempt, enthusiasm, adulation, protectiveness, or suspicion. To pretend to be completely objective is at worst a species of hypocrisy and at best self-deception. So I can only give my impressions of this book.

Erich Fromm was in Germany a distinguished sociologist. His book is written as if he considered himself a psychoanalyst. The problem of the lay analyst exiled from Europe has been an especially painful one because in Europe the clinical practice of lay analysis was permitted; in this country it is not.

But Dr. Fromm is wholly within his rights in applying psychoanalytic theory to sociological problems, as he has done in this book. He has done us a service in calling our attention to the social and philosophical changes incident to the Reformation, and his description of the psychology of Nazism is a valuable contribution. His theory is in brief that Luther and Calvin led a movement for independence in religious matters which deprived the church of its authority over the individual and made faith and salvation a matter of subjective individual experience, but that this created a feeling of isolation and powerlessness which made the new freedom a burden and a danger. Hence many individuals took flight into such movements as Nazism, in which they lost their feeling of loneliness at the cost of surrendering their freedom. (Of course this argument is debatable; Japanese fascism, for example, certainly can't be related to European religious revolutions.)

Dr. Fromm's book develops this interpretation and brings out the psychological elements in the revolt from the Catholic church during the Renaissance in a scholarly fashion. The concept of loneliness might seem to be overstressed, but perhaps the subjective experiences of the author in leaving his native land and being forced to take a new view of the actions of his own people may have made him keenly sensitive to the importance of this feeling. The sense of personal disorientation is a dominant theme: "The loss of the self has increased the necessity to conform, for it results in a profound doubt of one's own identity. If I am nothing but what I believe I am supposed to be—who am 'I'?"

Perhaps the best paragraph in the book is the following:

> What, then, is the meaning of freedom for modern man? He has become free from the external bonds that would prevent him from doing and thinking as he sees fit. He would be free to act according to his own will if he knew what he wanted, thought, and felt. But he does not know. He conforms to anonymous authorities and adopts a self which is not his. The more he does this the more powerless he feels, the more he is forced to conform. In spite of a veneer of optimism and initiative, modern man is overcome by a profound feeling of powerlessness which makes him gaze toward approaching catastrophes as though he were paralyzed.

The isolation of the author himself is also indicated by his singular selection of authorities. Although the book purports to be psychoanalytic in character, almost no psychoanalysts are quoted or cited. The name of Freud, to be sure, is invoked a dozen times or more, but each time with some patronizing remark to the effect that while Freud had some good ideas along this or that line, his great error, which Fromm corrects, is so and so. This curious presumptuousness on the part of a relatively unknown author writing in a field with which he is not specifically identified, makes for strange overtones which blur the clarity and force of the book. No intelligent person believes that Freud said the last word, but in the field of thought which Fromm invokes for the elaboration of his theory Freud did say the first word, and any attempt to revise it should be undertaken with a full sense of the magnitude and seriousness of the task and upon empirical and experimental grounds.

It is too bad that the subjective element so thoroughly pervades this book; it is too bad that it is written in such a heavy, tedious style; it is too bad that it contains so many flatly incorrect statements, especially of Freudian theories. In spite of these faults it is a thoughtful contribution to the problem of loneliness in its modern political implications.

KARL MENNINGER

The Art of Government

CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT AND DEMOCRACY. By Carl J. Friedrich. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

NO PROBLEM of the art and artifice of government and of the relation of government to the economic, cultural, and social vitalities of life remains unillumined by this comprehensive work on constitutional theory and practice. Its careful scholarship, its wide historical perspectives, its complete sanity and balance assure it an important place in contemporary political science.

The problems of representative government, the relation of the judicial to the executive and legislative functions, the place of the military and of bureaucratic functionaries in a democracy, the relative merits of written and unwritten constitutions, the issue of federalism as against centralism, the merits of various electoral systems, the functions of political parties, the relative merits of parliamentary and executive forms of authority, the difficulties of direct popular action—these are only a few of the many issues analyzed. In every case the experiences of the various democratic nations are brought to bear upon the problem, and divergent historical backgrounds are examined to determine why this or that form worked in one case and not in the other. Professor Friedrich has given a very good example in his own work of his conception of political theory.

> The more things you have to look at [he writes] the bigger must be the focus of your conceptual lens. Since we have to work with finite minds, we cannot hope to master all the facts in equal detail. . . . Theory is the magnificent invention by which we can behold more facts through the use of general concepts, a symbolic shorthand of the mind. If concepts embody valid generalizations concerning established matters of fact, they are good.

His study is all the more valuable because every analysis of constitutional mechanics is made with a full awareness of the vast and complex social and economic vitalities of life which it is the business of government to organize, direct, and bring into harmony; constitutionalism and democracy are never allowed to become ends in themselves.

It is difficult to quarrel with any of the balanced conclusions at which the author arrives; and even if one were disposed to do so, one has the satisfaction of knowing that the alternative solutions which one might prefer to those of the author have been carefully considered. The only criticism which can be made is the minor one of style. The writing is sprightly, and one is grateful that it escapes the stodginess of textbooks, but occasionally it is colloquial to the point of slanginess.

In a final chapter, dealing not with the problems of democracy but with those of political science, the author seeks to validate the conclusions of the social sciences by maintaining that they are equal to those of the natural sciences in scientific exactness. This problem is much more profound than is admitted by those social scientists who imagine that the social sciences are less exact than the natural sciences merely because they are younger. Professor Friedrich recognizes that there is a more important difference between the two. All generalizations about historical and human affairs betray the particular social and historical locus from which the generalization is made more obviously than do conclusions which natural scientists make about the stars, flowers, or geological formations.

I think Professor Friedrich is wrong, however, in regarding this difference as one of degree only and not of kind. He writes:

> It would be most unscientific for the student of politics to deceive himself about his personal bias, as unscientific as it would be for the natural scientist to neglect the chances of error resulting from the interference of uncontrollable factors and from psychological inaccuracies of observation.

The difficulty with this statement is its failure to recognize that it is not the personal bias of the political scientist which makes his knowledge relative so much as the bias of an age, a culture, a civilization, or a nation. The natural scientist comes much nearer to engaging pure reason in his enterprise than any cultural or historical scientist. In the work of the latter the conscious and unconscious hopes, fears, and ambitions of men and of nations, of cultures and civilizations, weight conclusions and give their own peculiar bias to supposedly objective judgments.

However difficult it may be to avoid an ultimate skepticism in the social sciences, Professor Friedrich has proved in his great work that careful scholarship does yield approximately valid conclusions that are of tremendous importance in actual history.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

The Italy of Tomorrow

THE REMAKING OF ITALY. By Pentad. A Penguin Special. 25 cents.

QUADERNI ITALIANI. Boston, Mass. $1.50.

IN THE 1860's, when Italy's unification was practically assured, an honest Piedmontese statesman thought up a successful slogan: "Italy is made; now let us make the Italians." In the eighty years that have elapsed it is difficult to say to what extent the Italians have been "made"; but their country must have been thoroughly unmade if a recent Penguin Special can bear the pessimistic, or optimistic, title "The Remaking of Italy." It is the work of four Italian exiles and a British officer, all of whom prudently hide themselves under the arithmetical nom de plume "Pentad." One of the authors, if my guess is right, belongs to a very promising category—that group of Italians in their late twenties or early thirties who, after having been Fascists in their years of innocence, have been converted to democracy by simply watching Fascism in action. Their development was spontaneous and healthy. Their attachment to freedom is solidly forged—unwitting sinners make the best saints. The Italy of tomorrow will presumably be led by just such catechumens.

The book has as many parts as it has authors. It opens with a bird's-eye view of Italian history, certainly useful for the layman and perhaps of some use even to the cognoscenti. The next two chapters picture Italy's relations with Germany and with England, playing an unhappy couple against a happy one and thus trying to prove that throughout the centuries "Great Britain has always been the true friend and Germany the real enemy of Italy." This may be good propaganda, but unfortunately it is only a half, or a third, of the truth. Time and again the Italians have had to fight against the guzzling Germans (as Dante called them); this is a textbook truth. That they have seldom before fought the English may be due more to geography than to what even Mussolini used to term the traditional friendship between the two countries. And it should never be forgotten that not "Great Britain" but many English liberals helped the Italian patriots to achieve their Risorgimento. But this is almost all that can be said. As to the present, I wonder, on second thought, if it is even sound propaganda to put the whole question before the Italians as a matter of "natural" friendship with England (or America) against "servitude to the Teutons." The Italians—"put wise" by Fascism as they are—realize only too well that this war is in essence a-national. It has already brought about, to borrow Croce's expression, the *reductio ad absurdum* of nationalism. The world cannot be divided vertically any more, only horizontally, since everyone's allies are everywhere. General Badoglio and, heaven knows, even Mussolini might shout at a given moment, "Kick the Germans out"; but no dissident Fascist could ever stomach a truly democratic slogan like "United Peoples."

The fourth part of the book is a brief history of Fascism. Apart from a few inaccuracies and some sensationalism, it is excellent reporting. The pompously vulpine character of the regime is brought into proper focus. "Too much of our country's history," Silone said once, "is just a mixture of violence and rhetoric." The real novelty of this book, however, is the last part, on Italy after Fascism, where for the first time in book form a "detailed plan of political and social reform" for the peninsula is outlined. The author of this chapter admits his indebtedness to the program of the movement *Giustizia e Libertà*, whose leader, Carlo Rosselli, the Fascists could silence only by murder. It is high time that the ideas of Rosselli and his friends should be made available to the general public. The main thought underlying their program is that a democratic Italy of tomorrow could not, even if it wanted to, put the clock back to the pre-Fascist, or Giolittian, era. Fascism has been, so to say, negatively progressive, in the sense that it has utterly destroyed the possibilities of a restoration of the old economic order. In an Italy freed from its black shirt European federalism and industrial democracy would be even more a physical necessity than a political demand, the only alternative being a relapse into some new brand of Fascism. This is why this plan advocates a republican regime with an Economic Congress added to the political assembly, an agrarian reform along cooperative lines, and finally the nationalization of banking and some key industries.

Interesting as they are, the plans of these Italian exiles are not half so provocative as two or three articles in a similar vein that have been smuggled out of Italy and grouped in a magazine called *Quaderni Italiani,* which is destined to be smuggled back into Italy. Our Italian friends report that the main underground movement among the intellectuals and the middle class in Italy has recently set up a new illegal party the name of which may some time make history—the Liberal-Socialist Party. Internal decentralization plus world federation, economic planning plus "religion of freedom"—these are a few of its aims. This is not the place to discuss its theoretical premises or its attempt to lay a new "philosophical and religious foundation for an integral democracy." Its approaches and exigencies, however, are quite illuminating. Whether the fact is saddening or comforting I don't know, but it is certainly true that the most resolute followers of the goddess Reason and the most daring lovers of the goddess Freedom seem to be living these days behind Fascist barbed wire.

PAOLO MILANO

CONTRIBUTORS

PIERRE COT, Air Minister of France in the Blum Cabinet, is being tried at Riom *in absentia.*

WILL CHASAN, authority on the American labor movement, has written frequently for *The Nation* on trade-union developments.

VICTOR RIESEL is labor reporter on the New York *Post.*

VIRGINIUS DABNEY, editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* will soon publish "Below the Potomac: A Book of the New South."

RUSTEM VAMBERY, formerly professor of criminology at the University of Budapest, is now a lecturer at the New School.

WILLIAM McFEE is the distinguished author of "Casuals of the Sea," "The Harbormaster," and other salty volumes.

MARKOOSHA FISCHER, wife of Louis Fischer, is a native of Russia who came to live in this country in 1939.

PAOLO MILANO, an Italian writer and dramatic critic, is now teaching romance languages at Queens College and the history of the drama at the New School for Social Research.

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SPRING BOOK NUMBER

THE NATION will publish its regular Spring Book Number on April 11. Because the expected advertising volume for this literary issue will require an increase in the size of the magazine, we should appreciate prospective advertisers' notifying us of their plans as soon as possible, since paper of the proper size must be ordered well in advance. Final deadline for the April 11 issue is April 1. Make your space reservation NOW.

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IN BRIEF

HANGOVER SQUARE. By Patrick Hamilton. Random House. $2.50.

Mr. Hamilton tells the story of George Harvey Bone's double personality with none of the pretentiousness or sensationalism one usually finds in novels about abnormal characters. George is a schizophrenic, a lonely, meak, weak, bleak, sensitive sort of public-house Londoner tortured by his love for a siren by the name of Netta, whom his nether self has resolved to kill. The gradual advance of the murderous self on his gentle, conscientious nature is well done and moving. London, 1939, is the appropriate mood; the threads of the plot are gathered up on September 3, that day of dénouement. Although somewhat repetitious, the story is very good indeed. There is also a bonus in the form of quotations from Milton's "Samson Agonistes," which should lead the reader back to another schizophrenic character who was, however, less a gentleman than George.

ROGUE'S LEGACY. By Babette Deutsch. Coward-McCann. $2.75.

This is a novel about François Villon, who lived in the shadow of the gibbet and died in a ditch, bequeathing a legacy of full-blooded verses, now riotous and now tender. Small wonder that people are constantly writing biographies of him, novels and operas in which he sings and fights his swashbuckling way through an unfriendly world in which he always seems to manage to have a good time—or that Miss Deutsch, herself a poet of exquisite taste, should present him with gusto and understanding, as an eternal seeker after an ideal, a carouser and lover, dreamer and thief, a tarnished, damned soul, whose poetry alone revealed the genuine virtue of his spirit.

THE PANAMA CANAL IN WAR AND PEACE. By Norman J. Padelford. The Macmillan Company. $3.

During World War I a former American ambassador to Denmark published memoirs covering his diplomatic experiences under some such title as "Four Years Near the German Frontier." In one respect "The Panama Canal in War and Peace" is a parallel case. Notwithstanding misleading advertising by the publishers this book is almost totally without military interest. Persons who hope to learn of the strategical significance of the Canal in the present war and of its defenses or possible vulnerability to attack must search elsewhere. By no stretch of the imagination could this be called a war or military book. On the other hand, it is a volume worth adding to any large library. By diligent personal research, aided by the United States government, Professor Padelford has compiled some compact, well-arranged chapters covering the history, legal status, operation, administration, and economic and political significance of our trans-isthmian canal. The book is well written and informative; footnotes are adequate. It is likely to remain for some time the standard reference work on this subject.

JOSEPH CONRAD: POLAND'S ENGLISH GENIUS. By M. C. Bradbrook. The Macmillan Company. $1.

All widely read novelists seem to undergo an eclipse shortly after their deaths. Miss Bradbrook believes that Conrad has values which are singularly applicable now. She gives a brief sketch of the man and a survey of his work, with a little bibliography, with the object of pointing these out. Profits go to the Polish Refugee Fund.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

The Nazi Underground in South America. By Hugo Fernandez Artucio. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

Feeding the Lions: An Algonquin Cookbook. By Frank Case. Greystone. $3.

This Is Your War. By Marquis W. Childs. Little, Brown. $1.50.

International Labor Conventions: Their Interpretation and Revision. By Conley Hall Dillon. North Carolina. $3.

Psychological Effects of War on Citizen and Soldier. By R. D. Gillespie. Norton. $2.75.

Tornado Across Eastern Europe: The Path of Nazi Destruction from Poland to Greece. By Josef Hanc. Greystone. $3.

Self-Analysis. By Karen Horney. Norton. $3.

Deadline: The Behind-the-Scenes Story of the Last Decade in France. By Pierre Lazareff. Random House. $3.

Ill Fares the Land: Migrants and Migratory Labor in the United States. By Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown. $3.

Industrialization of the Western Pacific. By Kate L. Mitchell. Institute of Pacific Relations. $2.50.

Comics and Their Creators. By Martin Sherwood. Hale, Cushman, and Flint. $2.75.

They Called Me Cassandra. By Geneviève Tabouis. Scribner's. $3.

The Wind Is Rising. By H. M. Tomlinson. Atlantic Monthly Press Book. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Thoughts Through Space. By Sir Hubert Wilkins and Harold M. Sherman. Creative Age Press. $4.50.

FILMS

THERE is nothing now to be gained by complaining about the star system. It has been sufficiently well established that it is the stars who sell the films. But I believe that it is the star system that is mainly responsible for our getting such unconvincing films about the war. For if you have stars, you are apparently bound to make them into heroes, in the Greek sense, and to put them into romantic situations; and modern warfare, however many instances it may furnish of conspicuous personal bravery, cannot properly be described in terms of romantic individualism. The aspects of it which still seem to offer the best scope for the familiar romantic treatment are those of aerial combat and espionage: and this may account for the recent overproduction of films about airmen and spies. Two more that have recently appeared are "Captains of the Clouds" (Warner Brothers) and "Mr. V" (United Artists). "Captains of the Clouds," which was made in technicolor with the cooperation of the R. C. A. F., is an uneasy mixture of a routine Warner Brothers piece about tough, competitive bush fliers and a semi-documentary illustration of the Canadian Air Force in training. How much you enjoy it will depend upon the degree to which you are excited by pictures of airplanes. The only remarkable thing about the story is that it allows James Cagney to come to grief in the Canadian Air Force through his excessive individualism, though his character is vindicated by an act of glorious self-sacrifice at the end. "Mr. V," on the other hand, makes practically no concession to reality. It shows us a Cambridge professor of archaeology who is endowed with all Leslie Howard's considerable charm taking a party of undergraduates to Germany just before the outbreak of this war and rescuing deserving Germans from concentration camps. We are used to seeing the Gestapo outwitted on the screen, but not as a rule with quite such ridiculous ease. Still, as a piece of fantasy the film is entertaining enough.

Mr. Howard appears also in "The Invaders," which has many of the properties of an espionage film though it is not strictly about spies. It tells the story of a landing party from a German "U" boat who find themselves stranded in Canada and who try, since the time of the action is before Pearl Harbor, to reach the neutral territory of the United

States. They meet various distinguished actors on their way, beginning with Lawrence Olivier, whom they kill. By the time they reach Mr. Howard their number is reduced to two, and after their encounter with him, only the leader remains for Raymond Massey to finish off. The film has its exciting moments, but it suffers from a serious psychological weakness. The audience is intended to dislike the Germans and to desire their capture; and for this reason care is taken to make them, with one exception, personally disagreeable. But this is not done convincingly enough to overcome one's natural sympathy for the hunted; and the result is that conflicting emotions are aroused.

Three other fairly recent films deserve notice. None of them is about the war. "Johnny Eager" (M. G. M.) presents Robert Taylor as an attractive but ruthlessly egotistical gangster who is led to self-sacrifice in the end by Lana Turner's love. The film is a great deal better than its story and is worth seeing if only for the brilliant acting of Van Heflin. Good acting also distinguishes "King's Row" (Warner Brothers), a somber piece about life in a small town at the close of the last century. Ronald Reagan gives a particularly good performance as a young playboy whose legs are wantonly amputated by the town's sadistic doctor, portrayed by Charles Coburn. "Roxie Hart" is a burlesque of life in Chicago in the 1920's, culminating in a farcical trial in which Adolph Menjou secures the acquittal of Ginger Rogers for a murder she didn't commit anyway. The actors all appear to derive a great deal of enjoyment from it and communicate much of their pleasure; but most of the jokes are plugged too hard, particularly the one about the jury's interest in Miss Rogers's legs. Not but what they are very pretty legs.

P. H. RYE

Art Note

DARREL AUSTIN. Oils, drawings. Perls Galleries. Until March 28.

Austin has his *petite* sensation, which furnishes him with one or two provocative pictures, but when he tries to eke out a whole career with it, it becomes a trick, a formula, a routine. The green marsh mist and incandescent gases that dapple his canvases are distilled quite knowingly from the best materials, and designed to satisfy the most discriminatingly modern appetites. In my opinion this is the very last word in kitsch.

C. G.

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MUSIC

ONE of the season's great occasions was the February 21 recital at which Landowska played in New York for the first time in many years. As she sat at the harpsichord waiting to begin Bach's Goldberg Variations the noise in Town Hall died out into an absolute silence which I cannot recall ever having experienced before at a concert. It was the breathless silence of expectation, and then—as she played the opening aria—of expectation fulfilled. Compared with the statement of the aria in the performance that Landowska put on records some years ago this one was more spaciously elaborated in greater detail—detail which was more richly inflected, now with power, now with subtlety, and always with extraordinary rhythmic continuity. These qualities of phrasing, together with the masterly use of the instrument's tonal resources, imparted exciting life even to some of the more mechanical examples of the variation process that followed; and they made the spacious statements of the wonderful slow variations in minor mode, the affecting restatement of the aria at the end, overwhelming.

Another great occasion was the February 10 concert of Toscanini and the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York. I had heard their three Saturday evening concerts in Philadelphia: the first one with the great performance of Schubert's C major Symphony that I discussed in this column in December; the second, in January, with nothing of the stature and impact of the Schubert (Bach's Passacaglia was played in Respighi's atrocious *interpretazione orchestrale*), but with a finely moulded performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 99, an exquisite realization of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and a performance of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" that was a magnificent construction in musical sound; the third, on February 7, with three superb works—Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony, Berlioz's "Queen Mab," Debussy's "La Mer"—in performances in which three of Toscanini's finest interpretive conceptions were beautifully realized in sound. These performances were repeated in New York—after a few days in which conductor and orchestra had continued to work together intensively in recording sessions, and in Carnegie Hall which is acoustically even finer than the Academy of Music. And merely as sounds produced by a conductor with an orchestra those February 10 performances ranged themselves with the other wonders of our age that have been achieved by human powers in Carnegie Hall—the sounds produced by Stokowski with the Philadelphia Orchestra, by Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony, by Toscanini with the New York Philharmonic. But they were not, of course, mere sounds; they were a vocabulary with which Toscanini expressed his understanding, his feeling for the music; and the living forms in sound which he created that night were the truest statements of what the works were and what they meant that I had ever experienced—statements which ranged themselves this time only with Toscanini's own previous statements, whose truth they intensified. One reason for the impression of rightness conveyed at every point in the progression of, say, the first movement of Tchaikovsky's symphony, was the actual plastic coherence of the form, produced by Toscanini's unfailing sense for continuity and proportion in the continuum of sound moving in time; and another was the fact that the nuances of sonority and pace with which this continuum was being moulded were the ones Tchaikovsky specified in his score to produce the form he had imagined.

This brings us to the matter of fidelity to the printed score. One American critic likes to contend that the composer does not create music at all, but only makes diagrams for the performer who is the real creator of the music. He might as well contend that "Hamlet" was created not by Shakespeare who wrote it but by the actors who have performed it. The composer does create the complete detailed form in sound in his mind, and his notations are intended to convey this imagined form to the performer, whose function is to produce the form in living sound. Actually the notations cannot convey the imagined form adequately, and the performer therefore cannot produce it entirely as the composer imagined it; but this does not free him from the obligation to produce it to the extent to which the notations do convey it. About halfway through the first movement of Debussy's "La Mer," after the music has died down into mutterings of basses and kettledrum, an upward leap of the cellos is followed by a slight swell of the kettledrum from *pp* to *p* and back, and this by an echoing swell of the horns. Debussy can write *pp* and *p;* but there is no notation with which he can convey exactly what he heard as *pp* and *p;* nor can he convey exactly what he imagined as the timbres of the horns. His notation, then, leaves room for the differences between Toscanini's values for *pp* and *p* and Koussevitzky's, the sound of Toscanini's horns and Koussevitzky's (to say nothing of Barbirolli or Mitropoulos); but it leaves no room for Koussevitzky's change of the swell of kettledrum followed by echoing swell of horns, to the simultaneous, thunderous swell of kettledrum *and* horns that can be heard in his recorded performance. For Koussevitzky a person who wants the composer's score adhered to does not want the music to be alive (the words are his). But it is Toscanini who, obeying Debussy's directions, gives life to the magical effect of horns echoing over the water; and it is Koussevitzky who, by his change, kills that effect.

Bach, Haydn, Mozart, even Beethoven give fewer directions than Tchaikovsky and Debussy; but the works have implied plastic requirements; and here again Toscanini—with his sense for form as a medium of feeling—succeeds where Koussevitzky—with his tendency to over-intensify contours and over-expand structural proportions in order to over-convey content—often fails.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Chicago "Sun"

Dear Sirs: I am sure the article by Milton Mayer entitled The Chicago *Sun*, Crusader Without a Cause, in your issue of March 7, was published with the best intentions. No doubt you hoped that the article would have a constructive effect, and that Publisher Field would be provoked into giving Chicago the type of paper we all agree it needs. But Mr. Mayer's article was such an out-and-out attack that it gave the impression not only that the *Sun* was dying but that he would be among the first to clap hands and say, "Good riddance."

I am not so sure that the *Sun* is a total washout. I am not so sure that we are doing the right thing by jumping all over it and trying to stamp out whatever life there may still be in it. In fact, the surprise is not that it hasn't turned out as well as was expected but that it is as good as it is, everything considered. You can admit that Mr. Field hasn't succeeded in putting out a Midwestern counterpart of the New York *Times* and still feel that the *Sun* is worth supporting. The real question for Chicago is not whether the *Sun* is good or bad, but what can be done to help it fight the *Tribune*. It is nonsense to think that, with intervention out of the way, there no longer is a cause worth fighting for in Chicago. The fact of the matter is that the *Tribune*—and I am surprised to see this fact blandly overlooked by Mr. Mayer—is still the mouthpiece of all that is politically sour in America.

We may be at war, and the *Tribune* may run its trite "our country, right or wrong" at the top of its masthead, but the *Tribune* is still the *Tribune*, a paper so fanatically obsessed with hatred of the President that its readers get the feeling that the worst thing that could possibly happen to this country would be victory in the war if that meant the New Deal's remaining in office. Taking journalism "strictly as art," Mr. Mayer says that the *Tribune* is "journalistically excellent," that it is "well written, well edited, and well printed"; and a more astonishing statement I have never read in *The Nation*. It may be well printed, but well written and well edited it certainly is not. I take it that "well written" means not only a good style but independent, honest reporting. How can any paper be called well written and well edited when every day almost every national "news" item printed in its columns is slanted so that it has an anti-New Deal bias? Several months ago the government announced its plane-production figures for the month, which happened to represent a new record. As treated in the *Tribune*, however, the item gave the reader very little idea that a new high in production had been set; rather, it made it appear that the country was faced with a plane scandal. How much do you think the people who read only the *Tribune* know about the trial of George Sylvester Viereck and the strange propagandist maneuvers involving Ham Fish, Stephen A. Day, and the late Senator Lundeen? I doubt if they know very much. I was in Chicago while the trial was going on, and I combed through the *Tribune* and found nothing at all. While in Chicago, incidentally, I picked up the *Tribune* the day after the President's speech—a speech, I am sure, which must have been featured by every paper in the country; every paper, that is, except the Chicago *Tribune*. There the chief headline was based on an extremely sketchy story: "Order Public Quiz on Navy." And Mr. Mayer takes the *Sun* to task for errors of judgment!

But the most surprising thing of all in Mr. Mayer's story was the passing reference to the regular columns of the *Sun*. I don't see how any paper can possibly be so feeble as Mr. Mayer says the *Sun* is when it publishes Sam Grafton, who, I was pleased to find, is making a very fine impression in the Midwest. NORMAN COUSINS

New York, March 6

One Voice Will Be Heard

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on Freda Kirchwey's fine editorial, New Leaders for Old, in your February 21 issue. Don't underestimate the need for such straightforward and eloquent statements of the political aspects of our present situation. It is terribly important now that the voiceless millions of this country should find somewhere an expression of their real beliefs and aspirations.

The press of this country has been repeatedly shown to represent the opinions of the tiniest possible minority of the population. I wade daily through a mass of slanted dispatches and columns without finding one word that could be said honestly to represent the opinions of the ordinary citizen of this republic. Pegler, Lippmann, Kent, Sullivan, Krock, to name a very few—whom do they imagine they speak for? They seem to have declared a kind of war upon the bulk of the citizens.

But let just one person speak out boldly and honestly, and no matter how loud the chorus of confusion, that one voice will be heard above it. People hear what they want to hear, and a great majority want to hear what you said in your editorial. They want the fascists cleaned root and branch out of our government; they want a *democratic* army; they want an immediate cessation of the continual aping of the worst side of the British, and a genuine cooperation with their democratic elements; they want an immediate, surgically clean break with all Axis powers, including Vichy and Spain. They recognize that a victory sabotaged in advance by the native fascist elements here would be almost worse than defeat itself.

I can make no grimmer commentary on our present setup than by having to ask you to withhold my name if this letter of sincerest congratulation on a truly fine, courageous editorial finds its way into your columns. I am working for victory in Washington, and the Dies committee is quite capable of conniving at the discharge of anyone in communication with a liberal magazine.

A. M.

Washington, D. C., March 4

Honolulu Blackout

[*The following letter from Honolulu was recently received by a friend of* The Nation's.]

Dear ——: . . . All mail is censored, so I will not, must not, write anything that has not been released by the proper authorities, which means only a light touch on the war. Everyone, naturally, is under suspicion, and many are called up for questioning.

I can tell you about our life, which was changed in a twinkling, and so ably and speedily, by the military government. You probably know all about the present setup. Blackout at six, and it must be perfect. No ray of light may be seen from crevices. Try it, though I fancy blackout in New York City is impossible. Everyone must be at home at 6 p. m. and *stay* there. Blackout material is scarce; it was all snapped up immediately, as were flash batteries and torches. We spend much time in our kitchen, and many articles which do not belong there are gradually finding permanent places in it, such as M's typewriter, books, etc. To go upstairs, one pulls aside a curtain, opens a door, quickly drops the curtain, closes the door, occasionally flicks on a blue flashlight to show the bends in a winding staircase. Strange to say, we sleep well. There is no hysteria, no whimpering.

Alcohol was shut off promptly and completely. The traffic situation, over which a commission was breaking its head, was simply solved by an allowance of ten gallons of gasoline per month.

To give time for airing the kitchen in daylight, we eat at 4:30, then walk for an hour and admire the beauty of the surrounding scene. During the evening, we go out into our large garden. . . . Occasionally we dine at the house of friends. Their dining-room is blacked out; ours is mostly glass and too difficult. There is a temporary shortage of meat and starches, but we shall be content if we can always find Ovaltine and Carnation milk. . . .

I shudder to think of what could happen in New York—to the subways for instance. A bomb hit the sidewalk opposite us, just missing a baby in its pram.

B. M.

Honolulu, January 22

Mr. Daniels Will Be Missed

Dear Sirs: Jonathan Daniels will be missed by at least one reader of *The Nation.* With all due respect to his "erudite" associates to whom he modestly refers, his viewpoint in the weekly page A Native at Large displayed a better emotional and intellectual balance than has appeared in the other columns of *The Nation* during the last three months. Perhaps his being "at large" and therefore free from the influence of the big city's intellectual tension had something to do with the serenity, quiet faith, and long view which have contrasted so agreeably with the heated speculations and forebodings about defeat emanating from the editor, Military Expert Mitchell, and other of your writers.

I must confess that at times recently *The Nation* has appeared to be on the verge of throwing up the sponge and giving up the cause of the United Nations as a bad job. To paraphase Pope:

> Defeat is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

So thank God for Mr. Daniels! Without being smugly complacent about America, he never deviated from a rugged faith in the strength and capacity of this great nation. That faith should make him even more useful as organizer of volunteer defense activities.

ARTHUR C. HICKS

Bellingham, Wash., March 3

Dear Sirs: I have wanted to take pen in hand on more than one occasion to write you concerning the many interesting, informative articles that I read in *The Nation.* When I read the article by Jonathan Daniels, For the Duration, in the issue of February 21, I could no longer restrain the urge.

Mr. Daniels's article may not have been the most important in the issue, but it was sincere and stimulating. I was touched by its warmth and humanity. If his page, A Native at Large, will be among the missing "for the duration" I believe your readers will feel it keenly. Freda Kirchwey made a grand gesture in suggesting that he continue writing for *The Nation* from Washington. Mr. Daniels's refusal on the ground that "this is not a part-time war to be worked at in part-time jobs" was commendable.

Many join me in the hope that his work in Washington will hasten our victory, and that his desire to return to *The Nation's* pages will be realized.

JACOB BRENNER

New York, March 4

Miss Boyle vs. Mr. Barker

Dear Sirs: This is addressed to you in emphatic protest against Mr. George Barker's type of reviewing. Let us call it once and for all the preconceived-notions school of reviewing. It is so feminine in nature that one of its gravest precepts is that the reviewer need under no circumstances open the book which he is intending to review.

I was indignant some weeks ago at Mr. Barker's review of Henry Miller's book. I think I should add that I have never cared for Mr. Miller's work, but Mr. Miller is a serious artist and as such he should have been given a serious review. And now Mr. Barker's puerile review of Eugene Jolas's "Vertical" makes me burst into written protest. We, the readers, the buying public, are not interested in Mr. Barker's patronizing little quips or in his undergraduate tone of hilarity. We would like to know what the book he is discussing is about, and as long as Mr. Barker doesn't know and is too busy or too insular-minded to find out, then the book should have been handed to someone with curiosity.

The book, it may be interesting to note, contains some of the most exquisite translations of French poetry that I have seen, a series of unusual reproductions of the work of modern French painters, and an article of Georges Duthuit's on the approach to a new mysticism entitled For a Sacred Art which could have afforded any reviewer ample material for discussion, and for lively discussion at that. "Vertical" has presented a number of ideas; of what ideological value they are it is the reviewer's task to try to determine. Either Mr. Barker was incapable of doing this, or else he has been told that when he's being funny he's really a scream, which is truly disastrous for a poet's soul.

KAY BOYLE

Nyack, N. Y., February 25

Anti-Axis Joke Collection

Dear Sirs: I am working on a book in which I should like to gather a great many anti-Axis jokes and stories. For many years I have been collecting such jokes and little satirical pieces about Hitler, Mussolini, Göring, Goebbels, and the other gangsters. They are very amusing, most of them emphasizing the meakness and refinement of these admirable gentlemen.

If any of your readers know any such jokes or satirical pieces I wish they would write them down and send them to me. The age or length doesn't matter, and they can be written in English, French, German, etc. If anyone sends clippings, will he please note the source.

A little humorous lampooning of those fellows is an important weapon in our hands today; almost as important as tanks and airplnaes.

LASZLO FODOR

New York, March 5

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The Shape of Things

THE SUDDEN DRAMATIC SHIFT OF GENERAL Douglas MacArthur from his beleaguered outpost on Bataan Peninsula to supreme command of the Allied forces in the Pacific will have a tonic effect everywhere. His qualities of leadership, as well as his personal courage, have become an example throughout the United Nations and even among the forces of the Axis. The suicide of General Homma may be taken as a grim gesture of tribute to the man he could not conquer. General MacArthur cannot be asked to work similar miracles on the vast sprawling front of the southwestern Pacific. He cannot replace lost ships or fabricate bombing planes. But he can inspire the fighting Allies with a belief that final victory is inevitable and with a fighting spirit that has not always been evident. The change should be the signal for a new strategy of aggressive counter-attack.

*

THE BATTLE OF THE JAVA SEA WAS A SEVERE defeat for the United Nations. Five cruisers, including the 10,000-ton Houston, are known to have been sunk, and the Japanese claim additional victims, among them the American cruisers Augusta and Marblehead. At least six destroyers and a sloop are also admitted to have gone down. Known Japanese losses were restricted to one cruiser and one destroyer, although several other ships are reported to have been badly hit and others may have been destroyed in the final engagement, from which there were no survivors from the United Nations' ships. Disheartening though the defeat is, it is evident that the Dutch, British, Australian, and American squadrons had no choice but to fight, even against overwhelming odds. The stakes were high. Surabaya, the last good naval base in the southern Pacific, had to be defended if possible. Victory, or a deadlock, would probably not only have saved Java but have disrupted the entire Japanese offensive. Although the Japanese are reported to have had a superiority of nine cruisers to five, this advantage might easily have been overcome by the use of land-based planes from Java. But if such planes were used, no mention of the fact is made in the official communiqués. This raises again the question of what became of the 1,500 planes that were supposed to be stationed in Java.

THE MOST HOPEFUL ASPECT OF THE NEW British plan to secure India's cooperation in the war is the choice of the envoy who will present it to the Indian people. Sir Stafford Cripps is the one member of Churchill's Cabinet who can be regarded as an enthusiastic champion of Indian freedom, and his selection for this mission has been widely approved. Moreover, the fact that he volunteered to undertake the urgent and difficult task of consulting and negotiating with the Indian leaders must mean that the program formulated by the British Cabinet is something more than an eleventh-hour attempt to stall off trouble with vague promises. Even so, it will be almost a miracle if Cripps succeeds in inducing India to join whole-heartedly with the United Nations in resisting aggression. The fact that a settlement is sought only when Britain's hold over India is being threatened more seriously than ever before puts a premium on the demands of intransigent minorities. Ali Jinnah, president of the All-India Moslem League, has already threatened revolt if control of the Indian government is allowed to pass into the hands of the predominantly Hindu Congress Party. Jinnah may be bluffing, as Congress spokesmen seem to think, but in view of the ferments stirring the whole Moslem world and the fact that there are Moslem majorities not only in the Northwest Province but in Bengal and Assam, which adjoin Burma, his threats have to be taken seriously. Meanwhile we should feel happier about India if there were signs that responsible leaders were taking positive steps to resist Japanese aggression instead of waiting for Britain to confess its past crimes, as Mr. Gandhi suggests. They seem to forget that the immediate reason for defending India is not to save the British Empire but to save India itself from new conquest and worse exploitation.

*

THE RECENT RISE IN U-BOAT SINKINGS OFF the Atlantic coast has brought home once again the crucial nature of the shipping problem faced by the United Nations. Although details of necessity are withheld, it is no secret that the war in the South Pacific has greatly increased the shipping stringency. The loss of the oil-producing centers in the East Indies has added to the difficulty by making it necessary to ship large quantities of oil and gasoline over lines of communication that are some ten or twelve thousand miles long. Exact figures on construction and sinkings are lacking. But we know that American and British shipyards are each building at the rate of not more than one and a half million gross tons annually. Sinkings in the last half of 1941 were at the rate of approximately 2,200,000 tons annually, and have recently increased substantially. Thus it is obvious that construction is barely keeping pace with sinkings at a time when the demand for shipping for troop transport and provisioning has been greatly increased by developments in the Pacific. The immediate situation will not be helped by the fact that a very considerable increase in production is expected by late summer or early fall. Only one thing can help: the development of a strategy that will provide for the most efficient possible use of our limited shipping resources during the next few months.

*

THE R. A. F. HAS NOT WAITED FOR HITLER to open his spring offensive in the east to start its own drive against Nazi factories in Germany and the occupied countries. In addition to two attacks on plants in the Paris area there have been a number of heavy raids on Essen, Cologne, and Kiel, while frequent fighter sweeps along the Channel have taken a considerable toll in German machines at the expense of comparatively light British losses. British spokesmen promise that these attacks will be maintained and intensified. The mysterious Colonel V. Britton, broadcasting to the "enslaved peoples of occupied Europe," recently warned them "to get away from the factories." After giving details of the way the Nazis were using the industrial and mineral resources of France, Belgium, and Holland to strengthen their war machine he pointed out that in Germany good air-raid shelters are provided. "You should have them too," he said. "The R. A. F. is coming. Keep out of the way." Hard and steady bombing of German objectives will undoubtedly have a useful effect in disturbing production and in forcing Hitler to maintain large air forces in Western Europe. But there is an increasing tendency in Britain to question the efficiency of the high-level bomber as a decisive weapon unless enormous fleets can be employed almost continuously over a period of weeks. There is a belief too that the R. A. F. has neglected the dive bomber, which, in combination with armored ground forces, has again and again been proved a devastating means of attack. Planes of this type are not being made in Britain, but they are now being supplied from this country. Large numbers will be almost essential to the success of any effort to open up a new western front.

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A NEW ATTEMPT IS BEING MADE BY THE Southern diehards in Congress to use the war as an excuse to abolish practically every gain made by labor under the New Deal. A few weeks ago a drive by Representative Smith of Virginia to suspend the forty-hour week for the duration was beaten back by a large majority. But now he has returned to the attack with legislative proposals which would not only abolish the legal forty-hour week "certainly for the duration of the war" but would abrogate all union contracts providing for a limited work week and for any form of union shop. Plainly this is not a plan to lengthen hours so much as one to reduce pay envelopes. Mr. Smith, it is true, tries to disguise the fact that his bills represent class legislation of the most blatant character by including provisions for turning back all net profits on government contracts in excess of 6 per cent of costs. This method of limiting profits is generally recognized as thoroughly unsatisfactory, since it encourages inflation of costs and unduly favors the business with a rapid turnover of capital. But even sound profits control will not justify efforts to beat down all labor standards. Mr. Smith and his associates assert that their proposals are being pushed forward by public clamor. They have yet to hear from the wage-earners, but they will.

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HITLER'S MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH WAS A fresh pack of old lies. He spoke of the war as a "dispute . . . forced upon us" and of "the preparation of our enemies"; we wish this last were true. He spoke eloquently of "the Bolshevik colossus, the cruel menace of which it is now recognized should not be allowed"; he disowned any interest in the rest of the world outside Europe; he even repeated the old saws about the Jewish conspiracy. He reproached the Russian winter but paid it the compliment of telling the truth about it. "It was weeks earlier than any experience or knowledge gained from scientific forecasts led us to expect, that winter set in upon us." He admitted a reversal but blamed it all on the weather, giving practically no credit to the Russian armies, which, we are told on reliable authority, also set in and are continuing to set in on the German heroes. Hitler demanded new and greater sacrifices of the German people and promised in return "a long and blessed peace." "A new world," he said, "is being forged." And who can doubt that Hitler's New Order will go down as the greatest forgery in history?

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THE NEWS THAT THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT has suppressed a number of publications for printing stories reflecting on the Nazis is disturbing, especially at a time when German troops are being massed ostentatiously along the Baltic and Goebbels is conducting an anti-Swedish press campaign. It is true that another paper has been prosecuted almost simultaneously for calling Stalin "a mass murderer," and that the suppressions appear more severe than they actually were, since they only applied to one issue and were probably enforced only after the distribution had been completed. Nevertheless, the action has more than a faint odor of appeasement. It was prompted by accounts of tortures suffered in Nazi concentration camps by fourteen Norwegians who had escaped. The Swedish Minister of Justice says that these stories cannot be verified, but there is, unfortunately, every reason to suppose that they were true. No doubt Berlin objects to such facts being published, but the Stockholm government cannot be so naive as to think that paying heed to Berlin's protests will protect them from Nazi demands of a more serious nature. The only thing that will prevent the invasion of Sweden if and when Nazi strategy requires that step will be the certain belief in Berlin that the Swedes will fight and exact a high military price. Concessions on minor matters do not mean that Stockholm would capitulate to major demands, but they do encourage the Germans to believe that it would. That is one reason why appeasement is so dangerous. And another result not to be ignored is the depressing effect on public morale.

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WE SHIVER WHEN AMBASSADOR HENRI-HAYE declares very positively that Japan will not be permitted to take over Madagascar, and our alarm is intensified by Sumner Welles's apparent readiness to be satisfied by such "assurances." We have not forgotten, if the State Department has, how frequently Vichy's protests of determination to resist demands by the Axis have proved preludes to surrender. On February 23, 1941, an official spokesman in Vichy insisted that Japanese proposals for a settlement between Indo-China and Thailand involving extensive territorial concessions by France would be firmly rejected. "We still have our empire," he added, "and we are determined to fight anyone who might attack it." But it wasn't very long before Vichy did accept Tokyo's terms and thus paid the bribe which led Thailand to accept a junior partnership in Japan's aggression. In the summer of 1941 Vichy again talked big about resisting Japanese demands for military occupation of Indo-China, only to yield on the ground that the colony needed protection from the British. And let us not forget that by handing over Indo-China Vichy made a major contribution to the success of the Japanese in the southwestern Pacific. In the light of the record it would be gross folly to expect Vichy to defend Madagascar should Tokyo decide that its occupation was desirable. And that may happen any time, for the island has great strategic value as a base from which to attack United Nations shipping proceeding by way of the Cape to the Near East or India and to undertake military and naval operations against South Africa. The United Nations have every justification for trying to be first on the spot for once, but no action is likely so long as Washington continues a policy of appeasement which makes Vichy more valuable to the Axis as a "neutral" than it would be as an open ally.

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ONLY A DAUMIER COULD DO JUSTICE TO THE dramatic scene in the courtroom at Riom last week when Léon Blum made his magnificent speech in defense of the French Republic, the Front Populaire, and his conduct as their representative. In a four-hour speech he said that the Axis had started the war, he proclaimed himself a Jew and a Marxist, and he predicted that France would once again be free. "During the last fifteen minutes," reads one report, "he held spellbound an audience not by any means prejudiced in his favor." We doubt that the French press printed as full an account of the proceedings as the reporters for the foreign press were allowed to send out, but we may be sure that Blum's words will find their way into every French home. Hardly less sensational was the defense of Daladier, who turned upon his accusers with a ferocity and an eloquence which reduced the ten judges and the rest of the courtroom to "absolute silence." His speech was followed by immediate adjournment. Berlin is furious at the turn the Riom trials have taken. They were designed to prove that the French Republic declared war on Germany on orders from Britain; they have brought forth instead a sensational indictment of Hitler and his Vichy satellites. It is reported that the German government is about to seize upon the procedure at Riom as an excuse for "revision" of Franco-German relations. It would be ironical indeed if, thanks to the courage of Blum and Daladier, the men of Vichy should be deprived even of their pretense of independence.

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THE INDIGNATION AROUSED IN THE BRITISH and American press by Secretary Eden's revelation of Japanese atrocities at Hongkong is justified; but it is, to say the least, ironical that anger over Japan's treatment of its victims should have been so long delayed. There was no reason to expect that the residents of Hongkong would be treated any less cruelly than the residents of Soochow, Kiukiang, Hangchow, and Nanking—unless it be the one suggested in Mr. Eden's remarkable statement that the atrocities were perpetrated "without distinction of race or color." The racial arrogance implied in this remark provides a perfect basis for Japan's appeal for Asiatic solidarity against white domination. The Japanese have been guilty of vastly greater arrogance, as well as unspeakable barbarism, in their relations with conquered peoples, but such statements as that of Mr. Eden give them the advantage of being able to trade on the sins of their predecessors.

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ALTHOUGH MARTIN DIES IS UNPOPULAR with most members of the House, his Committee to Investigate un-American Activities has been extended for another year and will probably get another $100,000 to pay its expenses. The vote for extension was 331 to 46. Chairman Sabath of the Rules Committee, John M. Coffee (Democrat) of Washington, and Joseph Clark Baldwin (Republican) from the New York City "silk-stocking district," with Eliot and Marcantonio, were among the few who had the courage to attack the Texas demagogue. Sabath asked that the Dies committee be abolished because it had failed to investigate "the real Fascists and Nazis in the United States." Coffee declared that Fritz Kuhn, William Dudley Pelley, and George Deatherage had all at one time or another warmly indorsed the work of the Dies committee. Baldwin proposed that the job of exposing fifth-column influences be left to the FBI. The moral to be drawn from the vote is that if the Dies committee is not to go on with its un-American activity forever, its opponents will have to begin the work of fighting it much earlier than they did this time. We suggest the formation of a National Committee to Send Dies Back Where He Came From which should begin work now on the task of defeating him when his inevitable request for an extension comes up next year.

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OFFICIALS OF THE WAR PRODUCTION BOARD seem curiously indifferent to the survey made by Joseph W. Frazer, president of Willys-Overland. Frazer, head of the first automobile company to be converted to arms production, did what WPB officials should have done. He sent out a questionnaire in January to dealers all over the country, and on the basis of returns from the first 10 per cent he estimates that they have idle facilities and floor space equal to an arms factory ten miles square. There are 40,000 of these dealers, and to judge from these first returns they have about 18,000 lathes, 15,000 grinders, 1,400 shapers, 16,000 drills, 52,000 welders, 40,000 buffers, 1,600 screw machines, and 4,200 sprays which could be brought into war work under a "bits-and-pieces" program. The only way to make use of them would seem to be to pass some such legislation as the Murray bill now before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. This would establish a government corporation which would act as a prime contractor and break down arms blueprints into "bits and pieces" for small shops of this kind. It would also act as a finance company, providing funds for raw materials and wages in order to get work under way. Donald M. Nelson has expressed himself in favor of the bill. The principal obstacle seems to be Jesse Jones.

Lend-Lease Results

THE isolationists who have been quick to blame Britain for its failure to invade the Continent and for the tragic collapse of the United Nations in the South Pacific should study carefully the report of the first year of American lend-lease efforts. While the President's report on a full year's operation shows some gain in recent months, the results as a whole constitute a powerful indictment of American sloth and complacency in the months preceding our entry into the war. In twelve months our total exports of lend-lease supplies to Great Britain, Russia, China, and the other Allies were valued at only $1,100,000,000. Just how much of this was made up of foodstuffs and raw materials and how much of planes, tanks, and weapons of war is not revealed. But we know from previous reports and from the agricultural supplies listed that food alone comprised at least $400,000,000. It is evident, therefore, that only a small proportion of the total could have consisted of fighting equipment. In addition, there were, of course, considerable expenditures from lend-lease funds for the servicing, rental, and repair of ships, and for production facilities within the United States. The total expenditures for all purposes reached $2,500,000,000, which is but a minute fraction of the $48,000,000,000 which has been appropriated for lend-lease purposes.

Food, raw materials, ships, and repair facilities are important to the war effort of the United Nations. And the very real difficulties which the Administration has confronted in obtaining adequate production of planes, tanks, and other combat weapons should not be minimized. But it is perfectly clear that Britain could not possibly have hoped to stage an effective offensive on the basis of the supply of weapons contributed by the United States in the past twelve months. A year ago, when the lend-lease program was in its initial stages, we estimated that American exports of war materials to Britain would have to average $1,000,000,000 a month in order to balance the productive resources of Germany and the occupied areas of Europe. This, of course, took no account of the requirements of Russia or China. Actually, our aggregate contribution to the United Nations was about one-fifth of Britain's needs alone. In relation to needs, it has unquestionably been proportionately less to Russia and China.

It is evident that no small share of the responsibility for our failure to live up to the promise of lend-lease rests on the shoulders of the Administration. Our production for 1941 in no way approached either our capacity or our responsibilities. For this Knudsen, the OPM, and the whole policy of business-as-usual must be blamed. But the share of the isolationists in our failure must not be forgotten. They not only fought a delaying action against the lend-lease plan when it was before Congress, but through opposition to the turning over of existing American ships and war supplies greatly reduced the amount of effective aid which we could deliver last summer and fall. One hesitates to think, for example, what effect it might have had on the course of the war if a few hundred American army and navy fighter planes had been turned over to Britain for use in Singapore and the South Pacific. Perhaps Britain would not have used the planes for this purpose. If that had been the case, the responsibility for the defeats in that area could rightfully be placed on the shoulders of the British. But under existing circumstances the United States must take the major share of the blame. We simply haven't delivered the goods.

The Poll Tax

LIKE the fight against slavery before it, the fight against the poll tax is a fight to save the North and the rest of the country from the power wielded in Congress by a small and reactionary Southern oligarchy. The power of this oligarchy, once based on black slaves, is based today in large part on voteless men and women, white as well as black. An examination of Congressional committee chairmanships will show the extent to which these bodies are dominated by men who can return to Congress year after year because a majority of the voters in their states or districts are disfranchised. Northern big business is relying more and more on these "unrepresentatives" to pass reactionary measures which could not win the approval of a democratic electorate. Ten of the thirty-three standing committees in the Senate are headed by men from the eight poll-tax states, most of them men of the extreme right. These ten are Byrd, of Virginia, Rules; Glass, of Virginia, Appropriations; George, of Georgia, Finance; Connally, of Texas, Foreign Relations; Smith, of South Carolina, Agriculture and Forestry; Russell, of Georgia, Immigration; Bankhead, of Alabama, Immigration and Reclamation; Caraway, of Arkansas, Enrolled Bills; McKellar, of Tennessee, Post Office and Roads; and Hill, of Alabama, Expenditures of Executive Departments. Of the ten, only Hill can be counted a progressive.

In the House twelve of the forty-four standing committees have chairmen from the poll-tax states: Fulmer, of South Carolina, Agriculture; Steagall, of Alabama, Banking and Currency; Ramspeck, of Georgia, Civil Service; McGehee, of Mississippi, Claims; Whittington, of Mississippi, Flood Control; Sumners, of Texas, Judiciary; Bland, of Virginia, Merchant Marine and Fisheries; Vinson, of Georgia, Naval Affairs; Lanham, of Texas, Public Roads and Grounds; Mansfield, of Texas, Rivers and Harbors; Rankin, of Mississippi, World War Veterans; and Jarman, of Alabama, Printing. A few of these occasionally turn up on the progressive side of an issue, but most of them are thoroughly reactionary.

The poll tax, by cutting down the number of voters, gives these men a permanence in Congress that men from other districts can rarely achieve. This fact in combination with the seniority system gives them key positions in the machinery of Congress. The committee chairmen wield great power over legislation, and thus the entire country may find itself governed by men who represent few people even in their own districts.

Since its adoption by Florida in 1889 the poll tax has become the principal Southern device for disfranchising the poor white as well as the Negro. It is time we realized that it disfranchises indirectly the rest of us as well.

The Puppet Axis

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

ARGENTINA has made a trade pact with Spain. It will largely increase its exports of wheat, meat, and other foodstuffs in exchange for "manufactured goods, machinery, and chemical products." The pact also provides for the establishment of an air route between Madrid and Buenos Aires, though the plans for that have not been perfected yet. Our State Department hopes—for hoping is an essential by-product of appeasement—that the air line won't materialize. It knows that an air line from Spain to Argentina would be either a German or an Italian enterprise since Spain has no means, financial or industrial, to start air lines. But shipping facilities will certainly be increased, and goods will begin to flow to Spain, and thence—? Well, it is hoped in Washington that Argentina's wheat and beef will not feed the armies of Adolf Hitler. But if they should, what could the United States do about it? It would hardly be good form even to ask Acting President Castillo or Generalissimo Franco where those foodstuffs were going. Both are neutrals in the war, and both are friends of the United States.

It wouldn't be polite, and yet when Archibald MacLeish, chief of the Office of Facts and Figures, announced the other day that the Japanese embassy in Madrid was using "technically neutral Spain" as headquarters for propaganda against the United States, a fleeting wonder must have passed through the minds of our policy-makers. What, they must have asked themselves with puckered brow, what the hell is Spain's fake neutrality worth anyhow? And they may have recalled the fact that Nazi agents in several Latin American countries, instead of packing up their short-wave sets and heading for home after the Rio conference, are carrying on political warfare as usual through Franco's embassies and consulates. An instance was revealed just the other day through the arrest in Rio of a Nazi spy. The spy, one Walter Menze, gave the office a report of his activities in the course of which he said, "This month I received money from the hands of Herr Klock, formerly of the German embassy, who now works as a member of the auxiliary staff of the Spanish embassy." The report was printed in *O Globo* of Rio on February 19, in case the State Department would like to check it. Another employee of the dissolved German embassy staff in Rio has also moved over to Franco headquarters; his name is von Cassel. But Vargas is our friend—an even closer friend than Castillo—and so it is unlikely that the State Department will inquire how it happens that Señor Raimundo Fernandez Cuesta, the Spanish ambassador in Rio, now shelters under his neutral wing Nazi diplomats who Mr. Welles fondly hoped would be ousted when Brazil ended its relations with Germany last month. Fernandez Cuesta, incidentally, was one of the chief organizers of the Spanish Phalanx.

The State Department may find some satisfaction in Vargas's decision to place German and Italian property in the care of a custodian following the sinking of four Brazilian ships by Axis U-boats. Perhaps, too, it is pleased by the overwhelming popular feeling against the Axis which took the form of riots and mob attacks on German stores in Rio de Janeiro. But the Brazilian government has announced that for the present it has no intention of either arming ships or declaring war. The dictator has solemnly proclaimed a state of emergency so that he may exercise full executive powers; but since he has exercised them right along anyhow, the gesture is not impressive. For all his large pretensions of solidarity with the United States and the Allied cause, he will play a game of watchful waiting just as long as he can. Democratic Brazilians living in New York are convinced that the riots were as much aimed at Vargas and the pro-Nazis in his government as at the Axis.

As for Castillo, his new pact with Franco links him even more closely than before to Hitler. The delegation sent by the Franco government to arrange the details of the accord is headed by a prominent member of the Spanish Phalanx, Eduardo Aunós, who knows Argentina well and can be trusted to do a good job for his masters in Madrid and Berlin. For Hitler has moved quickly and intelligently to take advantage of the chief loophole in the Rio agreement—Castillo's refusal to break off relations with the Axis. Argentina's trade agreement with Spain is Hitler's answer to Rio. By one masterly stroke Franco is assured of relief, the Axis of new sources of necessary foodstuffs, and the Argentine producers of grain and meat of a market for their surpluses. An important breach is made in the British blockade of Europe, while Argentina becomes an even more active center of Nazi intrigue in this hemisphere. The River Plate is an open mouth leading into the body of South America. Ships that take food to Spain can carry back fresh supplies of Nazi agents and of propaganda material for the Phalanx to distribute throughout the continent.

It is said in Washington that Mr. Welles is worried about the Phalanx and is "watching" it. But while Mr. Welles watches, the Phalanx works. In Mexico, for example, according to a dispatch by Harold Callender printed in the New York *Times* last Sunday, the Phalanx is financed by Spanish nationals to the extent of 200,000 pesos a month. Mexican officials consider it more important as an agent of the Axis than the German colony itself, "for the Phalangists speak the language of Mexico and can more readily conceal their anti-American activities." "These Spaniards," says Mr. Callender, "can travel to and from the United States. [This is a curious fact in view of the State Department's refusal to permit

Spanish Republicans even to pass through the United States on their way to Mexico.] One is said to have made recently an extensive tour of American factories and to have sent a report to General Franco. The Phalanx is even believed to have a military section. Its leaders do not conceal their sympathy for the Axis; yet Spanish Fascists are not technically members of the Axis and cannot be lumped with other Axis agents by the authorities. This naturally enhances their value to their masters." But nobody in Mexico, or in Washington, knows what to do about the Phalanx, according to Mr. Callender, because Spain is not an Axis power.

The sham neutrality of Spain and its diplomatic relations with the United States make possible all these pro-Axis maneuvers. The failure of appeasement is evident; what ordinary Americans cannot understand is the refusal of their government—a war-time government—to abandon this disastrous policy.

Donald Nelson Has Chosen

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 15

THE destiny of the American people remains in flabby hands. The navy is still losing ships and the dollar-a-year men are still losing time. The losses off Java, added to the losses at Pearl Harbor, bring closer the day when foreign troops may set foot on our soil, but too many of the men in key positions here do not actually realize that there is a war on. The resignation of Robert R. Guthrie as head of the War Production Board's textile, clothing, and leather-goods division indicates how little difference the change in name from OPM to WPB, the speeches of Nelson, and the Pearl Harbor disaster have made.

Guthrie goes because industrial mobilization under Donald M. Nelson is still in the hands of men who do not want to mobilize industry, who want to go on making radios and refrigerators and washing machines and typewriters and carpets. When Nelson became head of the War Production Board he said, "Heads will roll." But the first to tumble is that of one of the few dollar-a-year men here whose heart was in an all-out effort. In a conflict between an all-outer and the business-as-usual crowd, Nelson let the latter win, accorded Guthrie the scantiest hearing. I hope the Truman committee will give this affair a thorough airing so that the country can judge for itself whether Nelson has what it really takes to do the job.

Nelson is a very fine and likable man, modest and sincere, open to suggestion and criticism, genuinely devoted to his country. There is much already to chalk up in his favor. He forced through the plan for labor-management production committees last week over last-minute objections from the War and Navy departments; both are dominated by the mentality of the National Association of Manufacturers and regard these committees literally as part of a plan to "Sovietize America." Nelson's appointment of Robert R. Nathan, Thomas Blaisdell, and Fred Searles as a three-man planning board and overseeing eye is one of the most encouraging moves made in production in some time. Searles is a conservative from the ranks of industry, Nathan and Blaisdell are young New Dealers, but all three are all-outers. Nelson has begun on the heartbreaking task of infiltrating new men and new ideas into the Army-Navy procurement services, whose conventional-minded attitude is one of the most serious obstacles to the war effort. These steps all represent the beginning, though only the beginning, of progress. If it were not for the terrible tempo of events, we could afford to sit back with patience and wait for results.

Unfortunately time is with the Axis. In the East the Japanese are accomplishing in weeks what it will take years of fighting to undo. This spring will see a gigantic effort by Berlin and Tokyo to encircle Britain, Russia, and the United States and cut them off from one another. In this context the rate of industrial mobilization is dreadfully sedate. A glance back at the dates is instructive. Pearl Harbor was bombed on December 8. It was not until January 20 that Nelson ordered automobile production ended by February 1. Much of the force was taken from this order two days later when the War Production Board allowed automobile manufacturers to triple last year's production of parts during the first half of this year. Parts production will not end until June 30. On January 23 the WPB further weakened the drive for conversion of the industry by permitting the manufacturers to build 34 per cent more trucks this March than in March of last year.

Even slower has been the move toward mobilization of other major consumer-goods industries which have been absorbing strategic materials and using machines that can be turned to war work. It was not until February 23 that production of domestic mechanical refrigerators was ordered discontinued. The order does not take effect until April 30, and "nothing in this order shall be construed to prohibit or limit the production of replacement parts." So long as the companies can go on making parts, they will be half-hearted about conversion.

Last year the radio and phonograph industry consumed 2,100 tons of aluminum, 10,500 tons of copper, 290 tons of nickel, and 70,000 tons of steel. But it was not until March 7, three months after Pearl Harbor, that the WPB finally ordered manufacture of radios and phonographs discontinued. The order does not take effect until April 22, and the industry will not cease production entirely for some time after that. It may complete radio sets on which it began assembly work "on or before April 22," and after the assembly work is finished it may go on making parts. The washing-machine industry is another that is consuming materials which literally mean lives. Yet it was not until March 12 that the WPB issued a "proposed order" which would end production of washing machines by large manufacturers on April 15 and by small manufacturers on May 15. Here, again, they may go on making parts.

These are dry and humdrum details, but I do not apologize for dwelling on them. Materials which should be going into tanks and planes and guns, machines which could be turning out armament, are involved. In the prosaic words of these orders is the cryptogram where freedom's future may already be written. Wars are not won by this dilatory, half-hearted kind of industrial mobilization. Continued production of radios and refrigerators and washing machines and of a whole list of consumer goods yet to be banned is a crime against the people of this country and their allies, and it is a crime which must rest ultimately on the conscience of Donald M. Nelson. Why does he permit it?

Nelson's code for dollar-a-year men is a farce. He has said that no dollar-a-year man will be permitted to pass on matters affecting his own company, but they pass all the time on matters affecting their own industries. Guthrie, a conservative business man who soon found himself allied only with Hillman's labor people and Henderson's brain trusters, won the hatred of the industry crowd because of his fight for conversion. Though a quarrel with greedy textile interests seems to have been the immediate cause of his going, the most important enemy he made was Philip D. Reed, chief of the Bureau of Industry Branches and chairman of the board of General Electric. General Electric makes radios, and Guthrie's leadership in the fight to end production of radios was the real beginning of his downfall. This is the second time that Reed has played a part in obstructing the war effort in the interests of his own industry. As William L. Batt's deputy in the old materials branch, he fought expansion of steel and aluminum, and he should have been sent back to his board of directors long ago. The disturbing part of the Guthrie affair is that it was Reed and not Guthrie who won Nelson's support.

Industrial mobilization, as run by the Reeds, is full of loopholes. The WPB still does not know the full amount of the precious raw materials hoarded in the inventories of industry. Production of planes is retarded by lack of aluminum, and production of tanks is retarded by lack of steel plates, but there is no will ruthlessly to invade the stockpiles of big business and make hidden metals available for war. What we have in the WPB is "self-regulation" of business with all its inevitable evils, the same subordination of our country's safety to private interests that helped ruin France. Must the Japs land before we wake up?

Routes to Victory

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

WITH the conquest of Java Japan completed another step in its progress toward hegemony of the Pacific. The vital areas of the western Pacific and eastern Asia are now all in its hands. Although its conquests have not been consolidated and guerrilla resistance may be bothersome for some time, Japan has already won the main battle. Yet notwithstanding the disastrous and prestige-shattering defeats they have suffered, the United Nations have not lost the war. How, then, can they turn their defeats into ultimate victory?

By driving a wedge through the war area Japan has split the Allied forces into two segments, and by reason of its control of the Indies and Malaya, enjoys a stronger strategic position than ever before. It now can turn its attention either to the south against Australia or to the west against India, or in both directions at once. In the approaching Battle for India the United States is not in a position to give large-scale aid. We have already sent technical advisers and are dispatching planes to bolster the somewhat shaky air superiority which the British have in Burma. Arms for large bodies of native troops probably represent a more profitable expenditure of merchant tonnage than would the transport of American troops. Of course we should be prepared greatly to increase our naval pressure against Japan should it withdraw large naval units for use in the Indian Ocean.

The defense of Australia and other British islands in the southwestern Pacific, on the other hand, should be regarded as definitely the responsibility of the United States. It will not be an easy task. Fighting planes and, very soon, gasoline will have to be transported by one of the longest lines of supply anywhere in the world. This line, however, has been rather well guarded by the establishment of bases in the months since December 7. And a considerable stiffening of Australia's depleted man-power by American troops has probably also been achieved; so far as possible the necessary food and other supplies for these men should be furnished by their host country in order to conserve shipping.

The United States cannot make its defense of Australia air tight because, if for no other reason, too much has already been lost elsewhere. The wild tropical coast of northern Australia, including Port Darwin, may easily be in Japanese hands by the time this article appears in print. The western coast is only less vulnerable. But southern and southeastern Australia, containing the bulk of the population, the industrial regions, and the sources of food supply should prove defensible. The United States had a three months' start in sending forces to this area, and southern Australia's enormous distance from Japan presents the enemy also with a hard problem in logistics. Further, American sea power can operate here without danger of aerial attacks from nearby bases; this risk apparently scared us out of trying to put naval reinforcements in the East Indies.

It would probably prove a mistake, nevertheless, to base our main Pacific war effort on Australia. Not only does it lack the necessary naval bases, but more important, to strike at the mainland of Japan effectively from the south would require us to undertake an intensely hard and expensive campaign in which, operating without adequate bases and against a better-armed enemy, we should have to reconquer everything previously lost. Australia must be defended as a source of supplies for sea and air raiders, but if it is possible we should get at Japan by some nearer way and force it to meet the unexpected rather than fight the type of war it chooses.

Two other routes of attack exist. Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians is only 1,400 miles from the nearest Japanese islands. The Great Circle route across the northern Pacific is thus the shortest road to Japan. To attack along this line we should have to capture and garrison bases across the northern Pacific much as Japan did in moving south. The initial steps would probably not be strenuously opposed, but as we approached the population centers of Japan we would be sure to encounter increasingly powerful resistance.

This northern route has the advantage of short distance, but it also has several drawbacks. Dutch Harbor is not a real naval base, and completely adequate facilities are not to be found nearer than Hawaii; the weather is extremely bad during a large part of the year; save for fisheries, Japan has few vital interests in the Far North. But the greatest difficulty is our need for better air-base facilities than those afforded by barren volcanic islands. Russia's Siberian bases, almost essential for success in this enterprise, will probably not be made available until our aid in Europe has started the decline of Hitler.

The most promising route by which to attack the Japanese islands lies immediately west of Hawaii. Our raids in the Marshalls and Gilberts, though intended to eliminate possible interference with the American transport line to New Zealand and Australia, probably had as a secondary objective the feeling out of some of the more formidable of the Japanese "stationary airplane carriers" which bar the way through the central Pacific. These islands would have to be captured, garrisoned, and developed as American outposts prior to any attempt to bring American sea and air power into reasonable proximity to Japan. It is a process that can be started from the south as well as the east, and the reduction of the Marshall and Caroline groups would at the same time make our southern supply lines much more secure. A successful campaign through the Pacific would put us in possession of island bases within comfortable bombing range of Japanese cities and especially Japanese lines of communication with the south. At some point in such a campaign we could confidently expect a decisive test of strength with the Japanese fleet. American victory would bring naval and air dominance and as a corollary the ability to recover territories previously lost. Even defeat could scarcely make the Allied position worse than it is now, with all initiative and control of the scene of operations in Japanese hands.

A serious Allied offensive presupposes several conditions. Both naval and air superiority are absolutely essential to success. Merchant shipping is an equally vital factor, since the transportation and supply of troops make enormous demands. We must also choose whether to take the offensive in the Pacific or in other theaters of war, since we are not prepared to launch attacks all along the line. Lastly, but this is vital, we must have sufficient moral toughness to pay the price of war, to risk heavy losses in return for valuable gains. It is an attribute which the Japanese have displayed markedly in this war.

Even if we cannot undertake a full-scale attack immediately, we should still employ offensive tactics. The naval and aerial attrition suffered by the Japanese has already been heavy. It must be maintained and extended to other areas closer to Japan proper. Because our bases are closer to the Japanese islands than Japan's are to our Pacific coast, we have an immense advantage in this type of war. Air raids can be made from carriers if we are willing to run risks. However, raids are at best a stopgap while we gather strength for a more serious effort.

Coughlin's New Capital

BY DONALD GRANT

Boston, March 15

BUNKER HILL, the Old North Church, and all the other proud relics of a time when a fierce love of freedom and democracy was flowering in New England take on an ironic symbolism these days as the poison of Nazism drifts through the crooked streets of Boston like a fog from the bay.

Before Pearl Harbor the Christian Front flourished among the Irish of South Boston, and America First found a blessing in the Back Bay. Occasionally the two met, as when an aristocratic dowager offered aid and comfort to Francis P. Moran, dapper young leader of the Christian Front. Moran held weekly meetings in Hibernian Hall, Roxbury, pounding Nazi propaganda down the throat of anyone who could be dragged in by the young toughs of the Christian Front. He showed the Nazi propaganda film "Victory in the West" more than once, with appropriate admonitions that all American boys in the army be told how impossible it was to stop the great German war machine. He cheered Lindbergh, cursed the Jews, and carried on campaigns to influence Congress with the aid of the franked envelopes of Senator D. Worth Clark, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, and Representative Stephen A. Day.

The Coughlin weekly, *Social Justice*, and the Brooklyn *Tablet* were sold at these meetings, as were the paper-bound volumes published by George Sylvester Viereck, recently convicted as a Nazi agent, under the imprint of Flanders Hall. When Moran turned his files over to the Boston police department, he still had 8,000 unsold Flanders Hall books. Also in his files were some interesting correspondence with Father Coughlin, Japanese propaganda, hundreds of propaganda leaflets published by the German Library of Information, and evidence of active collaboration with such notorious characters as George E. Deatherage of the Knights of the White Camellia, William Dudley Pelley of the Silver Shirts, Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling of the "Red Network," Charles B. Hudson, and Robert Edward Edmondson.

Moran was one of the first to run for cover after Pearl Harbor. Boston newspapers printed a few timid reports of Christian Front activities, and Moran agreed, at the request of Police Commissioner Joseph F. Timilty, to suspend his meetings. Since then he has devoted his time to the rather menial task of whipping up Boston circulation for *Social Justice*, which continues to be the chief inspiration of all the little Führers in America. The paper is hawked outside every Catholic church in the city, and 10,000 copies, it is estimated, are sold every week in the Boston area.

No one, however, should imagine that the defeatists in Boston—Irish or Yankee—became convinced of their error on December 7. On January 31 the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran of Brooklyn, spokesman for Father Coughlin in the East and friend of the Brooklyn Christian Front leader John F. Cassidy, came to Boston. When Moran attracted 500 people to his meetings he was doing very well. Father Curran, speaking under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, drew an audience of 1,200 at Boston's Hyde Park High School. And instead of Christian Front toughs—or rather in addition to the old Christian Front crowd—Father Curran was flanked by two Boston priests, several important business men, and representatives of local units of the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars.

His words, however, were the same old Christian Front line, slightly touched up for the occasion. The old isolationists—Lindbergh, Wheeler, Nye, Fish—were warmly defended; England and Russia were scorned; our own national leadership was ridiculed and discredited. The new emphasis was on the current press criticism of civilian defense. After repeating some of the more extreme instances, with elaborations, Curran demanded that our armed forces be brought back from the areas of conflict to protect our own shores.

This suggestion was to have an interesting sequel. The Boston *Herald*, through its featured columnist Bill Cunningham, was the next to raise the cry for home defense. Editorially, the *Herald*, both before and after Pearl Harbor, has strongly supported the war effort. Even now it regularly prints a "rumor clinic," which dissects the kind of half-truth about the war that is found frequently in Cunningham's column. The explanation lies in the fight for circulation in Boston's crowded newspaper field, which has led to some odd twists in *Herald* policies. The big morning circulation in Boston goes to the *Post*, which has its stakes deep in the Irish districts of South Boston and Charlestown. To get some of this circulation the *Herald* hired, at what is reported to be a fancy salary, the *Post's* sports columnist, Mr. Cunningham. Then the war broke out, and Cunningham became overnight an authority on grand strategy; his column appeared on the front page in the Sunday edition. There he beat his chest with super-patriotism but at the same time interlarded his fervor with poisonous bits of sucker bait for the dissenting Irish. Sometimes his column adjoined the

Herald's "rumor clinic," but that didn't prevent Cunningham from including sly insinuations that he knew many dark secrets about the war. "I can write you a Pearl Harbor story that will turn your blood to ice water," he said. And "I heard a naval story concerning Boston harbor that would literally curl your hair."

On February 15 Cunningham described the New England coast as defenseless, with the German fleet just over a black horizon. He added:

> You ask, "What can I do?" . . .
>
> As an American and Bostonian you could register a ringing demand with your Congressman that something be done to give this city and nation of yours some protection.

Two days later Senator David I. Walsh made the following statement on the floor of the United States Senate:

> Yesterday and today my office has been flooded with letters from people in Massachusetts calling my attention to a newspaper article published in the Sunday press in which there was a dramatic exposé of the complete lack of necessary defenses for the city of Boston and the Massachusetts coast. It has stirred up the people in my section of the country. . . . I regret to have to say to them in reply that their plight is different only in degree from that of any other coastal city in the United States. . . . The day may come when we may have to bring back from the four corners of the world our depleted navy to be a source of defense for our own shores.

On the following Sunday Cunningham boasted in the *Herald* of having inspired Senator Walsh. The next day, February 23, Axis radio announcers repeated Senator Walsh's remarks with glee, and the Axis campaign to arouse a fear-born demand in America to recall our fleet from the combat zones was backed by a Japanese submarine attack on the West Coast. For the time being the attempt has failed. As the Japanese raider was shelling our coast, President Roosevelt told the American people that we would continue to carry the fight to the enemy wherever he could be found.

Boston defeatism, however, has not been downed. Father Curran returned to Boston on March 3, this time under the auspices of the Central Council of Irish Clubs, made up of people who trace their descent from ancestors in particular counties of Ireland. The meeting was held at the Hotel Bradford, and nearly 3,000 people attended. Sitting on the platform and applauding loudly were the Acting Mayor of Boston, the Mayor of Cambridge, a good number of Catholic priests—and the former doorkeeper of the now discontinued Christian Front meetings. Senator Walsh wasn't able to come, but he sent a telegram expressing regrets that he couldn't share the platform with "my very great friend, Dr. Edward Lodge Curran."

After a long oratorical denunciation of our allies, the Russians and the "totalitarian British," Curran developed the theme that we should keep our fighting forces at home. He felt sorry for MacArthur (*Social Justice* also sheds this tear), warned both labor and industry that the government was taking away their rights, said communism was the true enemy, and spoke with the bitterest scorn of the "four freedoms." His anti-Semitism was there, but it was veiled behind careful words. This was not a Christian Front meeting but a more subtle attempt to broaden the base of obstructionism.

A new theme, the glories of the "Irish race" and the need to keep alive the bitter memories of that "race," was merely suggested by Curran; its expansion was left to one of his Brooklyn henchmen, John Connolly, who was introduced as a representative of the Irish county groups in New York. The Irish, Connolly said, must stand as a "race" inside the American nation and as a "race" demand recognition and rights. It sounded like the Sudeten Germans talking in Prague, but Connolly kept a straight face. He said that plans were brewing for a national convention of the "Irish race" and that further announcements would be made later.

As I write, Father Curran is once more to the fore in Boston; this time as chief speaker on a program celebrating the anniversary of the evacuation of Boston by the British during the Revolutionary War. His appearance on this semi-official program drew vigorous protests from many Boston people, including members of the American-Irish Defense Association, trade unions, the American Defense-Harvard Group, and various church and civic organizations. The Veterans of Foreign Wars refused to participate in the program with Curran.

The reason why Boston has been tapped for the honor of leading the fight against the fight for freedom isn't hard to find. In the Boston area are half a million men, women, and children of Irish descent. In Ireland their ancestors were not always treated with consideration by the British, and when the Irish came to New England they met stiff stares from the descendants of the earlier emigrants from the United Kingdom. Boston Yankees continued to take the rich economic cream and to leave the skim milk to the newcomers. But an Irishman, given half a chance—and the Boston Irish have had considerably more than that—knows what to do in such a situation. Some of the Boston Irish have become so prosperous they have begun to act like Yankees. Many are poor, very poor. But any politician who doesn't make his obeisance to the shamrock in Boston just doesn't go to town on Election Day.

Why, then, this discontent on Boston Common? The answer goes back to Coughlin and Curran and Moran, and the constant stream of propaganda to which the Irish have been subjected. That the propagandists of the Axis are attempting to exploit the Irish Catholic minority in America in order to divide us cannot be doubted. Who consciously is furthering this design for conquest, and who is being driven along as a screen for the enemy, will come out at some later day.

Actually, as the Gallup poll shows, the vast majority of Irish Americans are so whole-heartedly committed to the war effort that they think Eire is wrong in its refusal to let British and American soldiers use Irish bases to guard Irish freedom. A clear majority think Ireland should go so far as to join the war and fight for its own freedom. The average American of Irish descent would be a lot happier if he were left alone to fight the Nazi enemy as an American, unchecked by the confusion-mongering Coughlinites. That some old Beacon Hill Yankees have descended from their America First dais to play a part in the Irish county associations is a sideshow about which we can afford to laugh, after the war is won. No self-respecting Irish American would listen to the high-hat America First crowd for a minute if their chatter didn't sound so much like Father Coughlin's.

For Father Coughlin is a Catholic priest. Father Curran is a Catholic priest. And whatever else you may say about him, the average Irish American is loyal to the Catholic church. If he is sorry for himself and repeats *Social Justice* nonsense, it is because he has been given his cue by Catholic priests.

Unfortunate as it may be, the Roman Catholic church is going to be held to account for Coughlin, Curran, and company by the American people. Any fine distinction drawn between a priest speaking for the church and a priest speaking as an irresponsible individual will be as beside the point in the final adding up of the score as it is meaningless to many Irish Americans in Boston today. If the official Catholic hierarchy in America doesn't know this, it is time someone told them. For the sooner the responsible Catholic authorities act on this knowledge the better will be the relations between their church and the rest of this nation in the years to come.

Headaches in Post-War Planning

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

NOT all of Washington's feverish energies these days are going into plans for the prosecution of the war. In almost every department of government a few individuals are concerned with the vast problems that are bound to arise when peace comes. No one seems to pay much attention to the work these men are doing. But assuming we win the war, their decisions may determine the shape of the post-war world.

Responsibility for the general aspect of long-range post-war planning is in the hands of the National Resources Planning Board. But several of the regular government departments have advisers on post-war problems, and there is at least one unofficial group, made up of men from a number of agencies, which serves as a sort of intellectual clearing-house for the subject. In addition, the National Resources Planning Board has deliberately drawn industrialists, bankers, real-estate operators, builders, and other representatives of private business into its discussions, in the hope of forming as broad a base as possible for its work. The Board of Economic Warfare, headed by Vice-President Wallace, is the agency most directly concerned with post-war planning in the international field, but the State Department, the Commerce Department, and the Tariff Commission also want a share in the program-building.

It is only to be expected that the various individuals and agencies interested in the problem should have differing ideas about the post-war program. A basis of agreement is found in the feeling that something must be done to prevent a post-war economic breakdown and a repetition of the present conflict, but there is little else in the way of common ground. The differences are not primarily over minor matters such as methods of approach; they concern the basic nature of the post-war world.

We find, on the one hand, an articulate and influential group of New Dealers who would meet the post-war crisis with a broad and fairly rigid system of economic planning. Illustrative of the thinking of this group are two booklets recently prepared by Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard, a special economic adviser of the Federal Reserve System. Professor Hansen holds that a post-war depression can be avoided by a carefully planned program of combined consumer and government spending. The increase in consumer spending would be brought about by a reversal of the policies necessitated by the war. Taxes, particularly excise taxes, would be lightened, consumer credit would be expanded, and individuals would be encouraged to spend the money they are now saving for the purchase of defense bonds and even to dip into their war-time savings. The government spending would fall into two main categories: (1) expansion of the federal social-welfare program to include provision for family allowances, greater efforts in the field of nutrition, an enlarged public-health program, and a revised old-age-assistance scheme; and (2) aid in financing a gigantic urban redevelopment and housing program. Professor Hansen rejects as quite without foundation the notion that such a program would be difficult to finance. "Every cent expended, private and public," he points out, "becomes income for members of our own society. Costs and income are just opposite sides of the same shield."

Planning is also being urged as a solution for international anarchy. An important group that includes Vice-President Wallace feels that the control mechanisms developed during the war should be extended and adapted to meet the requirements of the post-war situation. Mr. Wallace would apply, for example, the "ever-normal-granary" principle to a large number of commodities and on a worldwide scale. This would mean the development of a permanent system of export quotas and an attempt to stabilize prices at a point fair to both consumers and producers. It would presumably be accompanied by a system of international credits not dissimilar to our present lend-lease arrangements.

As might be expected, these ideas of planning have met violent opposition both within and outside government circles. Washington is full of men who are convinced that Hansen's schemes are hopelessly impracticable. Some persons, particularly those linked with real-estate or building interests, regard them as dangerously socialistic. But criticism is not confined to the conservative camp. Many liberal New Dealers are frankly disturbed by the possibility of further extension of economic controls. In most cases their anxiety is based on practical experience rather than a nostalgic distaste for regimentation. They have seen an idealistic yet practical experiment in planning like the AAA become the football of pressure politics. And they have seen idealistic planners develop a vested interest in their own plans which has transformed them into the most dangerous type of bureaucrat.

Critics of Wallace's program for post-war reconstruction charge that it is a gigantic AAA, on an international scale. They challenge the assumption that the post-war world must be built on the patterns created during the war. All the existing instruments of control in the international field, they argue, are weapons of economic warfare, and as such are ill adapted to the requirements of a cooperative international society. And they maintain that controls of any type in the hands of the average government official would inevitably be used for nationalistic purposes.

The sharp line of cleavage between these two camps promises to cause many headaches before it is bridged. It is of course not surprising that many members of the staff of the Board of Economic Warfare support Wallace's views on the post-war world, while the economic staff of the State Department tends to oppose controls as inconsistent with Secretary Hull's reciprocal-trade policy. The State Department has never admitted that the Board of Economic Warfare is responsible for the shaping of post-war economic policies. It insists, on apparently sound grounds, that these policies should not be determined by any domestic agency but must grow out of negotiations with foreign countries. The recent lend-lease agreement with Great Britain and the one in prospect with China would seem to show that such negotiations fall within the province of the State Department. There is reason to believe that the area of responsibility of these two agencies will soon be more clearly delimited.

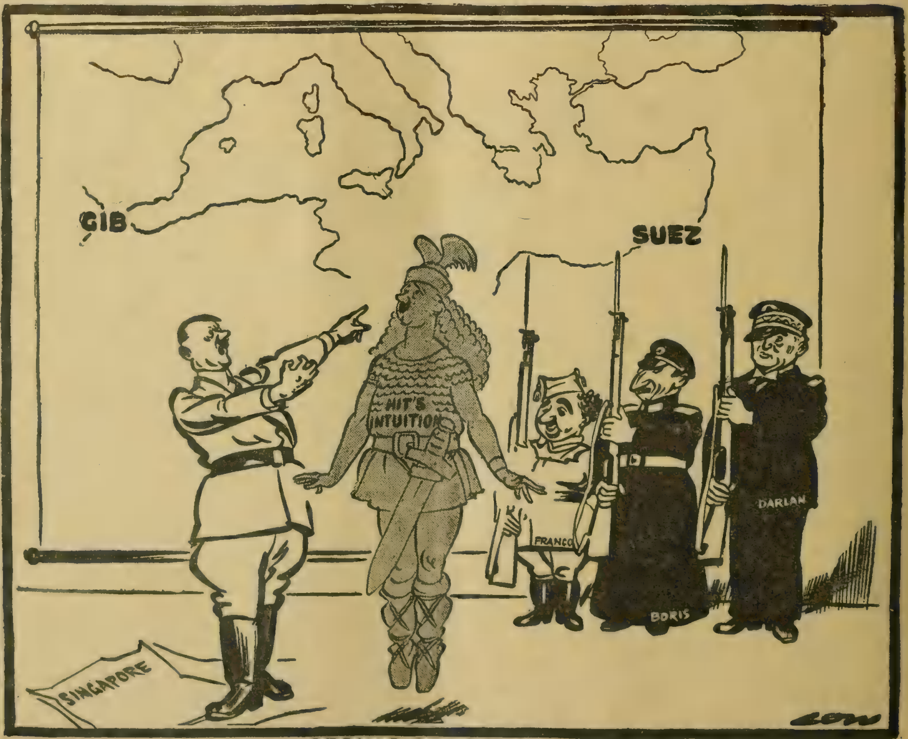
The larger issues of post-war reconstruction are not likely to be thus arbitrarily settled. But they are not incapable of settlement. The differences of opinion arise largely from a tendency to oversimplify the complex problems of present-day social and economic organization. Actually there can be no simple pattern for post-war reconstruction, and the effort to achieve one is responsible for much fruitless controversy. If the opponents of post-war planning could be brought around the same table with the planners, the two groups would be found much closer to agreement than is generally believed. Probably no one in a responsible position wishes to go back to the dog-eat-dog days of unfettered competition. On the other hand, few would deny that the laws of supply and demand perform a useful function within a restricted area. To be more specific, even the most hard-boiled real-estate operator will concede that some government aid is necessary if the public is to have adequate housing, and the most utopian planner sees the difficulties of large-scale government construction and operation. If the problem is to be solved, it will not be by seeking a generalized formula, applicable to the whole area of post-war reconstruction, but by deciding each situation on its merits.

Experience has shown, for example, that there is little opposition to the use of federal funds to support private building projects, and the United States Housing Authority has worked out a complicated but effective method of cooperation between federal and local authorities. The results, however, have not proved entirely satisfactory. The houses built for the low-income groups have, in general, been considerably better than those occupied by the majority of middle-income families, who could not qualify for the projects. And little or nothing has been done to meet the housing needs of the latter group. This has created a good deal of jealousy and friction throughout the country. In Detroit, where racial as well as economic differences were involved, rioting developed as a result of supposed favoritism. Problems of this type will obviously have to be cleared up if we are to count on a post-war building program to save us from a depression. If housing standards must be somewhat lowered in order to get the houses built in quantity and if the cooperation of real-estate interests must be obtained in order to get housing for the middle-income groups, these compromises must be worked out while there is yet time.

It may be argued that ultimately we shall have to choose between a completely planned society and a return to laissez faire. Possibly. But even the Soviet Union found it unwise to attempt too rapid an expansion of the area of its planned economy. As long as we retain private enterprise as the foundation stone of our economic structure, our planning cannot be complete. If private enterprise is to function efficiently, provision must be made not only for incentives in the form of profits but for a certain market-place flexibility in price, supply, and demand. In general, planning which concerns itself with broad fiscal policies and allocation of federal funds preserves this flexibility and does not interfere with private enterprise, while attempts to impose priorities or other quantitative controls, or to compete directly with private enterprise, lead to serious difficulties.

When we approach the problems of international reconstruction, the necessity for compromise between laissez faire and planning becomes more apparent. The failure of the efforts made during the first post-war period to reduce tariffs, restore the gold standard, and encourage private international lending indicates the futility of that type of approach. It is generally admitted today that the self-adjusting international economy which existed before World War I was an imperialist economy, based on the exploitation of backward countries. We cannot restore that system if we would. On the other hand, a system of controls such as were imposed during the period of frenzied economic warfare in the 1930's may be even more detrimental. Restrictions of any type tend to lower living standards, and, if competitive, to lay the basis for war.

Yet the removal of these artificial barriers to trade, although desirable, is bound to create new problems. Many of the countries devastated by the war are going to need help. Specialized raw materials, machinery, and equipment from the United States will be needed to develop the latent industrial resources of China, India, and the Latin American countries. In this situation we may very well find that we cannot produce enough to meet all needs. Years may be required before our industry can be restored to a full peace-time program. If no attempt is made to plan post-war reconstruction, these supplies will go to the highest bidder, regardless of need. In practice this would probably mean that China, India, and



SPRING ASSIGNMENT

the poorer of the Latin American states would be unable to obtain the needed materials. A system of export controls would make possible a more equitable distribution of these supplies, but we have seen that such restrictions are open to grave abuses. Perhaps the most serious objection to this type of control is that it places too much power and responsibility in the hands of a single agency. The controlling body would have vast power over industry, trade, and commerce, not only at home but also abroad. It should be obvious that no group of men in Washington can have sufficient knowledge to decide in detail what every country in the world should import from the United States.

This difficulty could be avoided if, instead of seeking to control each item of export, the United States contented itself with broad financial help to the countries in need of post-war assistance and then permitted these countries to purchase what they want at market prices. This principle has been followed to a considerable extent in the lend-lease assistance given to Britain and China. It has the advantages of encouraging flexibility in price, supply, and demand. Theoretically, it may be inferior to a system of world planning in which the interests of the backward countries are given first consideration. But it is a type of planning which is feasible in a transition period, and it is infinitely safer than an attempt to impose a pattern of American or Anglo-American economic domination on an unwilling world.

Changes in Finland

BY MAURICE FELDMAN

IN RECENT months the political life of Finland has undergone drastic changes which have hardly been noticed abroad. Today Finland is governed by a military dictatorship entirely under German control. President Risto Ryti in his speeches has violently assailed the British plutocracy and the "slave treaty" of Versailles. One of the best known of Finnish historians, Jalmari Jaakkola, in a book entitled "Finland's Eastern Problem," has raised the cry of *Lebensraum* for Finland and claimed even districts around Leningrad as Finnish. Professor Jaakkola's book has been made a compulsory textbook in all high schools and has been translated into Swedish, German, French, and English. The Finnish National Socialist newspaper *Kansallissosialisti* declared that it is for Finns what "Mein Kampf" is "for our brothers in arms . . . the confession of our faith," adding, "With the help of the German people and their great Führer, Adolf Hitler, our leader, Mannerheim, will obtain for Finland the place it deserves under the sun." Ryti's tirades against Great Britain and Jaakkola's book were also enthusiastically welcomed by the *Ajan Suunta,* organ of the Patriotic People's Movement, the Finnish fascist party.

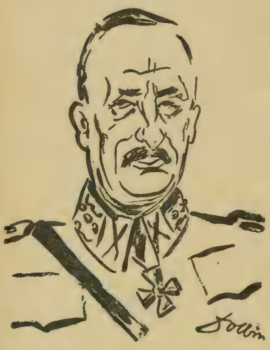
This party has eight seats in the Finnish Diet and is often supported by representatives of the National Coalition Party, with twenty-five seats, and of some other parties which have suddenly developed National Socialist leanings. The majority of the Diet, however, is made up of representatives of the Social Democratic Party, with eighty-five seats, and of the Swedish Party, with twenty-five seats. These two parties and in general the Agrarian League, with fifty-six seats, still stand for democracy and strongly oppose the imperialists, militarists, and Quislings. The organ of the Finnish Social Democrats, the *Suomen Sosialidemokraatti,* has sharply disputed the claims of Mannerheim, Ryti, and Jaakkolla for a Finnish *Lebensraum.* On January 3, 1942, it said in its leading article, "In Finland the problem of *Lebensraum* has never existed. The *Lebensraum* of the workers is freedom. The workers, who have shown that they know their duties, know also their rights."

The same newspaper declared on the following day: "The Finnish people are longing for peace, and the first thing to do is to stop military operations. Finland's policy has never been and must never be a policy of imperialist aggression." The trade unions are also demanding peace. Their leaders recently called on Premier J. W. Rangell and told him they could not guarantee order and discipline in plants and among the unemployed unless the government made peace immediately and removed all Gestapo officials from Finnish bureaus. The union leaders referred to the great scarcity of supplies and the rise in prices and pointed out that while Finland was short of almost every kind of food, German soldiers were sending home food parcels weighing ten pounds. They also protested against the intention of the Finnish government and the German authorities to send all Finnish unemployed to Germany.

That conditions in Finland are going from bad to worse was confirmed by the editors of reputable conservative and liberal newspapers in Sweden—such as the *Göteborgs Posten,* the *Dagens Nyheter,* and the *Sydsvenska Dagbladet*—who recently returned from a trip through Finland. Finland's export trade, which before the war consisted mainly of lumber and pulp for Great Britain and the United States, is today entirely cut off.

Its agriculture, which is chiefly stock-raising, has suffered tremendously because no fodder can be imported from overseas and the farmers, in consequence, are forced to slaughter their cattle. Discontent is growing among the farmers and workers.

Under Nazi pressure hundreds of liberal politicians, journalists, and professional men have been arrested as Communists, though in fact their views were anything but radical. The fate of such left-wing Social Democrats as K. H. Viik, the former secretary of the party, and the deputies Ryömä and Sundström is unknown. In Helsinki and other cities short-wave radio sets have been confiscated to prevent the people from listening to Finnish broadcasts from London. According to a report from Stockholm, control of Finnish policy has been shifted from the Diet to the General Staff of the army. Baron Mannerheim is said to have declared in a Cabinet meeting shortly before Christmas, "If the Diet does not want to obey, we will chase it out of Finland. There was nothing but talk until we started marching shoulder to shoulder with Germany. The time for action has now arrived."



Baron Mannerheim

Mannerheim and his officers, 85 per cent of whom belonged to the Nazi Lappo movement, are today the masters of Finland. The Finnish army, however, enjoys only as much freedom of movement and can exercise only as much influence on domestic politics as the German Nazis will permit. Sweden, because of its close ties with its neighbor—Finland belonged to Sweden from 1155 to 1809—feels great sympathy with the Finnish people and has repeatedly tried to persuade the government and Mannerheim to make peace. But all its endeavors to act as an intermediary have failed. Relations between the Finnish Quislings and the democratic Swedes have now deteriorated. Swedish newspapers are prohibited in Finland, and the Swedish government is often sharply attacked in the press. The movement to send Finnish children to Sweden was discontinued on account of German interference. The *Uusi Suomi*, organ of the National Coalition Party, has contended that food should be sent to Finland but that Finnish children should not be sent to Sweden. The widening breach between the Finns and the Swedes is fostered by the Nazis. Recent actions against the 1,700 Finnish Jews were of course inspired from Berlin.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Wall Street's Tax Program

EGGED on by a large part of the press, the business lobbies are advancing on Capitol Hill with the objective of turning Mr. Morgenthau's tax program inside out. Their program is "Lower taxes for the rich; higher taxes for the poor," though naturally they don't put it quite so bluntly.

Publicly their arguments run somewhat along these lines: We agree with Mr. Morgenthau that a war tax program must seek to cut down the amount of income available for consumption. Otherwise the excess of purchasing power over the volume of goods and services in the market will inevitably exert an irresistible upward pressure on prices. But if we are to achieve this we must locate the additional purchasing power created by the war program and tax that. It is not to be found among the upper and middle income brackets, where taxation is already so heavy that living standards are being revised downward, nor is it visible in corporation profits—after taxes. Hence it must be found going into the hands of the workers, including those at present totally exempt from direct taxation.

This argument leads to the proposition that the way to raise the necessary revenue and to check inflation is to tax the real war profiteers—the workers. But while the business lobbies agree about the desirability of this objective, they have not reached complete accord in regard to means. One school would like to reduce or even abolish personal exemptions altogether, but the objection to this course is that it would increase the taxes payable all the way up. A more popular proposal is for a general sales tax; this has been strongly urged on the House Ways and Means Committee by the New York State Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers.

W. J. Schieffelin, Jr., spokesman for the first of these organizations, stated that the Treasury was trying to raise too much new revenue as well as seeking it in the wrong spot. The House, he suggested, should levy an additional total of $5,000,000,000 instead of aiming at Mr. Morgenthau's figure of $7,160,000,000, and should rely mainly on a sales tax instead of mainly on income and excess-profits taxes. He proposed a 5 per cent sales tax on all products except food, which would be taxed only 2 per cent, and a few luxury articles to be charged at higher rates, and estimated that these rates would produce a total of $4,000,000,000.

The National Association of Manufacturers placed before the House two alternative sales-tax schedules: (1) a 4 per cent manufacturers' tax, imposed at the point of final sale, together with a 4 per cent war tax on general consumption at the point of final sale; or (2) an 8 per cent war tax on general consumption at the point of final sale. The first combination, it was stated, would yield $4,400,000,000 and the second $4,800,000,000.

Examination of these proposals at least excuses the New York Chamber of Commerce and the N. A. M. of any close conspiracy, for if the estimates of one are correct, those of the other must be cockeyed. Since the N. A. M. expects an 8 per cent tax to yield $4,800,000,000, it is obviously anticipating total sales of $60,000,000,000. It is not possible to calculate just what retail turnover the Chamber estimates would be necessary for its selective-rate scheme to produce $4,000,000,000; but assuming an average of 5 per cent, gross sales greatly in excess of $60,000,000,000 would be necessary.

In regard to direct taxation, the Chamber and the N. A. M. agreed that Mr. Morgenthau is much too tough. The Chamber proposed that increases in income and corporation taxes should be limited to $1,000,000,000, or less than one-sixth of the amount which would be procured by the Treasury's proposals. The N. A. M. program was heralded as one of "taxation to the limit—leaving only enough for survival"; and actually it suggested a 9 per cent excess-profits tax, compared with the Treasury recommendation for graduated rates ranging from 50 to 75 per cent. This noble gesture lost its effect when it was followed by requests for a number of changes in the method of computing excess profits and for considerably lower rates on corporation surtaxes. The net result of these proposals would be an increase in corporation taxes of about $1,400,000,000, or half the amount sought by the Treasury. And some large corporations, as the N. A. M. representatives admitted, would pay less than they do now.

The case against the general sales tax has frequently been stated in these pages, and there is no need to elaborate it again. Falling as it does with equal force on the poor man's loaf and the rich man's caviar, it is the most inequitable form of taxation. Yet a sales tax on everything except absolute necessities might be justified in war time. For the arguments of its proponents are sound to this extent: it is not possible to curb the excess purchasing power set free by war expenditure solely by taxing the rich and the well-to-do. If all incomes over, say, $5,000 were taken by the Treasury, there would still be an inflationary lack of balance between available income and available goods. And inflation, let us remember, is the most unjust form of taxation.

It follows, therefore, that either additional taxation on the low brackets or some form of compulsory savings or both is a necessity in the present situation, and Mr. Morgenthau can be criticized for pitching his total demands too low. But what cannot possibly be justified are proposals for adding to the burden at the bottom of the income scale in order to lighten the load at the top.

The financial press frequently makes the point that the limit of taxation on corporations has been reached and that if further "exactions" are imposed they will regretfully be unable to fulfil their production tasks. Patriotism, in other words, is not enough unless stimulated by sufficient profits. A correspondent airing this view in the *Wall Street Journal* of March 12 wrote, "Even in Nazi Germany corporations are allowed to earn 6 or 7 per cent of invested capital, but, then, Herr Hitler's financial advisers are too astute not to realize that there is nothing to be gained and much to be lost by killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

My own confidential agent in Germany tells me that a secret conclave of corporation chiefs met in Berlin to study the March bulletin of the National City Bank of New York. They were amazed to find a table showing that the net income after taxes of 825 leading American manufacturing corporations was 23.7 per cent higher in 1941 than in 1940, and that the return on net worth rose from 9.9 per cent to 11.9 per cent. One daring soul said, "We should protest to the Führer about our miserable 7 per cent when even Roosevelt refuses to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs and permits nearly 12 per cent." But the others hushed him: "Better not; after all, Roosevelt doesn't put business men in concentration camps either."

In the Wind

TECHNOCRACY, INC., long thought to be a dead or dormant movement, has come back to life with an expensive newspaper advertising campaign. Howard Scott, who started Technocracy in 1933, is leading its revival. Not only does he boast of a scheme to increase production many times, but he claims that his engineers have designed a bombing plane that will fly around the globe with a twenty-five-ton bomb load. Observers who have attended recent Technocracy meetings report that the members have taken to military uniforms and drill. A feature of the new program is its recommendation that all public bars be closed and that distribution of liquor be curtailed.

THE KU KLUX KLAN, which was involved in the race riots at the Sojourner Truth housing project in Detroit, is organizing small units called the "Faithful Fifties" throughout the country.

BRITISH LIBERALS are protesting against the government's withdrawal of its subsidy from *Picture Post,* a publication resembling the American *Life.* The Ministry of Information had been buying bulk lots of the magazine for distribution to troops and civilians in the Middle East, but when *Picture Post* published an article by Tom Wintringham criticizing the conduct of the Libyan campaign, the ministry refused to purchase any more copies.

LEADERS OF PUBLIC OPINION on the West Coast are demanding that a representative of that region be given a high position in the war effort. At present no member of the Cabinet or the production boards is from the Far West.

A BRONX CHAPTER of the America First Committee held an officers' meeting on March 6, 1942. . . . Joe McWilliams's American Destiny Party held a meeting on March 4 at which it was announced that McWilliams would soon be returning from Chicago to New York to continue his political work.

THREE TRUCKLOADS of the best brandies and wines from the Normandie—which boasted one of the finest stocks in the world—were removed for the personal use of Gaston Henry-Haye, Vichy's ambassador in Washington.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Memo for Mr. Jarrell

RANDALL JARRELL'S remarks on modernism and romanticism in contemporary poetry are interesting: he has correctly noted that all modern poetry is really romantic, and he has intelligently catalogued various manifestations of the romantic impulse. A certain inadequacy in his discussion, however, arises from the fact that he has not gone back far enough; he does not exactly fall short but rather plunges, as it were, *in medias res,* or *in prope extremas res.* His assumption, implicit and apologetic, is that his subject, the classical versus the romantic, is almost too trite to treat, and that because of its familiarity there is no need for definition of terms: everybody knows the difference. Everybody knows that the Epicureans put rich food in, the Stoics hungry foxes on, their respective bellies; everybody knows that the difference between classic and romantic is—but come to think of it, what is the difference?

By way of contributing to the discussion, and for what it is worth, I offer here the suggestion that the basic difference between the classical and the romantic artist lies in his attitude toward the society, the state, in which he lives. You cannot hate that state and be a classical artist; you can like it, and be a romantic one. It is not so much a question of approval as of participation. The classical artist thinks of himself as primarily a citizen, the romantic as individual. Both accept the obligations imposed on them by their art; both, if that art takes the form of writing, write as they must: but the romantic writer is thinking, "I write as I please," the classical, "I write as I should." The classical writer, therefore, exercises propriety, restraint, decorum, not as virtues *per se;* his aesthetics are imposed by his civics. It is not true that only the classical writer is concerned with form; the romantic writers are often preoccupied with it to the point of obsession, witness the Alexandrians, but they come to it by what they believe is free choice, not civic responsibility.

It would seem to follow from this that a classical writer can only appear within a closed political system sufficiently unstable to require the close attachment of its members, who nevertheless regard it as static. So in the past we have had primitive societies, isolated city states, or a world society organized along Catholic (religious) or feudal (political) lines, in which romantic writers, if they appeared, would be classed as heretics. It would likewise follow that a classical writer must be pretty rare, well-nigh impossible, in English literature, for the entire history of English literacy is involved in the rise of the bourgeoisie, and Protestantism in religion and laissez faire in economics turn the writer into either a successful merchandiser of commodities or an outraged outcast. Milton, I suppose, had a certain amount of civic sense; in the eighteenth century a good many writers thought themselves citizens of an autonomous republic of letters inside England; and, close to our own time, one might think of Kipling as possessed of certain classical tendencies.

Among the Greeks there was a high proportion of classical poets; among the Romans, almost none. For one thing, the Romans' belief in their cultural inferiority to the Greeks inhibited a strong civic feeling in their own literature; the only form they claimed as their own, satire, as they defined it, abounds in romantic extravagances. For another thing, the change of the Roman state from an agrarian republic to a mercantile imperialism was too swift and successful to require their attachment; under this prosperity it was easier to become sophisticated than patriotic. Augustus, troubled by the lack of morale, tried to restore the atmosphere of the good old days; but Varro had been no match for Lucretius, and even in the writers who tried their best to be sympathetic with their patron, Vergil and Horace, the individual kept triumphing over the citizen. Propertius, who was also in the Augustan circle, was downright wanton, and Ovid, outside it, eventually paid with exile for the privilege of treating as he pleased the society he so richly enjoyed. The more one studies our own poetry in the light of that of Alexandria and Rome, the more one will see how greatly similar causes combine to produce similar effects.

Mr. Jarrell might have pointed out, with more assurance than he did, the fact that modern neo- or pseudo- or would-be-classical aspirations are themselves an inevitable vagary of romanticism, and fundamentally romantic. We may interpret the yearnings of the humanists, the Southern agrarians, Yvor Winters, or T. S. Eliot as we wish; say that they indicate (psychologically) the desire to return to the authority of the father, or that they have revolutionary significance (politically) because they are opposed to the present system. Either way they fail to be classical because they mistake the outward and visible form for the inward and spiritual grace; what they are working out, rather cleverly, is a new device for insuring originality. But a protest against Protestantism is still Protestant; the desire to escape romanticism itself romantic.

If we live long enough, we may see the establishment of a society—a mechanized worldwide industrial communism—out of which a classical literature might be expected to emerge. We are not likely, however, to see such a literature, for it will be a long time after that before all residues of romanticism are absorbed or liquidated, before all the throwbacks are weeded out. In our own day the Gothic tale comes sneaking in disguised as a detective story; and we have poets whose spiritual relation to the nineteenth, eighteenth, seventeenth, or sixteenth century is much closer than their use of references to Darwin, Freud, or Marx inclines us to suspect. And the critic of the future will also have some nice problems in deciding where the line is drawn between the man who really and truly writes as citizen and the one who merely attempts to merit the sanction of officialdom and the approval of the dominant oligarchical bureaucrats.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Sparrow Revolution

THE PINK EGG. By Polly Boyden. Truro, Massachusetts: The Pamet Press. $2.

THIS is a fable about the downtrodden, underprivileged sparrows who make a revolution and throw all the robins and other handsomer, luckier, and more talented birds out of the orchard where they live, and some of the very nicest robins turn in and help them. As one of the singing birds says, wistfully: "But all you sparrows are so much closer to the future than we other birds; so you must show us how to get there because we do not want to lose our way."

Why choose sparrows out of all the bird world to represent the human downtrodden and underprivileged? They are fairly dull-looking little birds who do not sing; they are the most gluttonous of small birds except the bluejay, so lecherous they have become the symbol of human incontinence, and so quarrelsome there is no getting on with them at all. Any bird can tell you. If you want to get down on sparrows just watch them descend on a feeding station where robins and wrens and mocking birds and all sorts of sweet singing creatures are sharing their food in peace. Will the sparrows allow this to go on? No, they scatter the others with blows and curses and then fight among themselves as they lick the platter clean. Only the bluejay can beat them at this game, and only because he is bigger and has a tougher beak. Ounce for ounce, the sparrow is meaner than a bluejay. He simply hasn't got the heft.

If the future of the bird world is really with the sparrows, it is a grim prospect. It is significant, too, that the sparrows were able to enlist almost the whole bird race in an unselfish labor to further the good of—you've guessed it, the sparrows. They say the campaign will be for the improvement of all, but nothing in their conduct leads you to believe this. They lack almost everything it takes to create a good world, they are as noisy and selfish and dull as some people, really; but what is good for sparrows, they say, will be plenty good enough for other birds: they'll take it and like it, or they'll have to go, that's all. They will be spared to work, however, until they have finished helping the sparrows build a world in which nothing a sparrow cannot appreciate will be permitted to exist.

St. Francis doped the birds, preaching to them that way, says one debunking sparrow. But if birds are what this book makes them out to be, it is possible that the birds doped poor St. Francis. At any rate, if they were sparrows, he wasted his breath talking to them. They'll never learn by that method.

The symbol of the lighthouse in this story interests me because it illustrates the danger of turning the world over to the sparrows. This lighthouse stands on an island, the only spot hospitable to sparrows; in the jacket note it is identified as danger and desire. Left to myself I might have thought it stood for Truth or the Light of Reason or Morality. Whatever it may mean, there is something sinister in the attitude of the sparrows toward this lighthouse. It is the creation of human beings, who collectively seem to mean, to the birds, a higher power which distributes its favors on a mysterious plan: the island is free to any bird who can reach it, and it is meant to be a place of shelter and peace. What is the meaning of the lighthouse? the birds ask among themselves. A sparrow remarks that they don't know yet what it means, but they will look into the question later, and there is a hint that once the birds find their way to the island, they will put out the light, since they will not need it any more.

Now if the lighthouse really signifies danger and desire, those birds are very silly to think they can abolish it. And if it should mean guidance, for example, and was put there for the convenience and safety of birds, their plan to put it out when they no longer need it seems to me shortsighted and selfish to the last degree. There will always be birds in the infinite future trying to find their way to the island.

Well, these birds build fires and wear orange felt hats and wield apple axes and carry away their wounded on stretchers, and if the author is not really talking about birds, I am. I say it is a grim little slander on the birds, and on that part of the human race typified by the sparrows. I don't think the working people, the proletariat as they used to be called, are at all like sparrows, and I think the choice of such a comparison is not very tactful to say the least.

It is odd, also, to find another fallacy: the intelligent, poetic, inspired, and heroic birds in the feathered revolutionary movement are nearly all renegades from the upper classes who sacrifice their fortunes and devote their talents to their less fortunate brethren. I don't agree with this thesis. Those birds from the upper classes haven't been half as important as they like to believe. I think most of them have had a good time and got more than they gave. The really heavy job has been done by the working people.

As for these birds with their unpleasantly human ways, I am reminded irresistibly of the beachcomber's fable about the man who tried to make the mice in his house wear little wool hats during the cold weather. He wasn't any more successful than Miss Boyden trying to make her birds wear waistcoats, but he was a great deal funnier.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Nazi-Ridden Rumania

ATHENE PALACE. By R. G. Waldeck. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.75.

UNTIL "neutral" Rumania entered the war, Bucharest was the witches' caldron of the Balkans. Diplomats and agents were scheming and intriguing; there was espionage and counter-espionage on a large scale. The Athene Palace Hotel was the luxurious center of this activity. It was also the point of vantage from which Countess Waldeck, an American journalist of European descent, and accent, watched the Nazi spider spin the web in which anti-Nazi Rumania ultimately was caught.

In the frame of a personal narrative the Countess offers character sketches of the leading actors in the Rumanian drama. Interwoven with accounts of tragic events are delightful stories which bear witness to her keen power of observation. She shows how the pro-Ally Antonescu became a German tool and how even the Nazis could not always bridge the gap between planning and reality. Her portraits of the "Old Excellencies"—those aristocrats who found

Maniu, the incorruptible leader of the Peasant Party and the hope of a liberal and democratic Rumania, so "irritating"—and her cartoon of the *hohe Tier,* the "big shot," of the German military mission are drawn in the best Hogarthian manner. As for the royal dictator who ruled the country with the assistance of Urdareanu and Madame Lupescu from 1938 until his flight, she makes it clear that "Carol was neither pro- nor anti-German, nor pro- nor anti-British. He was only pro-Carol."

In spite of its gossipy background, this account of Nazi propaganda carried on with two sets of agents, one official, the other unofficial and more efficient, is a valuable contribution to current history. About one of the unofficial agents, an Austrian Catholic count but a "150 per cent Nazi," with whom the author established "a beautiful friendship built on a mutual distrust, scientific curiosity, and a sort of wistful fondness," we learn that he was thoroughly informed concerning American affairs. He could, for instance, "discuss by the hour the relative merits of Mr. Bliven of the *New Republic* and Miss Kirchwey of *The Nation.*" He thought, incidentally, that American totalitarianism would be along Communist lines because there was no American race.

Nazi propaganda, judged by its results, was, indeed, clever, but the Nazis, for all their haughtiness, harbor a subconscious inferiority complex. This becomes conspicuous in the jokes which the Nazis, like the Jews, tell of themselves. Mme Waldeck quotes them as saying that "they could not tolerate real Jews when they were able to produce an ever-so-much better synthetic Jew, as the person of Herr Dr. Goebbels proved."

Intermixed with comments of a personal character, "Athene Palace" includes various political remarks very much to the point. We may doubt whether it was, indeed, Stalin's occupation of Bessarabia that brought the German attack on Russia, but it is certain that the Vienna award on Transylvania was not only "a blatantly uncreative, unimaginative, sterile decision" but a great blunder when one considers how badly Hitler needed peace in his southeastern *Grossraum.* Countess Waldeck watched with keen insight the clash of Nazi and Rumanian fascism, a clash which explains why the Germans preferred to collaborate with the doubtfully fascist Gigurtu than with the Iron Guard. And we must heartily indorse her judgment that "universal mercy was the imperialistic element in any order," and that therefore, Hitler's order, "which condemns a priori entire races and nations to everlasting doom," has no hope of success in spite of its military victories.

Occasionally there are overstatements, as for example, that for the last twenty years "Hungarian fathers of families always said, 'No, no, never,' as they sat down to eat their goulash." Hungarian government propaganda must not be mistaken for the habits of Hungarian farm hands whose wages average twenty cents a day. Rumanian peasants are no better off. Anyone who wishes to learn something of their fate would do better to read Donald Hall's "Rumanian Furrow," but no person who is interested in the machinations of grafty Rumanian politicians, beguiling feminine entanglements, Balkan glamor, and underground Nazi plotting should miss this witty and fascinating book. One page on the assassinated Professor Jorga, "the Rumanian version of the Goethean man," is more valuable than many volumes on Rumania written by errant journalists—errant in both senses of the word.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

A New Poet

AWAKE! AND OTHER WAR TIME POEMS. By W. R. Rodgers. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

W. R. RODGERS is undoubtedly a writer of real distinction. The appearance of a poet who has a command of words, an individual technique, and a capacity to say what he means, as distinct from the many writers who have some good taste and happy moments and are intoxicated with uncontrolled words and ideas, is a literary event. The critics should therefore salute Mr. Rodgers, and those who enjoy poetry should read him.

W. R. Rodgers has the intellectual power to organize a strong imagination. That is saying a great deal, and, beyond it, there is little that it can be useful to say at present. I think it is mischievous to say, as one critic has done: "I back him to go as far as, or farther than, Auden." Critics are not tipsters, and there is nothing whatever in Rodgers's poetry to invite comparison with Auden, unless one regards all contemporary literature as a great race in which one poet wins, thus doing credit to the critic who has backed him. Rodgers lacks Auden's intellectual curiosity, lightness of touch, mastery of varied patterns, everything that is Auden's; just as Auden lacks Rodgers's vivid kinetic imagery and the attractive clumsiness which makes reading some of his poems resemble walking across a plowed field on a windy day, with occasional glimpses of a bright transparent sky through the clouds.

The poet with whom it may be helpful to compare Rodgers is Frederic Prokosch. Prokosch is musical and smooth, whereas Rodgers is harsh, violent, and unmusical, but nevertheless their talents, as poetic types, are similar in being immediately attractive, with an almost physical attraction. Neither goes very far beyond the attractiveness of his poetic appearance, as yet. Prokosch is hyacinthine, Narcissus-like, Grecian; Rodgers is husky and hairy, a man from the Irish bogs—I speak of their poetic, not their physical, exteriors. The reader is fascinated by both of these appearances; but when it comes to asking the poet what he thinks, they are both curiously monosyllabic. If they do express anything resembling an idea, its conventionality contrasts rather strangely with their lush style.

Thus Mr. Rodgers is most successful in taking ordinary attitudes to life and projecting them in brilliant pictures. The most brilliantly successful of these attempts is "Summer Holidays," an account of the clerk's excursion on holiday into natural scenery. The view of the clerk, that his life consists of Rut and Rout, is one that has been insisted on by many poets, since about the year 1900. Within the limits of this modern poetic convention "Summer Holidays" is a striking word-picture sustained for several pages and only collapsing in the commonplaces about history at the end.

The imagery of Rodgers's poetry often strikes one with a shock of surprise and delight, like some French impressionist painting:

Suddenly all the fountains in the park
Opened smoothly their umbrellas of water

This is lovely, surely, and there are many moments as lovely n this short book.

Rodgers's faults are an unrestrained verbosity and a sometimes tiresome over-use of alliteration. With more economy he would be a wholly delightful, if somewhat spasmodic, poet. With more thought the development of his poems would be strong and sweeping. As it is, his lines tend to arrest the attention, and then fail to develop beyond what is vivid and striking. Sometimes the ends of poems seem arbitrary and prosaic.

This volume contains all that Mr. Rodgers has as yet written; naturally, therefore, there are occasional failures. But the general impression it leaves is that he is already a poet with a brilliant power of observation and an ability to organize, as in "Summer Holidays," many images and pictures into a coherent whole. There are genuine and memorable experiences in this book. STEPHEN SPENDER

Britain and America

THE ATLANTIC SYSTEM: THE STORY OF ANGLO-AMERICAN CONTROL OF THE SEAS. By Forrest Davis. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

FORREST DAVIS has done much more than present unassailable proof of the inevitability of Anglo-American cooperation in the Atlantic. While this hitherto unrecognized natural partnership is the main thesis of "The Atlantic System," the by-products of the work are just as valuable. Presenting the popular as well as the official and semi-official arguments on both sides of the question, Mr. Davis not only proves his point but shows with unexaggerated emphasis the great danger to a country of the forces of ignorance and partisanship. But for these unfortunate factors there would have been an end long ago to Anglo-American problems and hesitations, and the indispensability of an all-out alliance between the English-speaking peoples, denying to militaristic powers access to the shores of the Atlantic, would have been manifest.

Americans, as Andrew Carnegie complained, were weaned on "bad history books"; they come to the voting booth, typewriter, and platform obsessed with memories of the Revolution of 1776 and with those British applications of American theories of the freedom of the seas which produced, first, the War of 1812 and then the unpleasantnesses during the Civil War. The citizens of the New World whose false pride forbade their recognition of the hundred years' dependence of the Monroe Doctrine upon the Royal Navy were equally unaware of the steps taken by London to counteract that "Concert of Europe" which aimed at intervention against the United States at the time of the Spanish-American War and the Venezuela crisis. Nor were Americans acquainted with the fact that London had refrained from entering into European arrangements, including a German alliance, lest such action prove disturbing to Washington, and that British ambassadors had repeatedly passed on to our Department of State vital "European" secrets. Mr. Davis describes the steady retreat of British interests in deference to the spirit, and not

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merely the letter, of the Monroe Doctrine—the settlement of the Venezuelan and Alaskan problems, the relinquishment of British claims to Hawaii and the Panama Canal, and the dismantling of fortifications in this hemisphere. Without elaboration the author indicates how London exchanged an effective military Japanese alliance for an entente with Washington of doubtful reliability, and notes its offer of naval parity with the United States.

Throughout this scholarly presentation Mr. Davis uncovers the activities of a Germany responsible for the Venezuela incident, as interested in expanding into the Western Hemisphere as it was resourceful and tireless in its struggle to drive a wedge between the United States and the British Empire. Berlin's intrigues and overt acts in the Pacific are also shown, and there is a reminder of that school of German geopolitics which aims at dominating the world by seizing control of the Eastern Hemisphere. Here again, though the author does not make the allusion, we had Americans remembering von Steuben, forgetting Manila Bay, overlooking the methods whereby the important atolls of the mandated islands went via Germany to Japan.

"The Atlantic System," covering the period from 1890 to date, deals at length with Woodrow Wilson's total lack of strategic insight, a shortcoming that has been overcome in this country only since the downfall of France, and culminates in the Atlantic Declaration of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, with its promises to disarm the militarists and police the world. In a "story of Anglo-American control of the seas" there is little room for a discussion of the position of France. Yet knowing, from this work if from no other, the instability of democratic planning and how readily the peoples of America and Britain might relapse into their customary and disastrous apathy, we cannot well agree with Mr. Davis's afterthought that a liberated France does not belong in the Atlantic System. If Britons have failed to appreciate American problems, if the people of the United States have been remiss in their relations with their de facto transatlantic naval ally, the entire English-speaking world has been even more negligent in its treatment of France during the past thirty years; and this treatment explains, though it does not condone, Vichy's collaboration with the geopoliticians. In any democratic Atlantic System the ideological, military, and geographical position of a strong French Republic, one that has military and naval backing instead of promises and arguments, appears to be a sine qua non.

Mr. Davis has produced a political-naval masterpiece that is as valuable as the best of strategic and tactical treatises. Civilians have here a manual by which to test public opinion and to understand vital problems of national defense against a human rather than a technical background. It reveals the tragedy of unsound, wishful, and malicious thinking, which, during the period in question, has done more to harm democracy than a dozen enemy battle fleets could have hoped to accomplish.

ALEXANDER KIRALFY

Florida People

CROSS CREEK. By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THERE is a deceiving simplicity about "Cross Creek," a book of pleasant reminiscences of "a bend in a country road" by the sharply perceptive author of "The Yearling." By the time you finish it you realize that it is more than the story of the people and flora and fauna of a backwoods community: it is a way of life—a way that smacks of Thoreau, without Thoreau's asceticism, for the author, while believing that nature possesses the secret of happiness, loves all sorts of people, and records their peculiarities of temper and dialect with zest and humor.

"I do not understand," she writes, "how anyone can live without some small place of enchantment to turn to." She herself has found her small place among the colored folk, the white folk, the magnolia trees, the hogs, and the waters of the "Yearling" country, and in this narrative of her sojourn there she reveals herself again as an extremely sensitive observer, who sees much that others do not and feels keenly about everything. It is as if color and sound and happiness and sorrow were all heightened for her, and she translates this brightness and sharpness for the reader. It is hard to believe her assertion that writing causes her "great mental anguish," when her style is so natural, so apparently spontaneous, so full of quick humor and quick sympathies. The Florida she pictures is not the Florida of the resort folders; it is hard and crude, but being at least quiet and warless it has a good deal to recommend it just now, and "Cross Creek" places it before you with haunting charm.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

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Authority and Liberty

ON THE AGENDA OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles E. Merriam. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

PROFESSOR MERRIAM is convinced that "not even enlightened despotism" is the answer to any of the problems which a technical age faces. The answer, on the whole, he believes, is a democracy which emphasizes leadership, technical expertness, and planning. He is convinced that "liberty is not secure in proportion as government has no power." His whole treatise is a convincing refutation of laissez faire conceptions of democracy. In one sense such a thesis holds the candlelight of the obvious to the daylight of common experience, for we are obviously being driven by ineluctable historical forces to various forms of collective control, in both the economic and political sphere, which no one had anticipated a few decades ago. The real question is no longer whether we shall plan or not. The question is where the authority for planning will rest and how effectively we can keep the seats of highly centralized authority under democratic control.

In dealing with this problem on its international level Professor Merriam is convinced that we can move forward to "the security of a jural order of the world in which decisions are made upon the basis of justice rather than violence." He is not unmindful of the many complexities of international politics, but he hardly considers the perplexing problem of the relation of a central authority to the democratic essence of an international order. Any scheme of justice requires an organizing center just as much as a proper balance of all the forces and vitalities involved in it. The relation of authority to liberty is a perennial issue in all forms of political organization. The conflict inherent in these two facets of democracy is not fully comprehended in this otherwise excellent treatise. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

In All Directions

NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY, 1941. Edited by James Laughlin. New Directions. $3.50.

IF THE publication of "New Directions in Prose and Poetry" affords the reviewer the opportunity of making remarks about new directions in prose and poetry, then I can best begin this piece by observing that there are no new directions in prose or poetry. Here, mobilized under the somewhat unenthusiastic insignia of a man sitting down on a horse sitting down, the "advance guard of more than forty writers"—I take my facts and figures from the editorial blurb—exhibit their orthodoxy through six hundred pages and ten photographs. The total effect is to produce a book that I can only compare to the Fat Lady of the Circus. Here prose becomes adipose tissue and poetry mucous membrane. I feel that there must be something uncertain in the state of Connecticut, and it is either the weather or the editorial policy of James Laughlin. But before reviewing individual contributions I may point out an error of fact to the editor: Roger Roughton committed suicide in Dublin two years ago; he was not killed in the Spanish civil war. Nor should the suicide of Roughton, even at such a time as this, so full of possible deaths, be passed over parenthetically, for he was, as all his short stories (including The Sand Under the Door, reprinted here) and several of his poems attest, a youth of whom one could speak in the same breath as Charles Hamilton Sorley, Clare Parsons, and that pathetic young poet whom Matthew Arnold elevated from an entirely undeserved oblivion, David Grey. If for nothing else in the collection, those who appreciate precision of prose and a lyrical touch like Mozart's little finger should be grateful to James Laughlin for presenting a good example of Roughton's work.

It is the editorial liberality of New Directions that I boggle at; for the principles of selection at work behind the scenes of this publishing establishment remain quite beyond my personal comprehension. When the emotional constipation of Delmore Schwartz precedes the intellectual looseness of Hugh MacDiarmid, and the deliriums of André Breton follow a Survey Anthology of Soviet Russian Poetry, then I can see no good reason why the text of the Declaration of Independence and excerpts from Winchell do not also appear here. Unless the title of this annual has absolutely no significance whatever, we are entitled to anticipate that the contributions to it will share an element of the experimental that New Writing, for instance, makes no pretensions toward: New Writing is new writing but New Directions is no longer new directions.

The best thing in this issue runs to one and three-quarter pages and in this space does more to divest the human being in front of its own eyes than the whole remaining 598 pages. This is a parable called Before the Law, by Franz Kafka, and apart from being so ambiguously mysterious that each reading surrenders a whole series of new interpretations, it has a kick in the tail which I can only liken to O. Henry or rattlesnakes. There is also a bad-tempered and eccentric paper of Ezra Pound's on The Argument of the Novel that leaves me with the remembrance of a violent old man splashing noisily in the shallows of critical literature when he should be extending more Homage to Sextus Propertius; for Ezra Pound as poet has golden saliva but Ezra Pound as critic is so exhibitionist that I can never see the avoirdupois for the pound. The long surrealist poem Fata Morgana, by André Breton, if cut into strips and colored with crayon, would make a rather delightful dado for a boudoir: unlike Ezra Pound, André Breton is a great critical and theoretical writer who demonstrates perfectly the validity of the proposition that you can't write poems merely because you want to.

The verse play entitled Paris and Helen: an Entertainment, dedicated by the author, Mr. Schwartz, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, contains some of the flattest lines that I have ever read. Verse fulfils, or should fulfil, the function of an intellectual and emotional shorthand; Mr. Schwartz writes verse that reminds me of Victorian calligraphy; thick on the dramatic stroke and thin on the lyrical. He has, however, the unusual virtue of a sense of decorum, so conspicuously absent from the contributions of, for instance, Paul Goodman, who seeks to achieve his effects by an erratic posturing of the first person singular. Finally, this notice should not be concluded without a palm being handed to Georg Mann for his story on Azeff Wischmeier, the Bolshevik Bureaucrat. It is brilliant satirical fireworks. GEORGE BARKER

IN BRIEF

MODERN BATTLE. By Major Paul W. Thompson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

"Modern Battle," twelfth in a series of short military books put out by Norton, performs a distinct service for the general reader. Frequently the civilian never knows what happens during a given battle. Censorship interferes with full accounts at the time, and later, interest does not justify attempts to resurrect the past, even in cases where the facts have become available. By extensive rummaging in foreign publications, mainly German, Major Thompson has reconstructed clear and non-technical accounts of fifteen engagements in the present war, each of which he treats in a chapter. The main campaigns covered are those in Poland, France, and the Balkans. Despite its distinct virtues, his volume has a number of the shortcomings common to war books. Comparatively few military men possess the knack of writing interestingly, and Major Thompson is not one. Moreover, only battles on land are treated, and in these air power is viewed as a purely auxiliary force. Finally, though the book is newly off the press, all events touched on are at least a year in the past, and some of the most interesting and vital campaigns of the war receive no mention.

DEARLY BELOVED. By Harry Sylvester. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

An earnest but inconclusive novel about the Jesuit brotherhood in a Catholic community in Maryland, where the economic and social relations between Negroes and whites furnish a burning problem for an idealistic churchman to try to solve. Though the plot seems somewhat tailor-made to fit the author's indignant thesis, it is a sincere attempt to dramatize a worth-while issue: the church's regretful inability to remedy the cleavage between Christian doctrine and Christian practice.

SHAKESPEARE WITHOUT TEARS. By Margaret Webster. Whittlesey House. $2.75.

Some years ago Granville Barker demonstrated that a producer of Shakespeare may get a point of view from which things unnoticed by the critic or scholar become very plain. Miss Margaret Webster has the benefit of considerable experience in staging the plays, and as a result has a good many interesting things to say. Occasionally she rushes in where most of us fear to tread, as when she disputes with W. J. Lawrence about Elizabethan staging or with the fantastically technical editors on the subject of folio readings versus those of the "good" quartos; but even here she is worth examining, especially when she declares that her own experience has shown that the folio readings are often more speakable than those of the quarto. "Shakespeare Without Tears" is intended as a sort of introduction to Shakespeare for the general reader or the prospective auditor, but the point of view is always that of one who asks first how anything will work out on the stage.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

The Roots of National Socialism. By Rohan D'O. Butler. Dutton. $3.

Your Business Goes to War. By Leo M. Cherne. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

The Complete Poems of John Donne. Packard. University Classics. 95 cents.

The Axis Grand Strategy: Blueprints for the Total War. Compiled and Edited by Ladislas Farago. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.75.

Our Enemy Japan. By Wilfred Fleischer. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Paddy the Cope. An Autobiography by Patrick Gallagher. Devin-Adair. $2.50.

Grass on the Slag Heaps: The Story of the Welsh Miners. By Eli Ginzberg. Harper. $2.50.

The Royal Road to Romance. By Richard Halliburton. Pocket Books. 25 cents.

Your Children at School: How They Adjust and Develop. By Elizabeth Vernon Hubbard. John Day. $2.75.

Action on All Fronts: A Personal Account of This War. By Ralph Ingersoll. Harper. $3.50.

The Actor's Art and Job. By Harry Irvine. Dutton. $2.50.

The American Cowboy. By Will James. Scribner's. $2.50.

The Urge to the Sea: The Course of Russian History. By Robert J. Kerner. California. $2.50.

The Valor of Ignorance. By Homer Lea. Harper. $2.50.

Guerrilla Warfare. By "Yank" Levy. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

New Soldier's Handbook. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

Mediterranean Front. By Alan Moorehead. Whittlesey House. $2.75.

The Pocket Book of Vegetable Gardening. By Charles H. Nissley. Pocket Books. 25 cents.

Pictures in the Hallway. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. $2.75.

What's That Plane? The Handbook for Practical Aircraft Identication. By Walter B. Pitkin, Jr. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

Indians of South America. By Paul Radin. Doubleday, Doran. $4.

New Hampshire Borns a Town. By Marion Nicholl Rawson. Dutton. $3.50.

Pygmalion. By Bernard Shaw. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

America's Strategy in World Politics. By Nicholas John Spykman. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

Blue Ridge Country. By Jean Thomas. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

Financing the War. A Symposium Published by the Tax Institute. $2.50.

The Private Reader. Selected Articles and Reviews by Mark Van Doren. Holt. $2.75.

Four Years of Nazi Torture. By Ernst Winkler. Appleton-Century. $2.50.

Russia's Economic Front for War and Peace. By A. Yugow. Harper. $3.

DRAMA

A New Theory for J. M. B.

ACCORDING to his official biographer, J. M. Barrie thought the dream in "A Kiss for Cinderella" the best single scene he ever wrote, and so far as I am concerned there can be no doubt that it is at least the best thing in the not too happy revival of the play at the Music Box Theater. But as the same biographer admits, the piece as a whole is only for those who admire its author's famous sentiment so unreservedly that it cannot be laid on too thick to suit them, and perhaps I find the little girl's vision of what a royal ball would be like genuinely amusing just because it seems rather more in the manner of Lewis Carroll than in the manner of Barrie and hence furnishes almost the only relief in a two-hour stretch of sweet pathos and coy humor.

I doubt that I should ever know just how to take the very insubstantial story of the fabulous little waif who, in the midst of a previous world war, stole planks to make boxes in which to keep orphans, and I should not know how to take it partly because the waking scenes are almost as dreamlike as the dream itself, and I have no way of knowing what relation to reality they are supposed to bear. Nor does the present production give me very much help, since the star, Luise Rainer, is, to put it bluntly, obviously miscast. To begin with, her accent is so thick that she is, at times, quite incomprehensible, and she seems, in addition, to be the cause of incomprehensibility in others. Even Ralph Forbes, whose Policeman is certainly the best-played role in the production, sometimes requires the closest attention if one is to understand what he is saying, while Cecil Humphreys as Cinderella's artist employer talks so persistently into an invisible beard that one can, half the time, only guess at the gentle amiabilities he is supposed to be scattering. Nor is indistinctness of articulation the only reason why Miss Rainer is hardly qualified for the role, since if Maude Adams was right for it she is certainly wrong. There is in her too much of the spitfire and, in general, too sharp and rebellious a quality to suit with an atmosphere as relaxed as that which Barrie's all-pervading sweetness tends to create. Obviously the whole production has been mounted with care, but it fails to cast any adequate spell. Perhaps it will appeal to those for whom Barrie needs to be given only half a chance, but if he is ever to come back as a generally popular playwright I suspect that it will be only via better productions of other plays—plays in which he less obviously abandons himself to the very tendencies which only devotees can admire without strong reservation.

As the play unfolded and I realized with increasing alarm the strength of my own resistance to so much sweetness and light on the stage, I evolved a theory to justify what might appear to be a curmudgeonish attitude. And since the theory is brand-new—or let us say, rather, as new as anyone can reasonably expect a theory to be when it concerns a field over which Aristotle, Freud, and William James pioneered—I hereby offer it freely to such members of the public as may need to be reassured against the fear that a distaste for Barrie can mean only a heart of flint. Here, then, it goes:

To begin with, one must remember that there are two hypotheses, represented respectively by Plato and Aristotle, concerning the effect upon human conduct of what one sees represented on the stage. Plato's is simply that we tend to imitate the passions and the actions which we see represented; Aristotle's is, on the contrary, that that is precisely what we tend not to do. What we experience imaginatively is purged away, and that is of course why tragedy properly deals with evil passions and crimes, the impulses toward which are, as it were, ritualistically exorcised. Now I should like to go farther and propose what seems to me a very reasonable corollary to Aristotle's theory. If emotions experienced in watching a representation are not encouraged but got rid of, then it would seem obvious enough not only that evil passions should be represented on the stage but also that good ones should, on the contrary, not receive too full a ritual expression. And yet that is exactly what kindliness, generosity, and general benevolence do get in the works of Barrie and the other sentimental dramatists from the time of Sir Richard Steele down to the present. Even the most naturally generous man, the most universal lover of his kind, might have little benevolence left over for practical application for some time after he had been the victim of a purging as drastic as that which "A Kiss for Cinderella" administers. And now that I come to think of it, I do indeed remember that J. M. B.'s adoring biographer admits that his hero's generosity was highly capricious and that he boiled with indignation when the income-tax office finally compelled him to pay what he had for years failed to contribute. Perhaps comedy is the proper place for realism, cynicism, malice, and wit. Perhaps the place for benevolence and love is the active life.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

COLUMBIA places first on its March list the performance of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (known as "Emperor") recorded by Serkin with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Bruno Walter (Set 500, $5.78). In the first movement Serkin places very well—with power, with fire and excitement. But even in this movement I prefer Schnabel's playing in Victor Set 155—for the greater power that he achieves with the calm of maturity; also for the hair-raising tensions that he builds up and releases in the passage of ascending and descending octaves in the development section (side 3); also for the unsentimental expressiveness in the quiet passage that follows these octaves and in a few other such passages, in which Serkin's playing recalls the remark that someone told me Toscanini had made to him about Walter: "When he comes to something beautiful he melts." In the second movement the difference is more considerable: Serkin's bumpy phrasing sounds like that of a clumsy-fingered pupil, after Schnabel's with its continuity not only in rhythm but in mere physical sound. And in the third movement the principal theme as Serkin plays it has nothing of the dynamic quality which Schnabel's sharply contoured and inflected statement gives it; quieter pass-

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by Martin Niemoeller
Preface by
THOMAS MANN

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, *in The Nation, says:* "Martin Niemoeller, who sits in prison on Hitler's explicit orders even after a Nazi court declared him innocent, will undoubtedly be known as one of the heroes and martyrs of this period. . . . His 'sermons' breathe a religiously exalted defiance of tyranny. . . . To read this book with understanding is to know why the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church in all generations."

DR. CHARLES S. MacFARLAND, *Secretary Emeritus, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, says:*
"Should go into the homes of all who seek to penetrate the deeper meaning of the contemporary tragedy in Germany."

HARRY HANSEN, *N. Y. World-Telegram, says:* "Many honest Germans must pray for the welfare of Pastor Martin Niemoeller, the man who stood up against Hitler and redeemed the Church before the world."

DR. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *in the New York Herald Tribune, says:*
"Martin Niemoeller might have avoided trouble. He had only to be tactful and above all to keep silent. But like an earlier and greater Martin, Niemoeller felt himself under the command of conscience. He could not do otherwise than speak. . . ."

NOTE: Not one cent of the royalties from this book goes to Germany.

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ages again are sentimentalized by Serkin as they are not by Schnabel; and that episode in the development in which three times the principal theme begins expansively and then is brought to the same bustling conclusion hasn't the humor in Serkin's performance that it has in Schnabel's. I would, then, choose Schnabel's performance in spite of the mediocre orchestral framework; and if I wanted more distinguished orchestral playing I would take Columbia Set 243, with the orchestral part played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter, and with Gieseking's performance of the piano part, which is sensitive and suave not only where Serkin's is powerful but where it is sentimental or bumpy.

Another reason for these preferences is the recorded sound of the new Serkin-Walter version. Toscanini's 1936 recording of Dawn from "Götterdämmerung" reproduces the real sound of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony—among other things the dark color and richness of the low strings, the depth and body in the sound of the kettledrum, the deep-plumbing massiveness of the sound of the full orchestra. On these new Columbia records the sound of the orchestra is voluminous but flat, with none of that depth and body; the kettledrum is wooden; the cellos are light in color and nasal in quality; and even the voluminousness that is impressive at first gets to be noisy and confused and unpleasant. And in addition there is the noise and grit of the surfaces, with a periodic sputter on one of them. I have been speaking of what the records sound like on large wide-range machines with light, sensitive pickups; on a small machine of limited range with a heavy pickup the sound is more agreeable, but that sputter remains. The recorded sound of the Schnabel performance in Victor Set 155 is balanced and clear, natural and easy to listen to; that of the Gieseking-Walter performance in Columbia Set 243 is a little less good in these respects.

The depth and body and other normal characteristics of an orchestra's sound that I mentioned before are to be heard in Columbia's recording of the performance of Debussy's "Iberia" by Reiner with the Pittsburgh Symphony (Set 491, $3.68). Its one fault is that when the volume is set correctly for the loud passages it is incorrect for some of the soft ones. Thus, at the beginning of the last movement what should be the soft, distant sound of the flute passage of the second movement (marked *pp* and *encore plus lointain* by Debussy) is loud and near; the twenty-two measures in which the first movement dies out are also too loud and near; and I could cite other instances. The performance is good; the work is one of Debussy's most marvelous scores; the set, therefore, is a must.

Only one of Victor's February orchestral recordings has arrived so far: Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" waltzes, performed by Ormandy in an exaggerated Viennese waltz style that is as ludicrous as it is tasteless (18390, $1). And as it happens the only other February item that I can report on is the complete recording of Chopin's Waltzes played by Brailovsky (Sets 863 and 864, $4.50 and $3.50). The best known of these pieces are quite charming; the few that are rarely if ever played—Op. 69 No. 2, Op. 70 Nos. 2 and 3, each on one side of the three records in Set 864—turn out to be uninteresting. Brailovsky's performances are in the affected, capricious, and sentimental style that most people think proper for Chopin; and they are recorded with excellent fidelity to timbre, but with occasional rattles, and with several crackling or gritty surfaces in my review copy.

The way of playing Chopin that most people think proper and I do not is to distort the shape of the piece in order to exaggerate its emotional content. The way of playing him that I think proper and most people do not is one in which emotional insight operates through, and is restrained by, a sense for plastic coherence in form. And this way was heard in Webster Aitken's magnificent performances of the Twenty-Four Preludes at his recent Town Hall recital—magnificent as forms in sound, and through these as poetic communications. Aitken's recitals are occasions at which he presents to the public whatever music has occupied his mind; and in the past this has been matters like Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata, Bach's "Goldberg" Variations, Schubert's Sonatas. But this time he turned out to have been absorbed in four arid little Duets of Bach, in which his phrasing was exciting for itself; and in Debussy's Twelve Etudes, which were the occasion for a display of stunning pianistic eloquence in a vacuum—the musical vacuum of those elaborations of Debussyan idiom and style. On April 15 at the Y.M.H.A. this eloquence will be displayed in music more worthy of it—Beethoven's Sonatas Op. 28, 81a, and "Hammerklavier."

B. H. HAGGIN

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Coming Soon in The Nation
"The Nazi Underground in South America"
by Hugo Fernandez Artucio
Reviewed by William L. Shirer

CONTRIBUTORS

DONALD GRANT is a fellow of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard University.

MAURICE FELDMAN, Austrian economist and journalist, lived in Scandinavia for some time before coming to this country and has since kept in close touch with affairs in that part of the world.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES has recently published a book of verse entitled "Out of the Jewel."

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER is the author of two distinguished books of short stories, "Flowering Judas" and "Pale Horse, Pale Rider." Her first full-length novel, "No Safe Harbor," is scheduled for spring publication.

ALEXANDER KIRALFY, an authority on military and naval strategy, will soon publish "Victory in the Pacific: How We Must Defeat Japan."

LOUIS B. SALOMON, a member of the English Department of Brooklyn College, reviews fiction regularly for *The Nation.*

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Letters to the Editors

Dr. Niebuhr on the Jews: First Honest Analysis

Dear Sirs: I wish to congratulate you on the publication of Reinhold Niebuhr's articles, Jews After the War, in your issues of February 21 and 28. They are the first utterance in any American magazine that attempts a profound and honest analysis of the problem instead of indulging in flattering generalities. It is my conviction that an article such as this does more toward the solution of so intricate a problem than a dozen interfaith meetings.

DR. JOACHIM PRINZ

Newark, N. J., March 2

In Brandeis's Footsteps

Dear Sirs: The publication of Reinhold Niebuhr's Jews After the War was a noteworthy event. It is heartening to know that a distinguished spokesman for genuine American liberalism understands the essence of the Jewish problem. Liberal and progressive Americans honor the late Justice Brandeis, and it is encouraging to note that they are also willing to accept his basic conception of Americanism and to support the cause of Zionism to which he was so zealously devoted.

LOUIS E. LEVINTHAL, President,
Zionist Organization of America

Washington, D. C., March 1

A People Needs a Country

Dear Sirs: . . . I was particularly gratified to find in *The Nation* an unbiased and correct appraisal of the Zionist movement by a Christian authority who has earned for himself an enviable reputation as a great thinker, philosopher, and logician. . . . It is high time that the voices of liberal opinion in America should cease treating the Jews as a religious sect which in a free and democratic world is entitled to "toleration." Any casual survey of recorded history will reveal them as a distinct ethnic group or people. As such they must have a base or homeland of their own just as other peoples have, without prejudice to their rights of citizenship in any other country of their birth or adoption.

I have read much in *The Nation* about the anticipated post-war settlement in which Poland, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, France, etc., will be resurrected. This, of course, is elementary justice. But no such settlement will have any permanent value in the society of the future unless the Jewish question is dealt with realistically, and Jews too are treated as a people instead of as refugees.

ADALBERT FREEMAN

Atlanta, Ga., March 5

Zionism a Counsel of Despair

Dear Sirs: Dr. Niebuhr deserves, and doubtless will receive, many thanks from Jews for his sincere effort to provide a solution for the vexing Jewish problem, but in his eagerness to lay that famous ghost he seems to have simplified the question too much and to have provided a confusing and inadequate answer.

The desirability and possibility of a settlement of Jews in Palestine was demonstrated before the rise of Hitlerism. That scourge has made the Jewish National Home a crying need. The establishment of a strong, populous Jewish settlement in Palestine will be one of the first and most urgent tasks of civilization after the war.

But will it provide a solution for the Jewish problem, which is fundamentally one of the relationship between Jews and non-Jews? The principal tenet of Zionist philosophy is that the attempt to solve the cluster of problems—social, economic, political, psychological, religious, and so on—arising from this relationship has been an absolute failure; that those problems can only be solved by the removal of the Jews to a place where they can be by themselves. This fundamental faith denies any possibility of solving the Jewish problem outside Palestine. Yet the problem itself is based on the assumption that relationship between Jews and non-Jews is not only possible but unavoidable, and that the home of the Jews is the place of their birth or adoption. The success or failure of Zionism, therefore, has little bearing on the Jewish problem.

Assuming that one million or two million Jews can be settled in Palestine after the war, how will that solve the problem of the other fourteen or fifteen million Jews in the rest of the world? Will Dr. Niebuhr contend that anti-Semites in the United States, Germany, and Poland will be less virulent if they know that Jews have a home of their own in Palestine? Would not the reverse be the case? Would not the successful removal of several million Jews from their native homes be rather an encouragement to the anti-Semites to increase their activities? That is what actually happened in Poland before the war; the success of the Zionist experiment spurred the Polish anti-Semites to a more intensified campaign.

I am not advancing this as an argument against Zionism. Anti-Semites will never be satisfied no matter what the Jews do, but by the same logic, the success of Zionism cannot possibly affect the position of the Jews in the diaspora. The sphere of Zionism is Palestine. There it has done and is doing excellent work, but when an attempt is made to apply Zionist principles and philosophy to Jewish life outside Palestine, the Jewish problem is complicated, not solved. Dr. Niebuhr's articles are excellent proof of this. He is clear and convincing so long as he argues for the establishment of a National Home in Palestine or elsewhere, but he becomes obscure and highly confusing as soon as he tries to apply his nationalistic principles to Jewish life outside Palestine, for instance, in the United States.

One gathers from Dr. Niebuhr that Jews in America, as elsewhere, are a distinct social group, unmistakably different from the larger American group by reason of some mysterious qualities which cannot be clearly stated because they are neither cultural, religious, nor racial alone. In fact, Dr. Niebuhr tells us that it is not only futile but wrong for American Jews to try to sink their group differences in the larger American culture. They render no service either to democracy or to their own people by doing so, he says. It appears that what used to be known in former days as Americanization is a cultural vulgarity and almost an ethical offense if practiced by the Jews. Yet Dr. Niebuhr does not seem to find anything wrong in the same process going on among other nationalities in the United States. The Jews alone seem to be sentenced to a kind of eternal cultural and spiritual isolation, from which they can escape only by removing themselves to a place of their own in Palestine, or in some other place—perhaps Madagascar.

One is somehow depressed by such a statement despite the terms of ultra-modern and super-refined liberalism in which it is couched. And no wonder, for there is a distinct echo of racialism in it, even if the racialism is named "cultural pluralism."

It is understandable, even excusable, for Jews in the face of their present tragedy to lose faith in humanity and to wish to slam the door on the world. But for non-Jewish liberals to offer such counsel of despair to the Jews as a solution of their problem is very disheartening.

WILLIAM ZUCKERMAN

New York, March 2

The Jewish Will to Survive

Dear Sirs: Dr. Niebuhr's article was like a clear strong wind blowing away the cobwebs and the musty odor of a house long closed to air and sunlight.

"Those Jews who do not feel themselves engaged by a collective will to live have a perfect right to be so disengaged," he says. No liberal Christian will challenge that, nor will the Jew who recognizes "Jewish nationality [as] something more than race and less than nationhood" be able to deflect the instinct of assimilative annihilation among those others. But history tells a tale of the Jewish mass will to survive, and for millions of Jews Zionism is the expression of that will.

Granted that in another civilization or perhaps in an advanced phase of our civilization the Jews might survive as a nationality scattered among nations, it is nevertheless tragically unrealistic to offer that solution now. Dr. Niebuhr is both realist and scholar when he states that he regards answers to the Jewish problem which do not take basic ethnic facts into consideration as expressions of a premature universalism.

ROSE L. HALPRIN

New York, March 4

Mr. MacDonald Objects

Dear Sirs: As a *Nation* contributor and an old friend and admirer of Victor Serge, I'd like to be allowed a few comments on the exchange between a group of Mexicans and German refugees, several of whom are known Stalinists, and the editors of *The Nation* which appeared in *The Nation* for February 28.

The letter attacks in violent language Richard H. Rovere's article in a recent *Nation* exposing the political motives behind the charges, made chiefly in Toledano's own paper, *El Popular,* that five left-wing refugees in Mexico are Nazi agents. The letter repeats the charge and refers to "proofs" that are alleged to be in the hands of a committee of the Mexican Congress. Although the letter does not even hint what these "proofs" are, and although Rovere is an assistant editor of *The Nation,* the editors of *The Nation* reply in effect by washing their hands of the whole business. One of the five refugees under attack, Gustav Regler, is strongly indorsed; another, Victor Serge, is less positively indorsed; and the other three are abandoned under the rubric: "We cannot answer for the character of all the persons who have been under attack in Mexico."

On February 9 a letter signed by 200 prominent Americans was sent to President Camacho demanding that he afford protection to the five refugees. That letter did "answer" for the anti-fascist character of these men. "It is a matter of public record," it said, "that all of these men have for years been active anti-fascists." Among the signers were Governor Culbert Olson of California, Thomas Mann, Dorothy Thompson, Matthew Woll, David Dubinsky, Freda Kirchwey, and four other editors of *The Nation.*

Now, am I right in assuming that what is at issue is not the general political beliefs of these refugees but certain specific charges of past and present collaboration with the Nazis in Europe and now in Mexico?

The letter from Mexico implies that anyone who opposes the present war is an agent of Hitler. With consummate tactical skill it refers only once to the issue—are these men the "shock troops of the Nazi fifth column" as charged?—and devotes most of its space to attacking their line on the war. It's not at all clear to me whether *The Nation* accepts this reasoning or not. Its apparent change of heart about these refugees implies that it does, since the letter from Mexico adduces no evidence that Serge and his partners are "Axis agents" beyond their alleged general political attitude toward the war.

It seems to me important for all of us who are still concerned about political morality to become clear on this. Does one or does one not become a tool of fascism, in *The Nation's* eyes, if one opposes the present conduct of the war as imperialistic? Can liberals still distinguish between Nazi agents and revolutionary working-class socialists? At the very moment that Gorkin, a former leader of the P. O. U. M., for example, is being slandered by his Communist opponents as a Nazi agent, fourteen leading members of the P. O. U. M. have just been condemned by a Vichy court to years of imprisonment at hard labor for "having maintained or reformed in France a political party capable of injuring the safety of the French state." *The Nation* has made its attitude toward Vichy clear enough. Is it willing to believe, on the mere word of his bitter political enemies, that a leader of a group even now being punished for "injuring the safety" of this Nazi stooge regime, that such a man—whatever one's political disagreement with him—is likely to be an Axis agent?

DWIGHT MACDONALD

New York, March 1

[Since this letter by Mr. MacDonald voices a point of view expressed by several other friends of the refugees under attack in Mexico, it is evident that *The Nation* did not make its position clear in the answer to the protest from Mexico. This time we would like to be as explicit as possible and then drop the subject for good. *The Nation's* answer was not intended to "cast suspicion" on Gorkin, Pivert, or Muniz. Our purpose was to insist for a second time that men should not be threatened or attacked for their political beliefs. We cited specifically the records of Serge and Regler for two reasons: first, because we know both men well enough, either through their work or personally, to be able to judge at first hand the character of the charges leveled against them; and, second, because their public support of the war against the Axis itself contradicts those charges.

Mr. MacDonald asks whether we believe that one becomes a tool of fascism "if one opposes the present conduct of the war as imperialistic." This is a political catch question. *The Nation* itself, supporting the war from the start, has frequently criticized the way it was conducted. The real question is whether a person becomes a tool of fascism if he opposes the war itself—not merely its "present conduct"—as imperialistic. To that question our answer is yes.

Fascism asks no more of anyone than opposition to the war as an imperialist adventure. Nevertheless, a tool is not an agent, though Mr. MacDonald seems to use the words interchangeably. The attitude and activities of these men do not make them "Nazi agents" or justify threats against them or attacks upon them by Communists.—THE EDITORS OF THE NATION.]

THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

HITLER IS PLAGUED BY JACKAL TROUBLE. Just at the moment when he is calling on the Axis puppets for large new contingents of cannon fodder for his spring campaign, two of his allies have started snarling viciously between themselves. Hungary and Rumania both seem much more anxious to fight each other than to continue battle against the Russians. The bone of contention is Transylvania, the division of which, as dictated by Hitler in the Vienna agreement, left both claimants unsatisfied. In a recent speech Michael Antonescu, brother of the Rumanian Premier and acting Foreign Minister, declared: "During the past year we have been victims of grave offenses and provocations. . . . Northern Transylvania, cradle of our country, was submitted to a regime of oppression and humiliations." Replying to this speech, Count Bela Teleki, spokesman for Transylvania in the Hungarian Parliament, asserted: "We must take action to insure that the shameful conditions [in southern or Rumanian Transylvania], under which Hungarian nationals are robbed of all their possessions and are oppressed, end immediately." The exchange of accusations and insults is now being taken up by the press of both countries, and there are reports of concentrations of Rumanian and Hungarian troops along the Transylvanian frontier. Most significant of all is a story from Berne to the effect that Premier Antonescu is negotiating with Dr. Juliu Maniu, leader of the Rumanian peasants and a stout anti-Nazi whose popularity is such that the Nazis have not dared to touch him. Maniu is said to demand as a basis for cooperation the withdrawal of Rumania from the Axis pact. This may be a bigger price than Antonescu can afford to pay, but he is said to have agreed that no more Rumanian troops shall be sent to Russia unless Hungary makes equal sacrifices.

* * *

IT IS CLEAR FROM MOSCOW DISPATCHES that German resistance has stiffened all along the vast Russian front. Soviet troops still seem to be making some progress in most areas, but none of the chief German strong points have fallen. Some are surrounded and others under severe attack, but so far the German defensive strategy appears to have worked successfully. In the past few days both the tempo of the Soviet attack and the strength of German resistance have been intensified. For the first time in months we read reports of the extensive use of Nazi planes. Eighty-eight were reported destroyed this last week-end—seventeen brought down by Soviet-flown British Hurricanes at the approaches to Moscow. Particularly encouraging is the announced arrival behind the Soviet lines of a number of American Airacobra planes, said to be superior to the latest German Messerschmitts. The Russians are also reported to have a considerable number of sixty-ton and ninety-ton tanks in reserve for the expected Nazi spring offensive. Talk of an early break between Japan and the Soviet Union has been checked, temporarily at least, by a one-year renewal of the Soviet-Japanese fisheries agreement that expired last December. It is fairly clear that the Soviet Union will not initiate war with Japan until Great Britain and the United States have opened up a second front in Europe. Recent speeches by Litvinov point clearly in this direction. What Japan will do remains anyone's guess.

*

EVIDENCE PRESENTED AT THE RIOM TRIAL continues to reveal appalling inefficiency in the war leadership of the French generals, many of whom are today in positions of high responsibility in the Vichy regime. All the witnesses testifying before the court have stressed the failure of the French air fleet to render assistance to its troops in the desperate days of May, 1940. Yet Daladier has pointed out that France still had 4,200 planes, including 1,600 first-line craft in the unoccupied zone in June of that year. He said that 750 anti-aircraft guns, or enough for fourteen divisions, fell into German hands at the French supply depots. In view of the revelations, it is little wonder that Fernand de Brinon, Vichy envoy to the German authorities in Paris, is reported to have suggested that the Riom trial be dropped "as detrimental to the interests of [Vichy] France." Some observers have declared that the trials indicate that Vichy is not as supine in its relationship to Germany as is commonly supposed. There is, however, little other evidence to support this view. French policy continues to come as close to outright collaboration with the Reich as is possible without actual entry into the war. The Riom trials prove, however, that the French courts are resisting Nazi dictation just as the German courts did in the first years of Hitler's regime.

*

THE APPOINTMENT OF RICHARD G. CASEY AS a member of the British War Cabinet and its representative in the Middle East has had the unexpected result of calling attention to the dissatisfaction felt by Australia because it is not allowed to share in the formation of war policies. Prime Minister Churchill apparently thought that the appointment of Casey would ease the strain which had arisen between London and Canberra. But it happened that Prime Minister Curtin of Australia preferred to have Casey retain his post as Minister to the United States, and was indignant when Churchill overrode his desires in the matter. The real reason for Curtin's wish to keep Casey in Washington came out a day or so later when Herbert Evatt, the Australian Minister of External Affairs, arrived in Washington with a proposal that the War Council which determines Pacific strategy should sit in Washington and that Australia and New Zealand should have full representation on it. It was, of course, the Australian government's intention to have Casey represent it on this council. At present Australia has a member on the Southwestern Pacific Council, which sits in London, but basic military decisions are made in Washington by a body which contains no delegate from the British dominions. The problem of working out effective representation for the smaller partners in the war effort of the United Nations, while maintaining efficient centralization of control, is a difficult one. But surely no country has a better claim to recognition than the dominion which is now carrying the heaviest part of the struggle against Japan.

*

A WARNING AGAINST ANTI-LABOR HYSTERIA has been issued in an unexpected quarter. The *Wall Street Journal* of March 23 enters a plea against hasty and vindictive legislation designed to overthrow present federal labor policy. This is news of the man-bites-dog variety. Of course, the major organ of big business has not experienced a Pauline conversion. It is as much against the National Labor Relations Act and the wage-and-hour law as ever, but unlike the Scripps-Howard press, it has some conception of the ultimate implications of Representative Howard Smith's bill. Repeal of the forty-hour law, it realizes, would not necessarily lengthen the working week. But it would mean a cut in pay encouraging and legitimatizing a demand for higher hourly rates. That could prove awkward after the war. It realizes, too, though it does not say so directly, that abrogation by law of union contracts limiting hours would provide a precedent for legislative abrogation of contracts between corporations and the government. And, indeed, if overtime pay is ruled out by Congress, it will be essential to revise every defense contract which in fixing prices took into account the payment of overtime rates. The *Wall Street Journal* fears that coercion of labor of the kind advocated by Representative Smith and others may prove a "totalitarian beginning" which will lead to other and less desirable totalitarian ends. "If we put a ceiling on wages," it points out, "we will put it on profits. If we demand that a worker shall take part of his pay in defense bonds, why should not also a Congressman or an editor?" We don't indorse all the arguments in this inverted special pleading against a crack-down on labor, but they seem worth the attention of the prairie firebugs discussed by Mr. Stone on a later page.

*

IT IS NOT A SHORTAGE OF OIL BUT A shortage of transport which has made necessary the War Production Board's order to reduce deliveries of gasoline by 20 per cent to dealers in Eastern Atlantic and Northwest Pacific states. The U-boats have been successful in picking off a number of tankers; others have had to be diverted from their regular routes to supply United Nations forces in distant parts of the world. Australia, for instance, which formerly depended on the Netherlands Indies for its oil supplies, must now draw on this country or Iran, and in both cases long and hazardous voyages are necessary. The result is that those parts of the United States which have hitherto depended on tankers for oil must curtail non-essential gasoline consumption or risk a shortage of heating and industrial fuels. Secretary Ickes, the Petroleum Coordinator, has declared that dealer rationing is only a preliminary step and that consumer rationing cards will follow as soon as a system can be organized. This proposed measure has been attacked by the gasoline dealers and the Automobile Association, but it seems to us the only reasonably fair method of distributing the reduced supply. The dealers fear it will encourage "price chiseling" by dealers scrambling to collect coupons and thus swell their total volume. On the other hand, we expect that the method of restricting consumption by rationing dealers, while admissable as a stopgap, is going to cause headaches to dealers and their customers alike. The former must give preference to various classes of consumers, such as physicians and truckers, and will then have to decide how to allot what remains among other consumers. The system is certain to encourage the payment of premiums and evasion of price ceilings.

*

THE U-BOAT CAMPAIGN OFF THE ATLANTIC coast appears to be gaining headway despite the increasing vigilance of our patrol forces. Losses have not been large in relation to the total number of ships which daily ply the sea lanes along our coast, but they are large enough to cause concern. Fortunately, there are reasons to believe that conditions will improve. The navy has announced that the number of patrol vessels will be substantially increased within a few weeks. Great Britain has sent planes to Cuba to join in the submarine hunt. Furthermore, it has been found that losses can be kept down by restricting shipping to specified northbound and southbound coastal lanes during the daylight hours, and requesting all vessels to put into port at night. This plan has been tried with satisfactory results, and if it is put into full operation, losses should be cut to a minimum.

EARL BROWDER HAS BEEN IN PRISON FOR a year now, and this week the Communists are holding a demonstration in New York to urge his release. It has been *The Nation's* position since Browder's conviction a year and a half ago that while the government's case against the Communist leader was legitimate, the penalty was unjust. He was given a $2,000 fine and four years in federal penitentiary for failing to inform the authorities that a passport he had used during the Spanish war was not his first. No evidence was introduced to show that the offense had serious consequences, nor was there any precedent for imposing so heavy a sentence. The truth is that Browder's case was brought to trial at a time when Communist opposition to the war and the American defense program had aroused strong public resentment, and the severity of the sentence was a measure of the party's unpopularity. Earl Browder is in Atlanta Penitentiary because he is a Communist; all precedents would indicate that if he had not been a Communist he would have received either a reprimand or at most a small fine. This fact alone is sufficient argument for his release.

The Guthrie Case

IT MAY be no coincidence that the "prairie fire" against labor and the forty-hour week which I. F. Stone examines on page 358 flared up just at the moment when the resignation from the War Production Board of Robert R. Guthrie, a conservative business man, called attention to the extent to which some of the dollar-a-year men were still holding up the all-out conversion of industry for war purposes. The lag in output of many kinds of war material is a fact, but there is little evidence to show that it is due to strikes—which have almost ceased since Pearl Harbor—or to the forty-hour week. On the other hand there is plenty of evidence of corporations putting profits before defense, of industries clinging tenaciously to inventories needed for war production, of the reluctance of private business to give up the manufacture of civilian luxuries and to make use of substitute materials.

This is the situation which has been dramatically exposed by Mr. Guthrie's resignation. It is also the situation from which the propagandists of the National Association of Manufacturers are strenuously endeavoring to distract attention by grabbing the headlines for the "little man's" revolt against union labor.

The rules for the employment of dollar-a-year men include a provision that no person shall be employed in any position in which he will make decisions directly affecting the affairs of his own company. But if the testimony of Mr. Guthrie and other WPB executives is to be believed, this rule is honored in the letter rather than in the spirit. We are told, for instance, that Philip D. Reed, chairman of the board of General Electric, who is chief of the Bureau of Industry Branches, opposed Mr. Guthrie's proposals for ending the production of radios, of which General Electric is one of the major manufacturers. Another dollar-a-year man, Kenneth Marriner—formerly connected with a wool-manufacturing firm—was said to be instrumental in blocking proposals for blending wool with other materials so as to stretch the limited supplies available for civilian use.

It is to the credit of Production Chief Donald Nelson that he should have asked for an investigation of the Guthrie case by the Truman committee, one of the few Congressional committees which can be trusted to go into the story thoroughly, letting dollar-a-year chips fall where they may. Unfortunately, Mr. Guthrie was subpoenaed by the Faddis subcommittee of the House Military Affairs Committee before the Truman committee could hear him, and the Faddis subcommittee is one of the most reactionary of the Congressional bodies investigating the arms program. Charles I. Faddis of Pennsylvania, chairman of the subcommittee, is a Democrat, but he is as bitterly opposed to the New Deal as any of the most benighted bourbons from the poll-tax states. J. P. Thomas of New Jersey, one of the leading lights of the Dies committee, is the ranking member of the Faddis subcommittee. The general counsel for the committee, H. Ralph Burton, was counsel to Father Coughlin and the National Union for Social Justice in the 1936 Presidential campaign. So far the subcommittee has turned in three reports—one whitewashing the Aluminum Company of America, the second praising the dollar-a-year men, and the third smearing the Rural Electrification Administration in Arkansas.

It is to be hoped that the Truman committee will soon rescue Guthrie from the Faddis subcommittee and give him the full hearing he deserves. It is important to labor and to the Administration that his case be fully aired, for it will show where the real faults of our arms effort lie and what steps must be taken to correct them.

A Pacific Offensive?

A WAVE of optimism has swept over the United Nations as a result of General MacArthur's assumption of supreme command in the Pacific. In part it may be attributed to the drama of his journey from the Philippines to Australia in the face of supposed Japanese mastery of the sea and air. Psychologically, the people of the United Nations needed just such a remarkable exploit to relieve the pessimism engendered by the seemingly never-ending series of Japanese successes. But fundamentally the optimism is based on a general recognition of MacArthur's abilities. Certainly no other military leader has yet appeared in the United Nations who possesses MacArthur's combination of experience in military leadership, knowledge of the Pacific area, and fighting qualities.

Considerable credit must be given to President Roosevelt for the decision to move MacArthur to his present post. It will be recalled that many of the anti-Administration newspapers had been urging that he be brought home to take charge of America's defenses. There had even been hints that the President was afraid to "save" MacArthur lest the General run against him in the 1944 elections. If anything had happened to MacArthur in his hazardous journey to Australia, we can be sure that these papers would have placed the responsibility directly upon Mr. Roosevelt. Yet the President took the risk because, as he himself pointed out, winning the war must come before all other considerations.

The first reaction in many circles to MacArthur's shift has been the assumption that the United Nations would now take the offensive against the Japanese. MacArthur himself seemed to confirm this assumption when he declared that he was sent "for the purpose . . . of organizing an American offensive against Japan." It would be unfortunate, however, if the public concluded from this statement that a large-scale offensive against the Japanese would be launched within the next few days or weeks. For the moment MacArthur is bound to have his hands much too full defending Australia to initiate any sweeping counterblows. During the coming weeks there may be periods when it will be nip and tuck whether Australia can be held. But if anyone can hold it, Douglas MacArthur is the man. His record in the Philippines shows that he can not only fight a skilful defensive battle against great odds but attack with vigor when the opportunity presents itself. We can be sure that in the midst of essentially defensive action, he will be planning the counterblows to be delivered as soon as his forces are adequate for the task.

More than that, we see increasing indications that American strategy in the Pacific is being shaped in the direction of a more vigorous use of such resources as we have for carrying the war to the enemy. This is evident in the powerful air attacks delivered last week against Japanese convoys off New Guinea. It is perhaps even more evident in the appointment of Lieutenant General Stilwell to direct Chinese and American forces operating in Burma, and concurrently as chief of staff of the Chinese armies in China itself. For it should be obvious that the most telling blows that can be delivered against Japan at present will not be in Australia, where American and Australian forces may soon be battling against odds, but in Burma, Thailand, and China, where action can be launched against Japan's lengthening lines of communication and even against the Japanese islands themselves. An offensive from Australia can be achieved only with naval as well as air superiority. For the moment the disaster in the Java Sea has left the United Nations without even an adequate defense force in the South Pacific—although there are reports that this situation may soon be rectified. In Burma, Thailand, and China what is required for successful offensive action is land and air superiority. On land the Chinese alone have troops which, if properly equipped, could drive the Japanese into the sea; India could provide unlimited man-power. British and American pilots have so far maintained superiority in the air. Given supplies—and they appear to be arriving despite the loss of the Rangoon end of the Burma road—and cooperation from India, a real offensive can be launched in this area. Unfortunately, India's vast resources are tied up pending political action by Britain. Fully effective offensive action may depend more on Cripps's journey to India than on MacArthur's spectacular flight to Australia.

Curb the Fascist Press!

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE fascist press in the United States should be suppressed. It is a menace to freedom and an obstacle to winning the war. To protect it in the name of democracy is an evidence of timidity, not of self-confidence. A self-confident nation takes whatever steps are necessary to secure its existence; it does not allow its institutions to be used by its enemies as weapons for its own destruction.

Many good liberals who support the war believe that the fascist press in the United States is no menace. They think it can safely be ignored or its effect offset by pro-democratic counter-propaganda. They think suppression would be more dangerous than the thing suppressed. They say, The American people can be trusted to reject treasonable, anti-democratic arguments. They ask, How can you draw the line between treason and defeatism or ordinary isolationism? They argue that opinion as such should never be suppressed, that any limitation on the expression of opinion may lead to repression of all opposition to or criticism of the government.

This, roughly, is the position of our Attorney General. Mr. Biddle remembers the attacks on pacifists and "reds" and dissenters generally that disgraced the country during and after the First World War, and he is determined to prevent another epidemic of witch-hunting—legal and extra-legal. His attitude has undoubtedly spared us many nasty incidents, and we have good reason to be grateful for his democratic conscience; but I think his fears of indiscriminate repression have led him to underestimate both the dangers we face and the capacity of a liberal government—with a liberal Attorney General—to distinguish between enemies and traitors on the one hand and loyal critics on the other. Risks are inevitable in war time; a Biddle might be replaced by a Martin Dies. And even a Biddle can make mistakes. But in my opinion such risks are not so great or so immediate as the danger of an unchecked fascist press.

I use the word "fascist" deliberately. It is not a perfect word, and a semanticist would censor it immediately. But it covers better than any other the varieties of opinion I believe should be prohibited the use of the mails. The fascist press includes such out-and-out pro-Axis papers as still exist; it includes also the publications of native fascists like Pelley and Deatherage and of Jew-baiters, Britain-haters, and foes of democracy like Coughlin. There are a lot of these in the country, and their considerable circulation is increased by millions of pamphlets and throw-aways preaching the same gospel. All of them should be suppressed.

It is not enough to watch them and wait till they propose some overt act such as rebellion among the armed troops or the assassination of the President. It is not safe to discount them as the mouthpieces of individual cranks and crackpot minorities. It is necessary to consider them, and the democratic safeguards behind which they carry on their work, in the context of the movement of which they are a part.

Fascism invariably uses cranks and dissatisfied minorities as its fifth column in all the countries it attacks. The treason press in the United States, small or large, is an integral part of the fascist offensive. These miserable sheets are enemy paraphernalia whether they are edited by sixth-generation Americans or first-generation Germans. This war is only incidentally a national war. Primarily it is a war against the whole future society for which these papers clamor. Their attacks on democratic methods, their filthy slanders of the President, their lies about Jews, as well as the open aid and comfort they offer to the Axis, combine to make them fit subjects for suppression. They should be exterminated exactly as if they were enemy machine-gun nests in the Bataan jungle. And in wiping them out we shall be forced to admit that "opinion" can no longer be considered a sacred prerogative of our enemies just because they happen to be fighting within our borders. Opinion is one of their most effective weapons, and to allow them to use it against us is reckless to the point of insanity.

It has been argued that the worst dangers of anti-democratic propaganda can be averted by a policy of forcing full publicity about its source. Morris Ernst, for example, believes that disclosure rather than repression is the best method of control. He would not drive Father Coughlin off the air or suppress *Social Justice* but would force him to disclose publicly the sources of his funds and the individuals or organizations for whom he speaks. Such compulsory disclosure, like the registration of agents of alien firms or governments, might serve as a check, but it would be a minor one at best. The limits on its usefulness are immediately apparent. Concealment of sources of funds is not difficult; it has been practiced consistently and successfully, and even the threat of federal action would not end it. Undoubtedly, if we had a law compelling exposure, some pro-fascist persons and groups, skulking behind false names, would be exposed and jailed; that would be useful, just as the imprisonment of Viereck is a good thing. But only the careless would be caught. And even when exposure is successfully enforced, the effect may be unimportant. Not every purveyor of fascist poison is paid by Hitler or the Mikado. Many are subsidized by the pennies of their own followers; Coughlin himself must get a large part of his support from sympathizers—isolationists, anti-British Irish, Christian Fronters. Even some wealthy, "respectable" citizens have openly backed pro-fascist enterprises. Publicity would weaken the fascist press but it would not kill it.

Nor can we depend upon the health of the democratic community to throw off the infection. The people of the United States are certainly behind the war and against fascism, foreign or domestic. But the ills of our social system offer the anti-democratic propagandist powerful ammunition to shove into his guns. Racial discrimination, poverty, insecurity are used by the enemy press to attack the morale of large numbers of people. The ills are real; their cure is not to be found in substituting tyranny for an imperfect democracy. But the alternatives are not set forth. Instead, the genuine grievances of the people are inflamed and their unity and fighting spirit undermined. It is foolish to pretend that Americans are immune to this sort of attack. We are neither wiser nor better fortified than were our brothers in countries that today are captive units in the fascist new order.

The best lesson we can take from their fate is the necessity of action while there still is time to act. Tolerance, democratic safeguards, trust in public enlightenment—these happy peace-time techniques have demonstrated their inadequacy. Two methods are open to us: suppression and a vigorous counter-attack. Both should be used. The organs of the party-line fascists are easy to identify and should be put out of business without delay. The fellow-travelers should be watched—and fought. McCormick and Hearst and Patterson are more dangerous than the out-and-out fascists both because they are not out-and-out fascists and because the circulation of their papers is enormous. Their defeatist arguments and misleading information must be met by an unceasing barrage of counter-propaganda; the recent speech by Archibald MacLeish was an excellent example of the way they should be handled. And the moment they skid across the thin line that divides their doctrine from open treason they should face the full blast of the law.

I don't deny that a policy of suppressing enemy propaganda involves difficult problems of differentiation and danger of such errors as the British government has stumbled into in its attack on the London *Daily Mirror*. But I believe those problems and dangers must be faced. The last ten years are strewed with the wreckage of democratic governments that refused to take strong measures until it was too late. The United States has a healthy instinct for self-preservation, and we have still a good chance to reject the technique of democratic suicide perfected in Europe.

All-Out Against Labor

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 22

ADMINISTRATION leaders have rarely been as worried as they are by the growing clamor against the forty-hour week. A batch of newspapers from the Southwest, where the campaign first appeared, makes it easier to understand the letters and telegrams flooding Congress with demands for anti-labor legislation. "The Little People," declares the Oklahoma City *Times* in a front-page editorial, "are tired of 40-hour-week war production and 168-hour-week fighting." The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* publishes a Letter from an Arkansas Father in which John C. Sheffield of Helena, Arkansas, asks, "Do our boys at the front get 'overtime' and 'double time' in the fox holes of the Philippines?"

But this is more than a campaign against the payment of overtime. In the appeals being made by the anti-labor press there is a flavor of civil war. "Customarily," the Tulsa *World* said editorially, "the wrath of the people in a war country is against the military enemy. Now the United States faces domestic foes, and wrath is being turned inwardly instead of outwardly." Where is the real enemy? Roger Babson's article of March 15 was given banner headlines: "End Forty-Hour Week or Be Hitler Slaves." Babson wrote, "Our most dangerous enemy for today is not Hitler. It is not Japan. It is our own refusal to give up selfish privileges for the duration of the war. From the evidence at hand I regret to say that labor seems to be one of the worst offenders." The *Daily Oklahoman* in the same issue with that article asked, "Are the people of this country fighting for the preservation of American liberty or merely to make the world safe for labor racketeers?" From Brownfield, Texas, five hundred County Terry citizens sent Senator Connally a telegram: "When we hear of strikes and factories running only five days a week it makes us so mad that we are ready to shoot, kill, or murder somebody, if we only knew whom to shoot."

H. V. Kaltenborn's anti-labor broadcasts have been one of the precipitants of this furor, and he is proud of his work. "Oklahoma," he said in his Sunday-night broadcast of March 15, "has touched a match to a prairie fire that will sweep the country." The "objective" Associated Press was as lyrical. Most of Oklahoma's delegation in Congress, according to an AP story, have been "stirred to action by a prairie fire of protest from the state's grass roots" and have taken a stand "for outlawing strikes and suspending the forty-hour week." The prairie fire is being tended solicitously. In Oklahoma City the Civitan Club opened an office "to furnish writing material and stenographers for men and women wishing to express to members of the Congressional delegation their attitude on the war-production effort." Newspapers printed anti-forty-hour-week petitions to be circulated by their readers. Even the school children were drafted. At the Jackson Junior High in Oklahoma City pupils gave up part of their lunch money to send telegrams, and at Roosevelt Junior High 1,300 pupils wrote letters to Congressmen.

It seems that it is not always easy to make people believe that labor and the forty-hour week are the villains. The Dallas Voiture of the 40 and 8, an American Legion unit, couldn't make up its mind whether capital or labor was to blame and compromised on a telegram to the President, Speaker Rayburn, and Senators Connally and O'Daniel which said, "We don't care what it takes to get the plants going twenty-four hours a day, but we want to get it done." Since it is widely known that most defenes plants are in fact working more than a forty-hour week, it was necessary to try to picture overtime pay as a form of sabotage. The Oklahoma City *Times* of March 12, while praising Nelson's "solid and courageous words Tuesday night," thought, "There is one point he might have made clearer. He inferentially criticized some employers because they did not operate overtime and pay extra. The fact is that most employers having contracts make bids which can be based only on straight time, to give the government the best possible price, and if they were to operate overtime they would soon have to go out of business. That wouldn't help defense, would it?"

The attempt from Washington to get the truth about the forty-hour week and strikes before the people made little impression. One paper called Knudsen and Admiral Land "F.D.R.'s yes men" for their testimony before the Senate Appropriations Committee. Another, unable to dispute figures on how few strikes there were, said their testimony dealt only with "the immediate status of production" and "ignored extensive racketeering in the name of organized labor." In a front-page editorial called Let the Dead Speak, the Dallas *Morning News* declared, "It is a strange voice that comes from Washington-as-usual to rebuke the people for getting too much in earnest about an all-out war. . . . The blood and tears cannot be limited to forty hours a week." Typical of the way the facts were twisted is the resolution adopted by a meeting at Enid, Oklahoma: "With the head of the New Jersey C. I. O. announcing that a complete investigation shows the war-production plants of that state to be operating at only 50 per cent capacity, and with this same condition prevalent throughout the United States, a Congress bankrupt of public spirit is betraying this country and its armed forces by an abject surrender to conscienceless labor leaders, reinforced by a farm bloc under a threat by the C. I. O."

Few voices were allowed from the other side. On Thursday, March 12, at a "spontaneous" meeting in Oklahoma City announced several days in advance, with five-minute speakers and a brass band, Charles Schwoerke, a local labor attorney who expected to be inducted into the army the following week, managed to speak. "We can't afford to array class against class," Schwoerke said. "There hasn't been a defense strike in Oklahoma since the war period started. How can they say the forty-hour week is keeping industries from operating when there are 6,000 workers in this town today that want to do something for Uncle Sam and can't get a job?"

E. K. Gaylord and the Associated Industries of Oklahoma seem to be the chief local organizers of this anti-labor campaign. Gaylord is an Oklahoma City newspaper publisher who also owns a radio station and a paper mill. Most of the other papers in the state have co-operated enthusiastically. Oklahoma's press was overwhelmingly for Landon in 1936 and for Willkie in 1940; the state itself has been in the Roosevelt column since 1932. The remnants of the America First Committee are believed to have some role in the fight against the forty-hour week. I have been able to find only one link between them. Mack Schrodes, one of the signers of the call for the anti-forty-hour-week rally in Tulsa on March 18, was chairman of the Tulsa chapter of America First and last August tried to get Lindbergh to speak in Tulsa instead of Oklahoma City.

The only answer to a campaign of this kind is a Congressional investigation. The Black inquiry into lobbying showed that Oklahoma was a fruitful source of fake telegrams during the controversy over the Wheeler-Rayburn bill. The La Follette investigation linked the Associated Industries of Oklahoma with the National Association of Manufacturers and showed how adept the N. A. M. is in providing a phony stir at the grass roots. Who has been paying for the circulation of petitions, the sending of telegrams, and the reprints of the New York *World-Telegram's* anti-labor editorial of March 5, Wake Up, America? This editorial and the Kaltenborn broadcasts seem to have been the principal sparks that set our *Ersatz* prairie fire.

Attacks on the forty-hour week are being skilfully mingled with attacks on the Rural Electrification Administration and the St. Lawrence project. A Congressional inquiry might well look into the part played in this campaign by the utilities. It might also ask a few questions of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ralph A. Bard. Mr. Bard has a right to his "personal opinion" that the forty-hour week ought to be extended to forty-eight before overtime is paid. But the country has a right to know whether he still holds the views he presumably had when he became trustee of the anti-New Deal Crusaders before the 1936 campaign. Did Bard discuss his expression of "personal opinion" with anyone before appearing at the hearing of the Senate Appropriations Committee on Friday? This Chicago stockbroker, in any case, hurt the New Deal by his testimony and ought to be eased out of his job. We have enough anti-New Dealers here already.

The campaign against the forty-hour week is spreading throughout the South and into the North. It menaces not only labor's social gains and the New Deal's control of the House in the fall elections but the successful conduct of the war itself. If the Nazis had planned it, they could have hit on no better way to destroy national unity and hurt morale. The whole campaign has ugly fascist overtones of a native variety and springs from greedy souls and twisted minds shrewdly playing on the dismay honest folk feel over the lag in war production. Labor must be discredited, if only to distract attention from the conduct of many big business men; the tide toward labor participation in management must be stemmed—at any cost. This is the familiar suicidal tradition of those who preferred to fight "communism" rather than to fight Hitler. This is the fifth column.

Strategies for Spring

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

WHILE the Pacific allies have sustained decisive defeats in the Far East, the greatest battle of this war or any war has continued to rage on the snow-covered steppes of Russia. Over a front of nearly 2,000 miles, from the Black Sea to the Arctic, the two largest and best armies of the present war have continued their titanic struggle. And despite the slow, abrasive, almost colorless nature of this conflict, made even less exciting by the reticent communiqués of both sides, it is the only front of the war that at present seems to hold seeds of victory for the United Nations.

Here the last four months have seen a change that at first nonplused the military experts of the West. Even now we probably do not know all the factors which combined to turn back the swift tide of German victories. Hitler's persistence in pushing forward in winter weather when his staff counseled him to form defensive lines well behind the front and the consequent replacement of many brilliant German generals aroused in the Allied public wishful speculation about a possible growing revolt in Germany. The recent recall of many of these same generals—conveniently recovered from their illnesses—is an indication that the Führer's egotism was not entirely triumphant over his common sense.

Even before December the Germans were finding it increasingly difficult to maintain lengthening lines of communication over "scorched earth" and in the face of skilful guerrilla operations. The necessity of detaching more and more troops for the protection of supply lines at a time when the Russians were drawing closer to their own source of supplies took much of the snap out of German offensives. And at the crucial moment of the threat to Moscow the long supply lines and the inadequacy of reserves, as compared to those of the Russians, spelled failure.

Perhaps too little credit has been given to the efficiency of the political and military organization of the Red Army and to its sterling morale and fighting qualities. Its ability to conduct a long retreat over home territory without serious loss of morale or military disaster deserves to take rank as a miracle of human resistance. At the start relatively green Russian troops faced Hitler's veterans. Not all the Red Army generals proved geniuses, and some square pegs were found. Budenny, for example, though a first-class soldier, proved a poor strategist and was transferred to the training of reserve troops, a type of work in which he has been extremely valuable. As soon as the less able men could be detected they were at once removed. Meanwhile under the supreme leadership of Timoshenko and of Stalin himself younger generals were developing their powers in the hard school of actual war.

The often repeated statement that the German defeats were due to the winter means little unless one has in mind the fact that the Soviets had made elaborate preparations to cope with weather difficulties while the Germans completely underestimated both Russian troops and Russian weather. Trouble with lubricating oils for tanks and planes and heavy losses among frost-bitten troops led inevitably to a lowering of German morale.

NEW WAYS OF FIGHTING

An even more important factor has been the complete revolution in the type of warfare that Russian conditions made inevitable. With relatively secure lines of communication, well-built highways, and abundant supplies of fuel, the Panzer combination of planes and tanks in which the German army excelled was irresistible. When the mobility of such weapons was decreased by frozen or non-existent supplies of gasoline and unstable footing, the entire method of warfare changed. The pace immediately slowed down to the speed of troops negotiating difficult territory on foot. Infantry and artillery, in both of which the Red Army had quantitative superiority, once more came into their own. With their best weapons largely shackled by winter conditions, the Germans went on the defensive and were forced to fight Russia's type of war—a slow, hard, costly war of attrition.

Despite the somewhat dragging character of the fighting, the Red Army generals have made repeated use of German tactics. A front of 1,800 miles has necessarily been not continuous but fluid, with considerable gaps between bodies of troops. It has therefore been possible, at least in theory, for either side to make long gains into nominally enemy territory as long as contact with large troop concentrations was avoided. In this way the Russians have been able to use the celebrated pincers tactics on a grand scale, though their tempo has been slowed up by weather conditions. Cavalry, ski troops, and parachutists have operated well ahead of the Russian spearheads, and partisans have done considerable, though probably overrated, damage behind the German lines, but the rate of advance has been determined by the infantry. In many cases these tactics have brought about the encirclement of large forces of the enemy. Such isolated islands of resistance are then left for the artillery to reduce as the main forces push on. However, German troops, though surrounded, have proved fully as difficult to destroy or capture as were Russians earlier in the war. Resistance has been kept up by means of supplies transported by air, and the reduction of pockets has proved costly to both sides.

Faced by an enemy superior in both numbers and artillery, the German army has been steadily losing ground. But even its retreats are ominous. Though forced, they have been orderly and careful; at no time have the Germans been pressed into anything approaching a rout.

After four months of steady progress the Red Army can point to definite and valuable achievements. Between 20 and 25 per cent of the area conquered by the German drive has now been retaken. In the north the Finns have lost most of their earlier gains. The siege of Leningrad has been lifted, and Moscow has been put out of danger for some time to come. More important, some of the bases intended by the Germans for use in launching a spring offensive have been seized; other vitally important points, such as Smolensk, are in peril and may well be retaken before summer weather arrives. In the south the gains are less impressive. The occupation of Rostov and of the eastern end of the Crimean Peninsula has closed, at least for the moment, the easiest paths to the Caucasus, but the rich agricultural and metal resources of the Ukraine are still in German hands. They have so far proved of less value than was expected, and their loss has not crippled the Russian war effort, but continued occupation will afford the Germans a chance to develop them. In the Ukraine every Russian thrust at valuable territory has been followed by sharp German counter-attacks.

Marshal Timoshenko

More serious for the Germans than their relinquishment of conquered territory have been their losses of men and equipment. Reliable figures on comparative losses are of course unobtainable, but there is reason to believe that the German casualty rate now exceeds the Russian. And the Soviets are far better able to repair huge losses of man-power than is Germany, harassed by the problem of keeping in subjection many millions of conquered peoples. The extreme measures used by Hitler to keep up production, such as the employment of the blind and consumptive, give excellent indication that Germany is now under enormous strain in trying to keep both the military and the economic machine working at top speed.

The Russians have gained a less tangible but extremely valuable advantage in their heightened morale. If any possibility of peace between Hitler and Stalin short of complete defeat of one or the other ever existed, the bitterness aroused by German devastation and atrocities has eliminated it. Even in the days of early defeat Russian morale left nothing to be desired; now, aflame with hatred and inspired with a new consciousness of the meaning of success, the Red Army will be hard to stop. At the same time the Germans have lost the aura of invincibility, and Hitler's personal direction during a period of defeat has not raised his prestige. Having accepted for four months a defensive role new in its experience, the German army may have lost some of its earlier keen offensive edge.

OTHER FRONTS

But this is only one side of today's war. The gains from the Russian counter-offensive have been very limited compared to the earlier conquests of Hitler. Nearly all the important Russian industrial areas and most of the strategic bases for a spring offensive are still in German hands. At a high price but nevertheless effectively the Germans have adapted themselves to a new type of warfare and held enemy gains to a minimum. With spring approaching and Hitler committed by both economic interest and prestige to victory in the east, what is the outlook for a German offensive and how may we aid in defeating it?

In Libya the desert war between British and Axis forces has reached a period of quiescence while the two sides repair their forces. The supply problem for both is extremely difficult. In all probability only the connivance of Vichy in the transport of reinforcements kept the Germans from disaster in the late fall of 1941, though the advance of British troops beyond their sources of supply and the able generalship of Rommel contributed to the quick reversal of Axis fortunes. Germany is reported to be making strong efforts to reinforce its air bases in the Mediterranean, possibly in anticipation of a renewed attack. Complete victory in this area for either side will not be easy. Short of a British capture of Tripoli or German success in reaching Alexandria, the Nile, and Suez, the gain or loss of vast areas will not vitally affect the outcome.

Numerous other lines of attack are of course open to Hitler, but the theater of war regarded as the most likely field for a German thrust is the Near East. Either an aerial attack on Cyprus as the stepping-stone to the conquest of Syria and Palestine and then of Iraq and Iran or a push through Turkey aimed at the Caucasus or Iraq is a distinct possibility. In either case fairly formidable obstacles would be encountered. Turkey has a moderately large army and offers extreme difficulties of terrain. And it would probably make its bases available to Britain and Russia if it were attacked. A year ago had Hitler chosen to turn his full energy against the British in the Middle East, he would undoubtedly have won a decisive victory and obtained great supplies of oil. Today such an attack would meet much stronger opposition, and the German forces available in this theater would be more limited.

Obviously the Russian front dominates German strategy in all theaters of war. Unless Hitler can feel secure there, he cannot, even for reasons of prestige, undertake new troop-consuming offensives in other directions. If the Red Army is able to get anything even approaching a stalemate for another year, the machinery of Anglo-American intervention will be completed and Hitler will face his greatest dread—war on two fronts.

Everything indicates that he is keenly alive to the crucial nature of the coming campaign and, by inference, to the power of American intervention. The recent submarine offensive, the stationing of major war vessels in Norwegian waters where they are in a position to attempt forays against the main Allied supply line to the Soviet Union, a war of nerves against Sweden, hurried preparations for a major spring offensive, all are evidence of a desperate need to dispose of one major foe before the other can make its weight felt.

THE COMING INVASION OF EUROPE

Nor is Mr. Roosevelt asleep. Whatever the faults of our High Command in underestimating Japan, it has not been guilty of the same offense as regards Germany. In fact, the major feature of our 1941 plan for total war was the formation of a monster A. E. F. to invade the continent of Europe. This was not intended to be ready before July, 1943, though Russian resistance was expected to be liquidated a year previous.

The unexpected strength of the Red Army and the possibility of victory thus opened up have laid upon us the necessity of invading Europe, if possible, a year earlier than the date fixed in the original schedule. Since our forces should, by preference, operate near those of Russia and as far as possible from the main center of German power, Norway is clearly the battlefield indicated. Norway, moreover, offers numerous possible landing places distributed through an area where scattered German garrisons are handicapped by poor transportation. A successful Norwegian campaign would also cut off much Kiruna ore from Germany and strengthen Allied supply lines to Russia. It is, in fact, in Norway that according to our 1941 war plan we should strike our first blow.

Many requirements for success are lacking. Powerful naval air support will be needed if we are to gain strong footholds for invasion. Our own troops in Ireland at present are not sufficiently numerous, and the two million or more British soldiers are of very uncertain value, for waging an offensive war. We are also desperately short of the merchant tonnage needed to supply a new front. And the Germans obviously expect a blow at this point.

These considerations may delay or even rule out the opening of a new front. But the difficulties should be surmounted if possible. Much of Axis success has resulted from bold chance-taking; the Germans have acted on the maxim that "an excess of caution soon becomes imbecility." We have sacrificed strength in the Far East because of Europe, and it is time this sacrifice started to pay dividends.

War on Top of the World

BY LYN IRVINE

WE TALK a great deal about global warfare, but to study its progress, its catastrophic ebb and flow, you and I and Mr. Roosevelt all use a map of the world based on that manipulation of the facts called Mercator's Projection. It was sitting by such a map that Mr. Roosevelt was photographed delivering his fireside talk of February 23. Yet we all know that if we could peel the surface off the world, it would not form a rectangle; it would not even lie flat. We all know that the North and South Poles measure nothing, and that any map which stretches out that nothingness to a line equal in length to the Equator is not concerned with distances but with the relative position of countries and the directions that must be followed in getting from one place to another. If, as we are often told, the time-distance factor is all important in this war, ought we to trust ourselves to use such maps? Is it not possible that the distortion perpetually before our eyes influences us more than we imagine? To take one example of the way in which Mercator's Projection distorts distances: according to it, from Alaska to Spitzbergen appears to be about 11,000 flying miles, whereas in reality it is 2,200.

In our anxious concentration upon such maps and upon the immense equatorial distances that they *truly* show—again emphasized for us by the President in his talk—we are forgetting some of the most important facts about the present struggle. It is essential to correct and complete the picture that we have by studying a map of the North Polar regions. The world looks so unfamiliar from this angle that we feel dizzy gazing at it, as though we were hanging head down above the earth itself. And even more unfamiliar is the sight of the anti-Axis powers united so closely by geography. We see about a third of the world's surface, the North Pole in the center ringed round with Russia, the United States of America, Canada and Great Britain, Greenland and Iceland. China, Russia's neighbor, lies just outside the picture. North of Latitude 60° N. this great ring of allied countries is broken at one point only, where Norway and Finland run up into the Arctic Circle. The four major warring powers of the United Nations stand together on the top of the world, back to back against the Pole.

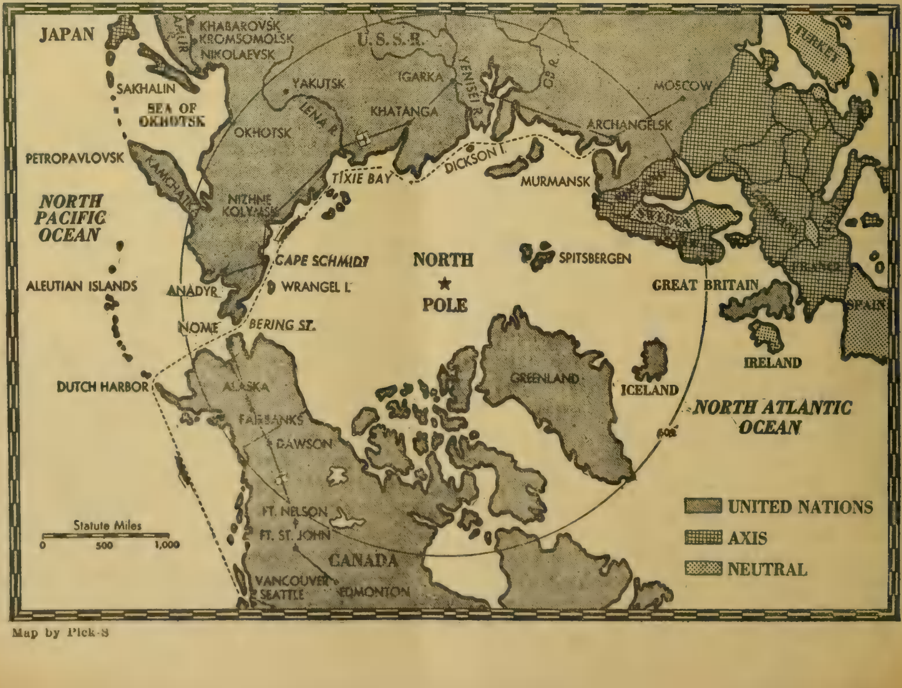
It is a position of such unique strategic value that it must make Hitler sick with envy to think of it. If we only understand and develop our geographic advantages in time, neither Germany nor Japan will have the faintest chance of victory. They have no alternative but to fight around the bulge of the globe and to maintain the longest sea routes for communication and attack, but we can develop northern lines of supply which are a fraction of equatorial distances. From the north we can strike our enemies in their vital parts and thus save ourselves the hopeless task of chopping off the octopus arms that they have twined round the imperial treasures of the south. Even the American people, accustomed to thinking in thousands of miles, are appalled by the distances that their navy must cover. In so far as the war is fought in the minds and hopes of the people we are at this moment losing it fast, because our leaders have suggested no program for victory that is within the grasp of the imagination. We are all spiritually swimming for our lives in the Pacific Ocean, and the hopelessness of it affects everything we try to do. Courage and determination alone will never see us through; we need fresh blood and fresh ideas. The polar winds could do the trick.

The reader will perhaps wonder why this possibility has not been in the forefront of all Allied plans. But he must remember that until December 8, 1941, a vital link in the Arctic chain was colored neutral, and that since the United States entered the war, all thoughts have necessarily been centered on the southeast and not on the northeast. The speed of the Japanese drive has given the leaders in Washington and London no respite. And in spite of the growing demand for attack instead of defense tactics, we are so used to letting the other side appoint the battlefield and the battle hour that it is hard to conceive of opening up a front ourselves, of striking down from the north, from the heart of our own hemisphere. On the other hand, the American and British governments may be secretly at work on a polar scheme as the central long-term, all-out strategy of the United Nations.

The most hopeful sign of American and Canadian realization of the value of the northern route—though it may be inspired by a policy of defense without appreciation of the possibilities of attack—is the agreement now reached for the construction of a road from Fort St. John in British Columbia to Fairbanks in Alaska. In the *New Republic* of March 2 Benton Mackaye outlined a possible continuation of this to form an "Alaska-Siberia Burma Road" running from Edmonton to Irkutsk on the Trans-Siberian Railway, "roughly 8,000 miles from the arsenals of Detroit to a front on Manchoukuo." There would be a great future for any mainly overland connection between Detroit and Irkutsk. Let us carry the vision of Mr. Mackaye a step farther. From Irkutsk supplies for China could be taken by rail to Alma Ata on the Turksib Railway, from which point a trucking service to Chungking has been in existence for four years. Such a route, in spite of the detour around Mongolia, would be roughly 5,000 miles shorter, and infinitely safer, than the route via Cape Town, Iran, and Alma Ata which, according to a dispatch from Chungking dated February 22, is already under consideration as an alternative to the new road from India.

The least known and most problematic area involved in a plan for polar operations is the Soviet Far East, where over immense distances no regular communication exists except by air. *Russia at War* for February 28 gives an impressive list of possible all-the-year-round methods of transporting materials from either Kamchatka or Sakhalin to Komsomolsk on the Amur, which port now has a connection by rail with Khabarovsk, on the Trans-Siberian Railway. But all these routes pass so closely under the eye of Japan that their safety depends upon peace between that country and Russia. A sea route not exposed to anything like the same risk, in fact, the safest sea route from America to Asia and Europe that now exists, is the Soviet "Arctic life line," 6,000 miles from Seattle to Archangel, open for just over three months of the year. The establishing of this route has been one of the great recent achievements of the Soviets, whose Arctic fleet now includes more than forty icebreakers. "In 1939 the new Soviet icebreaker J. Stalin in a 12,000-mile voyage of seventy days not only reached the Bering Strait from Murmansk but returned to her western base as well" (*The American Review of the Soviet Union,* February-March, 1942). Supporting this vital sea route is a new 5,000-mile air line from Moscow to Anadyr on the Bering Strait, inaugurated just a year ago; Bulletin 59 issued by the Soviet embassy at Washington says that "the development of Soviet Arctic aviation has made possible the use of the polar air route, approximately 6,000 miles from Moscow to any part of the northern border of the United States." The airports on the Moscow-to-Anadyr route are at Archangel, Igarka, Khatanga, Tiksi Bay, and Cape Schmidt, stepping-stones sufficiently close together for fighter planes as well as bombers to be flown this way to Moscow, and from there to Alma Ata or even Delhi.

Behind this brief account of routes actual and theoretical, by land, sea, and air, lie the little-known facts about Siberia itself and what Vilhjalmur Stefansson calls the "friendly Arctic." There is much to encourage us and little to discourage in the reports of those who know the land and the seas. In the coldest of all parts, the region round Yakutsk, the summer temperature rises to 80° Fahrenheit. Siberia is rich in coal and minerals, and the Northern Sea Route Administration plans that even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NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
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CAPE SCHMIDT
NORTH POLE
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Map by Pick-S

polar weather stations shall live off the country, with hothouse gardens, cows, and pigs.

If the American continent is the great reservoir of men and materials in this war, what we need to conceive and construct forthwith is a gigantic piece of global plumbing, a circulating system with many pipe lines leading off to our distant allies. The obvious route for the main flow is the northerly one. It is short by comparison, and safe. It would ease the strain on merchant shipping and the navy since land and air transportation is possible over many thousands of its miles. The period when its capacity would be greatest is just that period when the light nights make the North Atlantic most dangerous. Over land many different forms of transport can be used; dignity and uniformity must give way to the practical and the speedy, as they did in the evacuation of Dunkirk. Hannibal crossed the Alps, and Chiang Kai-shek now proposes to cross the spurs of the Himalayas; we can surely cross Alaska and, with Russia's permission, Siberia too. Both the Russians and the Germans have shown us that men and material can be moved over difficult country without adequate roads or railways in subzero weather. We can be sure that if Hitler had a short backstairs to his allies, whatever the difficulties, he would surmount them—to our eternal astonishment and discomfiture.

What Cripps Faces in India

BY KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

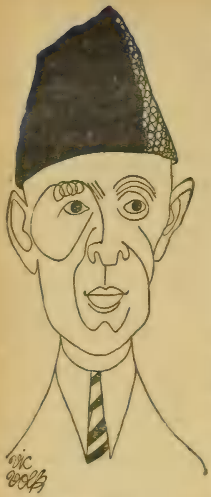
JUST at the moment when his political star shines brightest, Sir Stafford Cripps has chosen to risk his career by going to India to help solve one of the most controversial problems of the day. Those who know both India and England agree that he is the only Englishman who might be able to bring about a solution. Those who know Sir Stafford personally understand that his conscience left him no choice. His love for India and his devotion to the cause of freedom for all men impelled him to take passage to India even though, by remaining at home, he might have reached the highest position in the country. I had the privilege of meeting him in New York shortly before he was appointed ambassador to Russia. He was on his way back from India and China, where he had conferred with the leaders of millions of men. With Nehru especially, an old school friend, he had had long conversations. What he said to me about my country's problems and my country's leaders convinced me even then that in an Indo-British crisis both nations might well ask Cripps to negotiate.

From India's point of view, then, Sir Stafford is the only hopeful feature in what otherwise looks like a gloomy picture. Winston Churchill's promise of post-war dominion status falls too far short of India's expectations and has already been rejected by India's leaders. It is nothing new. The National Congress Party—whose titular head is the Moslem Azad, whose active head is Jawaharlal Nehru, and whose spiritual head is still Mohandas K. Gandhi, in spite of the recent political renunciation of the Mahatma—demands complete independence before it will budge an inch in the direction of war cooperation. Nor will the Moslem League take anything less, for it always insists upon being as patriotic as the Congress Party. Even the "moderates" and the "liberals," whose vociferousness makes up for their small number, led by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru demand dominion status now and not after the war. When these liberals, masters of the fine art of compromise, become so uncompromising, it should be regarded as the handwriting on the wall. From this point on, *dominion status now* is the only basis on which any fruitful conversations can be held between Indian and British leaders. Even that will not satisfy India, if I know my country's present temper. Indian leaders have asked to have a definite date set—such a promise as was given to the Philippines by the United States—a date for complete independence or for voluntary participation in an acceptable world order after the war. But it is quite likely that even dominion status for the duration with the promise of post-war independence might be rejected by the Congress Nationalists.

The Churchill statement does not go nearly so far. Sir Stafford has therefore undertaken what would appear to be a hopeless task. It is safe to conjecture, however, that he has taken along with him more radical proposals than have been admitted by Churchill so far. Knowing India as he does, he would hardly have gone otherwise.

But not all Sir Stafford's difficulties are caused by British Tories. India itself is placing stumbling-blocks in the path of his great mission, on the success of which hangs not only India's future but victory for the United Nations in the Battle of Asia. Fortunately, the obstacles offered by India fall into one simple category—internal dissensions. These dissensions however, must be treated as two distinct problems—the Hindu-Moslem problem and the problem of the princes—and it is these problems that Cripps and the Indian leaders must solve.

Before I go into the intricacies of the Hindu-Moslem



Ali Jinnah

controversy, I should like to dispel some of the current misconceptions disseminated in the United States by interested parties. The Congress Party, for instance, is not a Hindu organization. It is a national body which embraces Hindus and Moslems, Christians and Sikhs, Jews and untouchables. It is above religion and race, creed and color. It is wholly unlike the Moslem League, which is sectarian; the Hindu counterpart of the Moslem League is the Hindu Mahasabha. In the second place, it is not the Moslem community of India which is apparently at loggerheads with the Congress Party. It is an organization called the Moslem League which challenges the claim of the Congress Party to speak for India. Thirdly, Moslems do not form the bulk of the fighting forces of India. According to British military officials in India, the number of Moslem soldiers does not loom large even in proportion to the number of Moslems in the community. And lastly, the Near Eastern Moslem world, though sympathetic toward the Indian Moslems, is not the champion of the Moslem League. In fact, whatever comments on the Indian situation have come from Iraq, Iran, Egypt, Arabia, Turkey, and Afghanistan have been favorable to the Congress and definitely opposed to the policies of the Moslem League. It is the Congress Party, not the Moslem League, which has semi-official relations with the Moslem nationalists of the Middle and Near East. So there is neither moral nor factual foundation for the argument that the status quo must be maintained because of the Near Eastern Mohammedans.

The Hindu-Moslem problem of India is not insoluble if it is approached with sincerity by both Hindu and Moslem leaders. But even more important is the sincerity of the British. The central authority has played many disruptive tricks, and if it is not ready to part with power, it may still use Hindu-Moslem disputes as an excuse. As Gandhi recently said, once the British change their attitude toward India, the solution will follow as day follows night.

Now let us go into the details of the Hindu-Moslem problem. The real minorities of India—the Sikhs, the Parsees, the Christians, the Buddhists, and the Jainists—are apparently at peace with the Hindu majority, and they do not ask for any special privileges unless such privileges are granted to the Moslems. Theirs is a defense psychology not against the majority but against another minority, a large minority.

There are in India in round numbers 250,000,000 Hindus and 80,000,000 Moslems. Roughly, the ratio is three to one. The Moslems, no doubt, are numerically a minority, but can 80,000,000 people, ask the Nationalists, ever be considered a political minority weak enough to be exploited in a democracy? Moreover, the Northwest Frontier Province is more Mohammedan than the rest of India; 95 per cent of the population is Moslem. Yet the province has been under the complete control of the Congress Party, and Gandhi has always had more devout followers there than in predominantly Hindu regions.

In spite of these facts, the Moslem League claims the leadership of the entire Mohammedan community in India. The Congress, too, confident that a great majority of the Indian Moslems are with it, has committed some indiscretions. It has unduly ignored the Moslem League and thus injured the personal vanity of certain Moslem leaders. Fortunately there are some decisive figures which tell the true story and dispel the exaggerations on both sides. The latest test of political strength was provided by the first national election held under the new constitution in 1937. What happened then? India's 36,000,000 enfranchised voters returned the Congress Party to power by an overwhelming majority and installed its candidates as Ministers throughout two-thirds of India. To be more precise, it captured absolute majorities in seven of the eleven provinces, and within six months brought two more provinces under its banner. And even in the remaining two provinces the Congress Party had the largest single voting bloc, though not a clear majority. This in spite of the fact that the franchise was limited to people with property and education, while the real strength of the Congress lies in the impoverished masses.

What showing did the Moslem League make? The new constitution provides 482 seats for the representatives of the Moslem community in the eleven Provincial Assemblies. Of these 482, only 110 were elected on the Moslem League ticket. That revealed that the Moslem League could claim the support of less than one-fourth of the Moslem community. It also meant that more Mohammedans follow the Congress than the Moslem League.

Thus Sir Stafford will not only have to secure the necessary guaranties for all minorities, but will also have to establish the position that majority rule is no crime in a democracy or in any other form of government. He will have to prevent *a minority within the Moslem minority* from exercising a veto power over the destiny of 400,000,000 Indians.

His task will not be so hard as is generally believed. The Hindus are the most tolerant people in the world.

Moreover, most Hindus believe that because they are in a majority they should make greater sacrifices than the Moslems in the interest of Indian unity. It is a question of creating an atmosphere of mutual understanding and trust, and it is up to the majority to take the lead. Most young Hindus also advocate and work for the abolition of the caste system, which in many imperceptible ways has worked against a harmonious blending of the two great religious groups of India. A reasonable resolution of the Hindu-Moslem differences therefore should not be difficult. The Congress Party has announced its willingness to grant all proper demands of the Moslems and something more. It has codified its good intentions in official resolutions which proclaim that no decision touching upon the Moslems of India will ever be taken without the consent of the Moslems themselves, and that any disputes will be referred to an impartial tribunal.

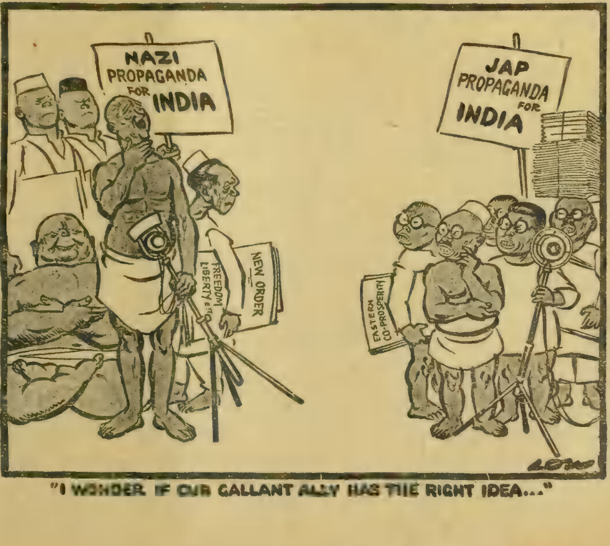
But there is one thing, the Nationalists insist, which cannot be granted, and that is the plan to partition India along religious lines. This is the dream of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the president of the Moslem League. He refuses to agree to any settlement which is not based upon the idea of two Indias—a Moslem India and a Hindu India. But since both Moslems and Hindus are spread all over the country, tens of millions would have to move if Mr. Jinnah's dream came true. This "Balkanization" of India, fortunately, is dreaded by many Moslems, and for a long time Mr. Jinnah himself used it chiefly as a bargaining point; to Hindus it is naturally anathema.

The personal problem of Mr. Jinnah may prove more difficult for Sir Stafford to solve than the larger issue of Hindu-Moslem unity. But a compromise short of *Pakistan,* the partition plan, is not only possible but probable, and when it is reached, either Mr. Jinnah will have to change his tune to suit the temper of a reborn India or he will become politically impotent. Lately he has been backing his demand with a threat of revolt, but I think Sir Stafford knows India well enough not to be taken in by that bluff. Bengal and the Punjab are the two provinces which have so far given Mr. Jinnah whatever strength he has, and only a few months ago the governing Ministry of Bengal repudiated him and reformed the Cabinet. Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan, Premier of the Punjab, still backs Mr. Jinnah, but he too detests *Pakistan.* Thus it should not be difficult to arrive at a compromise which will destroy the illogical and sinister idea of dividing India when the rest of the world is struggling toward closer union.

Sir Stafford can draw his inspiration from either of two historical precedents, and the success of his mission will largely depend upon his choice. One is the English action which divided Ireland and made it a continuously smoldering powder keg. The other is the American example: Abraham Lincoln dealt firmly and resolutely—but with malice toward none—with the threat of secession and created a mighty and united nation.

The problem of the Indian princes should not be difficult for Sir Stafford, for it is no longer an Indian problem; it is purely a British problem. Nobody in India now wants those 560 native rulers; on this point the 80,000,000 "subjects" who live under them are at one with the Congress Party. We all know that Great Britain has promised the Maharajahs protection. But the Nationalists argue that Great Britain has broken so many good promises in the past that it would not do any harm if it broke a bad one for a change. It looks as if Britain were on the eve of compelling its proteges to accede to popular demands; only the other day the Viceroy asked the princes to sacrifice their privileges if these impeded the war effort by perpetuating India's disunity.

India's problems are no more complicated than those of China, or Poland, or the United States. What is needed is foresight on the part of Indian leaders, which there is plenty of evidence that they possess, and sincerity on the part of Britain, of which Sir Stafford should be regarded as a guaranty. Let us hope that neither a few Indian leaders nor the Tories at home will be able to prevent him from inaugurating a great democracy in Asia.



"I WONDER IF OUR GALLANT ALLY HAS THE RIGHT IDEA..."

Blessed Bahamas

BY ARTHUR LIEBERS

WAR may be hell, but the sunny beaches and shaded roads of Nassau are far from the blasted streets of Whitechapel and Cheapside, or the prison camps on Singapore. Not that His Majesty's colony of the Bahamas can be accused of shirking its share of the war effort. The annual social affairs which were the *only* events of the year have been cut to a minimum, and instead of meeting one's friends at dinners and balls at Government House one has to associate with the most horrible people, who can be seen sitting practically on top of Her Grace at Red Cross benefits.

The Four Horsemen have left their mark on the life of Nassau. One cannot buy American currency or take out any considerable amount of English or colonial funds, which means no more summers spent in the states. One may visit Canada by making some very confusing exchange arrangements, but *no one* is in Canada now; so one perforce remains in the colony and goes through the summer session of typhoid, which sweeps the island with equinoctial regularity. Fortunately, the typhoid is a mild variety which usually yields to treatment.

However, the Bahamas offer consolations to make up for the sacrifices of war. There is none of that silly rationing business. The finest tweeds from the looms of Scotland, the softest sweaters and doeskins, the rarest perfumes, and the tastiest canned and bottled delicacies are offered in the stores. True, the price may be two or three times what it is in England, but one who needs to cavil over costs shouldn't be in Nassau.

The native population of the Bahamas is just what a white man needs to flatter his ego and dispel any doubts as to the supremacy of the unpigmented. The Bahaman Negro is raised to lead a carefree life untroubled by the doubts which too much education brings to the soul of man. The islands' school of higher education for Negroes, the Dundas Civic Center, turns out cooks, maids, and butlers—the meekest and best in the world.

There seems to be no shortage of gasoline in Nassau. When one becomes bored with the palms and beaches, one can charter a plane and visit the outer islands, or rent a boat and spend a few days cruising among the cays. For the athletic, there are water-skiing and aquaplaning. For the fisherman, the waters are stocked with all good things. Amberjack, kingfish, bonita, mackerel, peto, and other species wait for the sixty-dollar-a-day fishing boat to appear and tempt them with expensive tackle to the dockside scale and photographer.

In Nassau talk of the war, while not taboo, is frowned upon. The daily four-page paper takes a very refined attitude toward the conflict. Four pages don't allow too much space for news, and what really matters is the list of new arrivals from the states and what is happening at the ducal residence. The empire has enough warships to lose one or two without making a fuss, but if Mrs. Muttonly has dinner with Her Grace, while Lady Beefly has to dine at the hotel, that's *news*.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the Bahamas is the class of people one meets. The war helped in a way, since it eliminated the cut-rate tourists who came to the islands by coastal steamer. Pan-American Airways now runs up to three flights daily from Miami to Nassau during the season. A subsidized shipping company receives $700 a week to run three weekly trips from Miami, to assure a steady supply of food and necessities.

The Bahamas have never fallen for that new-fashioned idea of the equality of man. The famous Porcupine Club on Paradise Beach sets the social and political standards. Property owners alone have suffrage, and the price of a vote has been set by precedent at $15. The precincts of the Porcupine Club have never been polluted by the touch of the son of Ham or the son of Israel, and while the former King was welcomed, there was some question whether his wife should be accepted.

To many an American citizen with March 15 jitters the fact that the colony had no income tax made it a delightful refuge. A few dollars paid to a lawyer, a Bahaman corporation formed, a few more dollars paid in legal fees, a shingle hung up to meet the requirement of local laws: then the United States Department of Internal Revenue could be told that one was now a Bahaman corporation and could not be expected to pay an income tax to any other country. This income-tax arrangement has been a great help to the islands' economy.

Various means have been tried to make the islands self-sufficient. At one time citrus fruits boomed; then the blue-gray fly came and wiped out the groves. There was a sponge industry; an unknown malady which prevented breeding—sponges are animals—crippled that. Tomatoes grow profusely, but they grow almost anywhere. The fish are sport fish, not commercial.

The economy of present-day Nassau is based on the sixty tourists who arrive daily by air and the British who receive regular remittances. Its activities are pictured in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. Visitors return home inspired by the memory of how comfortable life can be in a country which has been at war for two years.

Amateur Strategists

BY G. A. BORGESE

IT WAS impressive to hear again the rebuke of Consul Lucius Aemilius to the amateur strategists of his time—168 B.C.—as reported by Livy and quoted extensively by Mr. Roosevelt at his press conference of March 17.

There are, however, other stories. One is in Herodotus, I, 84. It refers to events of 546 B.C. when Croesus and the Lydian empire fell to Cyrus.

> Now this is how Sardis was taken. When Croesus had been besieged for fourteen days, Cyrus sent horsemen about in his army to promise rewards to him who should first mount the wall. . . . A certain Mardian called Hyroeades essayed to mount by a part of the citadel where no guard had been set; for here the height on which the citadel stood was sheer and hardly to be assaulted, and none feared that it could be taken by an attack made here. . . . So then it chanced that, on the day before, this Mardian, Hyroeades, had seen one of the Lydians descend by this part of the citadel after a helmet that had fallen down, and fetch it; he took note of this and considered it, and now he himself climbed up, and other Persians after him. Many ascended, and thus was Sardis taken. [Translation by A. D. Godley.]

Another story refers to events of 773 A.D. It is reported by medieval historians such as Anastasius, Frodoard, Agnellus Ravennatis, and the Chronicler of Moissiac.

> Charlemagne, having dismissed all hope of forcing the Chiuse [a kind of Maginot Line at the entrance of Langobardic Italy] and not suspecting that there might be another way for invading Italy, had made up his mind to return the next day to France, when a deacon, called Martin, arrived at the camp of the Franks. This man taught Charlemagne a secret mountain pass to outflank the fortresses and to descend into Italy. Charles, then, sent a picked army to that difficult passage. The Langobards, at the unexpected thrust, turned to disorderly flight, and the King with the bulk of his Franks passed through the abandoned Chiuse.

According to other sources the pathfinder of Charlemagne was an itinerant minstrel. If that is so, he could not even rank with the "editors" whom Mr. Roosevelt, supported by Livy, has taken so severely to task. He was nothing but a poet. As for the conqueror of Sardis, he was a Mardian, that is, one of a nomad Persian tribe, obviously illiterate. Perhaps as a wanderer he had learned to look at things.

Neither Hyroeades nor Martin—deacon or minstrel—had a seat in the Cabinet or rank in the General Staff. The lion of the fable does not know whether or when a little mouse may help him out of the net in which he may happen to be caught. Cyrus and Charlemagne were successful generals. It did not harm them to listen occasionally to "amateur strategists."

In the Wind

WENDELL WILLKIE and Thomas E. Dewey are still fighting each other for control of the Republican machine in New York State. Willkie has told friends that if Dewey is nominated for governor this year, he will bolt his party and support Lehman. Dewey, for his part, is seeking a new base of support in the American Labor Party's left wing, whose hundred thousand votes are often enough to swing a state election. In a move interpreted as an effort to curry favor with the radicals, Dewey recently proposed to the Board of Higher Education of New York City that it permit fifteen college teachers suspended on charges of communism to resign rather than be expelled, thereby permitting them to seek jobs elsewhere in the school system.

AN ADVERTISEMENT of the Neponset Woolen Mills in the *American Funeral Director* tells of a new material for shrouds called "victory cloth." It is, says the ad, "made for the burial-goods industry so that we may maintain the American way of life."

TWO MORE MAGAZINES have ceased publication because of war-time economic difficulties—the *Living Age,* a century-old review of the foreign press, and the *Kenyon Review,* a literary journal edited by John Crowe Ransom.

AN EXECUTIVE of a metropolitan department store told reporters, off the record, that his firm's biggest hoarding story to date was about a $1,200 grocery order placed by a resident of a three-room apartment.

AN ITALIAN Socialist weekly, *La Parola,* published in New York, is presenting evidence of Fascist activity which the Dies committee had in its possession but refused to release. The paper has reproduced verbatim a rehearsal of testimony to be given by Girolamo Valenti, the anti-Fascist editor of *La Parola,* before the Dies committee. Although Valenti named men whom the government has since arrested, the committee called off the hearing after reading Valenti's evidence.

A FEW MONTHS AGO several divisions of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers agreed to donate part of their time and labor to making garments for the Red Cross. They requested that they be permitted to sew into each item an Amalgamated union label. Red Cross officials said that it was against organization policy to permit the union label, and so no Red Cross clothes will bear it.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE NEW "REPUBLIC"*

BY I. A. RICHARDS

NO BOOK except the Bible has had so much influence upon us as "The Republic." In a very real sense we are its creatures. "That book," said the Yankee farmer to Emerson, who had lent him it, "has a great number of my idees." Socrates's words at the end of Book IX have come true; we are citizens of the state he founded. "The greatest of the Greek inventions," said Werner Jaeger recently, "was man himself." He meant Western man of course. The Chinese had Confucius and Mencius to do for them what Plato did for us—give them forever their picture of their true selves. We come short of it endlessly, of course, but it is of Plato's guardian mind that we come short.

Yet we may never have read a word of Plato. It is still true. Most of our serious thoughts have been echoes of his. Every successful student of Plato comes to feel that later literature is a whispering gallery. Plato's thought—miraculously mated with Christianity in the third century—still lights the eyes of every enthusiastic new discoverer of Truth. If this surprises you, read Emerson's "Representative Men," should reading Plato himself seem too much.

Reading Plato himself is a big undertaking. Even among those who are coaxed and coached through it few successful readers will be found. A successful reader is one who knows more *about himself* and *about the good* after his reading. It is easy to learn *about* Plato, harder to learn about these things *from* him. This is partly because we had already learned so much from him before we opened his pages. But partly it is due to the superb pedagogy in "The Republic." There never was a book of such scope so well designed for *its* pupils. It acted perfectly on the scholar disciples it was written for. But though we are disciples—witting or unwitting—we are not those scholars. The very spaciousness of the book, the broad introductory sketches, the anticipatory hints, the figurative indications, the minor parallels, the cunningly arranged correspondencies and contrasts, the gambits and the recapitulations, the returns to deeper levels through passages hewn already only for this purpose—all that art entirely misses its effect on us at a first reading. How many, for example, have thrown "The Republic" down toward the end of the first book, unaware that a main ingredient of their dissatisfaction is something Plato intended them to feel. The arguments *are* bad. Thrasymachus gives up too easily. But Socrates knows this better than we do. We are meant to feel, "This sort of thing will never do!" Unfortunately, "this sort of thing" in this guise is so unfamiliar to us that we miss the point and blame Plato when we should be blaming sundry combative tricks in argument we ourselves use, in other guises, every day.

Again, as Plato develops the great parallel between society and the mind—which has shaped so many societies and so many minds—how many notice that Socrates says, "We shall never reach the truth this way"? This is a parallel, a figure of speech which is perpetually necessary, not an argument. The modern sociologist is apt to take his own arguments so seriously that he overlooks Plato's analysis of method and his hints that in "these things" even a Glaucon—surely the best audience that any man could ever hope for—must be content with parallels. On these and many other fundamental points the temptation to write yet further commentaries is irresistible. I have indulged it by putting what I have to say about "dialectic," and much else that is central here, into my How to Read a Page, which is published with this and is in its latter parts just some more of those "footnotes to Plato" of which, as Whitehead said, "Western philosophy consists."

"The Republic," as it stands in the English versions of the best scholars, is ineffective today for the very reasons which have made it effective in Plato's Greek. The main lines of its thought become lost among the qualifications and preparations and the polite and (to the Greek) persuasive indirections.

The very familiarity, too, of some of the ideas prevents us from seeing their everlasting novelty. They are like our hands and feet; only now and then do we realize them and how much they do for us. Of all media which could guard us from this awakening shock, a translator's English which attempts to follow the Greek meticulously in minor detail and social tone is the most absorbent. Plato's style deployed endless exquisite devices for meeting attitudes and expectations in his readers which sprang from their milieu. These attitudes and expectations never arise in us; we have our own. A dummy discourse in English does not meet them, however well it is trained to ape the alien delicacies of the Greek. Nor does it help us in taking what Plato said to heart. Versions in nineteenth-century idiom did help the nineteenth century to realize itself. Today they have the uncanny effect of making Plato seem mid-Victorian. We hardly know which of two remote worlds we are exploring.

This is unfair both to Plato and to Jowett. But its causes lie deeper than even the perennial moral strife between intellectual generations. It is the effort to get *all* of Plato's meaning into our English—just that meaning and nothing less—which befogs the translator's prose. It is a wholly admirable effort and ambition from the point of view of scholarship *in Greek*. To try to say it in English is one of the best means of exploring what the Greek says—though a dangerous means whenever the translator thinks he has said it. What is needed here is a Socratic inquiry into the words "translate" and "say." What does a sentence say—the thing the speaker had in mind or the thing the typical hearer gets? Such an inquiry would show how hard it is for any translator to know what he is doing, and how he must limit this "meaning" he deals with. The meaning, the whole meaning, and nothing but the meaning—that is unattainable, though scholarship rightly makes it an ideal. But when we pass from understanding the Greek as best we can to uttering something partially parallel in English for general readers, the situation is different, and another ideal becomes more relevant.

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* This essay forms the introduction to a new version of "The Republic" of Plato founded on Basic English which has been prepared by I. A. Richards and will be published on April 6 by W. W. Norton and Company.

Any version whatever which is conceived in a different language in a different age must depart from the exact meaning. The readings of Plato's friends in his own lifetime departed from it, do what they would, though there was no such refracting linguistic veil between them and his words. Ours must depart far more, at more points and in more dimensions. We can understand this and some of the probable departures more or less clearly. By such understanding we may correct our view. This modern scholarship attempts—the fatal thing in this approach is to forget the gulfs.

But there is another means of interpreting our traditional sources, a much more traditional method. And here interpreting means spreading out, as in irrigation. It is done by wilfully overlooking the gulfs. In all ages Platonists have done this, more or less consciously. They have found in Plato the perfect mirror of their selves and made him say for them what they saw. It is this which formerly made him, with the Bible, the field-determinant of the Western mind. Modern historical philology, like other simplifications which came to power in the eighteenth century, has been extremely subversive in professing to get at "the facts." It has buried our Plato in the dead leaves of a wood which has vanished into trees.

To recover him—our traditional mirroring sun, not the animated waxwork of a realistic history—we have to recognize what we are doing and take from him, as the philologist likewise does, what suits our purpose. But our purpose, which was Plato's, is saving society and our souls. This, as "The Republic" better than any other book can teach us, is the most inclusive of all purposes. This can ignore no mode of knowledge—certainly not philology. Neither can this let any more special mode of knowledge impose its more limited scope. What the greatest schoolbook of all time can teach us, if we make it, is what sort of knowledge it is which is all-mastering, which is its own purpose and action or power as it is its own being.

All talk of this sort sounds hollow; but this is the preeminently practical sort of knowledge which is only arrived at through the extremist developments and reconciliations of theory. Jefferson, remembering his Plato, declared that "a democracy can be preserved only by frequent returns to fundamentals." These fundamentals are here in "The Republic," which laid them down. Here are both the conditions upon which alone a democracy is possible and the most damaging description ever written of the danger to which all democracies are exposed. That this description amounts to a political biography of Hitler (see Book VIII) is no accident. These things are perpetual, being the price we pay for our failure to become in actuality more nearly what we are in essence.

A version of "The Republic" for the general reader interested in these things may be more faithful to Plato by restricting its rendering of other things which Plato is caring for. When the lingo which a strict conformity with the Greek forces upon a translator has become so familiar that its strangeness is no longer noticed, when the formulas and constructions translators must use have become by habit a code we decode at sight, when we expect most sentences to read like "Tell me, in heaven's name, do you not think that such a person would make a strange instructor?" or "I for one most certainly anticipate that a consideration of this question will help us"—when these elaborately articulated garments of simple enough thoughts have come to feel like our skin, then perhaps we will be ready to perceive through English the niceties of Plato's *tones*. But I doubt it. I believe the scholar responds to the Greek behind these sentences and that the Greekless get little or nothing of this interplay. English—except through rare and happy accidents—cannot help travestying Greek when it tries to reproduce such things by literal means. Thought, on the other hand, as opposed to tone, can be reproduced to the limits of understanding. Feeling too is relatively manageable—how Socrates or Adeimantus feels about a large matter. But not *tone:* the intricacies of their attitudes to what has just been said and to its speaker we can guess from content and context, but English refuses to let us be explicit about them without using palpably un-English forms, which for the Greekless defeat the purpose.

What can be done? The resource with which this version experiments is to concentrate on the thought, leaving tone, feeling, and intention to show themselves as implications of the thought. This is the mode of the English of the Bible, of Bacon and Bunyan, and of modern general colloquial, as against that of the later Henry James.

The result of shrinking "Shall you have any answer to make to that objection, my clever friend? It is not very easy to find one at a moment's notice; but I shall apply to you, and I do so now, to state what the arguments on our side are, and to expound them for us" (Davies and Vaughan) into "What's your answer to that? I haven't one right now. What *are* we able to answer?" and so on throughout, is to shorten our version by about one-third. As this experiment in simplification develops, the bones, as it were, of the book show up so much more clearly that Plato's careful prefaces, progress reports, and summaries become no longer necessary. They become, in fact, barriers to any reader in a hurry who fails to distinguish the prefaces from the statements. It is possible to streamline the argument still further by cutting out all but its active movements; and when we are once launched on that operation the ideal naturally comes up of a "Republic" which would keep whatever has made history but nothing else; and of putting that into an English *as clear to everyone* as possible.

Such a version can be no synopsis or digest. It must keep the dramatic movement, the give and take of the dialectic, the Platonic unction, Socrates's disclaimers of knowledge, the hints of his fate, all his ironies and surprises; for these are what have made and still will make history. However simplified, this must be a "Republic," and without these it would be nothing of the sort. In practice it proves possible to retain the entire argument, all its essential explanations and defenses and every detail that has hitherto generated philosophic discussion, and still to reduce its volume to something under one-half.

Why read Plato at all if you are in such a hurry? Well we are in a hurry anyhow, more is the pity. Perhaps arranging Plato so that he can still be read may help us to become less hurried hereafter. I can, however, imagine the comments of certain sorts of scholars. This is tampering with Holy Writ with a vengeance, and the vengeance is not unlikely to fall. This is doing a thousand things which in terms of scholarly and pedagogical orthodoxy in these days deserve the bonfire. Both the general plan and the detail will come in for castigation, certainly enough. But if Plato's thought flows again in new readers through this version, my publisher and I will think our boldness justified enough. And if we will think less of that ideal "exact meaning" to which the scholar aspires and more of the "actual understandings" to which living readers attain, I think I can readily enough clear my version from charges of impiety. It is not only easier for a new reader to see what Plato was saying through this pruned-down version. It is even easier for a student who has worked faithfully through a complete translation with notes. With minor points absent, the great limbs of the argument show in all their majesty.

Whoever attempts such abridgment must feel pang after pang of regret for what he leaves out for the sake of the clearer movement of the whole. But our aim—as Plato would say—is not to make our rendering of this or that section or interest especially happy but to make the whole thing as good an exposition as possible of the art of ruling and being ruled.

In my choice of the language used—which has been severely controlled in the interests of the widest intelligibility—I have made much use of Basic English. Indeed, this task of limiting my vocabulary to terms which would give Plato the maximum currency would have been impossible without Mr. Ogden's great invention. I have been dependent upon his discoveries—as everyone who attempts anything of this nature must be. If I had been writing for a public to whom English might be a foreign or recently acquired language I would simply have used Basic English. But as it is, I have written in an ampler medium. After profiting from the study which making a complete version in Basic English enforced, I used that as my foundation text, looking for opportunities to simplify Plato in inessentials and at the same time to compress Basic wherever there would be no loss of clarity for an English-speaker.

Of former attempts to do something of the same sort, William Whewell's, made in 1859, seems to have been the most successful. I shall be happy if it can be said of mine—as a reviewer in the *Athenaeum* said of his—"So readable is the book that no young lady need be deterred from undertaking it; and we are much mistaken, if there be not fair readers who will think, as Lady Jane Grey did, that hunting and other female sport is but a shadow compared with the pleasure there is to be found in Plato."

The World Sea War

THE WAR AT SEA. By Gilbert Cant. The John Day Company. $3.

IT IS difficult to write a book on the present war since censorship keeps much needed information out of reach, and disconnected news announcements, some of which later prove inaccurate, further hinder the task of pinning together existing facts into an understandable pattern. The historian of war, therefore, has to choose between timeliness and accuracy.

In view of these limitations Gilbert Cant of the New York *Post* has done a masterly piece of work in "The War at Sea." The book is in the nature of an interim report, as is frankly admitted in the preface, but it is an unusually good one, the author having been aided by diplomatic and naval contacts not available to the average military expert. Because of the unusual advantages he has enjoyed Mr. Cant is able not only to add to general knowledge but to fit many apparently isolated items into a central pattern. This reviewer would be willing to hazard a prediction that remarkably few of the accounts will require later alteration as a result of the admission of new evidence.

The time covered runs from September, 1939, to mid-December, 1941, closing with the destruction of the Repulse and the Prince of Wales, the consequences of which are correctly foreseen. The 300-odd pages in between have been divided into seventeen chapters whose rather racy headings—such as It's the Deutschland, David and Goliath, Cunningham's Pond—give an accurate clue to the contents. Though Mr. Cant is not a well-known student of naval affairs he shows an advanced understanding of technical matters combined with a facility for entertaining explanation. For example, his account of the magnetic-mine campaign and its defeat through dissection of several mines and the use of electric degaussing cables makes fascinating reading. Military reputations do not awe him, and he quite accurately points out the blunders that have been responsible for a major share of the naval losses in the present war. One wonders, as he does, why the British used Scapa Flow while it was unprotected and at the lack of alertness that sent British officers back to their bunks with no alarm sounded after the Royal Oak had already received one torpedo. On the other hand, he is ready to give credit where it is due.

The amazing thing about the book is its completeness and remarkably sound scholarship. Though the style is popular, accuracy is nowhere sacrificed for effect, and a number of statistical tables at the back supply detailed information to those not satisfied with a running account of battles.

Not that the book is without errors. A few technical mistakes have crept in, as when he credits the Haruna and its three sister ships with an original thirty-knot speed instead of the twenty-seven and one-half given by "Jane's Fighting Ships" and other standard naval publications. In the battle of the River Plate he fails to mention the destruction of the Graf Spee's spotting plane before it could be launched, a misfortune which contributed to the raider's lack of firing accuracy. A more serious fault derives from the very intensity of the accounts and the author's attitude toward the events he describes. Mr. Cant is frankly and uncritically sure that the outcome of the war at sea will determine the victor in World War II. His battles, therefore, stand as thrilling but isolated episodes, not tied up with any general strategy which might determine success or failure. Naval war appears not as a means for achieving victory but as an end in itself.

But the weaknesses of "The War at Sea" are very minor. The book deserves to rank with the half-dozen best volumes on the military and naval phases of the present war. It should establish its author's reputation as not only an entertaining but an authoritative writer of military books.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

Mexican Classic

THE ITCHING PARROT (El Periquillo sarniento). By José Joaquín Fernández de Lizardi (The Mexican Thinker). Translated from the Spanish and with an Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER'S introduction to "The Itching Parrot" gives an account of the book which must make us conclude that no work of modern times has had, within its own culture, so wide and so intense an existence. It appeared in its present form in 1830, three years after its author's death; up to 1885 there were eight editions, and since then the editions have been countless. In Spain, before the civil war, it was reprinted "endlessly at the rate of more than a million copies a year"; a statement on the jacket of our translation speaks of 100,000,000 copies sold. In Mexico, where it was exposed for sale at every bookstall, it "was given to the young to read as an aid to manners and morals, and for a great while it must have been the one source of a liberal education for the great mass of people, the only ethical and moral instruction they could have. . . ."

We have in English no book of equal appeal; beside such popularity, our best-loved classics—"Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Jones," "Pickwick Papers," "Huckleberry Finn"—are almost esoteric. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was once universally read in our North, but it had a narrower reference and a shorter day; up to a few years ago "Ben Hur" was still selling enormously, but it was probably never very important in its readers' lives; even "Pilgrim's Progress," which was once to be found in every simple English home, never attained an influence like this.

And so we approach "The Itching Parrot" with a respect amounting nearly to awe. A book with such a history is almost more than a work of literature. It must contain, we feel, the "secret" of a people. But if it does, the reader of the work in translation can only leave it with the secret undisclosed, even deepened. Its charm will remain a mystery; to him it will seem an extraordinarily dull book. Because its genre, the picaresque, is not at present in general esteem, I ought perhaps to say that I have a special affection for the type, from Lazarillo of Tormes, the primitive ancestor, to Pickwick. But I found "The Itching Parrot" a bore, and I can only hope that, to balance the account of international misunderstanding, Spanish readers are puzzled by what it is we enjoy in "Moll Flanders" and "Tom Jones."

"The Itching Parrot" is all the more disappointing because the story of its author, as told in Miss Porter's admirable introduction, is so very interesting. Lizardi—he wrote under the engaging name of the Mexican Thinker—combined in his character elements of Defoe, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Figaro. It would be impossible to claim for him any great original powers of intellect, but in Mexico at the beginning of the nineteenth century—he was born in 1771, and his literary career seems to have begun in 1811—he was the agent of the Enlightenment. He had a winning touch of the poltroon about him; he confessed to great physical cowardice, and when he was in danger he could not always be relied on to keep his head or hold his tongue. But if he could now and then be bent, he could not be broken. He fought endlessly against political and ecclesiastical oppression; the anonymous and voiceless masses loved him, and church and state hated him. He was always being silenced and always managing to speak out; he was forbidden to publish and he published; he was excommunicated and still he published. To the naivete which marks so much of eighteenth-century liberalism, Lizardi seems to have added a certain provincialism, perhaps not to be avoided by a Mexican intellectual isolated amid the ignorance and obscurantism of the time, but his limitations no doubt made him only the more useful in his time and place. For a short period he was petted by a quasi-liberal government, but through most of his life he lived in dire poverty, and he died in penury.

But the hero of Lizardi's novel is a lesser man than his author. With Lizardi's heroism there is, indeed, mingled, as Miss Porter points out, an element of commonness; it is a peculiarly eighteenth-century mixture and it is rather endearing: the cliché forces itself upon us that Lizardi was Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one. But the Parrot, the hero of his novel, is all Panza, all belly, all poltroon, yet without the great saving grace of the intellect of the belly. There is no philosophy in the rogue; he is not witty himself nor the cause of wit in others. He cannot justify the life of the belly, as of course we want him to; he cannot defend the pure pleasure of scratching in the sun. The great belly-men—Sancho himself, Falstaff, Diderot's fine creation, Rameau's Nephew—make us laugh at pomp and respectability. But it is worth noting that the Parrot never gets involved with pomp or with true respectability. Of the paraphernalia of the picaresque tale Lizardi gives us only the literal and the petty matters, the filthy jail but not the ceremonious courtroom, the gambling hell but not the elegant drawing-room, the grasping parish priest but not the portly bishop, the village quack but not the successful physician; he has no sensitivity to affectation, from which, according to Fielding, all humor comes.

Then, too, a good picaresque story ought to have a social and moral ambivalence: we ought to condemn the rogue but we ought to be tempted into an alliance with him, and the great rogues—Jonathan Wild, Captain Macheath, Moll Flanders—make us revise our notions of morality. But Lizardi seems to want to involve us in a simple rather than an ambivalent judgment; the prime moral error of the Parrot, in which his parents abetted him, was that he did not bind himself to a middling way of life and learn an honest trade. Well, all picaresque heroes are likely to lament their departure from virtuous industry, but the Parrot seems to mean it. Lizardi, like so many European moralists of the eighteenth century, found the norm of conduct in the tradesman and the merchant; perhaps the sociological point of the picaresque novel is that the life it represents in its ambivalent way is simply the degeneration of the aristocratic ideal, for the picaresque hero wants to live and enjoy himself without work or duties. And no doubt in the history of the Spanish peoples the illusions and compulsions of aristocracy—both Lizardi and his hero sprang from the impoverished gentry—created a crucial social and moral difficulty. But as Miss Porter herself points out, faith in the middling people is not enough; certainly it is not enough for a novel. It makes a dull hero, and Miss Porter, feeling the Parrot's inadequacy, tells us that the "real heroes" are his comrades, Juan Largo, who gets hanged, and the Eaglet, who is killed leading a bandit raid; but it seems to me that these characters are quite as much without moral and intellectual salt as the Parrot himself.

It is disquieting to be unable to respond to a book that has meant so much to so many people—so much, too, to such judges as Ford Madox Ford and Miss Porter. Perhaps I feel as I do because I have not read the same book they read. Miss Porter's translation is a model of firm, simple prose in the manner of the eighteenth-century masters of realism; but she tells us that the allusive and obscene language of the original will not submit to translation. Perhaps in the verbal play of that incommunicable Spanish lies the power of mind which I feel so sadly absent from the translated book. Or perhaps that power of mind lies in the many moral and political tracts which have been cut out of this version. These, to a foreign public, would of course be dull, if comprehensible at all; yet I cannot help wondering whether their inclusion isn't just what endears the book to its native readers, who, it seems to me, might well be charmed by the exposition of serious matters in the setting of a picaresque novel's low actuality.

LIONEL TRILLING

How Strong Is Japan?

THE JAPANESE ENEMY. By Hugh Byas. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.

THE SETTING SUN OF JAPAN. By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $3.

THE VALOR OF IGNORANCE. By Homer Lea. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

JAPAN'S INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH. By Kate L. Mitchell. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

IN GENERAL it pays to look with suspicion on books which are rushed into print to meet the public's demand for information within a few weeks after some cataclysmic event such as our entry into the war. But that warning does not apply to any of the four books on Japan listed above. It happens that with one exception they are careful studies which would have been published regardless of the war. The one exception is the book by Hugh Byas, long the Tokyo correspondent of the New York *Times.* His book is brief and presumably was thrown together hastily. But as might be expected from an able correspondent like Mr. Byas, it is as admirable a survey of present-day Japan as can be found anywhere.

In "The Setting Sun of Japan" Carl Randau and his wife tell the story of their visit to Japan and the countries that were soon to pass under Japanese rule. The book has a refreshing down-to-earth tang lacking in most of today's books on the Far East. The authors do not profess any great knowledge about politics or military strategy; they are content to talk with the people they meet, business men, doctors, waitresses, and factory workers. Their conclusions may be somewhat superficial but are always interesting. Although Japan had been at war for four years at the time of their visit, they do not give the impression that the civilian population has suffered acutely. True, food is rather strictly rationed, clothes made out of substitutes are of poor quality, and life is a little bleak; but except for certain shortages, it does not appear that the material standard of living has greatly deteriorated. The impact of the war seems to have been felt more keenly in the non-material aspects of life—recreation, culture, and intellectual life. The movies, once the chief recreation of millions, have become little more than an adjunct of the propaganda office. Much the same can be said of the legitimate stage. The authors report that Tokyo had only one box-office success, and that of the four numbers on its bill, three were propaganda sketches and the fourth an ancient formalized dance. The dance was good. The intellectual ferment that once characterized certain circles of Japanese life has disappeared altogether. Thousands of intellectuals are in prison; those who are outside are under constant surveillance.

The chapters dealing with Indo-China, the Philippines, Thailand, Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies provide interesting background for the Japanese conquest. Unfortunately, the authors' sources are somewhat infected with the complacency with which the ruling groups in each country faced the imminent threat of Japanese attack. The British were sure that the jungles of Malaya were impenetrable; the Dutch were sure that with aid they could hold out indefinitely; no one was interested in mobilizing the natives for total war.

Japan's strategy in attacking the Philippines and the presumed tactics to be used in subjugating the Pacific coast states are set forth in terrifying detail in "The Valor of Ignorance," which was first published thirty-three years ago. "General" Homer Lea, author of the book, is reputed to be a military genius, and his reputation is attested to by introductory letters by two high-ranking American officers. This reviewer is not in a position to challenge their military judgment, but the average reader will find Hector Bywater's twenty-year-old forecast of the American-Japanese war far more stimulating and interesting. Lea's reputation might have been better served if the earlier edition of his book had been allowed to continue to gather dust on the shelves of the few libraries where it could be found.

Kate Mitchell's brief volume is perhaps the most up-to-date and complete appraisal of Japan's economic strength available. It is admirably objective in tone, neither stressing Japan's weaknesses unduly nor falling into the opposite error of overemphasizing the undoubted gains of the past few years. Japan has made great strides, particularly in armaments and heavy industry, but it has achieved this advance at the expense of its great export and consumer-goods industries. And despite its conquests in China, its dependence on foreign countries for essential raw materials has increased rather than decreased. The book is recommended to those needing an antidote to the newspaper accounts of unending Japanese military successes. MAXWELL S. STEWART

Bruckner's Life and Music

ANTON BRUCKNER: RUSTIC GENIUS. By Werner Wolff. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.75.

BRUCKNER criticism had already produced one classic remark when, apropros the Second Symphony, a learned doctor said that even Bruckner's sudden silences were full of formal significance. Dr. Wolff, in this old-fashioned, dully written biography, adds another. Of the Scherzo of the Sixth Symphony he writes that though "it may be less effective than others it discloses the ideal nature of music. *The lack of material gives the movement weightless character*" (author's italics). In other words, Bruckner is unencumbered only when he has nothing to say. However, this poor recipe for achieving the swift flight of the scherzo of Beethoven's Fourth does contain a germ of critical truth. Developed, it makes clear that the sluggishness of Bruckner's work derives partly from the unsymphonic nature of his themes.

An anecdote on page 129 discloses another source of weakness. During a rehearsal of the Te Deum, the conductor, Ochs, had obtained from the choir the *ppp* demanded in the score. "Bruckner seemed to be highly delighted with the rendition but asked to have the passage played just a little louder. Astonished, Ochs complied. 'Still a little louder,' Bruckner kept saying. He was not satisfied until the passage was played fortissimo." He could not "realize"; for him a theme had no essential nature, its appearance in a work had no definite significance. There was nothing ascetic in Bruckner's catholicism, Dr. Wolff writes, but of the E minor Mass, which Mr. Haggin says is an impressive work, he remarks, "Even Bruckner's flowing creative imagination appears subdued in this work, for the sake of an almost ascetic style." This is interesting, for it suggests that only liturgical necessity could give Bruckner's thought precise shape. Since the ideal of integral, symphonic form was missing from his mind, there was nothing, in the absence of any control *exterior* to music, to condense his musical imagination.

Bruckner's life appears to have been as uninteresting as his music. Dr. Wolff, evidently, is somewhat disappointed that there should have been no sharp crisis in it except a nervous breakdown that seems to have been the consequence of Bruckner's exhausting struggle with his shapeless material. Schoolmaster, organist, and an earnest man, Bruckner pined for worldly recognition, and was once swindled by a crook who promised that money would obtain him a doctor's degree from Cincinnati University. Neither in his music nor in any other part of his mental life was there any development comparable to that to be observed in the case of Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. Perhaps his rusticity checked him. Had he been surrounded in youth by the critical

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and technically competent circles of an earlier Vienna, he might have become a *petit maître.* But his was an age of Wagnerian largeness. He had not the genuine skill of Brahms or the sincere emotion of Tschaikowsky, his contemporaries. He remained a village organist searching for lost chords, a parish sacristan casting himself in the role of St. John, and never quite sure whether he was stumbling upon the Mount of Heaven or faltering at the foot of the Venusberg.

RALPH BATES

Canada in Perspective

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY: CANADA AND HER PEOPLE. By Bruce Hutchison. Coward-McCann. $3.50.

CANADA is an economic and political impossibility that somehow happened when nobody was looking. It is a hinterland to which the Tories fled after the American Revolution, peopled first by France, then by Britain, and then by Central Europe. Scattered along the southern edge of a vast wilderness are 11,000,000 people who are divided by geography, language, race, religion, and economic interests. They follow no star, they are bedeviled by clashing loyalties; yet they have managed to weld their country into a great power both industrially and politically. The story of Canada's growth makes fascinating reading, and few Canadians are better qualified to tell it than Bruce Hutchison.

This is an important book because it tries to get the Canadian problem into perspective for American readers, but I doubt that the American public, which has grown accustomed to the fact-filled volumes of the Gunthers, will take to it. Bruce Hutchison is one of Canada's top political journalists, but he is a tale-spinner at heart. When he lets himself go, his lyrical prose becomes a bit florid. This is a polite warning not to be discouraged by the opening chapters, for there is plenty of sound stuff ahead. His analysis of the Canadian people, their politicians, their troubles, and their triumphs, is among the best that have appeared.

Nature, when she designed North America, obviously intended that traffic should flow from north to south. The coal and steel of the Maritime Provinces should go to New England; the power, woodpulp, paper, copper, and nickel of Quebec and Ontario to New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Michigan; the products of the western prairies should help to feed the American cities. But because politicians and selfish industrialists on both sides of the line conspired against nature and their people and raised mountainous tariffs, the traffic has been diverted to flow east and west. The result for Canada has been to concentrate its wealth and industrial production in Ontario and Quebec, and its poverty in the Maritimes and the West. As a result, the people of the Maritimes, the prairies, and British Columbia are outrageously overcharged for their manufactured goods. The Canadian standard of living is much lower than that of the United States. The crowning paradox is that while the Canadian tariff walls were built ostensibly to save Canada from absorption by the United States, American capital now controls most of Canada's industries.

It has taken a world war and the Hyde Park agreement to blast away the barriers and let goods flow more freely across the Forty-ninth Parallel. If a customs union between Canada and the United States can be achieved after the war, Hutchison believes that it will raise the standard of living of the people on both sides of the line to heights never reached before. But achieving that union is going to be almost as hard as winning the war. It will require politicians with the social vision and courage Canadian politicians have never shown. It will require an awakened public opinion in both countries. If books like "The Unknown Country" get a wide-enough public, we may be able to accomplish it. For myself, I have too much respect for the ingrained reaction of both the Canadian politicians and the majority of the Canadian people to expect anything but the worst.

JAMES H. GRAY

Our Servitude

ANTI-DICTATOR. The "Discours sur la servitude volontaire" of Etienne de la Boétie, rendered into English by Harry Kurz. Columbia University Press. $1.

THE flood of current books about the Nazis may have already convinced the smart reader that the best guide to an understanding of how it can happen everywhere and why you can't do business with tyrants is a slow best-seller by Plato called "The Republic." But other minor Baedekers, even if only a few centuries old, may also prove useful; such as, to name a neglected one, La Boétie's "Contr'Un" or "Discours sur la servitude voluntaire," now available in an excellent translation by Harry Kurz. La Boétie is usually remembered as the great friend—and, so to say, the only love—of the cautious Montaigne; but he was, in addition, on his own way to greatness when his premature death inflicted a major casualty on French culture of the Renaissance.

The point of "Contr'Un"—as Professor Borgese once defined it, and he should know—is that "all servitude is voluntary, and the slave is more despicable than the tyrant is hateful." It is, indeed, the first modern attempt to transfer the attention of the political thinker from the technique of the enslaver to the psychology of the enslaved. "Liberty is the only joy upon which men do not seem to insist," sighs La Boétie, "for surely, if they really wanted it, they would receive it. . . . Resolve to serve no more, and you are at once freed." Our short-wave broadcasters must be catching on, since they recently sent over the air to La Boétie's fellow-Frenchmen an entire script drawn literally from his essay. As counterpoint to every paragraph of his felicitous rendering, Harry Kurz has added streamlined subtitles of his own, to remind the reader that appeasement, the fifth column, and no-foreign-battles-for-our-boys are just new terms for immemorial political diseases.

PAOLO MILANO

Coming Soon

"The Nation's" Spring Book Number

Articles and reviews by Lionel Trilling, Joseph Wood Krutch, William L. Shirer, Pierre Cot, Morton Dauwen Zabel, and Bjarne Braatoy; poem by Stephen Spender.

IN BRIEF

BOOK OF BAYS. By William Beebe. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Beebe's most recent book is the by-product of an exploration de luxe conducted along the Pacific coast from northern Mexico to Colombia. The party made its home on board the well-appointed yacht Zaca, which the author used on a previous expedition, and everyone appears to have taken time off from strictly scientific work for whatever junkets appeared attractive. In consequence "Book of Bays" is almost as much a travel book as it is a book of natural history, and the general effect is that of a sort of super "nature walk" conducted over a large and fascinating area by a highly competent guide. Mr. Beebe pulls wonders out of his hat—a deep-sea matron trailing the atrophied bodies of her various parasitic husbands is an especially good one—and philosophizes upon them in his most amiable fashion. He also gives highly entertaining accounts of courtship among the fiddler crabs, of the struggle for existence in the genuinely tropical forests of Central America, and of many other exotic marvels. Probably no one else can do just this sort of thing so well.

MUSIC

MY COMMENTS on the operation of commercialized broadcasting have brought thanks and a surprising piece of information from a Pittsburgh reader. After telling me of the C. B. S. station in Elmira, New York, which he once heard cut off the New York Philharmonic broadcast in the middle of Stravinsky's "Firebird" to broadcast a baseball game, he adds: "However, the C. B. S. station here in Pittsburgh is even better; it doesn't broadcast the Philharmonic at all."

Then my discussion of Aaron Copland's "Our New Music" has brought a letter from a Philadelphia musician, who is glad to see me "left unconvinced and cold by the prose writing of a modern composer," and who offers an explanation of the futility of such writing.

It is, he contends, that the writing assumes what is contradicted by fact. Copland, for example, writes—and must write—as though the revolution which certain composers carried out at the turn

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of the century was successful; as though "the leaders of the revolution . . . having abandoned the classical and romantic idioms and methods of composing, created new idioms and methods whose importance was equal to the old"; as though "all that remains is to have that equality acknowledged by the public and by all the critics." He writes—and must write—on these assumptions in the face of the fact that "composers, in spite of forty years of labor, have been unable to produce significant works along the lines laid down by the revolutionaries, and that the public, in spite of forty years of toleration, patience, and docile submission to an unprecedented barrage of ballyhoo, have been unable to find pleasure or attachment in the works of either the revolutionaries or their followers (Debussy's output and a few other pieces excepted; but they are not numerous or important enough to affect the argument, and in any case they are not universally agreed upon)." Copland must write on these assumptions, he cannot question them, "because . . . the whole structure of his musical life is erected on the success of that revolution which, as a young man, he accepted," and to "question it now . . . would be to admit his career a failure." And the factual evidence against the assumptions must be deflected: "He cannot confess that it invalidates the assumptions and makes continued adherence to the revolution a poor farce. So far as the evidence troubles him, it does so only because it fails to carry the revolution to an indubitable triumph. In other words, he is a True Believer, like a Roman Catholic, or an American Communist. The doctrine is all, the evidence is nought."

My correspondent describes the Copland technique correctly; but he is mistaken when he calls it futile. When Copland has written about contemporary American music he has not tried to demonstrate its sufficient quality, but instead has made demands—for attention, respect, use, compensation—in which that quality was presumed; and while this hasn't fooled my correspondent or a few like him, it has browbeaten a large number of others into giving the music attention, respect, use, and compensation that its actual quality would not have secured it. The technique has been hugely successful—so successful that Virgil Thomson is now using it: let the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society embark on a five-year program of American music, he says; the composers, the conductors, the audiences—all are here and ready.

Victor's February orchestral releases still have not arrived; so I continue with the March Columbias. When Columbia issued its recording of the Budapest Quartet's performance of Beethoven's Op. 131 more than a year ago I was so relieved to hear an approximation of the normal sound of a string quartet, after the ear-lacerating distortions Columbia had issued previously, that I said the recorded sound was good. And for the same reason I said the same thing about Columbia's further Budapest Quartet recordings. But listening to the March set (489, $3.68) of Beethoven's Op. 135 I am struck by the fact that while the sound I hear could pass as the normal sound of a string quartet it is not what I know to be the unique sound of the Budapest Quartet. Instead of the dark, deep-plumbing sound of Schneider's cello, the rich, warm, beautifully blended sound of the entire group that can be heard in Victor's imported recording of Beethoven's Op. 74, the Columbia recordings—all of them—give us a sound of four separate strands that is voluminous but without depth, richness, warmth. In this one of Op. 135, in addition, the volume-level occasionally is not constant from side to side; and the recording is afflicted with rattles and break-ups not only on a large wide-range machine with a light, sensitive pickup but on a small one of limited range with heavy pickup.

Rodzinski's performance of Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique with the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 488, $6.83) is more sharply contoured than Bruno Walter's with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra in Victor Set 662—which I would say makes it the better realization in sound of Berlioz's sharply contoured musical thought. The recorded sound of Rodzinski's performance also is appropriately brighter and sharper in definition than that of Walter's, which is however more sensuously beautiful and agreeable to the ear in the way that European orchestral recording is. On a Lafayette Overture with an Audax D-36 pickup and again on a Scott 23 with a Brush PL-25 the Rodzinski recording has occasional rattles and break-ups and the surfaces of my copy are gritty and otherwise noisy. But when I switch to the heavy Astatic Tru-tan pickup on the Scott the sound and the surfaces are quite clean.

B. H. HAGGIN

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Prisoners of Hope: Report on a Mission. By Howard L. Brooks. Fischer. $2.75.

The House in the Rain Forest. By Charis Crockett. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Below the Potomac: A Book About the New South. By Virginius Dabney. Appleton-Century. $3.

The Evolution of Balzac's "Comédie humaine." Studies edited by E. Preston Dargan and Bernard Weinberg. Chicago. $5.

Mr. Justice Brandeis: Great American. Press Opinion and Public Appraisal edited by Irving Dilliard. Modern View Press. St. Louis. $1.

How to Write a Play. By Lajos Egri. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Government and Nationalism in Southeast Asia. By Rupert Emerson, Lennox A. Mills, and Virginia Thompson. Institute of Pacific Relations. $2.

Maryland Main and the Eastern Shore. By Hulbert Footner. Appleton-Century. $5.

The Oration in Shakespeare. By Milton Boone Kennedy. North Carolina. $3.

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Old McDonald Had a Farm. By Angus McDonald. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

Northern Nurse. By Elliott Merrick. Scribner's. $2.75.

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Mechanized Might: The Story of Mechanical Warfare. By Major Paul C. Raborg. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

Henri Rousseau. By Daniel Catton Rich. Museum of Modern Art. $2.

The French in the West Indies. By W. Adolphe Roberts. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

The War Message. By Franklin D. Roosevelt. Rittenhouse. $1.

Musings of an Angler. By. O. Warren Smith. Barnes. $2.

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia, 1812. By Eugene Tarlé. Oxford. $3.50.

America in the New Pacific. By George E. Taylor. Macmillan. $1.75.

The Economic Novel in America. By Walter Fuller Taylor. North Carolina. $4.

The Huguenots: Fighters for God and Human Freedom. By Otto Zoff. Fischer. $3.50.

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Letters to the Editors

American Man-Power

Dear Sirs: Under the title of Man Power and the Draft there appeared in *The Nation* for February 28 an editorial holding that in the United States "an army of eight million men can be achieved only by a drastic cut in aid to our allies." I should like to offer several objections to this view.

The population of Germany at the outbreak of the war was approximately eighty million. German man-power was adequate to assemble an army of some six and a half million at the time of the campaign in France, and to make that army the best equipped in Europe. If Germany, with a population of eighty million, was able to do this, the United States with its hundred and thirty million ought to be able to train an army of six to eight million, to arm it, and at the same time to supply our allies with arms, particularly since a higher degree of mechanization has increased labor productivity here over that in Germany.

The editorial cites employment statistics to show that American man-power is not large enough to cover both purposes—an army of eight million and aid to our allies. It says, among other things, "Employment in agriculture and non-defense industries will probably drop to around forty million."

At present such employment amounts to forty-four million. Thus the editorial assumes a decline of four million, about 10 per cent. This estimate seems far too small to me. If the war is actually going to be fought as total war on America's side, the decline in consumption and in workers employed in consumer-goods industries will undoubtedly greatly exceed 10 per cent. This will release additional millions for the army or for armament production.

The editorial further states, "Judging by the experience of World War I, these two million workers can be provided by bringing women, retired persons, and youths into productive life."

In my judgment, the experiences of World War I do not apply to the present war. Germany, for example, registered all its women long before this war began, and put the unmarried ones to work in industry, virtually without exception. England has since followed suit. If this is to be total war, we shall have to do the same.

Since the decline in consumption is likely far to exceed 10 per cent—and each additional per cent of decline releases man-power to the extent of 400,000—and since the influx of women, retired persons, and youths will not necessarily be limited to two million but may rise to at least four, complete mobilization of man-power would make possible not only the creation of an army of six to eight million but also full aid to the allies.

It is an altogether different question whether the army can, in the course of a single year, be raised from two to six or eight million. That of course is not merely a matter of man-power but one of organization, military training, and, ultimately, grand strategy.

FRITZ STERNBERG

New York, March 19

Let Palestine Mobilize!

Dear Sirs: The futility of British policy in Palestine was never more evident than today. Not one of the Arab states has thrown in its lot with the English; the local Arab "leaders" have moved to Rome and Berlin; the Arab populace is completely indifferent to Britain's need. These are the fruits of appeasement in the Near East. There is no point in speculating now on what a Jewish community of a million or more could have contributed in industrial and military support to the democratic cause.

Rather than recruit a Jewish army in Palestine, Britain brought to the Near East Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, while Malaya, Burma, the Dutch East Indies, and Australia had to meet the enemy with a pitifully inferior force. Britain preferred actually to *discourage* Jewish enlistment for the sake of a discredited political policy. A Jewish army of a hundred thousand would have made a considerable difference to Singapore, and to Australia.

The Near East will soon again be the scene of major hostilities, with all the signs pointing to a Nazi pincer move through the Caucasus or through Turkey and Egypt. The strength of Palestine may decide whether the Germans get through to Mosul and to union with Japan in India. Have we not today the duty to demand that the entire available military potential of the region be mobilized without delay? British imperial policy is a luxury for peace time; in a war which is being lost it is "business as usual" of the most obstructionist sort.

JOSHUA TRACHTENBERG

Easton, Pa., March 18

Labor Needs the Long View

Dear Sirs: The article Labor and the Long View by I. F. Stone, appearing in *The Nation* of March 7 contains suggestions that are realistic, timely, and important, and that should be heeded by both labor leaders and the rank and file.

Several statements culled from Mr. Stone's article are worth repeating and remembering: "Labor leadership, as much as industry or government, needs to shake loose from customary thinking"; "Labor's first task is production"; "It is by gearing itself to these tasks, not by fighting rear-guard actions for overtime, that the labor movement can find safety and fulfil its obligations to the country and to the future."

Labor's present urgent need is "long-view" leaders who, while protecting its present gains, will avoid bartering its future freedom for present pecuniary profit.

JACOB BRENNER

New York, March 16

District 50 and the Farmers

Dear Sirs: Commenting on the move of the Dairy Farmers' Union, with offices in Utica, to affiliate with District 50 of John L. Lewis's miners, Saul Mills of the New York C. I. O. in a statement published in a great many newspapers recently (and in part in your magazine) said: "The New York C. I. O. is not interested in the type of organization represented by the Dairy Farmers' Union . . . the D. F. U. is dominated today by the same forces and has the same type of program as the monopolistic-controlled Dairymen's League and others of the milk trust's big five." As a former member of the D. F. U., I can say that Mr. Mills is correct in his estimate of what the D. F. U. stands for today. It was for this reason that we found it necessary to reorganize and to form the Farmers' Union of the New York Milkshed, with headquarters at Ogdensburg.

Farmers have a very important part

to play in the success of the defense program. None of us want to do anything to interfere with our ability to reach the food-production goals that are necessary for winning the war. That is one of the big reasons farmers do not want to be fooled into joining organizations retaining connections with appeasement groups such as America First.

Apparently John L. Lewis has not severed connections with the America Firsters and still holds to his pre-war isolationist views. With this in mind, one may well believe that his attempt to tie up with farmers in various sections of the country is a move to build political power for himself. If so, it bodes no good for farmers or labor. The irresponsibility of the D. F. U. Utica officials betrays their selfish purpose to affiliate not with the C. I. O. but with the treasury of the United Mine Workers. RUTH E. HILL

Jamesville, N. Y., March 17

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Wrongfully Imprisoned

Dear Sirs: Three innocent men—Anthony Panchelly, Edward Woodworth, and Donald Brown—are serving fifteen-year prison sentences in New Jersey. They were framed by the Hague machine for refusing to act as strike-breakers in the seamen's strike of 1936.

Arrested after a fight with a scab-herder, the three men were kept incomunicado for seventy-two days. The police tried again and again to force them to sign a false statement to support the charge of conspiracy made against the strike-committee leaders. But the three seamen remained loyal to their union—and are paying the penalty.

Charged with a patently faked robbery, they were given the maximum sentence, fourteen to fifteen years. They have served five years of that sentence. Now a drive to obtain a pardon for them is being conducted by a committee set up by the Workers' Defense League, with the support of the Civil Liberties Union, the national convention of the C. I. O.—and Judge Robert Kinkead, who sentenced them. The Workers' Defense League is a national non-partisan organization of which Dr. Carl Raushenbush of New York University is chairman.

The New Jersey Court of Pardons has been petitioned to consider the case at its meeting next month. To support that petition you can help: send a letter or wire today to Governor Charles Edison, Trenton, New Jersey, urging him to act favorably on the pardon appeal of Panchelly, Woodworth, and Brown.

MORRIS MILGRAM, National Secretary,
Workers' Defense League

New York, March 18

Court and Profiteer

Dear Sirs: The Nation's recent editorial Court and Profiteer, in the issue of February 28, was a disappointment to me. I had expected you to take the long-term view of the Bethlehem decision and its effect. Only by a superficial reading of the majority opinion can it be said the court has given a green light to profiteers.

If there is one member of the court who holds no brief for large corporations it is Justice Black, who wrote the majority opinion. Mr. Black chose to allow Bethlehem to keep its profit in order to establish a more important legal principle. And law is, after all, a statement of general public policy or principle, not merely resolutions affecting particular instances. Thus the court ruled that if the terms did not please the government, it should have—and automatically, could have—commandeered the shipyards. The establishment of this principle is worth the $3,800,000 bonus the court awarded to Bethlehem.

The court's decision includes another important statement: "If the Executive is in need of additional laws by which to protect the nation against war profiteering, the Constitution has given to Congress, not to this court, the power to make them." That the present Congress does not seem disposed to limit profits does not alter the fact that the power is theirs; nor does Mr. Roosevelt's reluctance to commandeer any plant alter the fact that the power is his.

This is merely the latest of a series of decisions through which Justice Black and his liberal colleagues are laying the groundwork for the future structure of our law. HRANT AKMAKJIAN

Jersey City, N. J., March 13

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

IN HIS RADIO SPEECH TO THE INDIAN PEOPLE Sir Stafford Cripps said, "Our object is to give the Indian people full self-government, with complete freedom as to how they will devise and organize their own constitution." The program which he has presented, with the unanimous approval of the British Cabinet, may be criticized in detail, but in general it seems to us to measure up to Sir Stafford's claims. It gives the Indians immediately a greatly increased share in their own government and guarantees dominion status after the war, with the right to break away completely from the empire. It approaches the minorities problem in realistic fashion, assuring each province the right to contract out of the federal system if the constitution to be drawn up by a constitutional assembly fails to satisfy them. There is some obscurity in the treatment proposed for the hundreds of princely states, large and small, in treaty relations with the British crown. Apparently they are to be given representation in the constitutional assembly, but it is not clear whether their representatives are to be elected by the people or are to be nominees of their rulers. Despite its merits, and despite general recognition of the fact that Cripps's recommendation of acceptance is the advice of a genuine friend, it is by no means certain that the program is going to be indorsed by all Indian parties. Once again it may be a case of "too little, too late." Had the British government made an offer like this in 1939 or even a year ago, it would have seemed more generous than it does now, with Japan's armies pushing through Burma.

*

REPORTS FROM INDIA AS WE GO TO PRESS state that both Gandhi and Nehru are opposed to acceptance of the Cripps plan as it now stands. Gandhi's opposition appears to be based on his pacifism. The plan would commit India to joining fully in the fight against the Axis powers, and the Mahatma believes that India should offer only passive resistance to any invader. Nehru, on the other hand, is willing to fight, but he wants the battle to be directed by the Indians themselves and objects to the provision that Britain shall be responsible for India's defense during the war. In his radio address

Cripps pointed out that the defense of India can only be undertaken as part of the whole war effort and that supreme command must be left in the hands of the commander-in-chief responsible to the British War Cabinet. At the same time an effective share in the control of the war is offered to India through representation on both the War Cabinet and the new Pacific Council of the United Nations. Cripps's proposals for settling the minority problem have aroused the hostility of the extreme Hindu section. It looks upon the contracting-out proposal, designed to provide against coercion of minorities, as the equivalent of a plan for the partition of India. Actually Hindu spokesmen have always claimed that Ali Jinnah, the Moslem separatist leader, represents only the minority of a minority, and if they are right, the predominantly Moslem provinces would almost certainly agree to join the union unless meanwhile the Hindus alarmed them by attempting to concentrate all power in their own hands. We agree that it will be extremely unfortunate if the unity of India is impaired, but any attempt to force minority provinces to adhere to the union against their will would result in an even less auspicious start for Indian independence.

*

THE SOVIET WINTER OFFENSIVE APPEARS TO have been definitely stalled by heavy Nazi reinforcements. Reports during the past week have told only of minor Russian gains and of the checking of German counter-thrusts. In the Kalinin sector the Nazis essayed an offensive action of their own, but were thrown back with heavy losses after a five-day battle. There is evidence that fresh Nazi troops have been brought up along the entire battle line. Whether these are intended merely to stop the Soviet advance or are initial units for the long-heralded German spring offensive remains unclear. While mud and slush preclude the possibility of extensive military operations on the northern and central sectors during the early part of April, the weather may soon be favorable in the Ukraine, Caucasus, and Crimea. Russia is undoubtedly prepared to meet a thrust in these areas, but its ability to beat back an all-out Nazi offensive must depend to a great extent on the aid it receives from Britain and the United States in the next few weeks. In this respect Britain seems to be doing far better than we are. The R. A. F. raid on Lübeck is reported to have done heavy damage to the harbor which is the chief outlet for shipments to the Russian front. The Commando raid on St. Nazaire served notice on the Nazis that the British are perfectly capable at least of small-scale offensive action on the Continent. The United States, however, has fallen seriously behind in lend-lease shipments to Russia just at the time when those shipments are most needed. Minor army and navy officials are reported to have diverted material intended for front-line use in Russia to use within the United States. It is obvious that the hope for winning the war in 1942—perhaps of winning it at all—rests to a considerable extent on the aid which we succeed in getting to Russia during these next few weeks. President Roosevelt as Commander-in-Chief has ordered these shipments speeded up, but success depends on the loyal cooperation of all officials responsible for deliveries.

*

THE NAZIS ARE APPLYING TO TURKEY THE sorts of pressure that give sure warning of trouble ahead. Von Papen is in Berlin presumably to tell the German Foreign Office just how much it can hope to get out of Turkey without war. Hitler, meanwhile, has been closeted with King Boris of Bulgaria, and in an address to the Bulgarian Parliament Premier Filov has said that the "destruction of bolshevism" is the prime requisite for the establishment of the New Order in Europe and that Bulgaria must give "the fullest possible measure" of support to its allies, the Axis powers. This sounds as if Bulgaria were at last prepared to send troops to the Russian front, but in view of the strong pro-Soviet sentiment among the people it is equally possible that the whole maneuver is part of the Axis threat against Turkey. New contingents of German troops are said to be arriving daily in Bulgaria, and fortifications are being rushed to completion along the Turkish frontier. An invasion of Turkey would find considerable support in Bulgaria, and if successful it would bring great advantages to Germany, opening a route by which to attack Russia from the rear and gain access to the oil fields of Iraq, Iran, and southern Russia, and making possible a flanking attack on the Suez Canal and Egypt. But it would also mean taking on another redoubtable foe at a time when Nazi resources are severely strained. So it is probable that for the present Hitler will try to gain certain strategic ends—as, for example, Turkish acquiescence in a German attack on Syria—by threat and pressure rather than war.

*

THE STATE DEPARTMENT SET A NEW HIGH in credulity when it accepted Vichy's bland assurance that henceforth France would keep its collaboration with the Axis in the Mediterranean and Atlantic war zones strictly within the limits determined by its armistice obligations. In addition to earlier pledges not to surrender its fleet or bases, Pétain's government has undertaken not to send more gasoline, trucks, or food direct to Libya and to give prior notice of fleet movements, such as the recent removal of the battleship Dunkerque from Oran to Toulon. Such pledges are in themselves admissions that Vichy has been aiding the Axis in ways which exceeded its armistice commitments. Explaining shipments of gasoline from military stores in North

Africa to the Italians in Libya, Vichy maintains that it is obligated to supply its former enemies with this most valuable of all war materials. Delivery at Tripoli, however, was an extra service thrown in to relieve Italy of the difficulties and dangers of carrying the gasoline across the Mediterranean in its own ships. Quite probably these French supplies were an important factor in enabling General Rommel to reorganize his forces and counter-attack, but the State Department is willing to let bygones be bygones now that Vichy has promised not to do it again. Another point arises. Every time Vichy is caught aiding the Axis we are told about some hitherto unpublished armistice obligation. We have suggested before that the State Department insist on receiving a full list of such commitments, together with Vichy's definitive interpretation of their meaning. Until this elementary precaution is taken, any resumption of shipments of American supplies to North Africa—proved to be an important source of food and raw materials for Germany and Italy—would be not merely folly but sabotage.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE new Pacific War Council to sit in Washington is a triumph for Australia and New Zealand, whose representatives have been insisting for weeks that the center of gravity in the Pacific war has shifted to the United States and that direction and decisions on strategy should be centered here, too. The new council will not replace the existing Pacific Council which meets in London but will collaborate closely with it; just how the two boards will divide their functions is yet to be announced. It is high time that the cumbersome arrangements which have prevailed until now, involving endless discussions between Washington and London with resulting misunderstandings and delays, be superseded by a simpler, more centralized control. Neither Australia nor New Zealand has been satisfied with the aid given them so far. They are particularly disturbed by the inadequate number of first-class fighter planes dispatched "down under." Australia manufactures planes but in quantities far too small for present defense needs. The dominions point out that they did not hesitate to send powerful forces to aid the British in the Middle East and at Singapore, and ask that they be given comparable assistance in their own hour of peril. Britain has already permitted some Australian soldiers, including General Blamey, to return home, but the shortage of ships will prevent any large number from being repatriated. For reasons of geography the dominions know that they must look to Washington rather than London for immediate large-scale aid. The new council should give the dominions the help and reassurance they demand and at the same time provide the concentrated direction required for effective military action.

BY THREATENING TO SUPPRESS THE *DAILY Mirror* Herbert Morrison, British Home Secretary, has, we believe, committed a bad blunder. His case is that this paper published "scurrilous misrepresentations, distorted and exaggerated statements, and irresponsible generalizations . . . tending to undermine the army and depress the whole population." In a statement in the House of Commons Mr. Morrison mentioned particularly a cartoon implying that British seamen were risking their lives to swell the profits of the oil corporations, but in addition he referred to criticisms of military leaders. Prime Minister Churchill also declared in a recent speech that he drew the line at tolerating "propaganda" which disturbed the army or undermined the confidence of the country "in the qualities and character of our devoted corps of officers." This suggests that the British War Office, smarting under such defeats as that at Singapore, is trying to silence those who have questioned its efficiency. Possibly the critics have not always been fair, and the *Daily Mirror* certainly appears to have couched its strictures in rather crude terms. There is no question, however, about this paper's whole-hearted support of the war; indeed, it was strongly anti-Nazi in days when some men still in the British Cabinet were intent only on appeasing Hitler. Its suppression could only mean that British leadership had become so unsure of itself that it was unable to withstand honest but pungent expressions of disapproval.

*

SMALL BUSINESSES WITH WAR CONTRACTS may obtain working capital directly from the army, navy, or Maritime Commission under an executive order issued by the President last week. This step enlarges one of the bottlenecks which have prevented use of machinery in small shops, but it will not solve the problem. Regardless of capital, the small plants cannot operate without orders. So far, no country-wide system has been devised for getting orders through to the small subcontractor. Several localities, including Philadelphia, appear to have tackled the problem effectively. But the War Production Board has never been sufficiently concerned with the situation to devise a workable nation-wide arrangement. The provision for loans seems to have been decided on under pressure from the Senate, which had its own plan for aiding the small producer. It is to be hoped the WPB will soon undertake a complete inventory of idle machinery as a preliminary to full utilization of our industrial facilities.

*

STANDARD OIL'S ACTION IN MAKING ITS synthetic-rubber patents available to Nazi Germany while denying them to American and British firms has rightly brought down a storm of indignation on the heads of the company's officials. But as Thurman Arnold has pointed out, Standard Oil's record is in no way different from that of several other powerful American firms. What is urgently needed is legislation prohibiting American firms from participating in cartels where such action involves disposal of American processes of possible military or strategic importance. Moreover, as Mr. Arnold recommended, steps should be taken to insure the registration of all patent license agreements and of all agreements between American companies and foreign industries. Mr. Arnold also recommended vigorous enforcement of the anti-trust act, and it is rather unfortunate that almost simultaneously he should have been persuaded to join Attorney General Biddle and Secretaries Knox and Stimson in signing a memorandum, later indorsed by the President, proposing a kind of moratorium on anti-trust prosecutions for the period of the war. But we doubt that this step is of quite such tragic importance as I. F. Stone implies in this week's Washington letter. For one thing, under his war powers the President is able to force the freeing of essential war patents without a lengthy court procedure, and he can also, by commandeering the plant of any recalcitrant firm, circumvent attempts by monopolists to impede war production. Moreover, Mr. Roosevelt stressed the fact that violations of the anti-trust laws would not be dropped but merely postponed and that there would be immediate prosecution where fraud against the government was involved.

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IF ANYTHING COULD BE MORE ILL-TIMED and exaggerated than Milton Mayer's article, The Case Against the Jew, in the *Saturday Evening Post,* it was Ralph Ingersoll's attack on Milton Mayer in *PM.* Mayer could not have chosen a worse moment to vent his spleen on the sort of Jew he doesn't like—who is, examined closely, merely the sort of person he doesn't like. He believes, it would seem, that only when the Jew becomes a perfect human being, free from the greed and envy and desire for acceptance common to all ordinary people, will he be relieved of the fears that now pursue him. This doctrine, it seems to us, applies with equal effect to the rest of the human race. Mr. Mayer's rather muddled views, expressed in violent language and published in a mass-circulation magazine which until yesterday was bitterly isolationist, can only help to spread or intensify anti-Semitic feeling at a time when such feeling is peculiarly dangerous. But when Ralph Ingersoll indulges in an equally vitriolic attack on Mayer, distorting his opinions on the Jewish question and linking them with opposition to the war, he does the cause of racial tolerance no good either. He not only called widespread atttention to the article but may even have created a reaction in Mayer's favor. It is an unhappy commentary on America's war-time journalism that a sensational article like Mayer's should become a *cause célèbre* while a sober analysis of the same subject by Waldo Frank in the preceding issue of the *Post* went all but unnoticed.

Labor and Its Enemies

THE Congressional blitzkrieg against labor standards has been checked with the exposure of some far from disinterested snakes among the grass roots. I. F. Stone in last week's *Nation* gave a detailed account of the way the "spontaneous" public demand for abolition of the forty-hour week was launched in Oklahoma by a reactionary publisher-industrialist. Since then Senator Thomas of Utah has uncovered the slimy trail of the United States Chamber of Commerce, and light has been shed on the activities of the Southern States Industrial Council, which under cover of war necessity is trying to obtain for its sweatshop members repeal of a law that it opposed bitterly but in vain.

It has also been amply demonstrated that workers in most war industries are in fact putting in far more than forty hours per week and that loss of time through strikes—an issue introduced into the debate in order to stir up feeling against the unions—has been reduced to infinitesimal proportions. Men really qualified to express themselves on the question of the effects of the forty-hour law on production have protested most emphatically against the Smith-Vinson bill. "If we abolish the forty-hour week by law," Donald M. Nelson told the House Naval Affairs Committee, "we do not gain one hour of additional work in our war industries; but naturally we create a widespread demand for increases in wage rates, throw the entire wage structure out of adjustment, and remove an important incentive for labor to shift from non-essential industries into war-production jobs."

Mr. Nelson's views on this subject have been indorsed by so staunch an exponent of the Wall Street view as *Barron's,* the national financial weekly, which has declared editorially: "What people who rant against the forty-hour week fail to realize is that it has worked itself into the country's wage structure just as completely as the basic hourly rates themselves. Or, to put it another way, it has ***held down*** the hourly rates wherever it has provided the overtime means of raising weekly wages." Even William P. Witherow, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, was not prepared to indorse the Smith-Vinson bill or to support the claim that it would increase output. In some areas, he declared, it would speed production; in others, "it might easily tend to slow it down."

In the light of such testimony the agitation against existing labor standards is revealed as a wanton attempt to use the war emergency as an excuse for wrecking the New Deal. Its authors have proved themselves saboteurs of the cause they claim to represent, and they have pushed their campaign regardless of the damage it was bound to inflict on national unity and workers' morale. In the words of a Southern newspaper, the Montgomery *Advertiser,* which has sharply attacked the anti-labor attitude of some Southern Congressmen, "It is not altogether how long a man works but also how vigorously, whether he puts his 'heart into it.' American workmen are human. They are not going to be as enthusiastically behind the war effort if they know that their well-known enemies are making capital of the war situation. Those who seek personal advantage on this issue now are as much 'gimme boys' as anyone else."

Any attempt to impugn the patriotism of the trade-union movement as a whole is utterly unjustified. By surrendering their right to strike for the duration the unions made a bigger sacrifice than many people realize. And although misleading publicity for a handful of unauthorized strikes has endeavored to give a contrary impression, they are keeping their word even in the face of great provocation. We have recently been informed, for instance, that in a great aircraft works where the United Automobile Workers has organized a strong minority of the employees, a number of its members have recently been dismissed for various alleged reasons but actually for union activities. The union has appealed to the War Labor Board, but that body has such a choked calendar that it cannot promise consideration of the case for many weeks. Meanwhile dismissals continue, and the local leaders are hard put to keep their members from expressing their indignation by a walkout.

Nor is abstention from strikes the only contribution which the unions are making to the cause of increased and continuous production. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. have just agreed to abandon the customary contract provision for double-time on Sundays when that day is not the seventh successive working day. Many unions have given up time-honored practices and privileges which tended to check output. Many—for instance, the C. I. O. Shipyard Workers—are fostering training schemes regardless of the effect that a great increase of trained workers may have on conditions after the war when work may not be so plentiful. These are only a few examples of the ways in which organized labor is adjusting itself to the national need for all-out production. And as Robert Lynd points out on another page, labor's contribution would be even more important if it had a real share of responsibility on the industrial front.

On the basis of their war record, then, the unions can easily challenge comparison with any other large group in the country. Yet it must be admitted that they have not won for themselves anything like so assured a position in national life as that enjoyed by the British labor organizations. To some extent this fact may be ascribed to perpetual misrepresentation of labor in the overwhelming majority of newspapers. But the unions themselves are not entirely free from blame. A minority among them have developed practices which undoubtedly provide useful ammunition for labor's enemies. The recent attack by Thurman Arnold was ill-timed, as Attorney General Biddle said, since it coincided with the phony agitation against the wage-and-hour law. It was also unfair because it attributed to all unions various types of wrongdoing of which only a comparative few are guilty. But it remains true that there have been attempts by unions to extend protection of their members to the point of ruthless monopoly; there are unions which act as a cloak for racketeers, unions which use strong-arm methods to coerce employers and even their own dissident members, unions in which democratic methods have been reduced to a farce. And these sins of a minority are visited on the heads of all organized workers. It is more than time that the leaders of the C. I. O. and more particularly the A. F. of L. took vigorous action to purge their ranks of parasitic growths which are weakening the foundations of American trade unionism. Only a labor movement which is democratic in practice as well as in theory, which makes itself the spokesman and guardian of the workers, can hope to achieve an unassailable position in the country—now and when the war ends.

Dies in the Spring

MARTIN DIES has opened the spring drive on progressives by going out gun in hand for the Board of Economic Warfare. In a letter addressed to Vice-President Wallace but "mailed" through the press the Texan claimed that "an initial check" showed that "at least thirty-five high government officials" employed by the board "have public records which show affiliation with front organizations of the Communist Party." An initial check on Dies's initial check shows that his principal source of information is still the same old membership list of the American League for Peace and Democracy published by his committee two and a half years ago.

The prize exhibit in Dies's new researches combines politics with sex. Three pages of his five-and-a-half-page letter are devoted to Maurice Parmelee, and the case against him is worth examining in detail because it illustrates so well the Texan's unsavory methods. Parmelee is held up to indignation as author of a book on "Nudism in Modern Life." It is pointed out that he was born in Constantinople—no doubt a harem voluptuary—that he omitted the nudism study from the books listed on his application for a job as economist with the board, that the book was held obscene by a federal court, and that Parmelee has written "propaganda treatises for communism."

What Dies didn't bother to mention is that Parmelee had the indecency to be born in Constantinople only because his parents were both Congregational missionaries to Turkey from their native state of Vermont, that his book on nudism was not named in his application for a government job because the application blank did not ask what books he had written, that the federal court which held the book obscene was reversed by the Circuit Court in a decision which paid tribute to Parmelee as a writer, and that such "propaganda treatises for communism" as Parmelee's "Bolshevism, Fascism, and the Liberal-Democratic State" are propaganda treatises for the last, not the first or second.

Vice-President Wallace, in an indignant and moving letter, makes a few other points "overlooked" in the Dies letter. Dies deliberately made it appear that Parmelee was employed in the tiny post-war-planning section of the board "because of the chance it gave him to draw utterly false inferences from the book on nudism." The fact that Parmelee had worked for the United States War Trade Board on blockade control in London during the last war and later served as special assistant to Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes is never mentioned by Dies—for these facts would run counter to his purpose. This purpose is still his old purpose—to hound progressives out of the government. He knows as well as the Vice-President does that Parmelee is not and never has been a Communist—nor has C. Hartley Grattan or Eugene Staley or T. A. Bisson, to select a few others mentioned in the Dies letter.

This unprincipled attack shows the need for organizing immediately to fight Dies constantly, day after day, not merely once a year; to fight now against the grant of an appropriation to him by Congress, and to defend the Board of Economic Warfare. Dies cites with glee the case of Malcolm Cowley, *New Republic* editor, whose life in Washington was made miserable for three months and who was finally driven out of the OFF by a campaign of lies as dirty as any the capital has seen. The campaign originated with the Hearst press, which worked closely with Dies. The New York *Journal-American* even ran a long story about an attack made on Cowley by Dies on the floor of the House—an attack which was not made until twenty-four hours after the paper appeared!

The OFF preferred to let Cowley resign rather than face a long and gruelling fight with Dies, but the use made of the Cowley resignation in this new attack proves that there is no safety in retreat or appeasement. In a Washington which has more than its quota of America Firsters, pro-fascists, and anti-Semites among gentlemen presumably engaged in prosecuting the war, the editor of a liberal weekly is regarded as too subversive for public office. Not the least of the services Dies performs for fascism is keeping out of Washington the kind of people most needed for a vigorous democratic conduct of our production and propaganda agencies. Administrative officials have grown fearful of hiring progressives, and progressives have grown fearful of taking government jobs. One of the most pressing campaigns in the war on the Washington front is a drive against Martin Dies.

The Ban on Burlesque

NEITHER the press nor the public has exhibited much interest in Mayor LaGuardia's most recent—and still continuing—attempt to make his whim law in the government of New York City. No doubt he is counting on the fact that few intelligent citizens are interested in burlesque theaters *per se,* but if his entering wedge stays put we may wake up some morning to find the whole institution of the theater subject to an arbitrary control and all the laws now intended to protect it completely nullified. Where the Mayor plans to go from there remains to be seen, but possibly Archbishop Spellman and Bishop Manning, who are behind the present move, have some further suggestions in mind.

The conspiracy involves the old device of using licensing authority as an instrument for enforcing a completely arbitrary and wholly illegal censorship. For some years now Commissioner of Licenses Paul Moss, apparently acting under the Mayor's direction, has been harassing the burlesque theaters. Some time ago he ruled that neither the word "burlesque" nor the name "Minsky" could be used. He also raised the annual licensing fee from $500 to $1,000 and made the licenses renewable quarterly. Then on the evening of January 23, 1942, one hour and forty-five minutes before the current license of the Gaiety Theater expired, he announced that it would not be renewed. Commissioner Moss freely admits that neither the managers nor any of the performers have ever been prosecuted for indecency. Somewhat less freely he also admits that the Mayor's Committee on Burlesque, composed of representative unpaid members appointed by the Mayor himself, has recommended that the license of the Gaiety be renewed. Yet the only reason assigned for the refusal is alleged indecency, and if one wonders why the indecency, supposing it actually exists, has not been prosecuted under the laws provided, one will find the answer in a broadcast made by the Mayor over the municipal station on February 1, 1942. The legal method, said the Mayor, takes too long. In other words, it is evident that he, like certain other persons now in the public eye, feels that democratic and legal processes have outlived their usefulness. Dictators are more efficient.

Of course the question whether or not the performances at the Gaiety were or were not indecent within the meaning of the present law is not really relevant. The report of the Mayor's Committee would certainly seem to indicate that they were not. But if they were, adequate machinery is provided by the existing laws, and that machinery should be used. If it is not used and if the

Mayor succeeds in establishing by precedent the right to refuse licenses purely at the discretion of the licenser, then a censorship of the most completely arbitrary and absolute sort has been established in plain contravention of the law's intention. Greenbaum, Wolff, and Ernst are representing the plaintiff, and Supreme Court Justice Aaron J. Levy has issued an order to show cause why Commissioner Moss should not be required to issue a license. Unless he is compelled to do so, democratic process will have lost an important round.

Handcuffing Thurman Arnold

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 29

TODAY'S announcement of the new policy on anti-trust prosecutions is an extraordinary climax to Thurman Arnold's revelations during the past week. Arnold had disclosed the way in which Standard Oil placed loyalty to its Nazi partner, I. G. Farben, above loyalty to the United States. He had shown that the development of synthetic rubber and many other important war materials in this country was stifled by Standard Oil on orders from Berlin. He had revealed, in the top ranks of Standard and its du Pont and Mellon allies, men who appear more interested in protecting their holdings abroad and their monopolies at home than in winning the war. These men and their henchmen are apparently so powerful that, after all these revelations, they can slip the handcuffs on Thurman Arnold. The oil trust is calmly thumbing its nose at the American people.

It seems that the anti-trust laws, not the trusts, have been holding up the war effort. A War Production Board official tells me gravely that one War Department compilation showed that an anti-trust prosecution had lost the country 124 days and 23 evenings of the valuable time of one executive vice-president of an unnamed company! The international-cartel agreements on aluminum and synthetics and magnesium and dyestuffs will cost us precious lives and years. Yet here are the President and Attorney General Biddle and Secretary Stimson and Secretary Knox and the unwilling Arnold himself agreeing that prosecution of these and similar trust arrangements may be postponed for the duration because they take up too much of the time of important executives. The country would be better off if we lost all the time of some of these executives. If the officials of I. G. Farben had dared to act like some of the officials of Standard Oil, they would have been in a concentration camp a long time ago, thanking their lucky stars that they hadn't been shot. Here we put up a sign outside their offices, "Do not disturb."

Inquiries into dyestuffs and magnesium are pending. Both are important in the war effort. Are they to be pinched off under the new policy? Either the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy may veto the Attorney General, and the Attorney General can override their veto on a proposed prosecution only by appealing directly to the President. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy and the men around them were bred in the atmosphere and the service of big business and finance. Some among them have shown a capacity to rise above their background and training that commands confidence and earns gratitude. But these are the exceptions. Even with the best intentions a man cannot altogether shake loose from the habits and preconceptions of a lifetime. Their sympathies, their old friends, their dinner partners, often their own methods in business predispose them toward the very men Arnold has been attacking. If they had possessed this veto power six months ago, would Arnold have been allowed to continue the Standard Oil-I. G. Farben inquiry? I doubt it.

Had Standard Oil come forward after Pearl Harbor and offered to give up its foreign connections and place its patents at the disposal of the country, no one would object to a "let-bygones-be-bygones" attitude toward our anti-trust laws for the duration. But Standard did not do this. It threatened a libel suit when Nathan W. Robertson, one of *PM's* Washington correspondents, revealed that Standard was refusing to pool its patents for butyl along with other synthetic-rubber formulas. It sought by underhanded means to keep its German connections even after we were in the war. Most important of all, Standard went right on stifling the development of war synthetics until Arnold got the goods on it and forced it into a consent decree. Who knows how many other cartel agreements hobbling this country's war effort are still in effect? Since the new anti-trust policy covers investigations as well as suits and prosecutions, War and Navy officials will often be faced with a choice between Arnold's suspicions and the assurances of their old friends and business associates. Is Arnold to be bound and gagged?

I asked a WPB official why the decision to suspend the anti-trust laws had not been made by Donald Nelson instead of by Stimson and Knox. He said Nelson didn't want the responsibility. It was felt that it would be wiser to leave the decision with the armed services since the public regarded the War Production Board as dominated by business men. I suggested that the armed services when examined turned out to be as thoroughly dominated by big business men and corporation lawyers as the WPB. The answer very candidly was that the public didn't realize this. One of the sources of this new policy, for example, is a General Walter B. Pyron in Under Secretary of War Patterson's office. Pyron is liaison man between the War Department and the oil industry. He sits in on the meetings of the Petroleum War Industrial Council, a private, not a governmental, body. Suspension of the anti-trust laws for the duration was one of the main objectives of the council's meeting on March 3 and 4, and General Pyron carried the council's wishes to Patterson. The General was until recently vice-president of the Mellon Gulf Oil Company.

The oil trust which was so anxious to accommodate itself to Nazi business methods, and which now has its men in almost every important agency in Washington, is vitally concerned in bringing about a virtual suspension of the anti-trust laws. It wants to kill off the suit filed by Arnold against the trust in September of 1940. It has already disposed of his Elkins Act suit against its pipe lines with a consent decree so weak that the two attorneys who worked on the case for the government refused to sign it, and one of them resigned in disgust. More important than these suits are the protection of its secret world-wide agreements and connections and the precious patents it holds on the multifarious range of synthetic products which can now be made from petroleum. Oil is becoming a chemical industry, and Rockefeller and du Pont are merging their lordly empires. The consent decree on synthetic rubber leaves with them much of their power over the new synthetics, and the country remains dependent on their good faith and good-will. An Administration determined to let nothing stand in the way of victory would seize their patents under the War Powers Act and purge the government of their henchmen, instead of making them safe from the one weapon the people can use against them, the anti-trust laws.

What's Right with Britain

BY RALPH BATES

LORD HALIFAX'S speech of March 19 showed that London has taken note of the sinister growth of anti-British feeling in this country. Let there be no mistake about it; distrust of Britain does increase rather than diminish. Most of this is the consequence of two things—British reverses in the Far East, particularly the loss of Singapore, and the fact that Britain has not yet invaded the Continent. The unjustified defeatism that has resulted is being exploited by the pro-fascists and the appeasers, for it lends plausibility to a charge that, unlike rational criticism, tends to destroy the foundations of trust between the United States and Britain. Quite simply Britain is accused of refusing to fight.

None of the critics offer an analysis of the military problem, for that would show, as Lord Halifax showed in general terms, that far more is right with Britain than wrong. And to put liberal criticism of the production effort in proper perspective, it may be said that had there been as much reorganization as the necessity for preserving national unity permitted, production today might be perhaps 20 per cent higher than it is. To achieve that 20 per cent increase is vitally important for the future, but so far as the past is concerned, it could not have given Britain victory.

Lord Halifax was excellent in that part of his speech which dealt with the Libyan campaigns, the importance of which is not generally understood. But his argument would have been more powerful had it been placed against a background of recent history.

One simple military idea must be kept in mind. Since Britain is a factory-fortress that at all costs must be held, what it must do before it can invade the Continent or pour unstinted forces into far-off battlefields is to reach a state of "over-defense." It is only the surplus of force that can normally be gambled. If the island base were sacrificed, even though the bulk of the German army were destroyed in a battle on the Continent, the security of the United States also might well be destroyed. Wars can be won or lost by the smallest of margins nowadays. It is this simple conception which explains Britain's apparent weakness up to now. That Britain can only recently have reached a state of adequate defense will be proved by a review of the situation at the time of the Norwegian campaign and immediately after Dunkirk.

The following estimate, though it conflicts with that given in Mr. Churchill's speech of June 18, 1940, cannot be far wrong. After the collapse of France about one million men were on the "ration strength" of the British army. At least half of these were practically untrained recruits; only a part of the remainder were sufficiently trained to have been able to take the field had they possessed enough arms. As it was, only the Canadian corps of 60,000 men was thoroughly equipped; one British corps of the same size was nearing that condition.

How many tanks there were is not known, though the dispatch of one armored division to Egypt in July gravely imperiled England. Some 120,000 first-class troops, then, were all that Britain possessed to meet the invasion Hitler had promised. Besides this force, of course, there was the hastily formed Home Guard of half a million men. Armed with shotguns and semi-obsolete rifles rushed to Britain from this country, untrained, immobile, the Home Guard was essentially a civilian militia incapable of front-line duty against an army like that of Germany. The navy, suddenly faced with the defection of the French and the entry of the Italian fleet, and the small but superb R. A. F. were Britain's real defenses. There was no hope of winning effective allies, nor any possibility of getting large supplies of arms quickly. Britain, in those days, lived on its nerves.

That was the starting-point of the country's rearmament campaign. The paralytic hand of Chamberlain had been struck from the wheel in May. Mr. Churchill, adroitly annihilating Chamberlain with what purported to be a speech in his defense, declared that Norway had been lost for lack of arms rather than because of culpable failure on the part of the navy. With the Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress welcomed into cooperation, the response of the working classes was tremendous, and the appeasers were reduced to comparative nullity. It was not rhetoric when Mr. Churchill declared that "thousands of men and women did not remove their clothes for weeks at a time, and men worked until they dropped beside their lathes." The pace set proved too severe to maintain and in the interest of production itself had to be relaxed. How much had been accomplished when next the war flared up is impossible to say. If half a million men or thereabouts had been fully equipped and thoroughly trained by the end of 1940, it was a great achievement. These troops were of course infantry. There could have been no ample supply of tanks. "Over-defense" certainly had not been reached when the pool of forces had to be tapped for campaigns in Libya, Greece, and Crete.

At any rate, the foreseen defeat in Greece at once awakened the cry, "Too little and too late." Competent soldiers have been specific in their criticism of the Balkan campaign. They have pointed to wrongly chosen lines of resistance and indicated alternatives. That is legitimate and useful. At the most, however, given the neutrality of the Soviet Union and Turkey, all that could have been done was to fight a better delaying action. Possibly more than the 58,000 troops that were sent could have been dispatched to Greece. If they had been, the German staff would have smiled with pleasure, for if we put the German army's strength at that time as low as 240 divisions, with 90 to 100 divisions on the Russian frontier and possibly 40 engaged in garrison and police duty elsewhere, it is still reasonable to suppose that Hitler could have swept away an Anglo-Greek army of any practicable size. Again, the British had too few fighter planes in Crete and too few airports. That without endangering the British Isles too greatly they could have supplied enough planes to turn back the bombers that destroyed the Cretan air bases is not to be believed.

It happens that the criticism of the Balkan campaign admirably illustrates the true nature of the problem. Some critics in Britain argued then, as they do now, that any expenditure of troops upon outlying campaigns is unjustified in that it puts off the day of a Continental invasion. For political reasons they were wrong. To have abandoned Greece might have put Turkey in the enemy's camp. The resistance Hitler encountered in the Balkans postponed his invasion of Russia and prevented the German army from closing its pincers around Moscow.

A more radical school of criticism, including Lieutenant Colonel Garsia in his "Planning the War," contended that Britain's purely military potential would always remain so much lower than Germany's that it was unwise to think of sending a B. E. F. to engage the Reichswehr. To do so would be to match Britain's greatest weakness against Germany's greatest strength. These critics demanded, therefore, a deliberate concentration upon air effort. Germany was to be bombed into surrender. And since it was not parity in number of planes and personnel that the R. A. F. would need for this task, or even a two-to-one superiority, but a four-to-one or six-to-one superiority, those who thought this way pointed out that Britain could not build such an air force and at the same time arm a great expeditionary force; that is to say, the idea of a major land invasion was a total error.

The mistake of the Garsia school lay in its root assumption that the war would remain a limited one, between Britain and the Axis powers, with the United States serving as arsenal and check to Japan. Nothing more clearly illustrates the connection between wise production planning and a sound political understanding of the world forces in play. London had reasoned correctly about the war. Throughout 1940 and early 1941 delaying actions alone could be fought if "over-defense" was to be reached. At a later date the temptation to throw away the excess of strength had to be resisted.

One result of the German invasion of the Soviet Union was that an enormous sector of British public opinion at once demanded the opening of a second front. The demand could not be met. There is reason to believe that Stalin himself realized that no major front could be opened by Britain. Nor can he have had any doubt that every tank and plane he accepted from Britain delayed the arming of a B. E. F. It is, by the way, a mistake to imagine that the "second-front" campaign in Britain was merely a Communist affair. The British people's warm admiration for the Red Army and their solidarity with

Russia are chiefly sincere expressions of their resolve to defeat the Axis. Relief also enters into it, as well as exasperation at Britain's enforced absence from the Continent. That the Munich appeasers had spurned Russia is another factor. If any political declaration was responsible for British enthusiasm for Russia it was Mr. Churchill's magnificent speech of June 23, in which that pre-war advocate of collaboration with the Soviets rallied Britain, and the world, for the new tasks ahead.

Since June 22, 1941, the world situation has been profoundly changed. But though Britain has gained mighty allies, the Japanese onslaught has again complicated matters and, for a while at least, has slowed up Britain's growth in strength. Nevertheless, and despite the new importance of the Suez region, steady progress is being made.

Anti-British feeling here is, I have said, the result not only of the failure to invade the Continent but of the Far Eastern defeats, particularly the loss of Singapore. In estimating London's degree of blame for these events, the same general considerations must be taken into account. Once France had laid down its arms and Indo-China had become a Japanese corridor, the defense of the Malayan base became extremely difficult. Without the aid of the United States, Britain could not have undertaken that offensive action against Indo-China and Thailand which would seem at this date to have been the only way to hold Malaya. Tactics were poor, doubtless, and again planes were too few and of out-of-date types. Even unofficial critics, however, had no conception of Japan's striking power, which China had weakened far less than most had supposed.

Turning, then to Europe, which for Britain must remain the principal theater of the war, what is the present ratio of strength of the antagonists? It is reasonable to believe that the German army itself contains between 280 and 300 divisions and that their distribution is as follows:

On the Russian front....	Approximately	160	divisions
In reserve for that front..	"	60	"
In Norway	"	8	"
In France	"	20	"
In Italy (the Libyan base)	"	10	"
In general reserve.......	"	30	"
Total	Approximately	288	divisions

A few Italian and Rumanian divisions of poor quality are on the Russian front, as is also the Finnish army. Germany's allies provide much of the police and garrison force required for the occupied countries. Thus in Yugoslavia, the only one where serious military difficulties are being encountered, Bulgarian troops are used to combat General Mikhailovich's guerrilla army.

Assuming that the imperial armies in India, Egypt, and Asia Minor have been greatly strengthened, the forces within the British Isles may be put at 100 divisions, well trained and equipped. There may be another 20 to 30 divisions that fall short of this condition. The Home Guard has become a well-trained force of two million, and the personnel of the R. A. F. has been put as high as three-quarters of a million. On a population basis Russia can probably muster thirteen million men over a long period, but how many it can keep in the field at one time no one outside Moscow knows.

A British force invading France, it would seem, would meet at least twenty and perhaps thirty divisions, assuming the Soviets are still able to engage the main German army. Could Britain alone undertake such a venture? If the B. E. F. ought to be at least twice as large as the army opposing it, the answer must be no. Moreover, it must be remembered that British troops are largely untried in battle; very few of them can have had any experience of the most difficult of all feats, that of landing upon a hostile shore supplied with a splendid system of hinterland communications. Two other difficulties are obvious. The debarking of heavy equipment requires port facilities that the Germans would surely destroy if light or air-borne troops appeared likely to establish a beach head. More important, Britain's shipping problem is a crucial one. The American World War ratio of seven and one-half tons of shipping per man is certainly too high for so short a sea passage, but even at a rate of from two and one-half to four tons, the transportation required for, say, half a million men would seem to be beyond Britain's power to supply. The chosen theater for a Continental invasion would have to be one in which the B. E. F. could so rapidly achieve total mastery that Hitler could be shut out of it, without possibility of his drawing continuously upon reserves. There must be no second Dunkirk. While the Britain of 1942, I believe, will have so far passed the mark of "defense" that it might open a new front, it cannot risk engagement with the total German forces not occupied in Russia.

Moreover, a new crisis threatens. It is unwise to assume that Hitler will necessarily strike at European Russia this spring. With Japan's fingers groping at the throat of India and the Germans still reaching for Egypt, the United Nations must consider themselves menaced by a move which, if successful, would profoundly affect the grand strategy of the United Nations. As Lord Halifax said, it is relatively easy for Germany to reinforce its Libyan army. It is extremely difficult for Britain to do so, for Libya is 12,000 miles distant by sea from the home base. For Germany the Suez campaign would be at once the most effective means of foiling a Continental invasion and of reducing Britain's aid to the Soviets.

Britain's strength is growing steadily. In a certain sense, however, a "hump" has been encountered. It is one that able men in Britain have long foreseen. Modified capitalism, with its corollary of "free" wage- and price-fixing, has provided the framework—and the check—to British effort. The conscription of the entire population is at present enabling the government to put each day 5,000 more women to work in war industries, thus releasing men for the army. Much more needs to be done, though thoroughgoing reform will become possible only as the war drives home its lessons to a majority of the people.

The mood of Britain today is complex. That is the result partly of frustration and partly of the inadequacies of the social system. It is true, as Sir William Beveridge, the British expert on man-power utilization, has suggested, that the system of material rewards itself checks the growth of an all-out crusading spirit. There is still no sign of widespread understanding that the war must be fought as revolution. What exists is a grim determination that is short of blazing fervor. But lest the failure to carry out a startlingly radical social change be utilized by the fascists and their defeatist allies to drive a wedge between the United States and Britain, it is worth while to glance at the changes demanded by Sir William in an article in the London *Times* of March 17. He asks for nothing short of total state control of industries, prices and wages included, with the state as distributor of income and the trade unions surrendering their autonomy. This is democratic totalitarianism—no small order! Something like this will have to be done, and when it is done it will be without destroying the foundation of British democracy. Until then we must fasten our gaze upon the rock-bottom facts and await events. The facts alone will refute the abominable slanders which defeatists are believing at the prompting of scoundrels.

Three Years of Franco

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

IN *The Nation* of March 30, 1940, I published an analysis of one year of the Franco regime. The title of this article, with the difference of time, is the same, and the main conclusions are the same too. In 1942 the most striking feature of the Spanish situation is still "the incapacity of Franco's government to build even a totalitarian state of the Fascist or Nazi type," as I said in my short obituary two years ago. I use the word "obituary" not from any optimistic expectation of a quick collapse of the puppet state built up by Italy and Germany and nourished by the appeasement policy of the democracies but because everything in Spain today suggests just that—the inevitable decay of one of the most inefficient and unpopular regimes in the long history of tyranny. When I was asked the other day, in connection with the recent dangerous "trade" agreement between Argentina and Spain, what Spain could export, I replied "corpses." That was the shortest interview I had ever given, but I cannot help thinking that, briefly and brutally, it sums up the situation.

It is only in the field of repression that the Franco regime has approached the effectiveness of its Nazi masters. The Phalangist terror more closely follows the example of Berlin than of Rome, and wisely. Once a regime decides to kill as many adversaries as possible, it should follow the most efficient pattern. Nobody in the Ovra, the Italian Gestapo, can pretend to compete with Himmler.

I shall not tire the reader with figures showing how many people have been killed in Spain since my last anniversary comment. But he should know that, in spite of the frequent cables from Madrid announcing general amnesties, the repression goes on, and the shootings have decreased only in the degree that the number of qualified Republican prisoners to be liquidated has diminished. As I write these lines, the Vichy radio is sending out news of the death sentence pronounced against Carlos Rubiera, one of the last governors of the province of Madrid. "Condemned to death in connection with his participation in a Communist plot"—the old discredited story that has been the keynote of Gestapo communiqués from Paris every time the death of a dozen or a hundred hostages has been exacted for the extermination of a Nazi sergeant. Rubiera could never have been implicated in a Communist plot. Of all the Socialist followers of the former Premier Largo Caballero, Carlos Rubiera was undoubtedly one of the most rabid anti-Communists. He was arrested in Madrid when the Franco troops first entered the capital and until now has been held in prison without trial.

The shooting of Republicans goes on in authentic Nazi style. The technique, as I said, is more German than Italian. I know from the best sources that the Phalangists once received a significant rebuke from their Italian comrades in aggression against the Spanish people. After a dinner in honor of an Italian delegation visiting Madrid some of the Phalangist hosts suggested a "rather exciting after-dinner entertainment." Not a Spanish *zarzuela* or a "star dance." Something more modern, more to the Axis taste. They proposed going to the main prison in Madrid to see "a couple of dozen Republicans shot" in the patio. The Italian delegates politely declined. Previously some Nazi visitors had not only accepted a similar invitation but had taken part in the shooting themselves.

For the rest, the regime is characterized by incapacity and more incapacity, beyond any words. Our constant prediction during the Spanish war that the Franco crowd, left to themselves, would be incapable of organizing the so-called "national syndicalist" state or any other kind of state has been conclusively justified. The only thing they have achieved is terror, death, hunger, and typhus. All the rest is chaos, or grandiose plans—on paper only—for building a great navy, or for reconstructing Spain, or for reconquering America.

Of course Franco and his followers are active, and may even be efficient, in their role as vassals. Under direct German supervision they quite accurately carry out Nazi orders. They send to Germany everything that the Nazis can extract from a Spain economically so utterly disorganized. They send some metals; they send workers from Andalusia and other regions; they send "volunteers" to die for Hitler on the Russian front; they even send the little food that might, if they could keep it, alleviate a state of starvation which can be matched only in Poland and Greece. They have put their ports at the service of Germany's submarines and have sent Phalangist agitators to Argentina to sign a trade agreement that allows Germany to establish itself in the heart of South America.

Similarly, the official attitude of the democracies toward Franco's Spain has changed very little. It is true that Franco has not obtained the often-rumored loan through which certain elements in the various foreign offices hoped to bribe him into the orbit of the United Nations. But their flirtation with a regime committed to a life-or-death support of Hitler has never been given up. It makes no difference that the Franco ambassador in Berlin, Count Mayalde, asserts boldly, "We Spaniards stand by the side of Nazi Germany because we know that the profound transformation in the political economy and social order which the Phalangist revolution is effecting in Spain *cannot succeed without the definite triumph of German National Socialism";* that press, radio, and government officials abuse the British and American nations, insulting the British Prime Minister and the President of the United States; that in Latin America the Phalanx has already passed from the stage of mere agitation to active political warfare against the democracies. Ignoring these little matters, Sir Samuel Hoare and Ambassador Weddell can always report a pleasant smile from Serrano Suñer, Franco's Foreign Minister—as if Kurusu, Japan's special envoy, did not also smile during the negotiations in Washington in the week before Pearl Harbor.

One thing and one thing only has definitely changed in the two years since my earlier commentary in *The Nation.* Inside Spain the opposition to the Franco administration has spread to all elements of the population. The army nourishes its old resentment against the Phalanx, which during the war never betrayed any eagerness to be on the firing line. The Phalanx itself, though it rules the country, is aware of the enemies in its ranks. At the end of the war, before the government left Spain, we gave orders to those of our comrades who could not be easily identified to join the Phalanx. Since then they have worked from inside against the Franco regime and they are still active despite the continuous purge. The industrialists, the Spanish Thyssens, who financed Franco, are dissatisfied and disillusioned; instead of insuring their own interests they are now caught in a situation in which economic life is at a standstill and profits non-existent. The small shopkeepers resent being held responsible by the authorities for the shortages of food and other goods; last November the state began applying the decree which provides the death sentence for retailers who "hide goods"—goods that do not exist. From the beginning it has been clear that the Franco dictatorship could not survive a Hitler defeat; today many people in Spain doubt that it can prolong its existence even until the cessation of the fighting in Europe.

This extension and crystallization of the opposition against Franco has had a very healthy effect upon the Spanish émigrés. Their unification has advanced farther in the last two months than in the previous two years. In Mexico a new organization, the Spanish Democratic Union, has been created in which are represented practically all the parties and labor organizations that fought together during the Spanish war. In Chile, which after Mexico shelters the greatest number of Spanish refugees, the various political groups have united under the direction of Señor Soriano, the last Loyalist ambassador. In Buenos Aires people who six months ago had never signed a joint declaration have issued a vigorous statement supporting the democracies and urging unity among the émigrés. The signers include the former Moderate Republican Foreign Minister, Augusto Barcia; Luis Jimenez de Asua, a Socialist friendly to Indalecio Prieto; and Colonel Galán, the famous Communist commander. Of course some well-known personalities still remain aloof from this united effort against Franco, but as parties and groups move closer together, their "isolationism" becomes every day more difficult.

Spain's relation to the war itself has not changed in the last two years. Today, as in 1940, it is Hitler who holds the decision. Economically and politically Spain is already in the New Order; it will come in as a military partner whenever a setback on the Russian front or some shift in Nazi strategy makes Franco's active participation seem more useful than his present active "neutrality." It is entirely up to Hitler.

Not That Way, Mr. Nelson

BY ROBERT S. LYND

BUSINESS WEEK has just issued a twelve-page special report to executives entitled "1942—the Year to Win or Lose." Donald Nelson warns the country: "This year, 1942, is the critical year in the existence of the United States." What they mean is that events since December 7 have scrapped the plans of the United Nations to hold on in 1942 and prepare to go "all out" in 1943. Now we know that we either go "all out" this spring and summer—or we may actually lose the war. Like the British immediately after Dunkirk, the United States must sacrifice the longer production focus to the stark maximizing of what we have—now.

Meanwhile it is common talk in and outside Washington that the people of this country do not yet have their backs under this war. Washington is concerned over the growing isolationism and aversion to England and to some extent to all the United Nations. If such conditions as these exist, it is for identifiable reasons, and in this portentous year there must be no dodging those reasons if facing them can assure a different mood and the vitally needed increase in production.

Production concerns machines and men. What can be done about more machines in time to alter the next six months' production is sharply limited. What can be done about the human energy applied to those machines in thousands of already going factories throughout the country is, if not unlimited, incalculably great. And yet we face the problem of evoking that energy with an essentially negative and wizened attitude toward labor that grossly underestimates its readiness to act. Human motivation has been so constricted and battered under a system that says men do only what they are paid to do that we have habituated ourselves to expecting men to yield energy only grudgingly and under coaxing.

And so Washington is setting out to coax and beguile men to produce by the Nelson Plan. Ever since last autumn Washington has been watching the production plan of the Radio Corporation of America. The R. C. A. has had pep sessions for its workers, with movie actresses sliding from the factory roof in breeches buoys and all the usual whoop-er-up devices, as well as free midwinter trips to Miami for workers making the best suggestions for speeding up the plant's production. The Nelson Plan has streamlined the general type of procedure and is preparing to put it into mass production in all the war industries of the country.

The plan will be tried out first in some fifty key plants. Consultants from Sidney Hillman's staff will visit each plant and arrange for the organization of a management-labor committee to conduct the production drive. Each plant committee will be furnished with posters, stickers, pamphlets, and an instruction manual. Contests will be run for prize production slogans; stickers will be put on each worker's machine bearing such sentiments as "Every time you twist a nut, think of Hitler"; quota fulfilment for a plant will be dramatized pictorially by such devices as having a bullet move toward a picture of the Mikado every time a quota unit is completed in the plant; and a plan is being worked out to give medals to individual workers who turn in a superior production record.

All this is in the tradition of ballyhoo, of the advertising campaign and sales contest familiar to Americans. As *Business Week* remarks, it is designed to "put some sex appeal into industrial morale programs."

And it will have effect—that is, as much effect as a sales contest, and no more. But, Mr. Nelson, if 1942 is as crucial as you say, is this enough?

What the plan seeks to do is to get results by avoiding a reality that both Mr. Nelson and the workers on whom production depends recognize. For months the C. I. O. has been proposing that bona fide labor-management committees be set up and given the job of working out ways of increasing production. It has argued that labor will move in on war production in earnest if it is actually given more responsibility. And if the record of the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union since last June means anything, that proposal makes sense. But Mr. Nelson counters with a proposal for management-worker committees which are to confine themselves to putting on plant pep campaigns. According to *Business Week,* Mr. Nelson "has little interest in or sympathy for" the C. I. O. proposal, and the intent of his plan is "(1) to sell the scheme to labor, warding off the stretch-out label, and (2) to divert the unions from their demand for a bigger voice in the management of industry to what Nelson considers their proper role—stimulation of the individual worker to greater effort." The same business journal, in its issue for March 21, heads its account of the actual opening of the production drive: "Production Drive—with Caution." "The caution," it goes on to report, "with which the problem is being approached was much in evidence at the New York regional management-labor meeting. . . . All of the speeches by WPB's representatives and consultants emphasized, 'This is purely a production drive.' . . . Attendance, around 300, was not so large as expected, and management was mainly silent in the discussion period. Great care was exercised in steering all discussion away from controversial questions. The session, which had been scheduled to run from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., would up at noon."

If 1942 is, as Mr. Nelson says, "the critical year in the existence of the United States," the year in which we may win or lose the war; if Mr. Nelson can now do little more to step up the number of machines for production *this spring and summer;* if the big potential is men and their will to work and if those men want something and Mr. Nelson does not like their wanting it and offers them "not bread, but a stone"—then all signs point to our being embarked on a reckless, self-defeating gamble on Mr. Nelson's preferences against the achievable fact of more production. It may seem unfair thus to personalize the bent of the production program by speaking of "Mr. Nelson's preferences," since he obviously reflects the caution of the Administration. But in times like these one must pin responsibility on the executive who actually throws the switch.

Donald M. Nelson

What must be realized, and fast, is that a war involving issues as deep as those in this war cannot be won by the tactics of a sales campaign. Labor's feelings are real, and if labor is the sticking point between us and production, those feelings must be dealt with realistically and generously. Labor has large reason to fear what may be done to its hard-won present status under cover of the war emergency. It reads of this threat daily in the newspapers. This being the case, it will do little good for Mr. Nelson to appeal to labor to give itself to the war effort while at the same time he adroitly circumvents its request that it be made a full partner in the war.

What labor asks is a simple thing—a thing without which the employers themselves have repeatedly refused to participate in the war effort. This simple and entirely proper request is for the right to participate in terms that have meaning to the participant. After all, the war is a long way from Middletown; war issues are vast and confused; and if the workers in Middletown factories are to find meaning in the war, that meaning must be felt by them where they live and in what they do, down there south of the tracks. War organization and morale, like all effective social organization, find meaning in personal idioms of living; they cannot be effectively imposed from without. Slogans, publicity campaigns, and "phony" management-worker committees imported from the remote world of Washington big shots can make people "feel good" temporarily, but such stunt campaigns will not make labor roll up its sleeves and fight.

The fact is that labor does not have to be persuaded to join up and go all out for things. Contrary to the tradition by which we have lived, people are not inert; they do not require to be coaxed into action. They are naturally and inveterately active, rarin' to go; they need no persuasion to participate in things—if given a chance to do something that seems like genuine sense to them. But the sense must be theirs, not Washington's or just the employers'. The vogue of all manner of group joining, from college rituals to the Townsend Plan, testifies to the almost pathetic eagerness of American folk to identify themselves with movements. We mobile, foot-loose, individualist Americans have dis-organized ourselves from social belonging until it hurts; and we know it in our ramifying insecurity. We are called "a nation of joiners," but studies of group affiliation reveal working-class people to be far less tied into group life than are the classes above them. A prevailing mood among an overwhelming share of the American population is hunger for precisely that sort of spontaneous group participation that stretches one "all out."

The fortitude of the British common man in the war has evoked universal admiration. And Americans immediately after Pearl Harbor gave similar copious evidence of their magnificent readiness to stand up under disaster. But fortitude is only a negative virtue when the situation demands positive action. Observers report rapidly mounting restlessness in England, and the same temper is beginning to be apparent here. In both countries it suggests that men want to do more. As a writer in the London *New Statesman and Nation* for February 14 of this year remarks, "The most deep-seated feeling in England today is one of envy—envy of the Russians, who are being allowed to fight 'all out.' "

If it is true that a great outpouring of popular energy —*now*—is crucial to our war effort, it is no less true that energy is lying all about us ready to go. All that is needed to trip the switch is the candid acceptance of labor as a full partner in the war effort. And yet it is precisely this that neither Mr. Churchill in England nor Mr. Nelson here is prepared to grant. The fact is that both the English upper classes and their American counterparts fear labor and are determined to minimize its formal share in the war. The repeatedly stated position of the National Association of Manufacturers has made this too clear for labor to have any illusions in the matter. And Mr. Nelson's plan for labor morale exhibits the same animus. On every hand there are appeals by the government and employers to lay aside factional issues, to avoid discussion of war aims, and to get on with the war. But these appeals rest on the unstated assumption that while we fight the war nothing fundamental must change. And on that rock the American war effort may founder.

The temper of the ordinary man in America is not "radical," in any thoroughgoing sense of that word. American workers are deeply American in mood, not committed to foreign ideologies. The future they want is American. But American traditions have taught them to view the future with hope. They will work and fight magnificently for a future that means hope to them. At present they do not even demand pledges regarding that future but are prepared to go all out in an effort in which they can genuinely share. American labor, however, is more sophisticated than it was twenty-five years ago. And it will not be kidded or coaxed into committing its energies whole-heartedly to a program that seeks to freeze, or to shrink, the future for which it fights.

Mr. Nelson has already taken such extraordinary steps to speed up production as the suspension of competitive bidding on war contracts. Washington is discarding the slow, cagey tactic of hedging on its fears; it is putting action first, trusting to its ability to cope with such problems as may arise in the course of effective action. It is doing this everywhere save in its relations with labor. And yet labor, even more than machines, controls the potential level of output in these crucial months of 1942. Defensive tactics applied to labor won't do. The only way out is straight on through, discarding the fear that labor, too, may gain something from this war.

Technocrats in Uniform

BY WILL CHASAN AND VICTOR RIESEL

SEVERAL million Americans, upon opening their newspapers recently, probably stared incredulously at full-page advertisements that had been inserted by Technocracy, Inc. These advertisements, which appeared in more than thirty papers, urged the appointment of Howard Scott, Technocracy's leader, as "Director General of Defense." If the proposal was startling, the revelation that Technocracy was staging a comeback was hardly less so.

The movement, however, is no longer the opéra-bouffe affair of the early thirties whose leaders talked mystically of ergs and joules. It has undergone a thorough remodeling. A beguilingly simple program has replaced the cabalistic symbols; it promises $20,000 a year to everyone and appeals to prejudices ranging from prohibitionism to anglophobia. Uniforms and a salute have been acquired, and founder Scott has become "the Chief."

Technocracy, Inc., has grown mysteriously affluent. Scott told a Cleveland *Press* reporter that his newspaper advertising would cost "in excess of $50,000," and a New York reporter learned that Technocracy is "buying time on ninety-two radio stations." The organization publishes six expensively printed magazines and other literature, employs fifteen people at "continental headquarters" in a Manhattan skyscraper, and apparently plans to open offices in Washington. "The Chief" refuses to divulge the source of his organization's prosperity.

He is equally reticent on the subject of Technocracy's new trappings. At "continental headquarters" uniformed aides in "technocracy gray" salute him. Fleets of automobiles painted "technocracy gray" escort him to meetings, where the stage setting for his appearances follows an easily recognized pattern. Technocracy magazines, in an obvious effort to invest him with superman qualities, refer to him in idolatrous terms and describe his "rapt" audiences. The organization's by-laws define the functions of numerous subordinate officers and groups in considerable detail but contain no reference to its supreme commander; apparently his powers are unlimited. When Scott was asked how, with no provision in the by-laws for his election, he became "the Chief," he replied, "I got here first." When his attention was called to the contradiction between Technocracy's professed anti-fascism and its sedulous imitation of fascist methods, he refused to comment.

Newspapermen who visited Scott at "continental headquarters" after the appearance of his advertisements found "The Chief" seated at his desk in a chrome-decorated office, flanked by a uniformed disciple and a stenographer. He talked volubly about Technocracy's "specially designed plane" that "will fly 12,500 miles with a bomb load of fifty tons at more than 300 miles an hour and at a 36,000 ceiling." He was also willing to discuss Technocracy's "specially designed tanks." But he was incommunicative on the subject of his organization.

The literature of Technocracy argues that "democratic methods are obsolete," and Scott refers to freedom, justice, and liberty as "empty baubles of the social epoch of yesterday." He is for abolition of the political state on the ground that our modern technological age requires the application of scientific methods to social management. He talks of merging North America, Central America, the West Indies, Bermuda, and Hawaii into the Technate State of North America, and of running it like a "continental telephone system." This Technate State, under which everyone is to receive $20,000 a year, "work about four hours a day, 165 days a year, beginning at the age of twenty-five and retiring at the age of forty-five," is to be managed by a self-perpetuating élite. Individual liberties are to be tolerated only to the extent that they are in harmony with the needs of technology.

Scott regards himself as a fierce realist. He boasts that Technocracy "has no moral philosophy" and is concerned only with the efficient operation of our industrial system. He would like to see all "alien cultural intrusions annihilated" because they conflict with technology. He feels bitterly toward South Americans for the same reason and regards the Good Neighbor policy as "utter stupidity." The only policy South Americans will respect, he says, is "that of force—force powerful enough to be utterly ruthless."

Technocracy's program, which is a fairly persuasive statement, appeals to the pragmatic, "cash value" mentality in such sentences as, "Technocrats are not filled with any love of humanity or influenced by any ethical idea, but are primarily concerned with function." It studiously avoids tampering with American thought patterns and fetishes. Members are instructed to avoid references to capitalism or the profit system; Technocracy literature refers only to the "price system."

Scott, it seems, has tried to work out an "American approach." He emphasizes that Technocracy is the "only social movement born in America and of America's problems and composed and officered by North Americans." Technocracy propaganda cleverly exploits the average American's love of display and ritual and his even more deeply ingrained respect for machines, gadgets, and engineers. Asiatics and Europeans are described as unsuited for life in the Technate State, and there is patent effort to foster a sense of American superiority.

"The Chief," who once demanded the deportation of Lord Halifax, was an isolationist until Pearl Harbor, and his organization was banned from Canada for its opposition to the war. He now wants "total conscription of men, machines, material, and money" to prosecute the war effectively so that "America can remain America." He would also like to be "Director General of Defense" although he is utterly unqualified for the job, having had only an undistinguished career as an engineer, an equally undistinguished one as a floor-wax manufacturer, and brief experience as a research man for the International Workers of the World. He was given the I. W. W. job at the suggestion of "Scientific" Murphy, a prominent Wobbly who was impressed by Scott's ability to talk about Veblen. Former intimates recall "the Chief" as a garrulous fellow expounding odd economic theories in obscure Greenwich Village bars, and Frederick Lewis Allen says that the frenzied interest in Technocracy in 1932 bewildered no one more than its leader. However, at Technocracy gatherings now Scott talks and acts like a man of destiny.

Technocracy has as yet regained only a fraction of the influence it exercised in the early thirties, but it has a more closely knit organization, more strictly disciplined members, and a larger treasury. It has automobile fleets in at least a half-dozen cities, motor-cycle corps, "disaster squads," and the élan that comes from uniforms and salutes. These do not make it an immediate menace, but its spectacular growth in 1932 would indicate that it could become one.

Our war-production drive is making the country increasingly conscious that it has the industrial capacity for a system of abundance; a post-war depression could easily cause millions of "technology-conscious" unemployed, cynical about democracy and the four freedoms, to consider Technocracy a solution. Perhaps Scott is preparing for that day when he tells people that they "cannot wear freedom, cannot eat justice, and cannot ride on liberty."

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Wall Street in Two Wars

DURING the first two and a half years of the present war industrial stock prices have pursued a course directly opposite to that which they followed from late 1914 to America's entry into the conflict on April 6, 1917. As the chart on the next page shows, a sharp upward spurt of the average in the fall of 1939 was followed by a leveling off and a period of comparative steadiness during the "phony war." The market reacted to the fall of France with a spectacular drop in values, but when it became clear that Britain was not going to be knocked out as well, there was a gradual and moderate recovery. Late in 1940 there began a new seepage in values which, broken by only a very mild rally in mid-1941, has continued to date.

In the first World War stock prices started from the bottom. Even before August, 1914, the market had been suffering from a prolonged slump. The day Britain declared war the Stock Exchange was closed in order to avert a panic. That step was necessary because London was then the financial center of the world and tremendously influential in the New York money and investment markets. The New York Stock Exchange remained closed until December, 1914, when it reopened with quotations well below the level ruling four months earlier. But precautions taken to prevent a further slump proved needless, and in a very short time prices began to sweep upward as Allied war orders came rolling in.

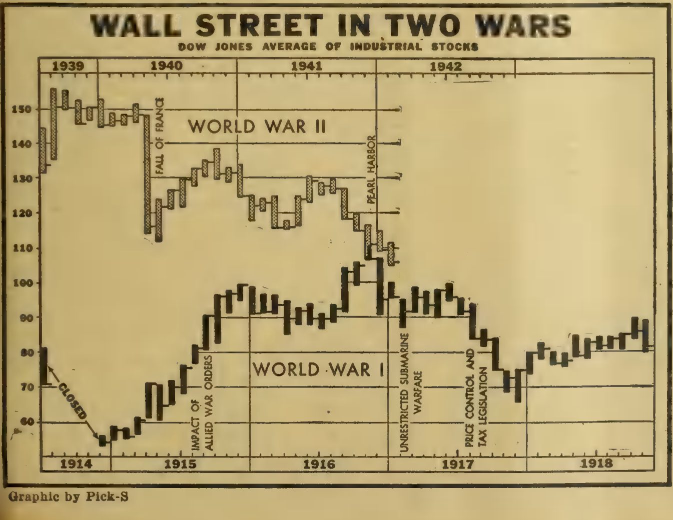
The *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* in its "Retrospect" of 1915 wrote: "While the year 1915 will forever live in history by reason of the gigantic and terrible war in Europe, with its appalling loss of human life . . . it will in addition hold a distinctive place in American trade annals because of the part the war played in the course of business here and the sudden and wonderful transformation it brought about in the whole realm of industrial affairs in this country."

Sharp as the rise shown in the chart is, it hardly does justice to the spectacular performance of the favored "war brides" in 1915. Bethlehem Steel, for instance, was quoted at 42 when the market reopened; ten months later it touched 600. Throughout most of 1916 the market pursued a more stable course, with speculation curbed to some extent by peace rumors, but there was a new bound forward at the end of the year after German successes in Rumania suggested that the struggle would be prolonged.

The heights of 1916, however, were not touched again until after the war was over. American entry into the war engendered a more sober mood, and when the government made clear its intention to impose heavy excess-profits taxes and refused to pay the fancy prices which had been charged to the Allies for munitions, the inflated stock-market structure toppled. But the average did not fall back to its 1914 low; in fact, that point was never touched again until 1932.

The chart exhibits the contrasts in the behavior of stock prices in the two wars. There are, however, some similarities worth noting in addition to the common reaction to war taxes in both periods. The sharp rise in quotations in 1915-16 by no means fully reflected the rise in profits of the corporations benefiting from the armaments boom. In 1912 United States Steel was quoted at from ten to fourteen times common stock earnings of $5.71 a share. In 1916 its net income was above $48 a share, but the market valuation of the stock was only 1.7 to 2.7 times earnings. A similar tendency to put a low capital value on war earnings is common today. Corporation earnings and stock prices have been moving in opposite directions for the past two years; so that while a stockholder may feel cheerful when he totes up his income, his face falls a mile when he looks at his capital account.

Correction: A typographical error in Everybody's Business of March 21 made it appear that the National Association of Manufacturers had suggested a 9 per cent excess-profits tax. The figure, of course, should have been 90 per cent.



Graphic by Pick-S

In the Wind

THE FIRST ORGANIZATION frankly for peace short of victory to be formed since the war is Americans for Peace, which has its headquarters at 1165 Broadway, New York. It will back all isolationist candidates in the fall elections. Horace Haase, former America First leader in Brooklyn, is head of the organization, and Edward James Smythe, known for years as a Nazi camp follower, has become editor of its house organ, *Our Common Cause.*

DANTON WALKER, gossip columnist for the New York *Daily News,* has so often been right in predicting developments in the policy of the Roman Catholics that he is regarded by many political writers as the man who releases trial balloons for the church. His latest prediction is that if the Vatican receives an envoy from Japan, it will at the same time recognize the Stalin regime by accepting a Soviet representative.

FBI AGENTS recently investigated a prominent liberal who was being considered for a government position. To check on the man's patriotism they went to a former member of the national executive committee of the America First Committee.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR current song hits in Argentina is Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheean, which older Nation readers will remember as a favorite after the First World War.

AMONG THE INDORSERS of "Communism in Germany," one of the Nazis' earliest propaganda pieces, was Ellis Searles, editor of the *United Mine Workers' Journal.* The Union for Democratic Action rediscovered the book recently and has been calling public attention to the fact that Hamilton Fish, Merwin K. Hart, Searles, and some other Americans in public life gave it their blessing.

BOOKS ON RUSSIA will not be accepted by the Books for Victory Campaign in Pontiac, Michigan. . . . Rochester, New York, has banned the Rugg textbooks from the school system. It is the largest city to take that action.

[The $5 prize for the best item received in March goes to Maurice Rosenblatt of 2 West Forty-third Street, New York, for his story about the release from prison of pro-Nazi Robert Jordan, published on March 7.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE GERMANS AND THE NAZIS

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THE literature devoted to a study of the roots of the Nazi mania is becoming tremendous. In it a genuine scientific curiosity about the historical causes of the German tragedy is mixed in varying proportions with a desire to picture our enemies in the most unfavorable light. For some strange reason men seem to find satisfaction in regarding the present evil courses of the Germans as the consequence of congenital defects going back to the dim past. Hitler's theory of a master race offers a particularly tempting opportunity to invert the dogma and discover that the Germans are and have always been a race of sadists, monsters, and rebels against civilization. But though there are obviously very serious defects in German character, it is as foolish to think of the German nation as an example of total depravity as to consider Nazism the consequence of a conspiracy of a few "bad" men against an essentially "good" nation. The truth lies somewhere between these two extremes and is much more complex than either.

The books on the subject written in war time will probably not add much to our knowledge, for the passions of war color the judgment of even the most "objective" historian. Some of them, nevertheless, are interesting though fumbling efforts to account for the nihilistic mania of the Nazis. Emil Ludwig's theory of a conflict between a good German culture and a bad German civilization, or rather between Germany's good men of thought and its bad men of action (as expressed in his "The Germans: Double History of a Nation"[1]), can be dismissed rather easily because there can be no such division between thought and action. The thesis gains a measure of plausibility only because German culture has been as profound in measuring the ultimate problems of human existence as it has been perverse in dealing with the proximate problems of human society, particularly the problem of justice.

A favorite theory, supported by many Catholic authors, is that the Germans never came completely under the civilizing influence of the Roman world and have consequently always been half-barbarian, revolting against the "West" whenever the bastions of civilization became sufficiently weak to invite a revolt. This theory runs through Peter Viereck's "Metapolitiks,"[2] and a variation of it appears in Roussy de Sales's "The Making of Tomorrow."[3] The trouble with it is that it identifies civilization too uncritically with the Roman tradition. Furthermore, its concept of "barbarian" rests upon the most fatuous form of the idea of progress, according to which evil in history is a reversion to a more primitive form of life. Nazism is a destructive fury which has developed in a very mature civilization. It is no more barbaric than insanity is childlike.

Sometimes the explanations seek to make a distinction between bad Prussians and the other Germans. This distinction runs as a subordinate theme through Ludwig's book and is central in Friedrich Foerster's "Europe and the German Question."[4] Foerster's book is significant for various reasons. It is the only one of the many I have read which is written by a German, and the author's critical attitude toward his own nation represents a remarkable achievement in detachment, although sometimes it seems to betray elements of racial self-hatred. The book has in addition the merit of finding the roots of the evil in German history in the unbroken Prussian military tradition rather than in those philosophical tendencies where the more "profound" analysts seek it. Foerster regards Nazism as a natural extension of Prussianism, to which it adds nothing but a crude, popular, quasi-Moslem religious faith that transmutes the old acquiescence of the German common man in the cynicism of a military aristocracy into a positive participation in the brutalities of *Machtpolitik.*

His theory that the true genius of Germany was expressed in the internationalist ideas of the Holy Roman Empire, vestigial traces of which were present in the Austrian dynastic state, is more dubious. It might be argued that the extravagant nationalism of both Germany and Italy in our own period is due to their belated achievement of nationhood, their tardiness having been caused by the fact that Germany was the seat of the medieval empire and Italy the seat of the medieval papacy.

The most comprehensive analysis of the roots of Nazism has just been published—Rohan D'O. Butler's "The Roots of National Socialism."[5] The young English author devotes himself particularly to discovering the roots of Nazi tribalism and exaggerated nationalism in German romantic philosophy. Here, indeed, is a fruitful source of inquiry. No one can deny that the romantic emphasis upon the particular, as against the universal of reason, is historically related to the Nazi worship of the nation as the final source of all meaning in life, though Herder's idea of each nation cultivating its own genius and living peacefully with all other nations is about as different from Nazi imperialism as anything could be. In Fichte German pride becomes compounded with the sense of German uniqueness, perhaps as compensation for the sense of inferiority caused by the Napoleonic victories. (It must be mentioned incidentally that quite a number of authors refer to the German inferiority complex without explaining it plausibly. I do not doubt its existence, and I believe that it has been particularly important in the relations between Germany and Britain. But it can hardly be given as one of the "causes" of Nazism until its own causes are explained.)

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[1] Little, Brown and Company. $4.

[2] Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

[3] To be published April 17 by Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

[4] Sheed and Ward. $3.50.

[5] E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Butler understands very well that Nietzsche's particular type of romanticism, his emphasis upon the will-to-power, was not conceived nationalistically and that Nietzsche was critical of excessive national pride. But he rightly regards Nietzschean cynicism as one of the elements of Nazi politics, in which a cynical glorification of power is mixed with a sentimental glorification of the racial-national community. The best analysis of the conflict between the particularism of German romanticism and the universal standards of "the West," those conceptions of natural law which obtained in both Catholic and liberal Western Europe, was contributed by the great German philosopher Ernst Tröltzsch. In an essay written in 1922 (published in English as an appendix to Barker's translation of Gierke's "Natural Law") Tröltzsch came as close to predicting the Nazi revolt as any prophet. But he did not equate the simple universalism of the French Revolution with "civilization"; and he emphatically believed that there was an element of truth in romantic particularism which, if suppressed, would take vengeance upon the civilization which disregarded it. This comes closer to the truth than Butler's complacent words: "Looking backward over the course traversed, one sees at its head the Age of Enlightenment, the mellow light of reason of the eighteenth century. And one sees how men rose up in Germany to set themselves against that light and called in darkness." Before offering to die for French enlightenment arrayed against German romanticism, it would be well to inquire why, if the latter produced a cancerous growth in Germany, the former resulted in a kind of tubercular weakness in France.

One of the difficulties with all the books dealing with the German mania is that they induce complacency about our own sometimes comparable and sometimes contrasting vices. There is little sense in condemning the worship of force and vitality if we do not also condemn the senseless confidence in discarnate reason, emancipated from all the vitalities of history, by which we have confused the politics of "civilization." It does no good to condemn the aberrations of a false nationalism if we do not understand that a too simple universalism, which regarded national loyalty as a remnant of barbarism, opened the way for Hitler. It is perfectly true that Germans have always found it difficult to deal with the morally complex factors of politics without falling into the abyss of moral cynicism and nihilism. I do not understand just why this is so, for Nietzsche is after all the product, as well as a cause, of this cynicism. But I think the moral sentimentality of the Anglo-Saxon world in the political realm is equally mysterious; and it has been equally perilous to civilization.

Wherever we turn we find the picture of virulence contrasted with weakness. Sometimes the virulence arose out of the weakness; and always it proved itself more destructive when it was opposed by weakness and illusion. Thus the history of our tragic era is a commentary on the text: "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." If we do not understand this, we shall spend our energy hurling invectives at the Germans but shall be defeated nevertheless. For virtue is not so simply rewarded in history as Mr. Steinbeck, to judge by his latest book, supposes.

Mr. Butler and most of the other authors err not only in failing properly to contrast the German insanity with our own feeble-mindedness—if the metaphor may be allowed in order to keep the whole within the realm of psychopathology—but also very frequently in not allowing important voices in Germany, which do not agree with the ultimately victorious tendency, to be heard. Their picture of the consistency of German thought is thus an untrue one. Furthermore, they do not present the evidence of similar tendencies in other nations. National pride has undoubtedly achieved insane proportions among the Nazis, but it is a more universal sin than these indictments admit.

Sometimes the evils of German life are ascribed to tendencies in German thought which in other nations generated quite different consequences. Nazi moral nihilism, for instance, is again and again attributed to the emphasis placed upon historical norms by German philosophical and political thought. This leaves out of account the fact that British democratic development is rooted in this same respect for historical rather than rational norms. From Ireton to Burke and from Burke to the present, British democrats have sought to broaden liberty "from precedent to precedent" and have found the hereditary "rights of Englishmen" more potent instruments of justice than the abstract "rights of man."

Without claiming to penetrate to the mystery, which seems to be unsolved in the various treatises I have examined, I venture to suggest that one of the most potent causes of the German worship of the state, of German cynicism and moral nihilism, which finally culminated in Nazism was the failure of the German middle classes to break the power of the feudal military classes. Whatever may be the weaknesses of the bourgeois world in the present era of its decay, it cannot be denied that the middle classes played a creative role in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and that the liberties which are now being extended beyond their interests were first established in conformity to their interests. But not in Germany. There no business man was ever admitted to the court of the Kaiser until 1914. There the power of the military aristocracy was so great that even the bourgeois-labor Weimar Republic was unable to break it. There the sublimated or unsublimated homosexuality of the officers' corps produced the ideology of a *Männerstaat;* and there the neuroses of the battlefields of the World War were transmuted into a psychopathic political power in which aristocrats and the lower middle classes finally found a common ground for political action.

This social history of Germany is more important than its cultural history. But if one asks why the German middle classes were so lacking in spirit and resolution, so unable to throw off the tutelage of the military class, one must move again from the level of social to the level of cultural history. May not Luther's particular approach to political problems, whatever his profundity in other fields, have fastened this fatal weakness upon the German people? His cynicism bordering on pessimism, his abhorrence of social anarchy and consequent uncritical acceptance of the authority of the state, his vehement denial of the right of rebellion against tyranny—all these contrast strangely with the resistance to tyranny by which democracy was established in other parts of the Western world, under religious inspiration in Britain, under anti-religious auspices in France, and under a combination of the two in America. Certainly the ineptness of the Germans in politics, whatever its causes, and their uncritical attitude toward the pretensions of government helped to make them the victims of tyranny even before they were harnessed to its most vexatious form and made other nations their victims.

It must be observed in closing that any analysis of the German tragedy, no matter how inconclusive, or perhaps because of its necessary inconclusiveness, persuades us that no simple theory of German depravity squares with the complex facts of history. It is important to remember this so that the hatreds of war, masquerading in the habiliments of historical science, will not lead us into a draconic peace, and so that we shall not seek futilely to build a new world by transforming Europe into a vast jail, full of scared jailers as well as resentful prisoners. More important still, we might lose the war if hatred of the Germans should blind us to the weaknesses of the "civilization" out of which, and in contrast to which, their mania rose, and against which it is still winning victories.

A Study of Robert Bridges

ROBERT BRIDGES: A STUDY OF TRADITIONALISM IN POETRY. By Albert Guérard, Jr. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

"IT HAS long appeared to me," wrote Yvor Winters, "that Bridges and Hardy must be regarded as the two most impressive writers of poetry in something like two centuries, perhaps since Milton. . . ." Dr. Winters then proposes that on "mature consideration" Bridges will be recognized as greater than Hardy "as a result of greater intellectual scope and a wider diversity of artistic mastery." And by this remarkable process of elimination Robert Seymour Bridges becomes the greatest poet since Milton, not excepting William Blake, William Wordsworth, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Alexander Pope, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. I can only take it that Dr. Winters reserves to himself a private meaning of the word "impressive" and the phrase "writers of poetry." Possibly Dr. Winters finds himself impressed by nothing but propriety, as when he crowns his encomiums of Bridges with the Abercrombie and Fitch observation: "Bridges . . . is the heir of the universities." Possibly he wishes to distinguish between poets and "writers of poetry." I do not know. But I do know that when Robert Hillyer remarks, "I believe that 'The Testament of Beauty' is the 'De Rerum Natura' of our civilization," this represents a condemnation of our civilization and not a feather in Bridges's cap—no matter what Dr. Hillyer meant. For Robert Bridges is not the greatest poet since Milton, nor is "The Testament of Beauty" as good a poem as "De Rerum Natura"—for the following reason: poets and poems are better than verses and versifiers. The former poet laureate—and I quote Dr. Winters's disciple, Dr. Guérard—"compared with . . . the greatest of poets, was narrow, but his evaluation of experience was at every point sound, lucid, and complete." This final phrase constitutes the most penetrating and the most cruel judgment on Bridges, for it is, truly, a judgment that the critic should pass on a handbook for teacup reading rather than a major poet. I defy even Dr. Tillyard to prove that Milton was sound, lucid, and complete. William Shakespeare is unsound, turgid, and incomplete. I know of only one poet to whom these particular three epithets could be applied without immense overtones of irony, and that is not Robert Bridges but Dante Alighieri.

But I would not wish to give the impression that this study is so biased as to vitiate the majority of its evaluations and analyses: in particular Dr. Guérard deserves the applause of the literary for his Appendix on the Prosody of Bridges. This is an exhaustive and sensitive dissection of the poet's technique from which all the log-rolling and the ax-grinding of controversy naturally exclude themselves. The appendix and, indeed, the complete work might be susceptible to accusations of pedantry. (Does it really matter whether Bridges's imitations of classical prosody show no false quantities? Presumably it does, but I can think of no good reason why.) But I observe that an auxiliary characteristic of pedantry is scrupulousness; this appendix is brilliantly meticulous. Where most of the elisions of this scrupulousness occur, they are, unfortunately, the more noticeable: I refer to Dr. Guérard's citations from A. E. Housman—who, as it seems to me, truly possesses all the merits that the critic arrogates for Bridges—and Gerard Hopkins. Thus Dr. Guérard, in dealing with Housman's translation from Sappho, dismisses it as a kind of thing unworthy of the talents of Bridges; "facile and obvious" he remarks of these exquisite verses that begin, "The weeping Pleiades wester." As against this minor masterpiece Dr. Guérard adduces a lyric of Bridges's:

> The hill pines were sighing,
> O'ercast and chill was the day;

nor does it occur to him that sighing pines and o'ercast chill days have become a trifle shoddy as poetic apparatus. The weeping Pleiades, I feel fairly certain, will go on westering; but these pines are going to sigh only a little longer. For where Housman is simple Bridges is crude, and where Housman is moving Bridges is forced; the comparison of the two poems mentioned above elicits this incontestably, to me at least. For the universities to which Bridges was heir left him an inheritance that most poets are much better without—namely, an intellectual self-consciousness that paralyzes the poem even before it is written.

As for Dr. Guérard's lapses of scrupulousness concerning Hopkins, to what removes of aloofness can he have retired that permit him to commit such misdeameanors as, "The greatness of this [the sonnet No, I'll not, carrion-comfort] and other poems by Hopkins does not alter the fact that no other poet has been able to make a similar use of the medium. . . ." The obvious conclusion is that Dr. Guérard has omitted to read any poetry published since the year 1930. The number of poets who have employed sprung rhythm—which Hopkins never claimed to have "invented," as Dr. Guérard assumes, but only to have restored—might conceivably help him to see that all sorts of extraordinary things have been happening since the death of Bridges.

GEORGE BARKER

Whitehead's Final Views

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. Volume III of the Library of Living Philosophers. Edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. Northwestern University Press. $4.

WHEN one of the world's foremost logicians and philosophers proclaims that "logic, conceived as an adequate analysis of the advance of thought, is a fake," it is certainly startling news in the realm of mind. When he adds that logic "is a superb instrument, but it requires a background of common sense," it seems to suggest Professor Whitehead's late conversion to Dewey's conception of logic as the theory of inquiry. The suggestion turns out to be deceptive, but it is clear that whatever Whitehead's strictures against logic are worth they hold only against conceptions which deny that logic is an instrument or that it requires a background of common sense. Since many theories of logic insist upon the instrumental character of logic and therefore upon the presence of an existential matrix of inquiry, Whitehead's dictum appears to be much too broad. It is directed as much against his earlier view of the subject as against any other.

The sentences quoted are taken from Whitehead's two essays in the volume dedicated to him in the Library of Living Philosophers—Mathematics and the Good, and Immortality. These essays are in lieu of a commentary or reply to the eighteen expositors and critics whose papers constitute the bulk of the volume and were written in complete independence of them. The volume consequently fails to live up to the underlying idea of the series. But as a kind of *Festschrift* for Whitehead's eightieth anniversary it more than justifies itself by its contents and as a signal tribute to his influence.

No informed intelligence can read Whitehead without being impressed by the suggestiveness of his writing. His thought is so rich that it is possible to derive almost any variety of philosophic doctrine from it—as the essays in this volume show. If this seems to indicate confusion, the confusion is, so to speak, classical, for like most eminent figures in the history of philosophy Whitehead has followed the lead of his insights even when they have burst the bounds of systematic consistency. None the less, there are certain recurrent ambiguities in his underlying ideas which remain unclassified in this, his freshest writing.

Consider, for example, one of his key statements: "All entities or factors in the universe are essentially relevant to each other's existence." How is this to be understood? If it means that every particular entity in the world in some respect involves or depends upon some other entity, it may be granted. From it the important corollary can be drawn that no particular entity is intelligible except in relation to a pattern which refers to elements outside of the immediate foreground. But if the statement means that every particular entity is *necessarily* related to every other particular entity, it is a breath-taking but not altogether original pronouncement for which no evidence is adduced. Through this premise a kind of riotous organicism is introduced into Whitehead's system. Yet in fact it runs counter to every piece of

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SEMANTICS

By HUGH WALPOLE

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reliable knowledge man has ever won. For knowledge as it is empirically acquired is based upon the assumption that not all things are essentially relevant to one another. And although reliable knowledge may be further corrected and improved, it is by virtue of the discovery of *specific* connections with some other particular entity or entities, not with every other entity. The behavior of the Dog Star does not depend upon the name I give my house dog; the tides in the Bay of Fundy had no relevance—not to speak of an essential relevance—to the Treaty of Versailles.

When Whitehead goes on to deny "the possibility of an adequate description of a finite fact," he reaffirms the second interpretation we have placed on his meaning, and at the same time exposes the questionable root of his entire position. Only if an "adequate" description were synonymous with a "complete" or "final" description, would his denial of the possibility of adequate description be justified. What controls the adequacy of a description is a problem and a purpose; and these arise not out of the omnipresent infinite background but out of a determinate part of it. When Whitehead tells us, "What I am objecting to is the absurd trust in the adequacy of our knowledge," no sensible person will disagree with him. But why must our trust be absurd? Particularly if we leave possession of the claim to complete knowledge to God and to those neo-Thomists who patrol philosophy in his name. Since the test of adequacy is to be found in consequences, our trust can be intelligent without being absolute.

Whitehead's denial of the possibility of adequate knowledge of finite fact does not follow from the recognition that an infinite, unanalyzed background is always presupposed by anything that is given or said. It is the result rather of an unconscious shift from a conception of knowledge which always presupposes a limited perspective or point of view to another conception which treats this limitation as if it were an inherent defect, as if "genuine" or "real" knowledge were knowledge which transcends limited perspectives. But all perspectives are limited. And although it is certainly true that not everything can be seen from one point of view, it is just as true that nothing whatever can be seen from no point of view. To challenge the possibility of adequate knowledge of finite fact is to call into question the only knowledge we know or need to know. The challenge is made not from the point of view of a better or more adequate knowledge but from an emotional yearning.

This raises a question about the way in which Whitehead conceives the continuity between nature and human experience. What can we learn about the world from the character of human experience? Many things, ranging from the bare fact that the world is such that it makes human experience possible, to the specific leads uncovering the multiple ways in which the human mind and body originate from, and react upon, natural activities. So far Whitehead is in line with evolutionary naturalism. But can we legitimately say that the world must be such as to *necessitate* human experience? Can we, with any plausibility, assert that the distinctive feeling or emotional intensity of human experience is *identical* with the energetic activity of physical things? Whitehead seems to answer both questions in the affirmative. His reasons are no more cogent than those of the romantic *Naturphilosophen* who developed similar notions, and his method is just as suspect.

Perhaps of greatest interest to the general reader is Whitehead's present conception of philosophy. The concluding sentences of his essay on Immortality are: "The final outlook of philosophic thought cannot be based upon the exact statements which form the basis of the special sciences. The exactness is a fake." I predict a great career for these words, especially among the detractors of scientific knowledge whom Whitehead would be the first to disown, but their meaning is dark and obscure. If Whitehead is trying to recall philosophy to its ancient pursuit of wisdom, then surely what he means is that philosophy cannot be based *only* on the exact statements of the special sciences. It must articulate on a reflective plane other modes of experience, and take note of sciences like biology whose basis does not consist of exact statements. But the words "the exactness is a fake" suggest that he is exposing something fraudulent and that the task of the philosopher is no longer the critique of abstractions but their systematic distrust. It cannot be that Whitehead is criticizing exactness in science. None knows better than he that the progress of science reveals that scientists do not mistake exactness for finality, that degrees of exactness are allowed for as we go from field to field, and that the exactness of a statement is important not because it claims to reflect exactness in things but because it helps to unify the knowledge we have and achieve greater fruitfulness in discovery. If Whitehead intended to rebuke the philosophers and not the scientists, it would have been wiser to recommend to them greater familiarity with science and closer analysis of its procedures rather than to hearten irrationalists with an utterance that borders on denunciation of scientific method. Whitehead's own great achievements date from the period when his philosophy was based on a critique of the exact statements or abstractions of the sciences, that is, on an understanding of the ways in which the high-order abstractions of physical science are related to the deliverances of everyday experience and in which they control and are controlled by this experience. As for his latter-day system of speculative philosophy, one may say of it what he has said of his predecessors: "The systematic thought of ancient writers is now nearly worthless, but their detached insights are priceless."

In the nature of the case the papers of the eighteen other contributors are so miscellaneous as to defy unified treatment. To this reviewer Arthur Murphy's essay on Whitehead and the Method of Speculative Philosophy stands out as a brilliant analysis of the futility of the quest for an "ultimate" reality to support or justify the ordinary realities of experience. Positively bizarre is Needham's account of Whitehead which pictures him as being as nearly a dialectical materialist as any non-Leninist philosopher can be. Lowe's long chapter on Whitehead's philosophical development contains useful references to Whitehead's early and out-of-the-way publications. Dewey's very sympathetic study, which is based primarily on Whitehead's "Adventure of Ideas," finds the "substance" of Whitehead's ideas to be a stimulating variety of naturalistic ethical idealism but with "its formal statements" leaning toward spiritualistic idealism. Hartshorne believes that Whitehead has offered "the most technically adequate version of a conception of God" that has been developed since the fifteenth century. Sellars argues the merits of his own philosophy over that of Whitehead. Holmes on Whitehead's educational views begins with that fateful quotation, "Exactness is a fake," and admirably avoids precision of statement from start to finish. Quine and Northrop discuss respectively Whitehead's logic and his philosophy of science. McGilvary asks very searching questions about the philosophy of space-time. Hughes finds Whitehead's psychology to be promising but inadequate. Other essays are by Urban, Richie, Hocking, B. Morris, Goheen, Bixler, and Schilpp. Brief but charming autobiographical notes by Whitehead open the volume, and an extensive bibliography of his writings completes it. SIDNEY HOOK

Richmond Architecture

HOUSES OF OLD RICHMOND. By Mary Wingfield Scott. Richmond: The Valentine Museum. $5.

THE houses of Richmond, Virginia, have more general interest than those of most American cities because of the illustrious persons that have lived in them—John Marshall, Edmond Randolph, Matthew Fontaine Maury, Edgar Allan Poe, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Ellen Glasgow. Yet for all the romantic haze that these figures have thrown around it, Richmond has from the beginning been an industrial town and, by Eastern seaboard standards, it is young. It was a village of small tobacco traders when the legislature was moved up from Williamsburg in 1779, and only one small dwelling from that day still stands. From then until it became the capital of the Confederacy its industrial growth was typical of America. Miss Scott's carefully documented, richly illustrated volume portrays the architectural development that was an integral part of this growth.

By the turn of the century Richmond could boast of thriving corn and wheat mills, and of manufacturing soap, coaches, and candles as well as tobacco. The houses of that time varied from the stolid, massive structure later acquired by Poe's foster father to the compact cottage which was built by a free Negro in 1793 and remained in his family until 1905. During the depression which followed the War of 1812 new houses were few and small. The business boom of the 1830's and '40's, which was manifest in iron foundries, rolling mills, cotton and paper factories, canals and railroads, produced a great expansion of building. In the homes of that period—the great houses the industrialists planned for themselves as well as the more modest dwellings they erected as investments—the graceful classic lines of the "Greek revival" predominated. By the middle '50's, when well-to-do Richmonders began to move to the suburbs, the vulgarity which had already left its mark on most phases of American life caught up with its architecture; the new homes were "exuberant," and most of them were hideous. It is there that Miss Scott ends her story.

The more than 300 photographs in this book, of houses that have been demolished as well as those that remain, should prove invaluable to architects and antique fanciers: the chatty tales about the individual houses should delight

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Recent European Historians

SOME HISTORIANS OF MODERN EUROPE. Edited by Bernadotte E. Schmitt. The University of Chicago Press. $5.

A LIVE historian is not quite so big a joke as a live poet, and after death he does not rise so high in glory as the poet: both here and hereafter he attains a certain stature worth estimating. Indeed the historian's industry alone is awe-compelling, and when one reads in sequence about the lives and works of twenty-two such distinguished men—some of them still living though already classics—their unspoken claim to respectful interest is granted without question. This general impression remains even after one has established a scale of merit and applied it to the score of historians whom Professor Schmitt's seminar chose as subjects for these lively and well-informed essays. They are without exception European historians as well as historians of modern Europe, and their generation covers the last hundred years. They are, in short, recent but not contemporary, or else "contemporary" in the French sense of that word.

What is most striking about them is how few are known to the general reading public—exclusive of the guild of professional historians. If in 1900, when most of these men were thirty to fifty years old, one had collected essays about Macaulay, Froude, Prescott, Freeman, Mommsen, Michelet, and a dozen others whom it would not be hard to list, the book would have been read by every educated man. The present volume, I am afraid, will only reach those to whom Mathiez, Kluchevsky, Temperley, and Delbrück are already familiar names. This says something regrettable about the history of history. It is also a good reason for complaining of the fact that a university press sets the prohibitive price of $5 on a book which should be on the desk of every student of history and politics, and not merely on the shelves of the library to which he has access.

A second impression arising from the book concerns the technique of historiography and our usual presuppositions about it. The reader cannot help noticing how frequently the German historians, to whom we commonly ascribe "scientific" impartiality, turn their massive works to the uses of politics and social programs, with very little sense of nuance in the application. The French do the same thing, but we have come to expect it and always ask if a given historian belongs to the right or the left. We also expect from the French something like style or elegance of form; yet of the seven Frenchmen here included there is not one who did not write in the uniform idiom so painfully taught by the French lycée for the benefit of civil servants. With Hanotaux, indeed, the ideas and words are both so commonplace that he might well have been omitted from a group that numbers Croce, J. Holland Rose, Altamira, and Ruffini.

As for the essayists who have contributed to this collection, their skill and zest are uniformly high. I think that Mr. Burks is unfair to Croce, at least in the early part of his essay, and I think he is unwittingly misleading about what he calls romanticism and neo-romanticism. But his propositions are tenable, and he is throughout interesting. Mr. Parry, Mr. Halperin, Mrs. Godfrey have written small masterpieces of research, condensation, clarity, and charm. And this arbitrary naming does an unintended injustice to most of the others, whom Professors Schmitt and Thompson may be proud to own as former students.

I would, however, criticize them in bulk for constantly using two terms that are especially misplaced in a work of biography and literary criticism. One is the word "methodology," which is used with desperate insistence as if it were a synonym for "method." The effect on the conscious reader is something like that of using "bacteriology" for "bacteria": "the patient succumbed to a fresh onslaught of bacteriology" (query: a medical student?). The other objectionable phrase is "analyze critically a document." This pious formula means little or nothing except when applied to medieval texts or more generally to the subject matter of diplomatics. Not only the misplaced and redundant adverb but the whole needless glorification of the historian's elementary caution smacks of a pretense at "scientific" procedure which, at this late date, should not be implied even by a casual phrase.

JACQUES BARZUN

Novel or Forum?

ONLY ONE STORM. By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

MR. HICKS'S last novel, "The First to Awaken," took us on a tour of the hypothetical future and was therefore necessarily cast in the form of question and answer involving extensive discussion of social organization and economic change. "Only One Storm," unfortunately, follows much the same pattern, but this time under the guise of a realistic story of a small New England town, an up-to-date "Main Street." Actually, it is less a novel than a kind of mental clearing-house for Mr. Hicks's own thoughts, and he makes constant use of his characters—who are so numerous that they have to be listed formally in the front of the book—to dwell upon and explain his own fears and doubts about American society and the state of the world. The problems posed by communism and the Communist Party figure largely of course, the central character being a man who wavers this way and that in his political thinking, almost joins the party, but finally decides to follow the American way and serve democratically as a selectman in the little town of Pendleton in the Berkshires.

When Mr. Hicks frankly editorializes, and refrains from making his characters do so, he is often moving and thoughtful; and he shows, as he did in "I Like America," a sturdy optimism about the world to come. But prospective reader of "Only One Storm" should still be warned that when they buy it as a novel they are really buying a protracted town meeting in disguise.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

IN BRIEF

IN THE NIGHT DID I SING. By O'Kane Foster. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

There is a "Tortilla Flat" quality about this folk novel of Taos Valley, New Mexico. Like a brilliant Mexican blanket, it gathers together the garish colors of the mountains and the desert and the little town of Sangre de Cristo, the bloody rites of the Penitentes, the unconquerable laziness of the native men, and the glittering hardness of the American road-builders. Its plot is a conglomeration of the lives of the men and women who make up the community. Though Mr. Foster's announced plan for a tetralogy of folk-novels about life in the Taos Valley seems a little over-ambitious for the material, this first book has an abundance of robust charm and pungent flavor.

A MARITIME HISTORY OF NEW YORK. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Project of the WPA for the City of New York. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

Only one thing is lacking from this orderly and otherwise comprehensive history, and that, rather surprisingly, is an adequate account of waterfront and maritime labor organizations and their problems. The temptations to digression—and the history of a great port offers many—have been resisted, and the result is a singularly purposeful and consecutive work, concentrated and lucid. The thoroughness of the research, as well as its engrossing subject, makes this the best volume to appear so far in the series being issued by the publishers.

DEEP SOUTH. By Allison Davis, Burleigh B. Gardner, and Mary R. Gardner. The University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

This book does for a typical community in the cotton country something similar to what "Middletown" did for a community in the Middle West. The authors lived for two years in Old City. Although it is not identified except as being typical of the cotton South, Old City seems certainly to be in Mississippi, and probably is along the Yazoo. Occasionally the authors labor the obvious, but for the most part they have written a penetrating study of the clash of race and class in the cotton country, and every student of the South can consult it with great profit.

MY UNCLE DUDLEY. By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

A brashly picaresque novel about a trip across the country with nine men in an old derelict of an automobile. Fast-paced, delightfully humorous, sometimes Rabelaisian, it zestfully follows the adventures and mishaps of as madly assorted a crew of individuals as you might find in a circus sideshow—down-at-the-heel, underprivileged men who do not even realize that they are underprivileged. The author's acute ear for dialogue helps to enliven a story that has a slightly mad quality to start with.

PUBLISHED THIS WEEK

The Bases of Artistic Creation. Essays by Maxwell Anderson, Rhys Carpenter, and Roy Harris. Rutgers. $1.25.

Trans-Pacific Relations of Latin America. By Anita Bradley. Institute of Pacific Relations. $1.

Stretching Your Dollar in Wartime. By Ruth Brindze. Vanguard. $1.75.

Mystery Ship: The Mary Celeste in Fancy and in Fact. By George S. Bryan. Lippincott. $3.

Man and Wife and Other Plays. By Augustin Daly. Princeton. $5.

North America: Wheel of the Future. By Hawthorne Daniel. Scribner's. $2.75.

Latin America and the War. By Vera Micheles Dean. Oxford. 25 cents.

Relentless War: The Key to Victory. By Edward Mead Earle. Columbia. 25 cents.

Frederick the Great. By Pierre Gaxotte. Yale. $3.75.

The Dynamics of Indusrial Democracy. By Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Ruttenberg. Harper. $3.

This Inevitable Conflict. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. Columbia. 25 cents.

Latin America. By Preston E. James. Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard. $6.

Navajo Creation Myth: The Story of the Emergence. By Hasteen Klah. Recorded by Mary C. Wheelwright. Navajo Religion Series, Vol. I. Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art. Santa Fe. $10.

The Day of the Saxon. By Homer Lea. Harper. $2.50.

Lunacy Becomes Us. By Adolf Hitler and His Associates. Edited by Clara Leiser. World Publishing Company. 50 cents. Reprint.

Madame Chairman, Members and Guests. By Helen Hayes Peffer. Macmillan. $1.75.

Federalism as a Democratic Process. Essays by Roscoe Pound, Charles H. McIlwain, and Roy F. Nichols. Rutgers. $1.25.

Wide Margins: A Publisher's Autobiography. By George Palmer Putnam. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

Billy King's Tombstone: The Private Life of an Arizona Boom Town. By C. L. Sonnichsen. Caxton. $3.

The Road I Know. By Stewart Edward White. Dutton. $2.50.

The Passionate Warrior: Simon Bolivar. By T. R. Ybarra. New edition. Ives Washburn. $3.

DRAMA

"The Furies" at Fordham

ONE of the most curious and fascinating events of this season was the production of "The Eumenides" of Aeschylus by Fordham College. Amateur theatricals have a rare way of offering sudden and unexpected delights. Naturally, local conditions must be assumed—uneven acting, inconsistencies of style, and a lack of polish. Also, lately, many of the heavily endowed schools of the drama try to make their shows as much like Broadway as possible—"artistic," to be sure, but the standard is no longer the ideas of Gordon Craig or Stanislavsky, as it once was, but rather the surface finish of Gilbert Miller or, at best, Guthrie McClintic.

The Fordham "Furies" had a number of distinctions. First of all, for an amateur performance, it had exceptional polish, and a lack of self-consciousness in the acting—not the conception—which was healthy and moving. Harvard, Yale, or Princeton undergraduate actors often imagine themselves already typed by the Guild for a Lunt-Fontanne production. The Fordham boys have probably little interest in further professional careers. Their acting evolved from an understanding of the text as propounded by their director. They have fine voices; their utterance was admirable. It is rare to hear unaffected choral speech, the normal voice projected evenly and disciplined to the correct metrical beat of the choral odes. Few persons in the audience may have understood the original Greek in which the play was spoken. But the words themselves were so sonorous and they were spoken with such complete authority that one had never a doubt that at least the actors were at home in the language. The ancient Greek suddenly became a live language.

"The Eumenides" is the third of the Orestian trilogy, resolving the guilt which started with the murder of Agamemnon on his return from Troy. In this play Orestes, the murderess's son and her murderer, is pursued by Furies. Protected by Apollo from the implacable demands of his guilt, he is finally released after the first jury trial in the Western world. Its deadlock is broken by Athena. The outraged Furies, robbed of their rightful prey, are placated by reason.

Those of us who have not enjoyed a thorough classical education continue to be amazed by the power and freshness of the tragedies. Last year Fordham presented the "Oedipus" as an unforgettable mystery. Fordham is a Catholic college. The Greek plays given there are sermons. In "The Eumenides" we find Orestes as Adam-Jesus, the Leader of the Furies is the Fiend of the Pit, and Pallas, who was herself virgin-born, assumes her logical role as the Mother of God. In the program note we read, "We of this play would have liked to think that Aeschylus would have recognized *our* pain and would have seen how much greater than his own answer is the pity of Christ and the inevitability of the Good Shepherd."

It is pointless to quarrel with the concept of the play as given by Fordham. Every text calls for an interpretation, and this Jesuit reading is certainly neither jesuitical nor illogical. It has a consistency of purpose and a deliberate line, an inevitability and fatality that are surely rare in the presentation of classic drama. Too often a well-known Broadway actress avows a sudden interest in the classics, and what apparently is love for the finer things of the theater turns out to be a naive interest in a prestige vehicle for herself. This was not true at Fordham. The acting and particularly the speaking were exceptionally fine. Richard Burgi, the Leader of the Furies, has an extraordinary theatrical gift, a release on stage, a wild, sweet, terrifying hysteria, that recalls the very best early performances of Orson Welles. He is the type of actor's actor. No small naturalistic effects for him. He moves like a trained dancer, without affectation, with no trace of narcissism, and was transparently identified with the evil he personified, at least for the duration of the performance. His errors arose from lack of experience. The range of such violent and extensive emotion was too much for so young an actor to sustain without some monotony.

William F. Lynch, S.J., deserves the great credit for these productions at Fordham, for his insistence on speaking the Greek and in general for his remarkable philosophical logic in planning the plays. John Colman's music for the choral odes was most impressive. Feder did a lighting job recalling his palmiest days at the Mercury Theater, and the stage as a whole worked well. The college performs a real service in permitting the classics to be heard as well as seen.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

RECORDS

THOSE February orchestral recordings of Victor still have not arrived, but I have received a few March items, including the featured set (875, $5.50) of Brahms's First Symphony played by Toscanini with the N. B. C. Symphony. It is a performance of characteristic tonal beauty and plastic perfection, which for my taste has the merit of giving a just statement of the meaningless sound and fury in imitation of Beethoven in the first movement, the saccharine sentimentality in the second movement—as against the usual exaggeration in performance of what is excessive in the music to start with. Taken by itself the recorded sound is impressively brilliant and expansive (with a few rattles or buzzes); compared with the sound of Toscanini's 1936 Wagner recordings it has the fault I mentioned when I discussed his new "Götterdämmerung" set: with the brightness and liveness and brilliance of the new recordings on top there is a lack of the depth, the body, the warmth that is to be heard down below in the 1936 recordings (and that is also to be heard in the recent Monteux recordings). Several sides of my review copy have noisy, crackling surfaces, and the fifth side wavers in pitch.

Victor issues the first recording of a major work by Loeffler—the Pagan Poem, played by Hanson with the Eastman-Rochester Symphony (Set 876, $3.50). It may be as much as fifteen years since I last heard the piece, which used to be played in the twenties; and I find that it no longer has the emotional impact for me which it had then. I suspect that this has something to do with the lack of continuity and coherence which I hear in the progression of the material despite the Franckian thematic manipulation and transformation that sounds mechanical and arbitrary at times (the three-note motive *misterioso* at the beginning, which is heard *allegro* later on, etc.). But I enjoy the effective writing, the loveliness of individual bits of the material. The performance seems good; but much of what is so fastidiously and subtly contrived in the work is lost in the noisy confusion from the surfaces of my copy when it is played on a wide-range machine with an Audax or Brush pickup. With the heavier, less sensitive Astatic pickup the surfaces are quieter and the sound cleaner.

Chausson's Concerto for violin, piano, and string quartet (Set 877, $4.50) also has its Franckian three-note motive and Franckian manipulation and transformation and other Franckian characteristics; and it is again a work in which I find only occasional passages mildly enjoyable. The performance by Heifetz, Sanromá, and the Musical Art Quartet is excellent, except for traces of the Heifetz wail; and it is excellently recorded.

Felton's Organ Concerto No. 3 is a pleasantly inconsequential piece in the style of Handel which—for reasons that apparently escape me—is played, simply and adequately, by Biggs with Fiedler's Sinfonietta, and recorded, as adequately, by Victor (Set 866, $2).

Stokowski has returned to Victor, recording now with the N. B. C. Symphony; and at the quiet beginning of his record (18497, $1) of the unfamiliar and lovely music of the Prince and the Princess from Prokofiev's "Love for Three Oranges" one hears the authentic sound of the Stokowskian sonorities that Columbia has been unable to put on records. But with increasing intensity more and more grit gets mixed in with the rich sound—on large and small machines, with light and heavy pickups; and the loud sound of the Infernal Scene and the familiar March is hard and brash. But even harder, thinner, colder, and less recognizable is Columbia's reproduction of Stokowski's performance with the All American Orchestra of two diverting pieces by Americans: Morton Gould's "Guaracho" and Paul Creston's Scherzo (11713-D, $1.05).

On another Columbia single disc (17300-D, $.79) are Brahms's charming "Ständchen" and all too popular "Wiegenlied," well sung by Lehmann, and well recorded (there is an unusual amount of blank surface on each 10-inch side). And on still another single (17298-D, $.79) are "Voi che sapete" and "Non so piu cosa son" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" sung by Risë Stevens: the voice is beautiful and well reproduced, the phrasing is musical, but there is a tremulousness in the singing that would be less noticeable in the opera house than it is at the close range of the microphone.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

All Credit to the FSA

Dear Sirs: Beginning in 1935, government help was extended to the most underprivileged farm families in the country—the small farm-owners, farm tenants, and share-croppers of the Dust Bowl, of the South, and of the played-out farm areas throughout the country. This help was not administered by the regular Agricultural and Home Extension workers in the Department of Agriculture but by a new set-up that came to be known as the Farm Security Administration. Eventually the FSA was made a part of the Department of Agriculture, but the "feeling" between the two services did not improve noticeably. The FSA not only received larger appropriations—and better salaries—than the regular "Extension" workers, but lured some of the best workers away from "Extension," did a more outstanding job, and—most unforgivable of all—received most of the popular credit for bettering the lot of the farmer.

And well it should get credit! By loans, by grants, by technical farming advice, by education in better home management, by encouragement of home food production and preservation, by help in organizing cooperative activities and community services, by the promotion of sanitation and health, by the provision of needed arrangements for medical care, by the adjustment of debts, and in a host of other ways, the FSA has "rehabilitated"—taken off the relief rolls and helped to independence and health and self-respect—an increasing number of underprivileged, depressed, low-vitality, low-income farm families, white and black, North and South, East and West. It has helped share-croppers to become tenants and tenants to become farm-owners. It has helped them to better farming methods better living, better citizenship, and, last but not least, greater production.

But the Farm Security Administration has by no means as yet reached all who need its services—or completed its work for those whom it has reached. Just now the services, the loans, the advice, and the material help are needed more than ever. "Food," says the Secretary of Agriculture, "will win the war and write the peace." Our country needs maximum production now from all farmers, from those who are at the bottom of the economic ladder as well as from those who are near the top.

At a time when this enhanced public health, economic well-being, and good citizenship, and this increased production are needed so urgently, the so-called farm bloc in Congress—most of whose members did not hesitate to vote themselves "pensions for Congressmen"—is whittling away at this year's appropriations for the Farm Security Administration in a way well calculated to kill its usefulness.

Apparently the leader in this reactionary movement is Edward A. O'Neal, president of the Farm Bureau Federation, the organization set up by Agricultural and Home Extension workers some twenty years ago primarily for relatively well-to-do white owners of moderate or good-sized farms. Mr. O'Neal is a native of Alabama, where Negroes constitute a large proportion of the underprivileged farm families aided by the FSA. He has been a leading figure in the promotion of government services looking to the improvement of the lot of "big" white farmers throughout the country. He has not been so outstanding in advocacy of reforms in behalf of "small" Negro farmers. Can it be that Mr. O'Neal is willing to let the country's need of increased production go unmet rather than see the Negro farm-holders and tenant farmers and share-croppers of his poll-tax state helped out of their penury and subservience?

HARVEY LEBRUN

Chapel Hill, N. C., March 27

Dr. Menninger on Dr. Fromm

Dear Sirs: In my opinion Dr. Karl Menninger's review of Erich Fromm's "Escape from Freedom" in your issue of March 14 is in a number of ways distinctly unfair and unscientific. It is of utmost importance to me as a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst that discussions of psychological, psychoanalytic, and sociological problems be carried on, as far as possible, in a rational, intelligent, and scientific manner. That Dr. Menninger did not achieve this is not surprising in view of his broad hint, at the end of his first paragraph, that he could not be completely objective and that he could only give his "impressions" of the book. The reviewer is to be congratulated for his frankness in stating this. However, he is not to be congratulated for his various insinuations directed against refugees in general and Dr. Fromm in particular.

What I find most unfortunate in Dr. Menninger's article is the tendency to attack the author with psychoanalytic interpretation rather than to criticize and attack the contents of the book. Dr. Menninger's simple and quick method of demolishing the concepts of the author is that of implying that they are symptoms of Dr. Fromm and that they therefore are not to be taken seriously. The danger of this procedure may be indicated by quoting from Freud:

> Analysis is not suited, however, to be used in controversy; it presupposes the consent of the analyzed. . . . Anyone who presses analysis into the service of polemics must therefore expect the person analyzed to use the weapon upon him in turn, so that the discussion will reach a state which entirely excludes the possibility of convincing any impartial third person.

I trust that Dr. Menninger, the eminent author of "Man Against Himself," will agree that it would be unscientific and unseemly for a critic to attack his book by interpreting its title or contents as subjective symptoms of the author. Such a procedure is equally deplorable whether directed against refugees or against native Americans.

GEORGE S. GOLDMAN

New York, March 16

Dear Sirs: I have reread my review and I cannot see that I have made any unfriendly insinuations against refugees. I said, in substance, that they were in a difficult position and, naturally, felt lonely. I connected this with the fact that one of them had written a book on loneliness. My position in regard to refugees and my efforts in their behalf, both within and without the medical profession, are, I think, sufficiently well known. Several refugees to whom I showed my review before sending it to *The Nation* not only agreed with the contents but felt that the problem of the intellectual refugee in America urgently requires more intelligent consideration than it has received. The sympathy with which the refugees have been greeted and the gratitude they have shown cannot disguise the resistance on both sides to the impact of unfamiliar customs and beliefs.

Dr. Goldman is entirely correct in saying that it is unfair and unscientific to interpret unconscious motives in a person not one's patient and, therefore, not subject to psychoanalytic technique. But I did not assume that Dr. Fromm's loneliness was unconscious, and it is certainly not exceptional for a reader to interpret the bias of a book in terms of the author's well-known experiences. An author learns a part of what he knows about other people from observing himself; if he is successful in generalizing and objectifying his theme, he has written a good book. In my opinion Dr. Fromm was only partially successful in doing this.

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Dr. Goldman refers to loneliness as a "symptom" of Dr. Fromm's; this implication is his, not mine. Loneliness may be a symptom, or, on the other hand, it may be a normal reaction to a situation, as Dr. Fromm points out.

KARL MENNINGER

Topeka, Kan., March 25

Cold Mornings Have Been in Bensonhurst

Dear Sirs: Benjamin P. Safran of New York City writes me that he has just read *The Nation's* seventy-fifth anniversary number (dated February 10, 1940) and is shocked to discover that in that issue I attributed the authorship of a parody of *The Nation*'s first prize poem, Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana, to Robert Benchley. This deathless parody, entitled Cold Mornings Have Been in Bensonhurst, he tells me, first appeared in F. P. A.'s Conning Tower on February 12, 1925, over the signature of Benjamin Pinney, a name which, for some reason, Mr. Safran used instead of his own.

It is, as Mr. Safran says, a bit late, but he feels that Bob Benchley doesn't need the advertising, and he does. And isn't it nice to know that back numbers of *The Nation* are read and studied with such care?

LEWIS GANNETT

New York, March 25

Miss Boyden's Birds

Dear Sirs: In her review of my satire "The Pink Egg," Katherine Anne Porter writes: ". . . there is a hint that once the birds find their way to the island, they will put out the light." There is no such "hint" anywhere in the book. May I respectfully refer Miss Porter to the passage at the foot of page 171?

POLLY BOYDEN

Truro, Mass., March 24

It's Not the Poll Tax

Dear Sirs: I disagree most emphatically with your views on the poll tax, as expressed in your issue of March 21.

To say that the poll tax is disfranchising the voters is preposterous. I have lived in the South and worked at many tasks which brought me in contact with the workers. If a citizen cannot save up 150 pennies a year to help pay the cost of holding elections in a democracy, then he is not worthy of the privilege of voting. Let him take a few drinks of whiskey less, let him smoke a few packages of cigarettes less, let him spend a few dollars less in shooting craps.

It is not the poll tax which you should attack. It is the ignorance in which these people are steeped, the laziness with which they are afflicted when it comes to public affairs, and the lack of leadership to bring them out of their miserable state.

J. ANTHONY MARCUS

New York, March 26

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The Shape of Things

THE JAPANESE AIR ATTACK ON COLOMBO ON the island of Ceylon and raids along the east coast of India supply at least a tentative answer to the frequently asked question: Will Japan strike next at India or Australia? During the past fortnight there has been little action along the approaches to Australia except a few light aerial attacks on Port Moresby and Port Darwin. But the seizure of the Andaman Islands and the attack on Ceylon are precisely the moves that must precede an offensive against India. The powerful air and land forces which the enemy has dispatched against Upper Burma also lend confirmation to the belief that an attack on India is imminent. While it would be impossible to send a large invasion army through the mountainous passes separating Burma and India, the transfer of air forces from the Australian sector to the Burma front would be a natural step in preparation for the invasion of India. Whether this concentration on the India front is dictated by political or military considerations is not clear at this time. It is quite possible that the Japanese are interested primarily in assuring the failure of the Cripps mission—although it may be argued that the threat to India has played directly into Cripps's hand. Whatever the reason for the attack on Ceylon, the loss of twenty-seven planes may force a reconsideration of Japanese strategy. For it is both bad politics and bad military tactics to have a third of the attacking force shot down.

*

AS SPRING SPREADS NORTHWARD ALONG the Russian front, both armies are gathering their forces for what promises to be the most terrific battle of the war. Until the ocean of mud which follows the thaw hardens, neither side can employ its mechanized forces or its heavy artillery on a large scale. The Red Army, however, shows no intention of giving its enemy any respite. It continues, in conjunction with swarms of guerrillas, to drive deep wedges into the Nazi lines, but it has been unable so far to reduce any of the major German "porcupine" positions, such as Staraya Russa, Rzhev, and Kharkov. These appear to be too strong to be captured without the use of heavy guns. The first Nazi spring task will be to reestablish communications with these outposts before the Russians can pound them into surrender. Meanwhile spring is also approaching in Manchuria, and although Moscow seems to deprecate discussion of a possible Japanese onslaught on eastern Siberia, it is too realistic to overlook this contingency. Should the coming German offensive misfire, Hitler would undoubtedly urge his Eastern ally to deliver a stab in the back. The Japanese, however, are much more likely to risk war with the Soviets if Hitler succeeds in driving the Red Army farther back. On page 416 of this issue G. A. Borgese outlines a plan by which we might not only develop an offensive against Japan's backyard but also reinforce Russia east and west. There have been many unofficial suggestions to the effect that Russia "ought" to lend us bases to use against Japan, but their authors have not brought forward proposals for buttressing Russian defenses in the Far East. Dr. Borgese's scheme for the dispatch of an American army to Siberia provides for an offensive spearhead against Japan and a strategic reserve to bolster the European front. The mutual advantages it offers to both Russia and America make it, in our opinion, worthy of full consideration.

*

RECOGNITION OF THE FREE FRENCH REGIME in central Africa by the United States might be an occasion for rejoicing if it could be interpreted as a step toward the ultimate recognition of Free France as one of the United Nations fighting against the common foe. But there is no evidence that the establishment of an American consulate at Brazzaville in any way implies a weakening in the State Department's policy of appeasing Vichy. On the contrary, such a step just a week after the conclusion of a general understanding with Vichy over shipments to North Africa suggests that the gesture to Free France was meant merely as a sop to United Nations unity. That the gesture will not suffice was made clear in a remarkable speech delivered in London recently by General Charles de Gaulle. The Free French leader pointed out that continuation of French resistance depends on keeping France and its great traditions alive as a reality to fight for. He asked how Frenchmen can be expected "to suffer death and torture in their resistance" if they are "treated neither as allies nor even as belligerents, how [they can] be persuaded that in victory lies resurrection, in capitulation lies dishonor . . . if their allies . . . accept the neutralization of France as dictated by Hitler at Vichy." The State Department insists that its policy has prevented Vichy from becoming an outright ally of Hitler's. This claim is based on the assumption that Vichy possesses an existence independent of Hitler's will. But even if the assumption were sound, what profit could there be in appeasing the shadow at Vichy and destroying the spiritual substance of the illustrious French Republic.

PIERRE LAVAL'S ATTEMPTED COME-BACK HAS proved a flop. Writing in the pro-Axis Paris paper *Nouveaux Temps*, Jean Luchaire declares that the United States is to blame, thereby, we suspect, conferring on the State Department more honor than is its rightful due. The chief credit for this setback to the leading French collaborationist, as well as for the persistent failure "to take" of the policy he inaugurated, should be given, we think, to the French people as a whole. However much the Vichy government would like to work for the New Order, it knows that collaboration cannot be made a reality so long as 95 per cent of the French are bitterly opposed to aiding the Axis. Pétain does not wish to exchange his shaky popularity for the hatred and contempt that is shriveling Vidkun Quisling. And this probably accounts also for the fact that the Germans are not pressing Pétain harder, for if they forced him to take action which would brand him as a traitor in French eyes—such as surrendering the French fleet—they would also end his usefulness. Meanwhile Vichy has raised the appeasement stakes by revealing that it now has at its disposal, thanks to "special permission" of the Nazis, about a thousand modern warplanes, or more than France possessed at the beginning of the war. The implication is that they could be used against Britain if Vichy were provoked too far. But could the pilots be found to man them for such a mission?

*

ALTHOUGH PROFESSOR CARLTON J. H. HAYES can hardly fail to better the record of his predecessor as ambassador to Madrid, Alexander W. Weddell, it is unfortunately impossible to welcome his appointment without reservations. We are bound to recall that in October, 1937, he was among the 175 signatories of a Catholic statement supporting Franco and declaring that the vast majority of Spaniards backed the rebellion. The same document denied that the church in Spain was in any way committed to the government or ideology of Nazi or Fascist auxiliaries helping Franco. Dr. Hayes is a distinguished scholar whose studies of nationalism have received the honor of suppression in the Third Reich. He has publicly denounced totalitarianism as "a revolt against the whole historic civilization of the West," and he is well aware that a Nazi victory would mean death to the Catholic church. Events since 1937 can hardly have failed to convince him that the war in Spain was not a civil war but a preliminary campaign in the Nazi struggle for world supremacy. When he reaches Madrid he will be able to see for himself what three years of Franco have done for Spain, and we find it difficult to believe that his intellectual integrity will not overcome any lingering prejudices. In that event the State Department should receive more objective reports from Madrid than it has enjoyed in the recent past and less support for its appeasement policies.

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THE SENATE PLAN FOR LIMITING PROFITS ON war contracts would appear to be even less satisfactory than the dubious House proposal for restricting them to a straight 6 per cent. In an effort to encourage small business to accept a greater share in the war effort, the Senate Appropriations Committee whipped together a graduated scheme that would permit 10 per cent profits on contracts not exceeding $100,000, and a maximum of 2 per cent on contracts of more than $50,000,000. Both the Senate and the House plans are open to overwhelming objections based on our experience with cost-plus contracts in the last war. This experience shows conclusively that efforts to limit profits by contract provisions lead to inflated costs and, in the end, uncontrolled profits. While it is possible for the government to hold down costs on any single contract by carefully checking each item in the producer's books, it is physically impossible to check each item of costs in the thousands of contracts that are concluded every month. Nor can any over-all system of profit limitation take into account the differences in the different types of war production. On some items the turnover is rapid, and a company may earn the maximum profit many times during the course of a year. On other items—such as battleships—the profit may have to be spread over several years. Similarly, the ratio of earnings of a company requiring a small amount of capital would be far higher than those of a company requiring a large amount of capital.

*

IN DEVISING THE SCHEME THE SENATE apparently assumed that the large contracts would go primarily to large companies and the small ones to small business. Actually many large corporations handle small contracts, and if the Senate plan were enacted, the large companies would undoubtedly insist on breaking down all their contracts into a number of small ones—a course scarcely calculated to accelerate the war effort. The alternative to the Senate and House plans is not the creation of a new crop of war millionaires, as some Republicans have suggested, but the enactment of an effective excess-profits tax which would recapture all exorbitant profits *after* the productive process had been completed.

*

MARTIN DIES, THE TEXAS DON QUIXOTE, may have met his match in that Iowa windmill, Henry Wallace. The Dies committee's attack on Wallace's Board of Economic Warfare was no more unscrupulous or inaccurate than the attacks it has made on other persons and groups. Armed with the same old sucker list of the American League for Peace and Democracy, which went out of existence long ago, the Dies committee reeled off charges of communism, without proof, against thirty-five members of the board; and as usual it made a stupid mistake—listing as a "Communist" a Wall Street banker named Vaughn, now with the BEW, whom the committee had got mixed up with a professor named Vaughan. In spite of its outrageous practices, the Dies committee has continued to get appropriations from a House full of Representatives who were afraid that if they didn't support Martin he would tell the folks back home that they had failed to vote against communism—which would be as fatal as not voting against sin.

*

IN THE PRESENT CASE, HOWEVER, THERE IS a chance that Dies's spell may be broken. The life of the committee has been extended, but the appropriation has not been made, and we suspect that the anger of Henry Wallace is being applied where it will do the most good. The White House released the other day a report by the FCC pointing out that Berlin was using Mr. Dies's indiscriminate and idiotic charges of communism with great gusto; and the revelation by Jerry Voorhis, a member of the committee, that its latest attack was launched not only without his knowledge but without so much as a meeting of the committee should also have its effect. The conduct of the Dies committee in its investigation of alleged "communistic" influences should have been enough, long ago, to bring about its end. But this is not the worst. For years now *The Nation* has been pointing out that Dies's conduct in *not* investigating fascist organizations except in a few "token" instances has something to do with Dies's own friendly contacts with such unsavory outfits as the Christian Front. If the FBI is as efficient as it should be, it must have a dossier on Dies more than sufficient to prevent any further appropriations for his un-American committee.

*

DESPITE PROTESTS THE STATE DEPARTMENT continues to give encouragement to Tibor Eckhardt, who, as readers will remember, in the course of a journey last year from Budapest to New York underwent a strange metamorphosis from anti-Semitic fascist to anti-Nazi leader of "Free Hungary." In a recent letter Harold B. Hoskins, executive assistant of the State Department, asserted: "The activities of Mr. Eckhardt's committee and those of the American-Hungarian Federation are fully known to this department and have been worked out in close cooperation with us. . . . Their set-up is entirely in line with the government's policy." On March 26 Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, chairman of the Union for Democratic Action, wrote to Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary of State, pointing out that in view of his questionable past Mr. Eckhardt was hardly entitled to such consideration and confidence and asking for an investigation of his record. In his reply Mr. Welles declared that the phrases quoted from Mr. Hoskins's letter referred only to the organizational procedure recommended for all "free movements," and did not imply any "recognition, formal or informal, of Dr. Eckhardt's movement." This, it was further explained, was in line with the department's policy of keeping currently informed about the activities of all "free movements" but not extending recognition to any of them. Our satisfaction at this statement of policy is tempered by realization that it still gives Mr. Eckhardt a great deal more standing than he deserves while doing much less than justice to some other free movements. Apparently the State Department is still unable to make clear distinctions between our friends and our enemies. Otherwise it would know in which category to place Mr. Eckhardt—one-time leader of that prototype fascist organization, the Awakening Magyars, and supporter of Nürnberg laws for Hungary.

*

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY, FOUNDER AND leader of the Silver Shirts, is the fifth person to be arrested by federal agents for sedition since our entry into war. Unlike George Sylvester Viereck and George W. Christian, who was seized last week, Pelley was not accused of direct connections with the German government or with an attempt to undermine the morale of the services. His offense was simply the publication of defeatist propaganda in a fascist magazine of general circulation. The distinction is important, for it is the center of a debate that is going on in these pages and elsewhere over the wisdom of suppressing the openly fascist press. *The Nation* has taken a stand in favor of curbing those newspapers which clearly take the Nazi line, whether they are financed by Hitler or are owned by American fascists. If the government follows that policy, as apparently it will in the case of Pelley, it will be a simple matter to deal with Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* and Edward James Smythe's *Our Common Cause.*

How Long Can Men Work?

ONE of the vicious aspects of the recent controversy over the forty-hour week has been the fact that avowed opponents of the forty-hour week have not been concerned about the length of the working week at all. Their concern has been to reduce wages—and increase profits—by eliminating the time-and-a-half wages now paid to employees working more than forty hours. On that issue *The Nation* has made itself reasonably clear: we see no reason at present for changing the Labor Standards Act, and we regard the moves which have been made in that direction as ill-concealed efforts to undermine confidence in the Administration.

There remains, however, the question of what is the optimum work week in war time. In view of the impending shortage of man-power this question should be faced realistically. Unfortunately, there is little scientific information on which to form a judgment. The criteria we have ordinarily used cannot be applied without modification when the country's safety is at stake. In time of peace the health and well-being of the individual workers must be the first consideration. In time of emergency our first interest must be production. Human considerations become secondary, but we dare not ignore them.

War or no war, men still tire after a long and arduous day. As they tire, the number of accidents and mechanical breakdowns increase. There is, therefore, a definite limit beyond which the work week cannot safely be stretched even in periods of dire emergency. Just what this limit is remains a matter of dispute. But its existence was convincingly demonstrated when the British government sought to increase production in the period right after Dunkirk. The disastrous results of that experiment deserve wider publicity than they have had.

In Britain, as in this country, the basic work week has not been changed as a result of the war. Payment is made on an overtime basis for all hours above the standard. Prior to Dunkirk workers in British war industries were working, as an average, a six-day, fifty-six-hour week. After Dunkirk all war industries were placed on a seven-day week. The average work week was 69.5 hours in June, 1940, and many industries worked their employees 73 and 77 hours. Under the spur of the emergency, output rose more than 10 per cent. After a few weeks, however, it began to decline. The amount of sickness among the employees increased sharply; absenteeism also rose as workers sought relief from the intolerable strain; there was an appalling rise in the number of accidents and preventable breakdowns. As a result, the actual number of hours worked—as distinct from the length of the working week—began to decline. In August the working week remained at about 68.5 hours, but the average employee worked only 51 hours as compared with 53 hours before Dunkirk. Industrial output showed an even greater decline, falling to 88 per cent of the pre-Dunkirk level. While part of this decline may be attributed to the effect of the night air raids which began at the end of the month, the weekly trend prior to the bombing was so sharply downward that the government became alarmed and hastened to restore the six-day week. Recovery did not come immediately, but by the beginning of 1941 industrial output, on the shorter week, had risen above the pre-Dunkirk level.

Largely as a result of this experience, the British Medical Research Council has recently recommended that weekly hours for men should not exceed sixty or sixty-five and that women's hours should not exceed fifty-five or sixty. The British work week now averages about fifty-five hours.

No comparable study has been made in this country. But it is generally agreed that the tempo in American factories is faster than in England, and that the optimum work week in this country is consequently considerably shorter. A recent survey made at Princeton University suggests that most American industries reach peak efficiency with a forty-eight-hour week for men and a forty-hour week for women. This, of course, is an average. There are certain types of light work in which a sixty-hour week is not harmful; there are others—such as coal mining—in which the forty-hour week has been found too long.

Many war industries are already operating close to the optimum levels. The machine-tool industry today operates on a fifty-five-hour basis. Shipbuilding and all government-owned war plants are on a forty-eight-hour week. The steel industry has found four forty-hour shifts to be the most efficient method of operation. But some war industries are still not working a full week. Where they are not, management and not labor is responsible. The cost of overtime is at best a lame excuse. If any company were unable to pay time-and-a-half, we can be sure its case would have been thoroughly aired in the past few weeks. As a matter of fact, most companies find that the savings in overhead in the longer week more than cancel the additional labor charge.

A clear-cut national policy with regard to the work week in war industries is badly needed. But before we fix that policy, the entire situation should be carefully studied on the basis of present-day American conditions. Why not initiate such a study now while there is yet time?

When Will the "Heads Roll"?

HOW much longer is Donald M. Nelson going to keep Merrill C. Meigs, ex-Hearst Chicago publisher, in charge of aircraft at the War Production Board? The new report made by the Truman committee is only the latest of several pleas, some public, some private, for the reorganization of this crucial sector in the board. Meigs has been in charge of aircraft since the NDAC and has survived all the alphabetical reshuffles through OPM, SPAB, and WPB, although he has yet to produce a single constructive idea and has a completely undistinguished record. Meigs survives, as do so many of the original dollar-a-year men, through one loudly ballyhooed shake-up after another, despite Nelson's promise weeks ago that heads would roll when he tackled the job of reorganization.

The importance of aircraft makes the case of Meigs an outstanding one. The Truman committee, to which we already owe so much in the way of courageous exposure and constructive criticism, shows the kind of planning and thinking needed in this industry. Its subcommittee on light metals and aircraft and its chief counsel, Hugh Fulton, have just come back from a tour of West Coast plants. The subcommittee was made up of Senators Wallgren (Democrat) of Washington; Kilgore (Democrat) of West Virginia, and Ball (Republican) of Minnesota. They sought to sift the disquieting rumors of a deliberate "slowdown" by aircraft manufacturers. The big plants are primarily assembly plants, and the subcommittee found that shortages in critical items made it impossible to operate them at full capacity. "Rather than work trained crews at top speed until materials are exhausted and then lay men off for a few days, with probable loss of morale and trained mechanics, the aircraft plants have simply refrained," according to the subcommittee, "from turning on full pressure for peak production, which was their wisest course."

The subcommittee says that "a poor job of over-all planning, from aluminum ingots to finished aircraft, by the armed services and the old OPM must be blamed for the present situation." But the "old" OPM, in so far as aircraft and light metals are concerned, is virtually the same as the "'new" WPB. The subcommittee itself reports that the "WPB still does not have a single top-notch aircraft-production man in its organization." In aircraft Meigs is still responsible for the condition uncovered by the subcommittee. "When the big expansion of aircraft plants was undertaken a year or more ago, no attention was paid to the necessity of expanding at the same time the facilities of the thousands of subcontractors who supply parts and sub-assemblies. As a result, in some vital airplane parts production is not up to the capacity of the big assembly plants to absorb them."

Part of the lag in aircraft production behind full capacity results from shortages in aluminum and magnesium, in neither of which is production being expanded as rapidly as it should and could be. The evidence gathered, the subcommittee reports mildly, "indicates that there is still something seriously wrong in the light-metals section of the War Production Board, successor of the old OPM section which failed so miserably to anticipate and prepare for the greatly increased demand for these metals." The subcommittee means the aluminum and magnesium branch. In the OPM this branch was headed by Arthur D. Bunker, dollar-a-year man for the government and $60,000-a-year man for Lehman Brothers. The Truman committee itself exposed his partiality for Alcoa and his continued connection with the banking house. The same Arthur D. Bunker is still head of the aluminum and magnesium branch of the

WPB. That is the something still "seriously wrong" in light metals as in aircraft, and it will not be corrected until Nelson, who is as faint-hearted as the President about firing people, gets out the ax and keeps the promise he made when he became head of the WPB. When, Mr. Nelson, will the heads roll?

India's Zero Hour

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

FOR the first time in their long and bitter struggle for freedom, the leaders of the Indian people have power comparable with that of their rulers. They are not strong enough to dictate terms to Britain, but they are in a position to drive a hard bargain. To expect them to resist the temptation to do so is to demand almost superhuman detachment and wisdom. They have waited long for this hour. Their natural desire to take full advantage of the situation is heightened by emotional resistance to an offer born, not of Britain's willing acknowledgment of the justice of the Indian claims, but of its own eleventh-hour desperation. Add to this feeling the conflicting claims of party and caste and class and religious group, and the reasons for hesitation and delay stand out clearly.

But hesitation and delay may prove fatal. Today Japanese planes are dropping bombs on Ceylon and towns along India's east coast, Japanese ships are moving through the Bay of Bengal, and Japanese troops drive slowly but relentlessly across Burma toward the borders of India. The hour which has given India such immense new bargaining power has brought dangers much greater than any concessions its leaders could possibly win. To procrastinate in these circumstances, to fight for minor concessions, is to invite a disaster in which the future freedom of India would be one of the lesser casualties. Today, with Japan hammering at every gate, more is asked of India's negotiators than normal political wisdom and ability. They must shed, suddenly, overnight, the preoccupations of subject people struggling for their nation's freedom and must assume the stature of free men prepared to collaborate with all the forces fighting on their side against the final eclipse of freedom. This is a mighty challenge. Mahatma Gandhi,, clothed in his impenetrable faith in non-violence, has retired from the field. It remains for all of India's leaders, but particularly for Nehru and Azad, to meet the challenge with a sense of responsibility that reaches far beyond the borders of their own country or the empire.

For India must realize that its decision is almost as important to the United States as to England or to India itself. Today no nation can live in isolation. This country tried to, stubbornly and stupidly, yielding bit by bit to a necessity that should have been apparent months before the bombs fell on Hawaii. India has a right to demand a responsible share in the direction of its own defense, but in this hour of crisis it has not the right to demand full freedom. Not even the years of exploitation and oppression it has endured give it that right. The war has reduced the independence of all nations; today each one must subordinate its trade, its finance, its military arrangements, even some measure of political sovereignty to the necessities of the greater group with which it is joined in the struggle against Axis domination. There is good reason to believe that Britain's offer to India was itself in part the product of British-American consultation. At least it can be said that the United States had every right as a major member of the United Nations to urge such a policy on Britain. And by the same token the United States, with Britain and the other nations fighting the Axis, has a right to ask India's acceptance of a freedom which is qualified only by the demands of the war itself.

Complete independence when it comes will bring India a swarm of problems and conflicts no nation could be asked to tackle while plunging simultaneously into a great war. Even to list the difficulties that lie in the way of a workable plan of self-government would demonstrate the hopelessness of the idea. To give India its full self-government now would be to give India to the Axis. The offer brought to New Delhi by Cripps, modified to meet such reasonable demands as that for an Indian Minister of Defense, provides as much freedom as is compatible with the stable administrative processes required by war.

Whether it provides enough freedom to stir the Indians to strong resistance is not so certain. Drugged by years of pacifist teaching, obsessed with their age-long animosity toward Britain, the people of India must fully believe in the new future that is held before them if they are to fight as they must. The longer the negotiations, the sharper the bargaining, the less will be the chance of winning their support for the terrible struggle that lies ahead. Only prompt, vigorous, confident leadership will work the necessary miracle in the minds and emotions of the powerful, sluggish Indian population.

As this issue goes to press, a few portents give reason to hope that the miracle may be performed. Nehru has apparently promised the American emissary, Louis A. Johnson, that if Britain agrees to an Indian Defense Minister the Congress will accept the British offer and India will fight all comers. The British government is said to have given Cripps an almost completely free hand in the negotiations. And it is even rumored, though vaguely, that President Roosevelt may intervene more directly, perhaps to "guarantee" the carrying out of Britain's promises. If a settlement is in the making, great credit must be given to the patient, wise efforts of

Britain's negotiator: the character and behavior of Sir Stafford Cripps may prove as good a guaranty of British intentions as the word of Mr. Roosevelt. But the final responsibility—and the fullest credit if success comes—rests with the popular leaders of India. It is they who must balance the just claims of their country against the terrible pressure of events. It is their influence alone that in the end can persuade their fellow-Indians to take up the burden of war in the hope of saving freedom for the world as well as gaining it for themselves.

"Not to Be Attributed"

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 6

SOME officials in the State Department seem to be terribly anxious to cover up for the Standard Oil Company, and I think the Truman committee ought to find out who they are. In a prepared statement before the committee on Tuesday, W. S. Farish, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, set out to answer seven charges against his company. Of the third, "that Standard made shipments to Italian and German air lines in Brazil, contrary to the wishes of the State Department," Farish said, "This is also unfounded." Hugh Fulton, counsel to the committee, then asked him, "Does that mean that the State Department knew that your Brazilian subsidiary was furnishing aviation gasoline to the Italians?" His reference was to the Italian "Lati" air line through which the Nazis sent spies, medals, and propaganda films to the Americas, receiving certain important strategic materials on the return trips. Farish's answer was, "Yes sir, and the State Department approved of every delivery that was made."

On the following day the State Department issued one of those "not to be attributed" statements usually reserved for delicate matters of international policy in regard to which the department would not want to be quoted even indirectly. The effect of this statement was to support Farish and to make it appear that the Standard Oil Company had done a meritorious deed. It was said that at the request of the department the Standard Oil Company made no deliveries to the aviation lines except with the approval of the department, and then only out of certain stocks. The aim, the department release went on, was to reduce the supplies of gasoline available to the lines and so force them out of business. The plan worked so well, the statement said, that the Axis aviation companies quit business soon after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The State Department not only issued this unusual release but took unusual steps to make sure that it got into the papers. The press-relations division of the department actually telephoned correspondents to tell them about the statement, and offered to, and in several cases did, dictate it to them over the telephone. The calls were not limited to men who cover the department regularly, and at least one of the correspondents so honored rarely goes near the place. Inquiry at the Truman committee brought the response that "some of the Standard crowd had got to the department"—no very difficult task. Those committee members who knew about the statement said they didn't ask Assistant Secretary of State A. A. Berle about it when he appeared before the committee on Friday because they didn't want to embarrass him.

No one in Washington knows the art of the weasel word better than certain officials in the State Department, and the statement issued seems to have contained no untruths, but it did succeed in giving the newspapers a completely false impression. To make the long hop across the South Atlantic, Lati had to have aviation gasoline of from 87 to 100 octanes. It could only obtain it from Standard Oil or its subsidiaries. The State Department was worried about this line, but the best it could do, in its feeble way, was to get a voluntary agreement with Standard Oil in April, 1941, to limit the supplies of the air line at any one time to just enough for thirty days' operation. Thirty days' supply was sufficient, of course, to keep the line running, and the department's action was hardly vigorous enough to answer the question this whole affair raised in the minds of Latin Americans. As William La Varre, chief of the American Republics Section of the Department of Commerce, testified, "The Latin Americans couldn't understand how we officially could say we wanted to rid South America of Nazi German agents and still provide the only means by which they could go back and forth."

Standard Oil found even this thirty-day agreement irksome. Six months later, according to the testimony of Assistant Secretary Berle, the department was informed by counsel for Standard Oil that the company had a contract with the air line for larger quantities of aviation gas and oil and could be sued if it failed to deliver. The lawyer wanted to know whether the American government could indemnify Standard for any loss incurred through breach of contract. When Berle replied that the government had no power to do so, he was informed that under these circumstances the board of directors of Standard would not agree to breach its contract. A question by Senator Harold L. Burton of Ohio and the answer by Berle will show just how misleading was the "not to be attributed" statement issued by the State Department.

> *Q.* Before you leave that, does that mean that at that time Standard Oil took the position that they could make any contract they wanted as a private company against the vital interests of the United States, and then stick to it, because to break the contract they had made would cost them money?
>
> *A.* The position they took was that they were going to keep any contracts they had made, irrespective of the interests of the United States. . . .

No one at the State Department seems to have thought of asking Standard Oil to show the contract, but La Varre testified that he had tried for three years to trace down "the so-called Standard Oil contract" and that there wasn't any such contract in existence. When Senator Mead said this didn't "seem to conform with the most cooperative spirit expressed by the Standard witnesses to the committee," La Varre said:

> My only experience is, I have spent many years in Latin America and have seen Standard Oil operating in all the countries, and there is never any cooperation with our foreign ambassadors or with the State Department or with the Commerce Department.
>
> *Senator Mead:* Never any cooperation?
>
> *Mr. La Varre:* Never any.

I dwell at some length on this story because it is typical of what the Truman committee hearings on Standard Oil are revealing. One incident after another has shown that neither the government nor Standard's own partners have been able to rely upon its word. The case of Lati is not the only one in which Standard Oil showed itself much more ready to cooperate with the Axis than to cooperate with its own government. The State Department's release of Wednesday is only one example of the way in which a government department, after being defied and stepped on by Standard, can be persuaded to come to its defense. High officials of the Navy Department have asked the Truman committee to "go easy" on Standard Oil, and testimony in the hearings show the Army-Navy Munitions Board dutifully making the recommendations that best serve Standard's purposes. Standard has been as arrogant in dealing with our government as it has been subservient in dealing with the Nazis, and there is good reason to suspect that it pleaded *nolo contendere* to the Thurman Arnold anti-trust charges and paid the maximum fines because a trial would have exposed its friendly relations with the Third Reich.

A. E. F. to Siberia

BY G. A. BORGESE

IF WE want to win the war it is high time to inquire where, and when, and how we plan to meet victory. The record of the professional strategists so far is not so thoroughly triumphant as to inhibit the layman who knows his own limitations. He may humbly hope to be no less fortunate than the poor Persian nomad who taught Cyrus how to storm Sardis, or the little clergyman who showed Charlemagne the way to outflank the Langobardic fortresses and to seize Italy. (The stories of these amateur strategists can be read in *The Nation* of two weeks ago.)

The time of passive strategy is over. We can no longer accept with easy satisfaction the temperate doctrine of assimilating the blows and "wearing down the enemy," while Time and Production—those two allegorical deities flanking the democratic Mars—work for us. Production may be on our side, or on the side of the enemy, or impartially on both; and we are becoming not a little suspicious that Time may work against us. The tenet that defense will not win the war has risen to popularity, and the request for new fronts is daily gaining momentum.

General Wavell is reported to have said that strategy is a matter of common sense—even though, one might add, common sense is not so common as the idiom implies. If that is so, the fronts that have been publicly proposed to this moment need but brief comment.

Western Europe is notoriously in the grip of the German forces. Coups like the heroic raid on Saint-Nazaire, even if frequently and expensively repeated, are no more than pin-pricks in the grand manner; able no doubt to torment the monster but insufficient to slay it. They may compel Germany to divert a certain number of divisions from the Russian front to the west; they can hardly exhaust the German resources for defense and offense. Retaliation also, with the technique of the commando applied by Germany against British bases and cities, is easily conceivable.

A landing in such proportions as to carve a route of invasion from the Atlantic coast to the Rhine and beyond is, in the present state of the shipping facilities and of the Nazi occupation, nothing more than a daydream. It is not likely that anything decisive can be tried via

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Western Europe unless miracles happen within Germany or the Nazi war machine is extremely damaged on other fronts. The hope that the Russians alone might do the job is on the wane while this most glorious, if dolorous, Russian winter is yielding to the ominous spring.

Dissatisfaction, we are told, is fermenting again in Spain, and Allied forces might find help there. A bridgehead, we may add, could be built more successfully in Portugal, open to a large-scale landing and comparatively distant from an immediate German countermarch. But apart from the problem of shipping, we all know the passions and interests which thwart the will of the Western powers whenever the necessity of the fight points to those shores. They are the same passions and interests, obdurately conservative or clerical, that impede all action against Vichy. To this conflict within ourselves we owe a most distressing aspect of this war. The enemy fights to the hilt; we fight, as it were, to the button—with a number of actions prohibited by ourselves to ourselves.

An African march via Dakar has been repeatedly suggested. It would be more feasible if we had taken Dakar. At any rate this proposal is rather pointless if it is directed at North Africa alone. Colonel Kernan's idea of invading Italy would have been excellent two and a half years ago. But Fascist Italy was cherished by too many in the cabinets and general staffs of the "democratic" powers. A larger and speedier bus was never missed.

There is somewhere a baby, not much older than a year, a rather precocious walker and climber. She is fond of climbing the stairs between the first and the second floor of the house where she lives. Unwatched excursions might be dangerous; therefore a gate has been placed at the entrance. She stops at that. Although, she romps freely around and has keen eyes, she has never come to the conclusion that she could reach her objective just as easily by way of the backstairs, which also lead to the upper floor. No second gate has been needed. That approach, though unprotected, is not tried.

Sometimes the mental processes of the military mind seem akin to those of such a child. One wonders whether the shapeless immensity of Asia is a reason sufficient to explain the absent-mindedness of the strategists, professional and amateur, all of them peering spellbound toward the Atlantic or Eurafrican approach to victory, though common sense discovers the gate that forbids that approach.

It is probable that in Asia and nowhere else lies the battlefield for victory. It is a legitimate hope that this notion may penetrate the mind of the military High Command before it is too late.

A layman, long before the invasion of Russia and the attack by Japan, drafted a scheme which he called the Columbus plan. It was founded on the neglected notion that the earth is round. He proposed initiative against Japan, occupation of Indo-China, junction with the Chinese armies, double-pronged pressure toward Russia and the Middle and Near East, and, finally, appearance of the combined armies on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, via the backstairs, when a convergent action from east and west would make the Nazi stronghold crumble. That plan received some authoritative indorsements. It now belongs to the past.

The same layman, immediately after Pearl Harbor, became Alaska-conscious. He became Siberia-conscious. He realized that the move from Indo-China, suggested in the Columbus plan, could and should be castled north on the chessboard of war, toward and beyond the lands of Marco Polo. Indeed, everybody became Alaska- and Siberia-conscious soon after Pearl Harbor. As early as last January an article in *Free World,* based on apparently serious information, gave in detail the German plan for an invasion of the United States via the northern Pacific. Subsequently there has been much public discussion of Alaska both as a crucial sector of defense and, with or without the support of Russia's Siberian bases, as a base for an attack on Japan.

Defense will not win the war. Its chances in Alaska are probably slighter than in most other sectors. It is highly questionable whether that enormous expanse of wilderness could long be successfully held against invasion thrusts whose objectives the Japanese war lords would not confide to us beforehand. There is no reliable way of parrying a blow at our Pacific defenses unless we make of Alaska and of the northern pockets of the Pacific a base for a full offensive, thus forcing Japan to concentrate on defensive positions in Asia.

But when the latter proposal is made, what is generally meant is a "grand air attack" on Tokyo, on Japanese centers of production and population. Air attacks have not conquered Britain so far; nor did they, for that matter, conquer Madrid. It is fairly probable that no air attack would ever grow grand enough to knock out Japan. Its centers of production can be decentralized; perhaps they are being decentralized while we talk. Its people make a point of indifference to wounds and death.

The appraisal of the air force as a decisive factor in warfare has gone the full swing of the pendulum. For a number of years many military men used to think of the airplane as little more than a kite. Now many of them think of it as a winged deity. Overcompensating past errors, they fancy that the god from the machine will close the tragedy.

The air force is to modern warfare, more or less, what cavalry was in the past. This war, like most others, will be finally won by the infantries, that is, by the passion of the common man inspired by the genius, military and moral, of his leaders—a truth that was manifest long ago to that strange prophet, Homer Lea.

The corollary should be obvious. We cannot expect Russia to lend-lease us its bases on the coast of eastern Siberia for grand air attacks while its armies, caught in a double war, would bear alone the assault of Japan's land army. An A. E. F. large enough to tip the scales of destiny should be conveyed to Siberia, there to effect at last a junction, in body and soul, with the armies of Russia. From a pivot along the Trans-Siberian Railroad its right or northern wing would point to the Russian front in Europe and to its final goal, Berlin; while the pressure of its center should relieve whatever pressure might be exerted meanwhile by Axis forces on the Near and Middle East. The left or southern wing of the A. E. F., after a junction with the Chinese armies, should envision as its final goal Burma, Thailand, and Singapore, with the armies of Japan enveloped from the rear and squeezed toward the sea.

This is possibly the "where and how" of victory. The problem of when victory can be won is not irrelevant either. It is not a matter of indifference whether we win the war in a reasonable time or in an indefinite future. The purpose, heroic though it be, of "carrying on the fight from year to year," is no plan at all. A long war of attrition, conducted according to the butt-and-bleed strategy of frontal defense and frontal counter-attack, may well consume our enemy. It may also consume most of the values we are fighting for. A third candidate for victory, neither Nazism nor ourselves, is lurking in the dark. He is half plague, half chaos.

The roads of Asia are proposed as possibly leading to a victory timely enough to make sense for our generation with full realization that a double march through Asia is no jaunt. The layman himself realizes some of the terrific difficulties. Humbly and gladly he would forget about it if a more sensible scheme were offered. But no other plans that have been submitted so far to the public mind are more comfortable than this or half so promising.

The first difficulty in it is the conveyance of a large expeditionary force from this continent to Siberia while the ratio of the naval forces in the Pacific is unfavorable to us. The outdated critic, feeding on the textbook geography of his high school, looks askance at a frightening map and drops his discouraged arms. The up-to-date geographer, the tactician who has kept pace with contemporary exploration and research, is in a quite different frame of mind. He knows the difficulties, but he also knows that they are not insurmountable. He admits that an expeditionary force, even as large as half a million men with the full equipment of mechanized warfare, can be conveyed to Alaska and from Alaska to Asia if our will grasps the means.

While strategy, however, is common sense plus imagination plus will to victory, tactics is a specialized craft. We shall not discuss here today the assets and liabilities of the alternative and complementary routes (stepping-stones of the Aleutian Islands to Kamchatka and the Amur, Bering Strait–Arctic route to the Siberian rivers); nor shall we scrutinize the reticent or contradictory Russian maps, designed rather to mislead the enemy than to guide an unexpected friend; or, finally, compare the Arctic route as it is today since Schmidt definitely opened it in 1932 and 1933 with what it was in the days of Nordenskiold and still is in the minds of the uninstructed. Information of this kind is not around the corner, but neither is it guarded in impregnable vaults, and a study—as competent as it was heartening—of the system of communications and of the military opportunities "on top of the world" was contributed by Lyn Irvine to *The Nation* of March 28.

It will suffice here to say that strategy cannot be the handmaid of tactics, and that where there is a will there is a way. Imaginative conceptions, no doubt, entail stupendous risks. But it is only the automatic thinker to whom the earth is as flat as his mind who can offer us plans exempt from every danger except the danger or certainty of consumptive defeat and slow doom.

The upshot of all inquiries to this date is that the real obstacles to a global strategy in Asia are not of a technical nature. They are political. The most authoritative observers regretfully state that no Siberian plan is conceivable in practical terms as long as the Russians do not want to "play ball."

It is credible that the Russians are not particularly anxious to see the armies of the Western democracies—which they mistrust—encamped on their own soil. Neither are their suspicions particularly allayed by the diplomatic situation of these fateful days. Unwisely the Russians are asking for territorial guaranties when the war is over. A thousand times more unwisely we hesitate to accede to their demands. It is more than credible that the Western democracies are not particularly eager to join hands openly with Russian communism—which they condemn. This mutual disaffection explains the self-imposed blinkers which obscure from both parties the sector or sectors of the war in which full cooperation is possible.

But the truth is dawning on many minds that if America-Britain, Russia, and China do not hang together, they may hang separately. Whatever the obstacles, political or technical or both, in the way of a fully operative alliance between the three powers, they must be overcome ere the black sun rises to usher in a Nazi summer. The snows on the Russian battlefields and the ice on the northern routes will soon thaw. Decision must be sought, everywhere in the world, in the long days and short months that are ahead of us.

Ships for Our Offensive

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

LIEUTENANT COLONEL KERNAN'S "Defense Will Not Win the War" has fallen in with the popular mood. People are at last becoming aware of the danger of thinking only in terms of defense. However, in this volume as elsewhere there is little or no realization of the factors that have impeded offensive action.

The difficulty of the task of transportation and supply rather than any mistaken preference for defensive warfare has been the principal cause of our failure to take a more active role in the present war. Munitions from the "arsenal of democracy" have to be sent to every battle front, and the problem of logistics involved finds no parallel in previous wars. Our loss of the Far East was mainly due to our inability to surmount the obstacle of distance with sufficient rapidity.

Today the United Nations' merchant tonnage is being spread so thin by the demands of war in many areas that even vital needs are not being adequately cared for. Despite the fact that for probably eight months ship construction has outstripped submarine sinkings, the food situation in England has steadily grown worse. More important, we have succeeded in fulfilling only about half of our comparatively modest commitments to Russia under Lend-Lease. And if we are to win the war, our shipments to Russia as well as to other fields must be rapidly expanded. For these reasons any Axis threat to our sea lanes is extremely serious. Recent sinkings, particularly in the Atlantic, have gone far beyond the nuisance stage.

Despite official silence on the subject, no genuine mystery is attached to the successes of the U-boats along our own eastern coast. They are mainly due to the surprisingly large number of enemy submarines engaged in the effort, the insufficient number of defensive warships available, especially plane carriers and destroyers, and the great areas which must be patrolled by inadequate forces. The inadequacy of the forces at our disposal has in turn resulted from the necessity of restoring to the Pacific enough naval strength to give us a reasonably strong position as regards Japan.

Though the navy is saying very little about it, the improvement of aerial detecting devices which apparently operate on the same principle as the hydrophone should make aerial patrol by big bombers increasingly effective. Freighters have, no doubt, been too careless in neglecting such precautions as proceeding without lights, zigzag steering, and camouflage. If necessary, we can restrict shipping to certain lanes which can be patrolled or require merchant ships to go into harbors at night. Arming them will help, but it requires time. In case of absolute necessity patrols could be withdrawn and the same ships used for convoy duty. We have been reluctant to consider convoys largely because their use reduces the speed of individual vessels and the resulting delays are equal to rather large shipping losses. As a larger number of warships and patrol planes becomes available, the depredations of U-boats can probably be brought well within control.

Another threat is offered to our northern supply line to Russia by powerful German surface raiders capable of wiping out an entire convoy. Shipping in Norwegian waters will doubtless have to be escorted by capital ships or plane carriers until these raiders can be destroyed.

Partly because of the immense distances of the Pacific Japanese submarines and surface raiders have not—since Pearl Harbor—attained any striking success. A greater peril to our supply line to Australia is constituted by the Japanese island bases immediately to the north, from which aerial raiders can take off. The activities of our carrier-cruiser striking forces in these areas have evidently disrupted Japanese plans for their use, but until these "stationary aircraft carriers" are in American possession they will continue to be a menace. Once in our hands and rearmed, their threat will be turned against Japan. A bolder course of action in the Pacific upon the part of our navy would probably have produced better results.

Allied communications with India and the Near East are also threatened. Until Japan has obtained naval bases closer than Singapore it can hardly hope to cut off such trade completely, but it can seriously hamper it by sending cruisers and other warships into this zone. One task of our Pacific fleet should be to keep the Japanese sufficiently busy to prevent their sending more than an occasional raider into the Indian Ocean.

It would be ironical indeed if the war were lost for lack of ships, for in few fields of the war effort have we achieved greater results, after overcoming initial obstacles. Two years ago naval shipbuilding was the concern of three separate overlapping bureaus. Blunders, red tape, lack of cooperation, and interminable squabbles held up completions. Charles Edison, whose work as Secretary of the Navy has been generally underestimated, consolidated the offending bureaus and enacted other salutary reforms. Early rather than delayed delivery is now the rule. However, warship building under the best conditions is such a tedious process that only moderate strengthening of our navy for a three-ocean war can be looked for in 1942, with a somewhat greater increase in 1943. For some time, then, ships will continue to be spread out too thin for the best results.

Merchant shipbuilding presents a similar picture. After preliminary failure to grasp the magnitude of the tonnage needed to defeat the Axis, our war planners adopted a program very nearly or entirely adequate to probable needs. Between the early fall of 1941 and March, 1942, the building schedule for 1942 and 1943 was increased from 17,000,000 to 22,000,000 tons. When it is recalled that the nearly 5,000,000 tons we turned out in 1919 was regarded as an industrial miracle, the full import of present plans is apparent. Shortages of certain types of machinery and skilled labor, reluctance on the part of both management and labor to use the 168-hour work week, and racial discrimination have prevented our getting the greatest success theoretically possible. Nevertheless, the planning of the Maritime Commission has been of a high grade, and we are now reaping the benefit in the standardized but well-designed merchantmen being launched in quick succession at more than two hundred shipyards.

A full-fledged offensive is of course completely dependent upon this shipping program, and completions in 1942 will not be sufficient to enable us to undertake one. We should, however, be supplied with enough ships and troops for diversion or nuisance attacks, and possibly we can gain footholds to be exploited later.

Can Lewis Wreck the C. I. O.?

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

JOHN L. LEWIS has submitted his bill to the C. I. O.; the angry, eloquent leader who directed labor's great rebirth has become a nagging creditor. Refusing to pay the per capita tax of the United Mine Workers for March and April, he has demanded that the C. I. O. instead deduct the sum from its "debt" to the Lewis treasury. The move dramatizes the complete estrangement between the C. I. O.'s ex-president and the organization he once ruled. It is also an undignified afterthought. The so-called debt consists of funds which the United Mine Workers contributed to C. I. O. organizing campaigns. The money was never recorded as a loan on the C. I. O. books. Lewis himself said to the last A. F. of L. convention held before the C. I. O. was formed, "Why not make a contribution to the well-being of those who are not fortunate enough to be members of your organization? The labor movement is organized upon the principle that the strong shall help the weak." That was seven years ago. Now Philip Murray leads the C. I. O., and Lewis, supported by yes-men, plug-uglies, and his relatives, wages undercover war against it.

There is a danger that Lewis's increasingly bitter struggle with Murray, and with the overwhelming majority of C. I. O. leaders supporting Murray, will be viewed by the public as merely another personal clash in the long record of labor rows. George Sokolsky says the only problem is whether Lewis or Murray will get the workers' dough. Yet this conflict is in some ways more deep-seated than the one which brought the C. I. O. into existence. The issue dividing Lewis from the C. I. O. is the issue of labor's role in war time—whether unions should fight a sniping, rear-guard action against real and imagined evils in the war effort or seek leadership and responsibility in the struggle against the Axis. As an unreconstructed Roosevelt-hater and an old isolationist, Lewis must pursue the first course. He may buy a hatful of defense bonds and pledge allegiance to the flag, but he cannot tolerate a full partnership with the Administration—and F. D. R. This feeling was the source of his original conflict with Murray.

For a short time after Pearl Harbor it looked as if Lewis were prepared to make peace with the C. I. O. and to effect some sort of truce with the White House. He paid his pious respects to the war effort. He participated attentively in the labor-industry peace conference which created the War Labor Board. Murray was visibly hopeful that his former boss would at last accept the role of loyal associate. Murray left Washington for a badly needed vacation; on his way back he saw a newspaper which brought him his first word of Lewis's sudden move for "labor unity" in January. In his caucuses with certain A. F. of L. leaders Lewis had assured them that Murray was aware of his plan to reunite labor, with George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the A. F. of L., as nominal head and with Lewis as kingmaker. Murray knew nothing of the scheme except what he read in the newspapers. The episode shattered any plans for peace between Lewis and the C. I. O.

Now the battleground steadily enlarges. Lewis agents within the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee are trying to arouse opposition to Murray's leadership in advance of the S. W. O. C. convention in May. Lewis emissaries in the automobile workers' union are trying to exploit resentment over the C. I. O.'s abandonment of premium pay for week-end work. Murray sympathizers within the United Mine Workers are being sent to the guillotine; a "commission" has been appointed to "investigate" the affairs of District 17, led by Van A. Bittner, a long-time ally of Lewis's who refused to join the conspiracy against Murray. A whispering campaign against Murray spreads through the U. M. W. Lewis men are also active in the farm areas and many other unorganized territories; the fantastic growth of District 50, the division of the U. M. W. which Lewis, through a combination of nepotism and strong-arm tactics, is building into a minor empire for himself, was described in *The Nation* recently by Will Chasan and Victor Riesel. Gunmen and "strong boys" filter into the Lewis pay rolls as veteran organizers desert to Murray. The United Construction Workers' Organizing Committee, led by A. D. Lewis, recruits florists, laundrymen, and restaurant workers. It has been involved in more jurisdictional squabbles than any other C. I. O. union.

There is little likelihood that Lewis can effectively undermine Murray's grip on the S. W. O. C. or on the Automobile Workers. In important areas of the United Mine Workers also Murray commands deeper allegiance than Lewis among the men in the pits—if not among those who count the ballots. Yet the cumulative effect of these far-flung Lewis projects is not to be minimized. Some labor leaders say that Lewis will become a real threat only in the event of major post-war turmoil. But as a "diversion" from the urgent business of war, as a perpetual and insistent challenge, Lewis is an important character now. He remains only nominally in the C. I. O. His agents in Illinois, led by Ray Edmundson, have severed all connection with the state C. I. O. council, and similar moves are imminent in other states. Lewis's final break with the C. I. O. will depend on whether he can most effectively promote a new Lewis-run movement from inside or outside the organization.

Outwardly Lewis's status today recalls his desolate situation in 1932, when his chief claim to press notices was his support of Herbert Hoover's candidacy. But the weapons now at his command are the weapons which any "oppositionist" holds in war time if he is prepared to play recklessly, if he has money, and if he has imagination. Murray has undertaken a labor leader's most difficult task—to spur the full prosecution of the war without being buried in the process, to steer a course between the necessary sacrifices which labor must make and the exorbitant demands which labor-baiters will seek to impose. But the shadow of Lewis lies across his desk, a reminder that "Big John" is prepared to exploit every retreat and compromise.

Labor's relations with the War Labor Board dramatize the problem. The survival of this board is vital to industrial peace. It is headed by men who are prepared to give labor as equitable a hearing as it could get from any other group that could be assembled. The most serious case before it involves "Little Steel," in which the S. W. O. C. is demanding a dollar-a-day pay increase and a union security agreement. If the board's decision is less than favorable to the union, Murray will face the same terrible dilemma as in the captive-mine case. There are few disputes in which the case for union security seems as strong in the light of the companies' past records; will Murray be forced to proclaim again that labor can expect only mistreatment in the mediation setup?

Labor's withdrawal from the board would precipitate at once the enactment of drastic anti-labor legislation in Congress. It would destroy the one instrument which offers any real hope of industrial-labor amity during the war. Yet if Murray suffers defeat in this case—and takes it—Lewis agents will at once carry the word to the steel towns. And even if Murray wins in Little Steel, there will be another time when he will lose. Whatever the case, the issue will remain the same, and Lewis's power of disruption will remain intact. The *United Mine Workers' Journal* has already jibed belligerently at the War Labor Board and joined in the reactionary clamor for a "national labor policy." The truth is that any "national labor policy" enacted by Congress now would be aggressively anti-labor.

In larger terms it is apparent that Murray is genuinely seeking to give labor a full sense of participation in the production effort. He is visualizing an expanded industrial democracy designed not to promote narrow labor interests but to insure maximum national effort. The President has encouraged this trend; Donald Nelson has underwritten it by calling for labor-management committees. As labor takes up this role, it faces mounting sacrifices. Surrender of week-end premium pay is not the last that will be required before this war ends. Every time production—not selfish employer interest—demands some concession by labor, Lewis will say, "I told you so." And as long as the sacrifices seem unequal, as long as price control and profit curbs are shadow rather than substance, Lewis's hand will remain strong. Didn't he prophesy that war would enslave labor? And isn't he the only major labor chief not plainly identified with the war effort?

So the outlines of Lewis's grand strategy take shape. His "underground" movement will harry the C. I. O. leaders, but he may avoid a head-on collision until they force his hand or until his lines have been reformed. There is little disposition in the C. I. O. to precipitate the showdown now. At the recent meeting of the executive board the issue of the per-capita tax was dropped into the lap of Murray, James B. Carey, and the six vice-presidents; the rowdy and irresponsible behavior of the Construction Workers' Organizing Committee did not come up. The decisive conflict may occur at the convention of the S. W. O. C., provided Lewis agents can elect enough delegates to make any noise there. It may come within the U. M. W. if Bittner resists his execution and Murray is prepared to risk a struggle in the mines. Signs of the approaching storm are clear, but its arrival may be a matter of days or of months.

In the meantime Lewis, still an adroit campaigner, carries on his "war of nerves." He has delivered no public orations since Pearl Harbor and held only one press conference, at which he blandly ducked all questions about his future plans except those for the organization of farmers. The District 50 newspaper ran a cartoon which showed Lewis emerging through the clouds to rescue the oppressed; the same newspaper likened attacks on him to the persecution suffered by Christ. All this is presumably a build-up for the Second Coming of John L. Lewis.

Lewis's chance of recapturing supremacy remains slender; the possibility that he may create widespread havoc is great. His behavior, however, is partially, if inadvertently, responsible for the most hopeful development now taking place—the growing cooperation of A. F. of L. and C. I. O. leaders in the "War Labor Cabinet." Created to offset Lewis's one-man "unity" offensive, this cabinet has achieved real and significant success. It has formulated joint A. F. of L.–C. I. O. policy on wage-freezing and on man-power mobilization; more important, it has slowly healed many of the deep wounds of labor's civil war. One member of the group said to me: "We've agreed not to discuss organic unity yet, but we're moving in that direction. It's like a man and woman who have separated and then begin to see each other again; they want to be damn sure it will work before they start living together again."

Lewis's current offensive is certain to hasten this process. Although he still maintains a powerful ally in A. F. of L. councils—William L. Hutcheson, czar of the Carpenters—the Lewis-Hutcheson axis has been enormously weakened by the achievements of the War Labor Cabinet. It was Hutcheson who worked most closely with Lewis in fashioning the abortive "unity" plot; now unity can come only through the Murray-Green cabinet. This may prove the final answer to Lewis's challenge. Meanwhile, Murray's most effective course is the prosecution of a vigorous war program. If labor becomes unified in time, and if it obtains a decisive place in the war councils, Lewis may come under the heading of a remote post-war problem.

Peace with Hitler's Generals?

BY LUDWIG LORE

OF ALL the mistakes the democratic Allies have made in the war, the greatest has been their reliance on the internal weakness of the Axis. We no longer believe, as did the men about Chamberlain, that the blockade will move the German people to overthrow their despotic Führer, and the voices of the "experts" who saw the Axis strangled by its lack of oil and coal and iron and food have all but subsided, but we still grasp eagerly at every new suggestion of disunity in the Third Reich.

The struggle between Hitler and the old Reichswehr leaders, the most commonly advanced reason for hope, is not a personal conflict. Nor is it fundamentally a struggle for power. In their aims the Führer and the generals are united, and to believe that the latter would voluntarily take their stand with the democracies against Hitler's pan-Germanism is a dangerous delusion. They differ from him only in their evaluation of the means by which the end is to be achieved. They are the products of the First World War, and because they have not forgotten its lessons, they ask for a reasonable guaranty of success before striking a new blow. Above all, they are military men who resent Hitler's reliance on extra-military measures.

Otto Strasser, Hitler's famous antagonist, declares in his recent book, "Germany Tomorrow," that many of the essentials for a revolutionary situation exist—widespread active and passive dissatisfaction with the existing government, fear of defeat in spite of military victories, and the possibility of creating a united front of independents, majority Socialists, Democrats, Centrists, German Nationalists, Strasser Black Frontists, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and dissatisfied capitalists. Admit for the sake of argument that the leaders of all these groups could be persuaded to pool their forces in an all-out fight against Hitler. Admit also that the National Socialist Party contains serious critics of Hitler who, given time, might gain enough strength and influence to destroy its solidity. And admit further that Hitler and his closest aides might be removed by some coup. What chance of success would a revolt have?

Most of us accept the thesis that Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and even France are powerless to break the hold of the Nazi conquerors without outside help. But the Germans are the victims of a conquest even more cruel and complete. At present the National Socialist Party of Greater Germany is a compact body of at least two and a half million men and women organized in cells and local groups, in city, district, and national organizations, and in the S. A. and S. S. guards. This huge apparatus is not an extra-governmental instrument. It is the government itself. Hitler's rule of Germany is so much a part of the daily life of the masses that it can proceed on its own momentum, guided by a bureaucracy of more than a million persons. These officials—the thousands of little Hitlers who owe their jobs to the party—are the pillars of the regime. Without them it would crash under its own weight. And this bureaucracy has committed so many crimes in Hitler's name that it must, in its own interests, oppose any and every change in the nation's political structure.

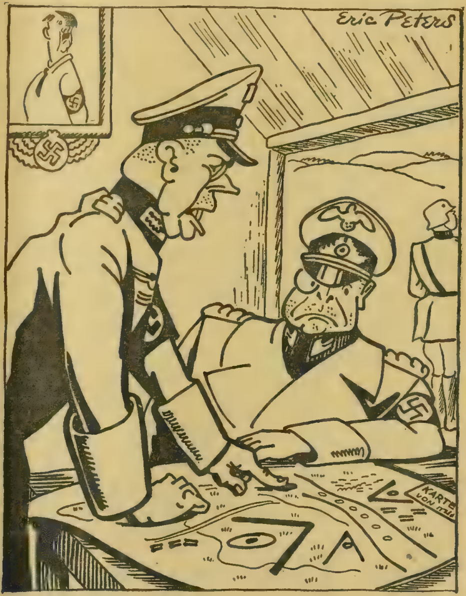
The social and political lives of all Germans are so thoroughly controlled by the many interlocking organizations into which they have been regimented by terror, bribery, and cajolery that the development of an effective revolutionary group has become all but impossible. In the last World War the German masses had the Social Democratic Party and the trade unions and a comparatively free press; these became the foundations for a new existence when the empire collapsed. Today no such sources of leadership exist. Wilhelm Sollman, a well-known Socialist leader in pre-Hitler Germany, not long ago reminded us that not too much should be expected from German labor in any case. Middle-class elements, hopeless peasants, and disillusioned intellectuals, he declared, are much more likely to rebel than the organized workers, whose pre-Hitler training made for the creation of efficient union executives and political reformists rather than of revolutionary heroes.

It is certainly doubtful, to say the least, whether the German people want Hitler overthrown as long as he leads them from victory to victory, whether even those who dislike the Nazis feel that defeat would be preferable to Hitler's iron rule. We must remember that the German people are incredibly ignorant of what is happening in this war. The majority really believe that the Austrian people called in the Nazis to save them from Schuschnigg, that the Germans in the Sudetenland were slaughtered by the Czechs, that the Poles were at the point of invading the Reich. The underground movement, which tried for a while to dispel their ignorance and organize the nation for resistance, has broken down; what little is left has neither plan nor direction.

Could the army leaders persuade the German people to rise against Hitler and his all-powerful Gestapo in order to put an end to the war? Would the army itself survive this revolution? The German generals harbor no illusions. They know that even if starting a revolution were conceivable, no person on earth could predict its outcome. The Russian revolution of November, 1917, and the German revolution of 1918 are classic examples of the unpredictability of mass reaction to a revolutionary situation. The generals know also that the first sign of revolution in the Reich would bring open rebellion in the conquered countries. No peace negotiations which did not accept the policing of Germany and the rest of Europe by Allied soldiers until "stable conditions" were restored could stave off the vengeance of the oppressed.

But even if the cards were less obviously stacked against them, what could one expect—have Germany's generals ever shown outstanding courage? Examine the record since 1918. It is a story of patient cunning and deception. They deserted the Kaiser and allowed the German "revolution" to take its course, maintaining themselves in power behind the scenes by political trickery. When they did strike a blow against the republic—in the Kapp putsch in 1920 and in the Hitler-Ludendorff Brauhaus putsch of 1923—they abandoned the fight at the slightest show of resistance. In the years that followed they built up the influence of the Reichswehr by a thousand small political maneuvers; they were successful not because they were courageous and determined, but because their democratic opponents were torn between the desire for internal peace and the equally strong desire to make Germany powerful again.

The old Reichswehr leaders have always hated Hitler and all he stood for, but they have never seriously challenged his rule. In 1933 they could have overthrown him. The democratic masses would have followed them to a man. But they preferred to let him take over. Indeed, I doubt whether, even today, the German generals



"We're supposed to be there before the Congressional elections."

would know what to do with the German government, were it by some freak of fortune to fall into their hands. Their role has always been, and still is, a silent, tenacious, and unscrupulous struggle for self-preservation. They will fight for power within the framework of the Nazi state, but they will remain loyal to Hitler as long as they are the pampered pets of the Nazi regime.

This is not pessimism. Hitler's collapse lies written in the pages of German history, but Nazi Germany's destruction will be the work of its own hands. For it has all happened before. Prussian Germany's capitulation in 1806, after the Battle of Jena, has mystified historians as much as it surprised Napoleon's marshals. The German army had met no real defeat. The Battle of Jena was a single incident—not even on Prussian soil. But the news of the surrender broke the back of German resistance. The fortress of Hameln surrendered to a troop of second-rate foreign hirelings fighting under the French flag when its commanders received a false report that Stettin had fallen. Stettin, Spandau, Küstrin, and Danzig followed. It was an unparalleled collapse.

It happened again in 1918. Observers of the German *Zusammenbruch* have described the orgies of defeatism that swept the German ranks. General Ludendorff, the "strong man" of the German army, bombarded his reluctant government with telegrams urging immediate peace negotiations and fled to Sweden before the armistice was declared; soldiers and sailors in Kiel raised the red flag and proclaimed the revolution. Yet at that moment Germany's military situation was anything but desperate. True, the Allied army under Foch had won a victory which completely disorganized the German front in Flanders, but no enemy had yet set foot on German soil. Conditions at home were bad, but not nearly so tragic as they were to become two years later when the people of Germany bowed unprotestingly to a government-manufactured inflation. It was simply that the magic spell of the German army's invincibility had been broken. Thousands of soldiers deserted and made their way home, plundering supply trains for food, spreading terror over devastated France and Belgium in a veritable paroxysm of defeat. More than one officer of the old school committed suicide in the face of this incredible self-abasement.

That is the price the Germans will have to pay again. The peasant folk of the Balkans and the democracies of Scandinavia and the Low Countries can survive defeat. But dictatorships feed on success; defeat means destruction. Dimly the German people see the fate that awaits them, and their hearts are filled with foreboding. They are tired of their exhausting burdens, but they know that the peoples of Europe regard them with loathing and would have to be superhuman not to visit their wrath upon them if they were to admit defeat. So they fight on. The day of defeat will come when a series of setbacks releases the latent forces of opposition in a wave of unrestrained surrender. When that day comes, the German generals may sign the armistice treaty, but they must not be allowed to negotiate the peace. A peace that recognizes the power of Hitler's partners in this struggle could only be the prelude to another war.

In the Wind

WASHINGTON IS STIRRING with plans for the fall Congressional elections. In order to maintain national unity during the campaign it has been proposed to set up a national elections committee led jointly by a Republican and a Democrat. Presumably the committee's purpose would be to confine the debate as much as possible to local issues and to urge on all candidates full support of the war program. At a recent meeting of political leaders in the capital the two men suggested to head the committee were Wendell Willkie and Al Smith.

IN THE MARCH NUMBER of *Architectural Forum* are photographs and plans of an airplane-engine factory whose location is given only as somewhere in the Middle West. On another page of the magazine the same plant is shown in an advertisement and its address is given.

THE LOS ANGELES C. I. O. has banned the sale of left-wing anti-war papers—the Socialist *Call, Labor Action,* and others—inside headquarters and on the street outside.

THE NATIONAL SINARQUIST UNION, Mexican counterpart of the Christian Front, has issued a long statement urging all countries in the Western Hemisphere to cooperate. This windy homage to solidarity, however, says nothing of what the Americas should cooperate *for*—except "to combat Communist propaganda."

LEND-LEASE OFFICIALS have discovered that shipments to Russia have frequently been tampered with before leaving American ports. Tanks and airplanes have arrived in the Soviet Union with vital parts missing, and cargoes have been so badly loaded that they shifted and forced the ships to put back to port. It is suspected that much of the meddling is done by Coughlinites, who are numerous among the longshoremen in some coastal cities.

G. E. R. GEDYE, formerly Central European correspondent of the New York *Times,* was reported a month ago to be a prisoner in Turkey, on charges of conspiracy in the von Papen bombing incident. Gedye is not a prisoner and was never arrested. . . . Another story, printed in this column and elsewhere, reported that Harper's would not publish Gedye's book on his experiences in Russia. The publishers report that the book has not been suppressed; it has merely been postponed because the manuscript has not yet arrived in this country.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"NEW YORKER" FICTION

BY LIONEL TRILLING

RECENTLY, reading Fielding and Dickens again, I was struck by the change that our time has brought about in the relation of writer and reader. The old literary relation was a "polite" one—literature was assumed to be a means of social intercourse, the reader and writer were supposed to be aware of each other as friends engaged in a matter of common interest. But since the end of the nineteenth century there has grown up a competing—and by now largely victorious—assumption according to which literature is thought to be not so much a social as a scientific or religious activity; the reader, though permitted to be present at the research or ritual, is naturally not to be noticed.

One of the indications of the changed attitude is the decrease in lightness and humor in work which pretends to seriousness. The contrivance of a comic incident and the turning of a witty phrase are in effect a kind of flattery; they suggest direct notice of the reader, an avowed social effort on the part of the writer. Shaw was perhaps the last great mind to think with laughter and to invite his public to join him. American literature of the past three decades is largely solemn, even lugubrious, and its prose seems to be consciously at war with wit. The scientific and religious assumption has made the social one seem almost frivolous; for example, the important novels of E. M. Forster have never received adequate recognition because their polite, colloquial relation with the reader casts doubt on their seriousness, and a few years ago the pleasant small talent of S. N. Behrman had to advance specious reasons why there is always time for comedy.

It is one of the admirable things about the *New Yorker* magazine that it insists on continuing the old polite tradition of literature. The *New Yorker* is always aware of its readers and knows just who they are—the intelligent, comfortably-fixed, urbane, moral people who dress in good taste, enjoy all the arts but also all the sports, and in their politics are liberal but not rash. This, at any rate, is what we become as we read the *New Yorker,* and if the magazine flatters us by supposing that we are better off or more genteel than in fact we are, it also supposes that we are literate, intelligent, and quietly public-spirited.

And just as Dickens, having established a perfect social communion with his public, introduced into his novels the most withering indictments of the ideas and institutions by which his public lived, the *New Yorker* publishes along with its more genial contents, with its anecdotes, its comic drawings, and its excellent journalism, a kind of short story the main characteristic of which is its great moral intensity. Every week, at the barber's or the dentist's or on the commuting train, a representative part of the middle class learns about the horrors of snobbery, ignorance, and insensitivity and about the sufferings of children, servants, the superannuated, and the subordinate, weak people of all sorts. From these weekly stories sixty-eight were recently selected for the volume "Short Stories from the *New Yorker*" (Simon and Schuster, $3); they make one of the most "socially conscious" and one of the most grimly moral books lately published.

There can be no question about the talent of all these stories or about the brilliance of many of them, and their impulse to serious moral judgment is so urgent that to the future historian of the middle class they will inevitably seem documents of prime importance. But perhaps the first thing one remarks when these stories are taken out of their polite setting and brought together in a single volume is that, by some editorial anomaly, they deny the polite tradition the rest of the *New Yorker* maintains. Almost all the authors subscribe to the myth of their personal non-existence or of their merely corporate existence; they are all the same anonymous person, and you feel about them that, just as any scientist might take over another's research or any priest take over another's ritual duty, almost any one of these writers might write another's story in the same cool, remote prose. They all stand at about the same distance from their subject—perhaps Irwin Shaw a little closer than most or John O'Hara a little farther away—and all make similar sharp, sad observations about people with about the same degree of silent objectivity. And somehow, despite their admirable technical skill and despite their high earnestness, their stories have a mortuary quality; they are bright, beautiful, but dead. They all have point, but on that point they seem to impale not only the specimen to be observed but themselves as well.

In some part, perhaps, this effect may be attributed to the length of these stories; they have just room enough to make the sharp perception but not room enough for a play of emotion around it. The perception, to be adequately dramatic within this confining space, must be uncompromising and unmodulated; and because finality is always moving, these stories like to bring life, through some triviality, to a crisis and then a full stop. Even when we have such fine sensibilities as those of Kay Boyle or Louise Bogan, and even when they declare themselves in the service of affirmation, we feel that they have embalmed life for our inspection.

And behind the urgent morality of many of these stories I cannot help suspecting something very like cruelty. It is a peculiarly modern cruelty, unconsciously allied with the humanitarian sentiments and exercising itself by subtle moral perceptions. It is inherent in these stories in varying degrees of complexity, but it appears with a naive simplicity in Dorothy Parker's Arrangement in Black and White, of which the intended point is that a young woman's expressions of liberal "tolerance" for a Negro singer are actually the expressions of her intense snobbery; but certainly the further and concealed point of the story is the great pleasure Miss Parker gets from her pursuit of this easy victim, the moral grandeur she offers her readers at small emotional expense. Surely the clue to the value of these emotions lies in Miss Parker's other story in the collection, in which, comparing herself with a group of Spanish Loyalists, she indulges in the luxury of self-contempt.

All satire has, of course, the pleasure of attack; what keeps the great satirists from cruelty is their open expression of anger, their clear avowal of their pleasure in the attack. But in many of the *New Yorker* stories—for example, in all three of Sally Benson's, in Mark Connolly's, in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's, in Mark Schorer's, in Tess Slesinger's, in Benedict Thielen's, even in Sherwood Anderson's (it is significantly unlike his characteristic work)—the authors avow nothing; indeed, in their defense of virtue they do not condescend to attack at all, they merely lay traps of situation into which the doomed characters must inevitably fall. In these stories immorality is exposed not by the author's aggression but by the character's unwariness; the author allows us to view the result but disclaims all responsibility, having made clear by his style that he is not really a person at all.

Most of the stories in "Short Stories from the *New Yorker*" are serious; but something of the same effect appears in the comic stories too. Arthur Kober, for example, writes his Bronx chronicles—they are collected in "My Dear Bella" (Random House, $2)—with a detachment so great as to be almost an animus. For a writer to withdraw so much of his feeling from his characters is to leave them shivering and naked; for Kober to record without comment and with so little expressed emotion the turns of speech and the tricks of behavior of his people is not to refrain from judgment but to make a judgment of contempt. And in Kober's case it results in a kind of inaccuracy; his method seems to accommodate nothing but the pettiness and ill-temper of his Jews, and Daniel Fuchs and Jerome Weidman surpass him in telling the literal truth about a similar group. I find the same unexplained animus in Benedict Thielen's "Stevie" stories (Dial, $2). In a rather foolish preface in which he assures us that he has higher interests than Stevie, Thielen explains that his ill-natured vulgarian deserves to be written about simply because he exists; but it is not convincing—we want to know why. We do know why Flaubert pursued Bouvard and Pecuchet, and the reasons were large and good. But it is hard to see in Thielen's pursuit of Stevie any other motive than the pure pleasure of mousing.

Three collections of *New Yorker* stories avoid the quality of cruelty which I have referred to. John Collier's "Presenting Moonshine" (Viking, $2.50) is full of the most ingenious sadism which addresses itself in open and friendly terms to the Perfect Murderer in each of us; it seems to me considerably less fierce than the literature of ingenious moral traps. Sally Benson's "Junior Miss" (Random House, $2) does not give me the pleasure it gives so many, but I prefer these slight stories to her weightier three in the *New Yorker* anthology; her adolescent girl cannot be written about without some affectionate responsibility. And James Reid Parker's "Attorneys at Law" (Doubleday, Doran, $2) is so very explicit in its animus and speaks with so much contemptuous gusto of a world in which immorality is so taken for granted that it is quite without moral ambiguity.

But of the *New Yorker* writers certainly the most gifted and morally the soundest is Ludwig Bemelmans. His "Hotel Splendide" (Viking, $2.50) contains much of his best work and one of the most successful stories I know, The Magician Entertains the Ballet. Bemelmans is wholly in the old polite tradition. He courts the reader with the wit of his surprising prose, and of all the writers I have mentioned he is the only one who has an affection for his characters. Out of some humility or courage he has no need to speak with the authoritative voice of anonymity; he consents to exist as no more than a person and to admit that it is he, Bemelmans, who is at work.

The result is that his moral judgments are far less intense than his colleagues' but far more just; they are never bleak and desperate; even when they are adverse they are warm and forgiving. It is, I feel, an important aspect of his peculiar moral tone that he alone of the *New Yorker* writers creates a world that is colored, palpable, and full of smells; the others, for all their remarkable sensibility, are not aware of the senses; their perception is ascetic, and their characters, conceived in a kind of worldly puritanism, have no real bodies. But Bemelmans thinks with his senses and allows even his disagreeable characters the privileges of bodily existence, the magician with his stale cakes and passions quite as much as the ballet girls with the lemon slices between their toes and their adoration of Pavlowa.

Bemelmans is, in the good sense of the word, a modest talent, possibly not much more than a quaint one. It can scarcely benefit such a talent to inflate it beyond its true proportions, and yet it seems to me that his work is important because in these days its characteristic quality is so rare. Bemelmans, without ever descending to loose emotion and without ever losing his worldliness and his satiric eye, has a kind of healthy contentment with human nature; and in a world in which literary sensibility seems almost to depend upon the frustration of high hopes and to find its easiest expression in bleakness, his work, with its bright humanism, stands as both protest and affirmation.

Winter and Summer

BY STEPHEN SPENDER

Within my head, aches the perpetual winter
Of this violent time, where pleasures freeze.
My inner eye anticipates forever
Looking through naked trees and running wheels
Onto a blank transparent sky
Leading to nothing: as though, through iron aims,
It was stared back at by the filmy surface
Of a lid covering its own despair.
Thus, when the summer breaks upon my face
With the outward shock of a green wave
Crested with leaves and creamy foam of flowers,
I think the luxurious lazy meadows
Are a deceiving canvas covering

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With a balmy paint of leafy billows
The furious volleys of careering power
Behind the sun, racing to destroy.
And under light lawns, heavy in their soil,
I hear the groaning of the wasted lives
Of those who revolve unreflecting wheels.
Alas, I prove that I am right,
For if my shadowed mind let in the light
It would return to those green foolish years
When to live seemed to stand knee-deep in flowers.
The winter was an indoor accident
When, with head pressed against the glass, I watched
The garden falsified by snow
Waiting to melt and become real again.

The Indispensable Century

KINGS AND DESPERATE MEN: LIFE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND. By Louis Kronenberger. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

MANY seem to regard the eighteenth century as many seem to regard women—that is, exclusively as a subject for generalization. No doubt one does occasionally hear that the thirteenth century was this or the seventeenth was that, just as one does, occasionally, hear that "men, generally speaking, are . . ." But women and the eighteenth are much more often summed up in a phrase, even though the phrases are by no means compatible. The century is at times the Age of Reason and at times the Age of Sentimentality. Once the whipping horse of romantics, it later became the object of a Bloomsbury cult, to be thought of as full of proto-Sitwells; and one actual Sitwell did something which neither Lady Mary nor any of her female contemporaries seem ever to have managed to do—namely, fall in love with Alexander Pope. It is also, of course, the Age of Brutality, as well as, less frequently, the Age of Humanitarianism. Perhaps it was actually the Indispensable Century, and at least many seem to have found it such, but its denizens were certainly, like women, also people. They did not always agree with one another in opinion, taste, or temperament, and even at this late date some of them, say Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole, are really quite easy to tell apart.

Perhaps one of the chief virtues of Mr. Kronenberger's extremely entertaining and often brilliantly written book arises out of the fact that he so thoroughly realizes all this and has described, or rather illustrated, not the eighteenth century of this or that person's wishful imagination but as much of its variety as could well be got into a bit over 300 pages. He pretends to no primary research, and his method is neither that of chronological history nor of isolated essays on a group of figures, but rather something in between, namely, not quite isolated treatments of typical figures, classes, and types of activity. Moreover, the method works better than one would perhaps be inclined to anticipate. The book is picturesque, rich, and varied without being scrappy; and, indeed, I do not know where one would find in equally modest compass a more informative or better-written presentation of a fascinating subject.

Mr. Kronenberger obviously admires the century he has chosen to write about more than he cares to admit or perhaps is even himself aware. With amusing persistence he denies its right to its renown and then, willy-nilly, builds up that renown again. He speaks of "that Augustan Age, which enjoys a reputation far from its merits" and again remarks that "the Age of the Augustans, stamped for two centuries as dignified and elegant, was in truth as noisily quarrelsome an era as history will reveal." "Bath had pomp and elegance and a kind of magnificent dulness, and they are preserved in its stone and its gardens and its crescents. . . . But Bath dear to sentimentalists, a city ripe for gaiety and pleasure, very likely never existed." He even quotes with approval Lytton Strachey's judgment on the Johnson of the "Lives": "Johnson's aesthetic judgments are almost invariably subtle, or solid, or bold; they have always some good quality to recommend them—except one: they are never right." All these pronouncements except the last are not only defensible but perhaps just. Yet the century remains a subject which Mr. Kronenberger, like most of its students, finds fascinating. It was so magnificently competent in achieving its own ends, however little it seemed to care about others which we may find worthier.

What shocks Mr. Kronenberger most is what shocks nearly every modern—that is, the calm acceptance of an unspeakable degradation at the bottom of society, a degradation which not even tender-hearted people like Samuel Johnson thought it possible to relieve except by individual acts of charity. But Dr. Johnson was typical in harboring a deep-rooted and sincere, rather than merely comfortable or hard-hearted, conviction that the human lot is not subject to radical improvement, and this conviction is perhaps related to the fact that—here comes the inevitable generalization—the eighteenth century was, of all centuries, the one which had the least interest in any sort of transcendentalism, whether in religion or art or philosophy. If in our own age the key words of disparagement include "unjust," "cruel," and "unimaginative," the key words of disparagement were then "enthusiastic," "visionary," and "fanatic." And whoever brought schemes for the remaking of art or religion or society was forthwith suspected of being all these things. The age had its visionaries; some of them began movements which bore later fruit; but Mr. Kronenberger himself cannot admire them, as he admires less admirable men, since they were not, like these latter, so magnificently what they were. The eighteenth-century garden was a very formal and very restricted one. Its keepers paid a penalty for being resolved to stay in it. But when one contemplates political nationalism, romantic-decadent art, and the mystical religion of race, one can hardly deny that we also have paid a penalty for exploring the wilderness.

Two other things, one minor and one major, should be credited to Mr. Kronenberger's book. The first is a group of unhackneyed illustrations. The second is a wittily compressed style in which epigrammatic expression is used not so much for the purpose of getting something off as in order to make generalization memorable rather than dull. Having space for only one example I choose this: "Walpole's merit is that he made England prosper: his vice, that he made England value prosperity too much."

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The Goals of Democracy

STRATEGY FOR DEMOCRACY. By J. Donald Kingsley and David N. Petegorsky. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

IN THIS volume Mr. Kingsley, the able editor of the Antioch *Review*, and, Mr. Petegorsky, a young man who has recently established himself as a social philosopher by his admirable history of the radical sects of the Cromwellian period, have made a comprehensive survey of the problems of democratic civilization and sought to define our foreign and domestic goals. They see the problems in terms which will appeal to most readers of this journal. With the assistance of Pierre Cot, Max Werner, Albert Guérard, Oscar Janowsky, and Mordecai Ezekiel, each of whom contributes one chapter, they explore the complexity of the world crisis.

They believe that we cannot win the war without a unified military and political strategy and that an adequate political strategy requires a more resolute democratic purpose in both foreign and domestic policy. Every chapter of the book contains counsels which true democrats will receive gratefully. When the authors explode the theory of the "managerial revolution," the theory of an oligarchy which will manipulate society with no other power or authority than that which inheres in its managerial techniques, they will be hailed with special gratitude.

The book is the first real attempt in America to state the goals of democracy in both domestic and foreign terms, and it contains so much that is good that it seems ungenerous to be critical. Nevertheless, honesty compels the recognition of some obvious defects. Sometimes a confusion of counsel is offered by the various contributors, a weakness which symposiums seldom avoid. Mordecai Ezekiel, for instance, looks forward to a post-war world in which the hiatus between production power and consumption power will be bridged primarily by adequate taxation policies, and he declares that "if measures of this type are not sufficient to close the gap between goods made and goods sold, direct government expenditures can be used to make up the remainder in the deficit of buying power." Other chapters assume that radical changes in the property system will be required to cure modern society of its malady; and they even envisage the possibility of rather stubborn counter-revolutionary movements against the proposed changes. This debate is inconclusive and unsatisfactory because conflicting views are not brought to grips with each other.

Some of the authors fail to define their program with sufficient precision. Pierre Cot's chapter on international organization is the most obvious example of this weakness. He looks forward to "some federative organization in which the national states will lose their sovereign rights and attributes, so that they will become primarily cultural and administrative centers with local governmental functions." That is a pretty large order. The complete abridgment of national sovereignty means the creation of a real superstate. But the specifications for such a state are not given. We are told that it will be "built upon the foundations of regionalism," but we do not learn whether it is the regional or the world organization which will be the primary locus of power and sovereignty. Nor is the relation between

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regional and world organization quite so simple as M. Cot seems to assume. A federated Europe, for instance, would probably be dominated by Germany and would not find it easy to integrate two quasi-continental powers, Russia and Britain, into its political mechanism. Since these would be the two victorious powers in the event of a German defeat, it is rather plausible to assume that it is going to be easier to create a world organization than a European superstate. We cannot foresee the post-war organization of the world with any clarity, but we ought at least to know which of the various possibilities are compatible with each other.

The chapters written by the two authors occasionally betray a tendency to maintain certain pet dogmas of the left without the reexamination which the tragic history of the past era might well have prompted. One example must suffice. We are told that "the labor unions can become the driving force of a dynamic progressive organization that will have the strength, the courage, and the statesmanship to undertake the far-reaching transformation of our social order that alone can solve the problems we confront. Can such a movement enlist the support of the middle classes, the professional and agrarian elements which will be so vital to its success? . . . We believe that it can."

The authors are aware of the tendency of trade unions to lose political perspective in the day-to-day struggle for hours and wages within the present framework; but they attribute this weakness to the mood which a period of expansion prompted. The tendency of trade unions to forgo political tasks in favor of more immediate and limited economic objectives is a more serious hazard to economic reconstruction than the authors admit. The man who is making history for the British left at the moment is a middle-class intellectual who was outlawed by the British trade-union movement only a few years ago.

But this mistake is not as serious as the idea that it is only necessary to "enlist . . . the support of agrarian elements" for a radical movement, the purposes of which are defined by labor, hoping rather lamely meanwhile that the farmers will forgo their "individualistic traditions." This is to make the old mistake of the industrial left which has helped to betray the agrarians into the arms of reaction in every modern country. The farmer's individualism is something more than a tradition. He sees property primarily in terms of a farm he would like to own, or would like to own without the burden of a mortgage. The worker confronts property as a vast industrial concern in which he has no rights. The difference between agrarian and urban property conceptions is ineradicable. This does not prevent political cooperation for objectives which maximize the common purposes and minimize the differences between farmers and workers. Within a limited sphere the New Deal has proved such cooperation to be possible. But the fact that the property which the worker knows is the cause of his insecurity, while the property which the farmer knows is the hope of his security renders abortive any simple political policy defined by urban industrialism without regard for distinctive agrarian perspectives. The survival of democracy depends upon a statesmanship which harmonizes common purposes without unduly sacrificing legitimate individual interests and values to dominant ones.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Books and War

THE effect of reading too many headlines or listening too much to the radio, is not only to produce undue jitters on defeats or elations on victories, but also to obscure the larger issues in our war effort. An excellent antidote is for every reader to have as full and complete knowledge as possible of the pattern that underlies daily events. Certain books, including five published currently by Farrar and Rinehart, present facts which have not even been mentioned in newspaper reports and give, each of them, a complete picture of an important aspect of the world front.

For example, only a week before this issue went to press the *New York Times* headlined a report by Brazil's finance minister that "Unity of Americas is now held established." Yet Hitler's penetration of Latin America goes right on—despite the Rio Conference, the blacklisting of German firms, the expulsion of Axis-owned airlines in some countries. In THE NAZI UNDERGROUND IN SOUTH AMERICA, Hugo Fernández Artucio, a native Uruguayan who has taken the lead in investigating and exposing the Nazi penetration, shows that thousands of Nazi agents are still at work in every country to the South of us—spreading their propaganda, fomenting political strife, securing property close to airfields and oil lines—all under close direction from Berlin. He shows how the efforts of the Spanish and Italian fascists, and of the Japanese, are coordinated by the Nazis. And despite "hemisphere solidarity" he shows that in some countries the fifth columnists are actually collaborating with government circles and parties.

Artucio's own single-handed exposure of the plot, in June, 1940, to make Uruguay the German "Manchukuo" in Latin America resulted in a sudden marshalling of democratic opinion in that country which resulted in the arrest of the Nazi agents. But Artucio shows that the same job needs to be done in the others, as well. He names names, gives specific locations of Nazi centers. Just one instance—a map shows the location of 43 Nazi-prepared airfields in Colombia within striking distance of the Panama Canal. It need hardly be added that Artucio is no casual visitor; he has been on the ground, has been working on this problem for years and he knows absolutely what he is talking about. For a full understanding of the preparations for attack on us through Latin America, THE NAZI UNDERGROUND is required reading.

Until the nations of Europe had fallen one by one, no one would believe the military danger that lay under everyone's eyes to see, and until now no one has had the self-protective curiosity to find out what the Germans intend to do to them, and how they intend to do it. The totalitarian plans for a totalitarian world are given in THE AXIS GRAND STRATEGY, prepared from the official writings of the German military, naval and air officers and originally appearing in German military publications over a period of years. Like THE NAZI UNDERGROUND, it supplies the only possible means of defeating our enemies—by understanding their plan of attack in full detail.

Let us not deceive ourselves. The Germans have laid their plans for years in every field of political, economic, military and psychological relations, and they have done it on a world scale. So far they have out-thought as well as out-fought us. We cannot muddle through this war by dealing with each problem as it comes up and with no relation to the others, to the sum of the others. If we do, we will lose either the war, or the peace, or both as surely as Germany conquered France. To see the size of the problem, to realize the caliber of the enemy we must destroy; in short, to find out the steps we must expect and to prepare counter-steps, THE AXIS GRAND STRATEGY must be read and assimilated.

MEETING these threats involves not only grand strategy in a military sense, and intensified political-economic action, but defense on the home front. From this standpoint a most valuable book is CIVILIAN DEFENSE OF THE UNITED STATES. It is practically a primer of war for civilians. Its purpose is not only to give the individual the best techniques for protecting himself and his family, but to guide each community in its preparation for meeting sabotage and arson, the evacuation, of civilians, emergency feeding, etc. Health, morale, and labor's part in the war effort are other subjects discussed. This book will be found most helpful by public authorities and by every man or woman who is asking, "What job can I do best? And how shall I go about doing it?"

We are all apt to get discouraged at times at the seeming confusion, the cross-purposes and the conflicting voices that accompany each step of our war effort. The Nazis are working hard to convince us (and have succeeded with some Americans) that this confusion is inescapable with our form of government, that democracies can not act efficiently or unitedly. It is therefore salutary to read a book like Pendleton Herring's THE IMPACT OF WAR, which traces the relationship of the country and its military machine. Professor Herring shows conclusively that at every real danger point in our history we have achieved unity, and that we have the seeds in our character and institutions for a far stronger effort than is possible under any totalitarian regimentation. *The New York Herald Tribune* said of it: "Its history is sound; its political probing is brilliant and imaginative; its economics is bold yet realistic."

ONE reason for the cynicism that prevented our arming effectively before Pearl Harbor was the conviction held by many that "Europe took us for a buggy ride" in the last war. To prevent that happening again, Dr. P. E. Corbett makes a searching examination in POST-WAR WORLDS of the basic requirements of peace and international security. POST-WAR WORLDS is not a Utopian blueprint of an enthusiastic idealist, but is the result of the hard thinking and experience over the past twenty-five years of leading serious students of international affairs. It is good medicine both for cynicism and for wishful thinking. Some may say, time enough to talk about reconstructing the world when we've won the fight. Well, it isn't going to hurt our fight any to know where we want to go, and it may save us from following down blind alleys in the unpredictable days ahead.

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The French Bourgeoisie

THEY CALLED ME CASSANDRA. By Geneviève Tabouis. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

DEADLINE. By Pierre Lazareff. Random House. $3.

THESE two memoirs, by French journalists now in exile in the United States, are important because their authors were well situated to observe what went on between 1930 and 1940 in the Parisian bourgeoisie, which was connected with big business and politics.

Geneviève Tabouis and Pierre Lazareff belong to the Paris bourgeoisie by birth, education, and profession. Geneviève Tabouis is a small, frail woman, always ill, whose moral courage is as great as her health is poor. As foreign editor of the paper *L'Oeuvre,* for ten years she denounced the dangers of fascism. She is rightly called Cassandra. On four occasions—at the time of the invasion of Ethiopia, the war in Spain, the Czecho-Slovakian crisis, and the French-Soviet pact—Cassandra Tabouis displayed more clairvoyance than the Prime Ministers of France and England, but her warnings were ignored. Pierre Lazareff became at thirty-three chief editor of *Paris-Soir,* which attained a circulation of 2,000,000 and stood at the head of the French press.

Both are talented journalists; they are not historians whose business is to classify facts or sociologists whose business is to trace the causes of events. Their testimony is limited, for just as New York's Fifth Avenue is not all of America, so the great bourgeoisie of Paris is not all of France. The France of the workers, the farmers, the artisans, and the thinkers is worth more than that of the Parisian salons and editorial rooms. The evil is that France during the last twenty years was a democracy only in name, subjected to the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES **SCRIBNERS**

It would be unjust, then, to judge France as a whole from the testimony of Mme Tabouis and M. Lazareff. Their books do serve to show up the intellectual and moral decadence of this Parisian bourgeoisie, and they bring us a certain amount of unpublished information which, if correct, permits us to establish more completely the responsibility of the bourgeoisie for the defeat of France. After these general considerations, let us discuss the qualities and faults of the books.

Emigrés are too likely to be told that the American public craves personal and even scandalous anecdotes. Mme Tabouis and M. Lazareff have chosen to gratify the public's taste. This has led them to forget that *"on lave son linge sale en famille."* It has also led them to give exaggerated importance to feminine influence in French politics. To attribute to Mme de Porte and Mme de Crussol the fall of the Daladier Cabinet and the weakness of Paul Reynaud in ceding power to Pétain is little less mistaken than explaining the French Revolution by the coquetries of Marie Antoinette or the Russian Revolution by the perversions of Rasputin. If we believe our authors, French politics were decided in part in the salons of Mmes de Ludre, de la Rochefoucauld, de Porte, de Carbucia, and de Crussol. I spent twelve years in Parliament; I was a minister seven times; yet with the exception of Mme de Crussol, whose lawyer I was at one time and whom I have not seen for several years, I have never known any of these women. And I think that Léon Blum, Marx Dormoy, and many others were in the same position.

Happily there are other qualities in "They Called Me Cassandra" and "Deadline." A specialist in foreign politics, Mme Tabouis was well qualified to judge the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. She admires Herriot, Paul-Boncour, and Barthou; she judges Flandin severely, and Pierre Laval and Georges Bonnet even more severely. She exposes the duplicity of Laval, who from 1935 on contributed to the destruction of democracy in France and of collective security in the world and proclaimed his admiration of fascism. She shows Georges Bonnet to be one of the biggest liars in the world, a Machiavellian guided by fear—fear of responsibility and fear of bombs—who, after having engineered the Munich affair, destroyed the Franco-Soviet pact by his agreements with von Ribbentrop and thus assured Hitler the diplomatic situation which he needed to let loose the war. She mentions in passing that since 1935 Marshal Pétain has agreed with the general orientation of the Laval-Bonnet politics.

Having been chief editor of the greatest Parisian paper, Pierre Lazareff is well qualified to describe the functioning of the French press; he performs the task ruthlessly, and his study will enlighten the American public about the unbelievable corruption of that press. He points out that the great French papers, with the exception of certain political journals such as *Le Populaire, L'Aube,* or *L'Humanité,* were entirely dominated by industrial and financial interests. He shows these interests as gradually preferring "Hitler to Léon Blum"; according to Lazareff, their views were likewise accepted by the Royalists, who saw in a military defeat the means of getting rid of the republican regime. He reveals, as does Mme Tabouis, the play of German propaganda directed by Otto Abetz and his friends—De Brinon, Jean Luchaire, Philippe Boegner, and others. He underlines the importance of the Cagoulard plot formed in 1937 by the industrialists, the army, and the most active elements in fascist organizations; in his last chapter, apropos of the fall of France, he does not hesitate to speak of the "Pétain plot," whose origin dates back to 1936.

By striking examples, by facts of which they have personal knowledge, Mme Tabouis and M. Lazareff expose the steps in the disintegration of the French bourgeoisie. Mme Tabouis reports the statement made by General de Castelnau in 1935; "If there is a war with Italy, we will refuse to fight"; she also informs us that in 1938 two French generals were seriously discussing "the question whether it were not really better for France to be beaten by Hitler than rescued by Stalin."

The most important fault of these books arises from the failure of their authors—a failure common to the greater part of the French bourgeoisie—to know and appreciate the strength of the people. It is not their fault, but it reveals the mind of the bourgeoisie. In these books in which duchesses and marquises are so often discussed, the name of Léon Jouhaux, head of the Confédération Générale du Travail, who in 1937 had more than 6,000,000 followers, is mentioned only once by Mme Tabouis and not once by M. Lazareff.

I shall be told that these books are concerned with only one aspect of France. But because they ignore popular movements, the authors commit errors of sight and of judgment. When they speak of Léon Blum and Daladier, both of whom had their faults as have all men, they are unjust because they forget that Daladier and, especially, Blum represented and still represent, as the Riom trial is now disclosing, the healthiest part of the French nation. Furthermore, M. Lazareff, when he speaks of the events of February 6, 1934, of the Spanish war, and of the Popular Front, is dominated by a curious indulgence toward certain fascists—Chiappe, for example—and by hatred of communism. This is somewhat odd since M. Lazareff reveals to us some "instructions" of the German propaganda office which declare that "the French are to be terrified by the threat of Bolshevism"; he himself falls into the trap whose existence he denies. M. Lazareff does not take into account the fact that if the French masses had been able to impose their will, France would not have been conquered and he would not be in exile.

It is perhaps partly by reason of their gaps and faults that these books by Mme Tabouis and M. Lazareff will contribute to a better understanding of the present situation. The world needs France. But the world cannot have confidence in a France dominated by a bourgeoisie which Mme Tabouis and M. Lazareff show to be corrupt and light-minded. It is to the masses that we must turn if we wish to make France what the Popular Front tried to make it in 1936—a nation "strong, free, and happy." When America understands the French masses it will regain confidence in the French genius.

PIERRE COT

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Stories by Ralph Bates

THE UNDISCOVERABLES AND OTHER STORIES. By Ralph Bates. Random House. $2.50.

THESE three novelettes are, on the whole, reminders of Ralph Bates's talent rather than additional evidence of it. Only the title story has much of what made "Lean Men" exciting and "The Olive Field" impressive; and even there one finds—as one does far more in the other stories—an unevenness, a lack of sustained power, even a certain ebb and flow of interest. All through the book there is this ebb and flow; one is by turns impressed and irritated, brought close to reality and thrown back into a world of words. There is no want of talent, but there is a decided want of achievement.

Ralph Bates is by nature an intensive writer whose work gets its effect rather by weight than by thrust, whose stories close in from all sides on their subject rather than march forward. In a sense they lack emphasis, the emphasis we are trained to expect—though possibly we are wrong to demand it—of the narrative form. One scene is "bigger" or more climactic than another only because of its content, not because of any more highly orchestrated manner of presenting it. This puts a legitimate but added burden on reader and author alike; because there are no signposts, the reader dare not miss a word, nor the author waste one.

In the title story, although it is hard to work into and has its trying moments thereafter, Mr. Bates is on the whole successful. The Undiscoverables (which was serialized in *The Nation*) tells what happened in a remote Sicilian fishing village a week after Italy entered the present war. It describes the clash between the Fascists who come from the mainland to take over and the natives who resent and oppose them. Ultimately the story centers in the Fascist major who is in charge, the passionately rebellious shepherd who kills and is killed, and the farmer who has become a Fascist underling from poverty and frustration. "Where, in any land," Chiesa tries to justify his defection, "had the peasants ever got an extra mouthful of bread out of broken heads and exiled sons?" But in the end he goes back to his own people, the "undiscoverables," the defiant undercover workers against fascism. In a way The Undiscoverables is a more convincing dramatization of the theme of Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." Certainly the life of the village—the thoughts and emotions of the villagers, the passion for independence of a *primitive* people—has an organic force, a pulse and a heart about it, that the Steinbeck story lacks. What prevents the reader from responding as vigorously to the story as he should is his difficulty in absorbing it. It is a little too involved and curiously wrought for a tale of fear and hate and violence; and it certainly isn't helped by bits of prose like "If Chiesa was playing cunning or playing wary he was overplaying in that suggesting readiness to discuss his going to the farm."

The other two stories, though not without interest of their kind, don't come off. The Burning Corn, a Mexican story of violence and treachery, of a primitive community in the early stages of enlightenment, of revolution and human beings and a marital relationship, lacks, for me at least, a center; it is enough like The Undiscoverables in impulse and subject matter to reveal its marked inferiority in skill. The final story, When the Man Comes, Follow Him, is an adventure yarn of a hunt for hidden gold conducted by an educated blind racketeer and his henchmen. The blind racketeer, at once sensitive and cruel, is a "literary" projection in the style of, say, Gutman in "The Maltese Falcon"; and the first half of the tale—which indicates that when he cares to, Bates can tell a story in bread-and-butter prose—is beguiling enough. But after that the whole thing becomes over-extended and dull, arousing more impatience than suspense. I'm not sure that this kind of story really belongs in this kind of book; but in any case it ought to be more skilfully turned.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Dickens as Historian and Reformer

THE DICKENS WORLD. By Humphry House. Oxford University Press. $3.

THE critical rehabilitation of Dickens which appears to be in progress—Mr. House's book comes in the wake of Edmund Wilson's provocative revaluation in "The Wound and the Bow"—promises to be valuable as a test not only of the aesthetic and historical values in Dickens's work itself but of the standards in fiction which were initiated largely as a resistance to the tradition he crowned by his Victorian triumphs. The sentimental hero-worship attending Dickens's immense successes a century ago stimulated a reaction of contempt which came to enlist even those artists who, like James, Conrad, and Gide, had felt the powerful appeal of the untidy colossus who dominated the imaginative literature of his time from England and America to Russia. But Dickens was always too much the creator of a world, the all-embracing exponent of a moment in the moral and social consciousness of modern times, to submit to the declining fortune of a Thackeray or Eliot. Moreover, critical detraction, in the heat of its special aims, came to show as much disregard of the specific force, scope, and detail of Dickens's powers as did the devotional indulgence which brought into being a vast literature of myth-making adulation calculated to suffocate any but the ruggedest triumphs of the human imagination. It is by this ruggedness of substance, as much as by his verbal and imaginative resources, that Dickens has survived, and both now make their claims on the astuteness of his latest generation of readers.

Mr. Wilson spoke of the "pseudo-poetic booziness [of the kind sponsored by Chesterton] which verbalizes with large conceptions and ignores the most obtrusive actualities" in Dickens's novels; an opposite kind of laxity appears when the sophisticated critic becomes so impatient of popular tradition that he destroys the hero with the hero-worship and deflates the novels to the point of inanity because of the abuses they have inspired in manufacturers of popular fictional entertainment. Yet Dickens has had a consistent, if underground, claim on serious critical attention. Gissing's book of fifty years ago, despite its devotional excesses and crudity in dealing with the specific gist of the novels, suggested most of the major critical arguments; Shaw, Conrad, Santayana, Eliot, and Lubbock have proposed his aesthetic

Burlingame, Calif.

stature; T. A. Jackson has recently set him up as a prophet of the Marxist revelation; and even Henry James, who in 1865 reviewed "Our Mutual Friend" as the work of an exhausted mechanism and helpless victim of popular compromise, could acknowledge in his old age the ineradicable mark laid by Dickens on his creative development and showed, in ultimate refinements of his art like "The Wings of the Dove" and "The Golden Bowl," the fruition of methods of indirection and suspense, of the slow surrounding of event and fact by the processes of conscience, moral curiosity, and retributive justice, which placed the author of "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit" unmistakably in their artistic lineage. Now that masters like Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Proust are seen in their radical affinity with Dickens; now that Dickens can be viewed in the objective light made possible by declining popularity and a more realistic sense of social and psychological difficulties; now also that he may be seen, as Mr. House emphasizes, as "still the only one of the great English novelists who is read at all widely among simple people," as a reformer whose "adherence to fiction as a means of propaganda for thirty years revolutionized the attitude of the common reader to novels," and as the only man of his century to make "out of Victorian England a complete world, with a life and vigor and idiom of its own, quite unlike any other world there has ever been," the opportunity is ripe to apply our tested insight and critical methods to the imaginative creation and moral criticism which Dickens manifested above any other writer of his kind and rank.

The first task of rehabilitation is to determine the scope and authenticity of a writer's content. Where Wilson's essay aimed chiefly to recover the personal and psychic origins of the novels, House's book annotates Dickens's authority as a historian and reformer. It is, he says, their "minute attention to the business of life [that] gives Dickens's novels their immense solidity," and he makes it his business to determine the fidelity and richness of that attention, the almost official responsibility Dickens felt in recording the social revolution he witnessed and the processes and abuses of change that were bringing it about. He gives a chapter each to Dickens's treatment of history, benevolence, domestic and political economy, religion, social change, and politics. (He found himself technically unequipped to discuss Dickens's treatment of the law, which has however been recently analyzed by William Holdsworth in "Charles Dickens as a Legal Historian," and unable to do the necessary research on his treatment of education.) He not only reconstructs the conditions out of which grew Dickens's hatred of evangelical cant, moral humbug, and Biblical authoritarianism (Chadband, Pecksniff, Mrs. Clennam, Stiggins, Mrs. Nubbles, Mrs. Cruncher, the Reverend Melchisedech Howler), his detestation of organized philanthropy (Luke Honeythunder, Mrs. Jellyby, Mrs. Pardiggle's Puseyism), his contempt of Malthusian cynicism and sectarian charity ("Oliver Twist," "Our Mutual Friend," "Edwin Drood"), his "destructive Benthamism," his loathing of the casuistry of Victorian morality and economic hypocrisy (old Casby, Mrs. Gowan, Dombey, Fledgeby, the Veneerings, the Merdle connection), his rage against government machinery and nepotism (Chancery, the Circumlocution Office), his dislike of the magistracy (Nupkins, Fang), and his dramatization of the vast industrial and monopolistic forces that were transforming the English world from its legendary taverns, stage coaches, country houses, and generous manhood to the railroad-racked, factory-darkened, speculative and piratical nightmare that appears as the sinister milieu of the later novels. He shows in full detail Dickens's lifelong concern with reform movements in his public speeches, petitions, circulars, and articles in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*—a continuous flow of pamphlets and protests that punctuated his fiction-writing. He reveals what is more important still in the artistic ingenuity of the books—the devices of anachronism Dickens perfected in order to expose the scandals

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and public outrages of the immediate present in a setting of the more remote past and thus to heighten the critical advantage of his moral indictments without sacrificing his prestige as a propagandist. Thus he placed the Merdle financial swindle, based on the débâcles of promoters like Hudson and Sadlier in the 40's, in a novel ("Little Dorrit") laid in the 20's; he satirized the excesses of Chartism by translating them into terms of the Gordon riots of the 1780's; he pilloried the injustices of Chancery the more effectively by placing them in the setting of the 1820's and of class inequality by reviving the French revolutionary drama of 1789; he continuously heightened the absurdity or enormity of modern evils by couching them in the barbarism or predatory violence of historical distance. He wrought, out of the crude matter and decadent conditions of his art, his complex methods as an ironist, a social critic, a satirist of manners, and a rebel against institutions. Thus Mr. House shows Dickens in a far more convincing historical role than that advanced by T. A. Jackson's Marxist thesis because he shows him creatively independent in his methods and experiments, continuously eclectic in arranging and invigorating his materials, unshackled by social or political special pleading, at the same time that he kept his intimate authority over the public he aimed to reach: "He seemed topical to thousands; he was not too topical for them to see the point, nor too advanced to have the public conscience on his side . . . he so exploited his knowledge that the public recognized its master in knowing."

When a writer, however public in his fame and appeal, maintains that kind of independence, he stands the only real chance permitted to him of surviving in the interests of posterity. He keeps himself free as a moral force through his integrity as an inventor and craftsman. Mr. House stops short of examining the art of Dickens's novels, but his book—like Wilson's essay, which goes much farther in this direction without tracing out fully its lines of critical interest—will be called on to give substance to future examinations of these values. One hopes such revaluation will now proceed intelligently. Inane conventional judgments and opinions on Dickens still crowd textbooks and literary histories. To reread him today, no longer for his plots and popular effects but for his writing, his methods of satire, his feats of stylistic contrast and critical implication, his symbolic powers, his obliquity of vision and the astonishing poise of his sympathies (revealing often quite the opposite of the crude moral antithesis he is still accused of standardizing), his prodigious atmospheric evocation and his feats of historical condensation, is to realize that traditional accounts of his humor and sentiment, his treatment of the rich, his handling of manners and social accents, and his whole encyclopedic variety of documentation stand in need of a revision from which none of Dickens's weaknesses or compromises exempt the serious critic. What Wilson and House permit us to see of his greater stature as a historian and acutely disturbed creative conscience demands extension into his full powers as a literary artist. In the lull now apparently at hand between yesterday's literary problems and tomorrow's, the opportunity for restoring a great experimentalist in words and human experience to his proper rank has arrived.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

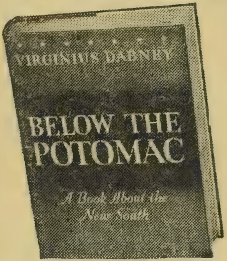
The German Art of War

THE AXIS GRAND STRATEGY: BLUEPRINTS FOR THE TOTAL WAR. Compiled and Edited for the Committee for National Morale by Ladislas Farago. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.75.

SHOULD this collection of excerpts from recent German military literature be used as a sort of secret-service report on the strategic plans of the Axis or the new tactical methods which the Germans will employ this spring, its value would be very limited. Even if we accept the editor's patent overstatement that "the men who are quoted can be believed implicitly" and that "the Germans indulge themselves in open discussion of what other peoples consider deep military and diplomatic secrets," it would still be true that only generalities are publicly discussed in Germany and that those discussions are couched in terms which make their real implications intelligible only after the event has occurred. On the other hand, the editor himself is careful to emphasize the various contradictions and conflicting schools in German military thought, and he also points out that some of the writers either wield no influence or are in opposition to the High Command's doctrines. Finally, all these publications were written before the Russian war, and none of them deal with the Battle of Britain—two events that changed the German military outlook in a fundamental way. America's military leaders can be reasonably sure of never having to fight a German army using the tactics of May, 1940, or June, 1941.

However, if this book is used as a source of information on modern, and for that matter German, military thought, its value is enormous. It makes available in the English language the most important military ideas, such lasting contributions to military theory as Colonel Schaefer's "Art of War" and "The General and the Art of Generalship," Colonel Braun's "Strategic Attack," and General Erfurth's "Cooperation of Separate Units of the Army." For American and British readers, Captain Sorge's "Invasion Across the Sea" will be of particular interest. It is noteworthy that the articles which deal with the nature and art of war, with generalship, and with land warfare are incomparably more instructive than those dealing with air warfare and the non-military aspects of total war. The editor, in his laudable endeavor to present a complete survey of German opinion about all problems connected with modern war, has included some publications and political speeches which are of little interest. In my opinion, it would have been more useful if he had concentrated on those German writings which actually show originality and make a real contribution to military science. I hope that in the next edition, if not Moltke and Freytag-Loringhoven, then at least Schlieffen, Groener, Seeckt, Ludendorff's "Total War," Erfurth's "Surprises in War," and, if available, Blau's "Propaganda" will be included in the volume. It might also be useful to remember that Italy and Japan are not only members of the Axis but also possess an extremely interesting military literature.

The translation of the often involved German texts is on the whole excellent. Still, some errors occur. Frederick II, for instance, never waged a "warfare of position" or a "war of exhaustion," but a war of attrition, which is the correct translation for *Ermattungsstrategie*. Moltke did not call strategy "a system of supplementary help," but a system of expedients. The editorial comment should have been cleared of some flagrant historical errors. For instance, the editor writes, "Were Clausewitz living now, he probably would be a refugee . . . writing his book on the war against Hitler." As a matter of fact, Clausewitz *was* a political refugee, but he did not write his book during his exile, being employed by Czar Alexander more usefully than present-day refugees are employed. He had an active command in the Russian army and was one of the authors of the Russian war plan of 1812, which in 1941 was to be repeated with formidable success against his own country. Nor was it the First World War which proved the correctness of Clausewitz's doctrines, as the editor maintains. Clausewitz's European reputation dates from 1870 and was rather imperiled by the course of World War I. With respect to the Schlieffen plan, the editor states that Schlieffen "did not actually figure upon Russia as an adversary." But he did just that! The Schlieffen plan was a plan for a war against France *and* Russia. The editor also asserts that "the younger Moltke and Ludendorff were in agreement that, contrary to Schlieffen, it was the left wing of the German army that should be stronger," and that this "opportunist strategy" "made real the peril of a French break-through on the weakened right." This is incorrect. Never was the German left wing in 1914 stronger than the right wing. Even though the left wing was slightly stronger in 1914 than Schlieffen intended to have it in 1905, still the right wing had the maximum possible strength. No danger



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of a French break-through on the right wing ever existed, but the modified Schlieffen plan eliminated the danger of a French break-through in the German center and on the left wing.

These remarks may sound more critical than they are intended to be, and it is only fair to point out that Mr. Farago and the Committee for National Morale have done a very good job in publishing this book. Some of the editorial comments, such as the introduction to the air-war chapter, are very illuminating and pointed. The collecting, translating, and editing of this material was a gigantic task, and in comparison with the usefulness of the whole undertaking a few flaws do not count. It is desirable that all those persons who at present are concerned with making war against the Axis read carefully the important German military doctrines included in this volume. Much can be learned from these pages. STEFAN T. POSSONY

Principle and Poet

OUT OF THE JEWEL. By Rolfe Humphries. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS collection, overdue, of the poems of Rolfe Humphries should be of considerable interest to anyone who is concerned with the achievements rather than with the novelties of contemporary poetry. Mr. Humphries has apparently devoted himself humbly and honestly, if sometimes unadventurously, to the study of the craft of poetry, and even the more undistinguished items in this collection manifest his integrity and show the fruits of his discipline. Further, the real achievements in the volume seem more solid and satisfying than the more pretentious work of some of Mr. Humphries's flashier and better-advertised contemporaries.

The volume bears the motto, "A minor art needs to be hard, condensed, and durable." Mr. Humphries has aimed at such an art. He has wanted his poetry to be clear, self-contained, and finished. He has eschewed violent effects, cacophonies and incongruities, surprises and eccentricities. His characteristic rhythms are mellifluous rather than bold. Though they are capable of rather subtle gradations, they are rarely exciting. All in all, he has aimed, one assumes, at traditional poetry, a central poetry—a poetry which does not intend to be caught out on any of the various limbs on which contemporary poetry is sometimes caught. At this question of a "central" poetry I shall glance again shortly, but for the moment I wish to say that whether or not Mr. Humphries's ideal is central, he has sometimes achieved, in the terms which he has set for himself, a specialized and, in this period, rare type of excellence.

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To begin, if Mr. Humphries has aimed at mellifluous and subtle rather than bold and exciting rhythms, his ear is capable of detecting them. For instance, the reader discovers a number of lines such as these:

> Slumber on stone, and on awaking rise,
> Somber obsidian in their open eyes.

Or there are passages which hint of the Elizabethans, Campion, for example:

> Sigh no more that silence, given grace
> By music, comes to grief as music ends.
> Render to music's echo, lost in space,
> The compliment that ease of heart extends
> To sain the lonesome areas of air.

Or there are stanzas with the gradation of rhythm and richness of verbal texture, sometimes a little less than discreet, which is found in All on a Summer's Day:

> Moving like music over the dull water,
> Double device upon the shield enlarged,
> With a golden wake that goes where he has gone,
> Or poised below the willow along the margin
> Before the gaze of the bronze maternal angel,
> Looking down at the lake of silver, lingers
> Lovely and proud and innocent, the swan.

Primarily, Mr. Humphries's rhythms are "mood" rhythms, rhythms that operate as a general conditioning factor in the total poetic effect and that are rarely sharpened to specific dramatic contingencies.

This rhythmical practice is to be associated with the fact that most of the poems are not dramatic in conception. The emphasis on situation is generally slight. Description bulks large. A good many poems represent single observations. Most of the poems are constructed to a single "turn" or "point." There is not a great deal of shading of tone in any individual poem, or ironical qualification. In fact, the translations, of which some half-dozen or so are included in the book and which, by the way, usually come out definitely as poems and not as mere translations, tend to be more dramatic than Mr. Humphries's original compositions. That Mr. Humphries is somewhat suspicious of the more obviously complicated effects in poetry may be indicated by some critical comments which have made their way into his work. For instance, he says, "Never overweight a phrase," and again, after the description of the play of light over a valley, "Beyond this pleasure let the mind not tarry." And in the poem called Imperative Address we may find something of a credo:

> Unweave these overwoven intricacies,
> Unsow the salt-sown areas of ground,
> Put the pure image where the blank page lies,
> Cultivate sight and sound.

We do not know how far Mr. Humphries the critic would care, in the cold blood of prose, to push the principle which

Mr. Humphries the poet has enunciated in the hot blood of poetry. And it is true that the defects of the virtues of contemporary poetry have been "overwoven intricacies," confusion of structure, and, on the one hand, vagueness, on the other, an arid pseudo-intellectualism. But beyond the "pleasure" of "sight and sound" the mind is not infrequently determined to "tarry." Even the great masters of the "minor art" in which Mr. Humphries finds his personal ideal frequently tarried beyond that "pleasure." Sidney, Campion, Marvell, even Herrick, even Waller, Carew, Blake, Bridges, and Yeats "tarried," and with some profit to themselves and us. These writers are masters of the "minor art," and we think of their work as being essentially "lyrical," essentially "pure." But poems like Campion's "Blame not my cheeks," or Carew's "Ask me no more," or Waller's "Go lovely rose," or Herrick's "Delight in Disorder," are rather complicated structures. Their "purity" is achieved not by the rejection but by the conquest of complication. And perhaps the fact that these poets "tarried" may partly account for the fact that their minor art is "hard, condensed, and durable," that they are, for us, central.

We do not know, as I have said, how far Mr. Humphries would care to push the principle which he has given in the quotations above. Certainly we do not know that he would care to legislate for other poets. And in any case it is important for any poet to determine the limits within which he himself can profitably operate. But perhaps Mr. Humphries is too much of a strict constructionist in interpreting his own principle. The poet in the poet, however, may sometimes happily forget the critic in the poet, as, I believe, Mr. Humphries has done in his best poems. I quote Proteus, or the Shapes of Conscience, in the hope that others will share my admiration for it:

> This is Proteus, a god. He comes from the ocean
> Sometimes, at hot noon, and crosses the beach
> Looking for inland shade. If he comes within reach,
> As he may, dive at his knees; do not be afraid
> To bring him down to the sand with a flying tackle
> And bind him, overthrown, with the rude compulsion
> Of manacle, shackle, chain. And even so,
> Ride him hard with your weight. Do not let go.
>
> This god is worse than sly. In your hands he will turn
> To utter fire, and roar in your face and eyes;
> Or burn, burn like a beast, lion or tiger, bright
> And hot and rank; or a lewd and ugly boar;
> Or some unshapely horror, moist and brown,
> Repulsive pulp to touch, and foul to smell;
> Or he may be a lovely river of silver
> And blue and green, with delicate wave and ripple
> Over the mottled pebbles.
>
> *Hold him down.*
> Until the miracle do not let him go.
>
> The final change you will never understand.
> You will not know how he ever managed to rise,
> Nor how you rose yourself, to find him there,
> An upright natural presence, facing you,
> As tall as you, in the soft ambrosial air,
> Smiling, and looking you straight in the eyes, like a man,
> And telling you what it was you wanted to know.

In this poem it seems that the mind has "tarried."

ROBERT PENN WARREN

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"And Men Decay"

AMERICA'S OWN REFUGEES. By Henry Hill Collins, Jr. Princeton University Press. $3.

ILL FARES THE LAND. By Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

THESE two books derive principally from the same sources, the hearings on migratory labor before the La Follette and Tolan Congressional committees. They supplement each other remarkably. McWilliams's approach is rather grimly that of the scholar. He strives to appear cool even when he is flaming angry as he seeks to penetrate beyond degradation to causes. Collins is more plainly the crusading reporter and outright exhorter. He brings more living people into his story and lets you hear their voices. He can describe a dust storm, "the earth-breathing wind," in the general accents of the old-time Western thriller.

"Another whiteskin bit the dust," I scrawled in the margin at this point and wondered if that were funny. It isn't. At one point, toward the end of his more extended analysis, McWilliams remarks that the Populist farmers, with their outcry against Wall Street and monopolies, were not so far from the main cause of farm distress and dispossession, even now. The general beat and color of Collins's narrative, even when he is talking statistics, has the Bryan ring.

Despite an occasional extravagance of style, or perhaps because of it, Collins sounds forth a warm counterpoint to McWilliams's professional prose. But McWilliams, publishing some months after Collins, gets around in the end to saying much the same thing, with multiplied instances. Both books, I read in some newspaper reviews, may be said now to be outdated. Collins, writing before Pearl Harbor, undertakes to dispose of this view in advance:

> Rather than assuaging the ills of migration, the bugle cry of defense seems likely to make them worse. . . . Portents multiply that when the present emergency is over the stories told in the pages ahead will seem simple of solution compared with those that will lie before us. . . . Many a reader of this book, now comfortably lounging in his favorite evening chair, well fed, well dressed, well housed, is a potential candidate for migration.

Considering both urban and rural migrants, ranging the whole scene of increasing American dispossession from California to Ohio to Puerto Rico and the slums of displaced Puerto Ricans in New York City, Collins sometimes strikes off sentences that sum things up in a way McWilliams never can. Of Puerto Rico: "Cane has gobbled up the fertile plains while people scrabble and starve on the crumpled uplands." From a Puerto Rican migrant stranded in New York City's slums Collins reports committee testimony:

> We want work and we can't get it. We find that the small island is in the hands of two or three centralized corporations whose only ideal in life seems to be profit regardless of human welfare, and we are confronted with the problem that we either get away from the island or we starve there.

"Any exploration of the land-holding situation in Puerto Rico," Governor R. G. Tugwell writes in a recent report to the Secretary of the Interior, "has obvious implications for the South." It has; and for the Great Plains wheatland also, where great man-and-machine combinations swept freehold family farming almost away in World War I. The pattern of displacement and of the descent from ownership to peonage seems different, more spacious, here than in Puerto Rico. But the effect is not so different in the end.

Faced at home with the unrelenting antagonism of the Associated Farmers and other big operators, McWilliams, who is Immigration Commissioner in California, seems at times to be conducting a counter-persecution rather than an inquiry. But his work is so well documented and his reportorial integrity so manifest that you have no doubt he is telling the truth.

The truth, in detail, is staggering. Millions of our own people have been forced by the Industrial Revolution's encroachments on agriculture into lives of insecurity, suffering, and utter indignity. Someone, presumably, took care of the slaves; it paid to take care of them. The plight of these men, women, and children is worse. They are uprooted, harried, and hunted from state to state. They are disfranchised and miserably underpaid. They have no stake whatever in this country and its future. "Move on," the cops and vigilantes tell them, "move on!"

"What is Senator Byrd thinking of, he and those other landlord-Congressmen?" a mildly liberal Southern editor asked me indignantly during the recent push to wipe out the Farm Security Administration, the National Youth Administration, and the Civilian Conservation Corps. "We almost had a revolution down here after the last crash. People were squatting on private land and wouldn't move. They were breaking in bands into grocery stores and taking what they needed. We're going to need more government services for the rural poor after the next crash, not less. We need more right now, not less."

I was raised here where I live now in Maryland, gently, among landlord-minded people. I subscribe to their views as to the desirability of so charming a life. I must say, though, that in the light of accelerating dispossession the country over, increasing homelessness, and a rising mutter, I find a great deal here that is disquieting, to say the least.

People will haggle about prices fairly peacefully. The so-called parity legislation of Triple-A, dating from 1933, was the imperfect outcome of a long urban-rural haggle about prices. I ask all landlord-minded Congressmen and business representatives to recall that it was not until waves of downright foreclosure and outright dispossession beat high in the Corn Belt, around 1930, that actual local rebellions occurred.

Less sharply, but more widely, those waves of displacement are beating ever higher and faster now. Men and their families cast out from their homes, denied access to the earth even as self-respecting tenants, scattered to the four winds to do deadening and joyless labor in other men's fields and plants, will prove dangerous Americans to have at large.

If anyone thinks that I am indulging here, myself, in mere Populist oratory, let him see the American documentary film "The Land," made by Robert Flaherty. It opens at the Museum of Modern Art in New York on April 9 and will be shown throughout the country. It proves that Steinbeck, Collins, and McWilliams really know what they are writing about.

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IN BRIEF

TWO CAPTAINS. By Benjamin Kaverin. Modern Age Books. $2.75.

A longish romance by a popular Soviet author, in which an unsuccessful expedition to the Arctic at the turn of the century is dramatically contrasted with a similar adventuresome expedition of the present day. The story is that of the captain of the second expedition to the North, who is enamored of the first captain's daughter and avenges his death. Written more in the manner of an American best-seller than of a Soviet propaganda piece, the story has a colorful, fast-moving plot, depending at times upon startling coincidences but full of lively pictures of the effervescent Russian spirit.

WHAT IS MATHEMATICS: AN ELEMENTARY APPROACH TO ITS IDEAS AND METHODS. By Richard Courant and Herbert Robbins. Oxford University Press. $5.

The various recent books professing to teach the layman something about mathematics indicate a considerable popular interest in the subject but great difference of opinion concerning how it may best be satisfied. The books vary all the way from highly popularized accounts of what, in the most general terms, mathematics "is about" to much more technical attempts to instruct the laymen concerning specific mathematical processes. At one extreme is Eric Townsend Bell's "Men of Mathematics," and almost at the other is the present stiff but luminous volume, which is, in effect, an elementary textbook of general mathematics. It bristles with those figures and formulas without which any attempt to explain mathematical processes is something of a snare and a delusion, and it demands of the reader the willingness as well as the ability to do a good deal of hard thinking of a genuinely mathematical character. It differs from the pure textbook in omitting those drills in technique necessary to anyone who is going to use mathematics as a tool and, more importantly, in disregarding both the arbitrary subdivisions of the subject and the tendency to treat only certain branches which owe their preeminence to little except the rather rigid traditionalism of schools and colleges. There are, therefore, extremely interesting sections on projective geometry and topology, neither of which the average student ever hears of, and a general tendency to see the subject as a growing rather than a purely traditional one. The book would make invaluable supplementary reading for anyone studying mathematics at the college level. Laymen had better attempt it only if they have a good deal of time and mental energy to spare.

WHEN PEOPLES MEET: A STUDY IN RACE AND CULTURE CONTACTS. Edited by Alain Locke and Bernhard J. Stern. Progressive Education Association. $3.50.

The editors of this interesting and important book have provided selections from a wide range of authorities on racial, international, and minority problems arranged in a definite plan with introductory chapters by the editors. From them there emerges a clear picture of the connection between current social and international difficulties and the direction of the world revolution now going on. The problem can here be seen to carry its own solution. Whether or not it will be allowed to work itself out is another question.

WESTWARD THE COURSE! THE NEW WORLD OF OCEANIA. By Paul McGuire. William Morrow and Company. $3.75.

From Vancouver to Hawaii, Fiji, and New Zealand, across Australia from Sydney to Darwin, from Bali through Java and Sumatra to Singapore, the author travels on this informative journey—informative historically and geographically, that is. The book went to press two days after Pearl Harbor. If the author had waited as many months he would have found some of his political and military facts no longer true, and his view of empire—a view which has lingered on since Kipling overshot Disraeli—given the *coup de grâce*. Mr. McGuire is a very well-informed and enlightened imperialist, but an imperialist he is. In spite of all this, however, his book is still enjoyable and still informative. The thirty-two photographs and three maps are excellent.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN. By H. J. Eckenrode and Bryan Conrad. The University of North Carolina Press. $3.50.

History has not been kind to George B. McClellan, and the authors have set out to correct what they regard as injustice. Since they write with enthusiasm, and also with intimate knowledge of the battles in which McClellan was engaged, they have fashioned an interesting book, but they have not proved their thesis that he was "the man who saved the Union." McClellan was a great military leader, but even the authors recognize that he was politically dangerous. It still seems true, as it must have seemed to Lincoln and other Union leaders, that one could admire McClellan's ability, but it was difficult to trust him.

Art Note

150 YEARS OF AMERICAN PRIMITIVES. The Primitives Gallery of Harry Stone. Until April 15.

This collection of about forty works, few of which are first-rate in their genre, seems to support my contention that the best American art has been, and perhaps still is, primitive or naive. These pictures have a first-hand quality, an immediacy, which cultured American painting lacks. This quality alone is not enough for great art, but there is no great art without it. Incidentally, it is curious to see how the paintings here, most of them of the nineteenth century, reflect the influence of their academic contemporaries, with their tonal monotony, brown sauce, and all. C. G.

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A Letter to Youth. By David Morton. Creative Age Press. 75 cents.

Twice a Year: A Book of Literature, the Arts, and Civil Liberties. Double Number Eight-Nine. Spring-Summer, 1942. Fall-Winter, 1942. Edited by Dorothy Norman. Twice a Year Press. $2.

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RECORDS

MY REMAINING two March recordings from Columbia include a set (X-215, $2.63) of Rossini's Overture to "Semiramide" played by Beecham with the London Philharmonic. Beecham produces beautiful playing with his orchestra, but not the breathtakingly subtle colors and nuances, transparent textures, sharp attacks and contours that Toscanini produces with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in the Victor set; in style too Beecham's performance is good, but pale and ineffectual after Toscanini's; the sound of the Beecham performance is excellently recorded, but so is the Toscanini (its only defect is that the drum at the beginning is almost inaudible).

In contrast to this set, with its performance and recording that are the product of good taste and good sense, is the set (X-216, $2.63) with Stokowski's bloated performance of his orchestral version of Bach's Passacaglia with the All-American Orchestra (there is nothing less loud than *forte* in the entire concluding fugue), its bloated, shrieky recorded sound (the volume control has to be turned far down from its position for the Beecham set).

A few more March recordings have arrived from Victor, including a second one (18498, $1) made by Stokowski with the N. B. C. Symphony, in which the tendency to elephantiasis is evident in a performance of Bach's Arioso that merely expands and contracts string sonority from *p* to *ffff* and back repeatedly, and in a recording that necessitates turning the volume control even further down than for the Columbia set of the Passacaglia. On wide-range Scott machines with light, sensitive pickups the rattles, distortions, and surface noises are appalling; with the heavier, less sensitive Astatic Tru-tan pickup the sound becomes quite clean; but even then it is brash and unnatural.

On another Victor single disc (13809, $1) is the fine Andante from Bach's Sonata No. 3 for unaccompanied violin, continently arranged for string orchestra by Bachrich, well played as an Adagio by Fiedler's Sinfonietta, and well recorded—with an arrangement of a less interesting Bach Fantasia from an unfinished work for organ on the reverse side. Another single (18413, $1) offers four moderately enjoyable small pieces for organ—Trio: Organum Triplex by Perotin (1180-1236), "Le Moulin de Paris" by an anonymous fifteenth-century composer, Fantaisie sur l'air "Une Jeune Fillette" by du Caurroy (1549-1609), and a Chaconne by Louis (not the great) Couperin (1658)—which are well played by Bonnet and well recorded. And on still another (2206, $.75) is Nocolau's Good Friday Music in a Catalonian Church, about which I cannot say much, since it is hard for me to hear anything beyond the poor singing of the Augustana Choir.

Victor also offers Dvorak's Symphony No. 1 (actually his sixth) which, despite occasional engaging themes and passages, and despite what Tovey finds to say for it as a program annotator, is one of Dvorak's less interesting works. The performance by Talich with the old Czech Philharmonic is excellent and agreeably recorded (Set 874, $5.50). My copy has a couple of sides with noisily defective surfaces, and one with wavering pitch.

If you like native Brazilian music

you will find it well performed and recorded in two Columbia sets (C-83 and 84, each $2.63).

President Roosevelt's December war message is well reproduced on a Columbia single (36516, $.53), and Churchill's December 26 address to Congress in an album (C-85, $2.63).

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Repression vs. Propaganda

Dear Sirs: Miss Kirchwey is taking on a pretty sizable order in urging the wholesale suppression of the "fascist press." On the basis of her argument it would require the government to deny the use of the mails, the express companies, and hand-to-hand distribution—with criminal prosecutions to insure results—to all publications found to be pro-Axis, anti-British, anti-democratic, anti-Semitic, or playing up the evils of our democracy in a way to give aid and comfort to our enemies.

Aside from the obvious obstacle of the Bill of Rights, the proposal is as impracticable and dangerous as it is fantastic coming from *The Nation.* It is impracticable because it would apply to a vast and vague range of opinions among which it is impossible to draw the distinctions which appear to Miss Kirchwey so easy. She would include the "more dangerous" influences of Hearst, Colonel McCormick, and the Pattersons, and heaven knows how many more. Such great enterprises cannot be suppressed. If a few of the weaker were suppressed, they would only be driven underground into a secret conspiracy harder to deal with. The proposal is dangerous because the machinery of suppression once set in motion would rebound ultimately against the liberal and labor press.

The only democratic way, and the only sure way in the long run, to beat the enemies of democracy is by our united strength and determination. We are not yet armed with the enthusiasm and power that should be ours because our goals are not clear and our ranks are therefore divided. Our chief enemies are to be found not in the "fascist press" but in the ranks of those who put their privileges above patriotism and their class above their country; those who would rather make peace with the Axis than win the war with Roosevelt, who would rather fight "communism" (in which category they would include *The Nation*) than Hitler and Japan. Certainly the "fascist press" includes some of them, but the most powerful and most numerous don't advertise. They just fight labor, the "reds," and the New Deal.

We cannot suppress them, but united democratic forces can resist and overwhelm them. Counter-propaganda is our best weapon. *The Nation* should be the last to betray a loss of faith in democratic power by proposing to beat the Axis with Axis methods.

ROGER BALDWIN

New York, March 25

[How can our old friend Roger Baldwin talk such nonsense? Doesn't he really know an out-and-out fascist paper when he sees one? Freda Kirchwey did not advocate suppression of "all publications found to be pro-Axis, anti-British, etc." She specifically pointed to the publications of "native fascists like Pelley, Deatherage, and . . . Coughlin." Has Mr. Baldwin any doubts about these? The arrest of Pelley and several other fascists and supporters of Hitler gives reason to hope that the Department of Justice, from now on, is not going to find such discriminations impossible. Is the Civil Liberties Union planning to defend Pelley, Coughlin and Company? It would make us very unhappy to think that Mr. Baldwin and his associates knew so little about the realities of political warfare.

We recognize the difficulties involved in any sort of legal coercion. We also recognize the fact that this total war cannot be fought without it. The concentration camps of Europe are filled with those democrats who were afraid to infringe the "rights" of their fascist enemies lest they set a precedent for the invasion of their own rights.

As regards McCormick, Hearst, and Patterson, Mr. Baldwin completely, though no doubt unintentionally, distorts Miss Kirchwey's argument. She did not "include" their publications in the fascist press. In fact, she pointedly excluded them, describing them as "fellow-travelers" to be watched and subjected to attack—just as Mr. Baldwin urges. She said "their defeatist arguments and misleading information must be met by an unceasing barrage of counter-propaganda. . . . And the moment they skid across the thin line that divides their doctrine from open treason they should face the full blast of the law." Does Mr. Baldwin disagree with that? This quotation seems to us also to satisfy rather explicitly Mr. Baldwin's demand for counter-propaganda. We fear he did not read the editorial with the care such severe criticism would seem to require.

We cannot believe that Mr. Baldwin thinks *The Nation* has failed to pay sufficient attention to those other reactionary forces he lists as the "chief enemies of democracy." But if he does, we refer him confidently to pages 413 and 415 of this issue and to a large part of all past and future issues of *The Nation.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

"Sun's" Friends Still Hope

Dear Sirs: Chicago friends of the Chicago *Sun* are grateful to *The Nation* for publishing Milton Mayer's attack on the *Sun.* If all he says is true—and we know that some of it is—this is the time to speak, in the hope that the paper may yet be remade into the altogether fine one that we had hoped for.

It is far from being a total disappointment. We are indeed grateful for the straight, untainted reporting of the national news, for many a gallant editorial, and for the stirring columns of Knickerbocker, Fodor, Grafton, Lippmann, and others. Our satisfaction in these fine features and a stubbornly persisting hope that the *Sun* will yet be our dream-come-true should together serve to save the paper from the sad fate of useless things long enough to give its managers their opportunity to make it a real force in Chicago.

Certainly any degree of commitment to Mayor Kelly has the opposite effect. For the *Sun* management to have remained editorially silent on the recent act of taking the school for crippled children out of the hands of honored experts to pay political debts puts it on the low civic level of the *Tribune.* For another newspaper of that kind there is no need in Chicago. May Mr. Field see the light and find the way.

RUTH E. MOORE

Chicago, March 23

Touché

Dear Sirs: Touché! It was the conversation on page 132 of Miss Boyden's satire that threw me off. By the time I had got to page 171 I was so convinced of the wickedness of her sparrows I misread the speeches. Everything is so confused in that book the reviewer got confused too. Sorry. But even with this straightened out a little, my opinion remains the same, alas.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., April 1

THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

PIERRE LAVAL IS BACK IN POWER AS A result of a German ultimatum to Vichy. Nervous about the increasing pro-United Nations sentiment in France, fearing the effects of expanding British raids or even attempts to establish bridgeheads on the French coast, Hitler has insisted on a 100 per cent pro-Nazi administration in Vichy. In this way he hopes to provide some security for his rear when he launches his spring campaign in the east. Probably also he is counting on getting the use of the French fleet, the potential menace of which has recently been multiplied by British necessities in the Indian Ocean. Laval returns to office as Deputy Premier, which in effect places him in full control of the Cabinet, as Minister of the Interior, which means control of the police and the local authorities, and as Foreign Minister. Admiral Darlan, who remains in charge of the armed forces, is hardly less of a pro-Nazi than Laval. The change at Vichy, indicating as it does complete subservience to Berlin, represents a severe diplomatic defeat for the State Department, the effects of which can only be offset by a complete reversal of its appeasement policy. We should no more maintain relations with Laval than with Quisling; Admiral Leahy should be recalled immediately, and full recognition should be given to General de Gaulle and the Free French. All economic assistance to France must be suspended. Finally, we should at once direct the most intensive propaganda toward France and appeal to the French people to resist collaboration with the enemy and to fight traitors in their own government. It is the French people and only the French people who can thwart Laval's plans for the adhesion of France to the Axis.

*

THE FALL OF BATAAN CAME SO SUDDENLY after weeks of gallant defense that the American people felt the loss more acutely than more serious reverses. Strategically, Bataan was not of first-rate importance. Until the Japanese take Corregidor, their other conquests on Luzon are of little value. And even Manila Bay itself is no longer vital to the Japanese now that they have Hongkong, Singapore, and the French bases in Indo-

China. From the standpoint of prestige, however, Bataan was of the utmost significance. The Japanese had boasted that they would conquer Luzon in a week. The repeated failure of their offensives not only damaged their pride, but because of that pride tied up a considerable part of the Japanese invasion forces in a relatively minor operation. No one knows how long Corregidor can hold out. Its fate is sealed by the blockade, which precludes the possibility of relief or reinforcement. But its small size provides protection against direct assault and its powerful guns present a constant threat to the attacking force. Several hundred miles to the south of Luzon, the Japanese appear to have been successful in a large-scale attack on the island of Cebu. Although this attack might come under the head of a mopping-up operation, it gives the Japanese another good harbor and increases the difficulties of an eventual American counter-offensive.

*

EVIDENCE THAT THE NEXT JAPANESE DRIVE will be directed against India accumulated during the past week. Prime Minister Churchill reported that the enemy has an extremely powerful fleet in the Bay of Bengal, consisting of at least three battleships, five aircraft carriers, and a number of smaller vessels. British naval forces in the Indian Ocean have been strongly reinforced, but they will be severely handicapped by the loss of the aircraft carrier Hermes and the 10,000-ton cruisers Dorsetshire and Cornwall as a result of Japanese air attacks. On the Burma front, only a few hundred miles from the Indian frontier, the Japanese continued to make steady progress toward the oil fields. In this campaign the enemy has maintained virtual domination of the air despite the arrival of new planes from Britain and the United States. The one hope that the tide may soon turn is provided by the reappearance of the Flying Tigers of the American Volunteer Group, with new equipment. Protected by these American fliers the Chinese have been able to offer more stubborn resistance than the nearby British troops operating virtually without air support.

*

THE VICTORY PROGRAM OF THE AUTOMOBILE Workers (C. I. O.) is a remarkable and worthy answer to the recent anti-labor campaign in Congress and the press. Recognizing the necessity for sacrifices in an all-out war effort, the U. A. W. agrees to suspend all demands for extra pay for work on Saturdays, Sundays, or holidays, reaffirms its pledge to refrain from strikes, and commits its members to an effort to increase production to the utmost. The union agrees to go even farther than this and to accept all wages for time over forty hours a week in non-negotiable defense bonds if the government will adopt a comprehensive program for assuring an "equality of sacrifice" in the war effort. Specifically, the U. A. W. urges a 3 per cent ceiling on corporation profits, a $25,000 ceiling on individual incomes, over-all price-fixing, rationing of necessities, the adjustment of wages to meet increases in living costs, a "living wage" for the dependents of the men in the armed forces, and labor representation in war and post-war planning. Although there are certain items on the list, such as the ceiling on war profits and over-all price-fixing, which are open to criticism on practical grounds, the program as a whole is well worth Congressional attention.

*

OVERTIME PAY, WE ARE TOLD BY THE MANY voices of organized capitalism, is a brake on production and an unwarranted burden on the taxpayer; demands for increased wages are a selfish attempt to cash in on the national emergency. If these things are true, what are we to say about the really fancy increases in salaries which many corporation executives have been voting themselves? Publicity has recently been given in Senate hearings to this matter, but some of the most flagrant cases have not hitherto been brought into the light. We are indebted, therefore, to an article in *Your Investments,* organ of the American Investors' Union, for the following samples:

		Total Remuneration	
		1940	*1941*
Aviation Corporation	Victor Emanuel	$25,000	$79,150
Bethlehem Steel	Eugene G. Grace*	298,144	357,724
Burlington Mills	J. Spencer Love	91,939	179,652
General Electric	C. E. Wilson	135,000	175,000
Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock	H. L. Ferguson	70,400	127,080
Nash Kelvinator	G. W. Mason	126,092	225,731
Republic Steel	T. M. Girdler	176,000	275,000
Sperry Corporation	T. H. Morgan	147,243	181,480
Timken Detroit Axle	W. F. Rockwell	24,300	77,250

* Special remuneration only, exclusive of salary.

All these companies are holders of large government contracts, and the increased salaries they pay help to swell costs for the taxpayer. No doubt these executives are working long hours, but their "overtime" rates seem somewhat more excessive than the time and a half paid to a dollar-an-hour mechanic.

*

ARTHUR KROCK AND THE EDITORIAL PAGE of the New York *Times* have been whipping up a typical *Times* frenzy—intense but dignified—against the War Labor Board's decision in the Walker-Turner case. That decision, it seems to us, was a pretty successful attempt at a decent compromise. The employer, in the words of the board, had refused "to take the slightest step toward more cooperative relations" with his employees. Since the union, the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, had, like other unions, given up for the duration its only real weapon, the right to strike, it had been unable to enforce its demands, and the union itself had begun to disintegrate. The board awarded the employees an 8 per cent increase in the hourly wage and prescribed a grievance committee. However, the important clauses in the decision are those which provide (1) that employees who were in good standing in the union on November 27, 1941, as well as those who have become members since then shall remain in good standing for the period of the contract, and (2) that "the union shall not coerce any employee to join a union and any employee who claims he has been coerced shall have the right to impartial trial by an umpire." Needless to say, it is the first of these that has raised the temperature of Krock and Company. The union's demand for maintenance of membership, which is voluntary to begin with, does not seem to us an excessive price to ask in return for a pledge not to strike. Even from the employer's point of view it is desirable, since it operates against excessive labor turnover. But the unctuous Mr. Krock sees in it a threat to the Bill of Rights. The closed shop is not involved, but the *Times* headed its editorial Toward a Closed Shop. We suspect that what really worries Mr. Krock and the *Times* is the possibility that the big boys as well as little ones like Walker-Turner may be forced to grant maintenance of membership.

*

THE *CONGRESSIONAL RECORD* HAS ITS moments. We should like to quote, for instance, from a speech by Representative Nichols of Oklahoma:

> Camp Gruber, in my Congressional district, is being constructed. As most of you know, we have in Oklahoma a power project in operation known as the Grand River Dam Authority, which project was built by the state of Oklahoma and recently taken over and put under the control of the federal government. Bids were asked a few days ago for the power that will supply the lights for this camp. The Grand River Dam Authority offered to supply the power to the camp at 5 mills per kilowatt-hour. The Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company, a private public utility, bid 10.8 mills per kilowatt-hour to furnish the same power. It is going to be necessary to construct approximately eleven miles of line no matter which one of the bidders gets the contract. The Corps of Engineers awarded the contract to the Oklahoma Gas and Electric Company.

Mr. Nichols reported that he had done some telephoning to people in Oklahoma and in Washington as well. All he got was confirmation of these outrageous facts and a few additional ones. He discovered, for instance, that the private company and the Grand River Dam Authority exchange power with each other on peak loads. If the private company gets the contract, "in peak loads they will be buying power from the federal government . . . at 4 mills a kilowatt-hour and selling it back to the same government for 10.8 mills. . . ." Mr. Nichols ended his speech by saying that "there had better be forthcoming a good explanation of this thing or a country boy from Oklahoma is about to start a one-man investigation that is going to blow somebody's head off." More power to him—preferably public.

*

TWO BLOWS HAVE BEEN STRUCK AGAINST racial discrimination in the last week. Secretary Knox has announced that Negroes, who up to the present have served in the navy only as messmen, will hereafter be admitted to some regular units. The President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice has ordered ten manufacturers in the Middle West to stop barring Jews and Negroes from work on war contracts. Of the two actions the second is the more satisfying, for it allows no discrimination whatever and it carries the threat of government intervention if an employer fails to mend his ways. But while such a solution is workable in industry, the problem is more difficult in our caste-ridden navy. Race prejudice runs deep not only among the officers, a disproportionate number of whom are Southerners, but among the men themselves; therefore a widened range of opportunity, even though it falls far short of equality, must be considered a step forward. From now on Negroes will be enlisted in reserve components of the navy, marine corps, and coast guard. Presumably they will be used chiefly for shore duty near home bases, but at least they will be given work previously limited to whites.

What Next in India?

IT IS obvious that the plan for the future independence of India which Sir Stafford Cripps carried in vain to New Delhi was hopelessly prejudiced from the start by the fact that it was at least two years overdue. Nevertheless it did, we feel, present an opportunity which has been fumbled by the Indian leaders, who insist they must have full responsibility or none at all. For they were offered a large part in the defense of India, and in organizing resistance to Japan they would have begun to organize their own future and thus to reinsure themselves against the possibility of a later British attempt to dilute the substance of freedom.

The negotiations which Cripps engaged in so pertinaciously and with such evident good faith have revealed to the world how great are the internal obstacles to Indian independence. That it is not just a matter of Britain's surrendering its sovereignty is implicit in the statement of the working committee of the All-India Congress rejecting the Cripps plan. On the one hand the committee objected to the principle of non-accession, which would have permitted unsatisfied minorities to remain outside the proposed federal union; on the other, it admitted that

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Congress "cannot think in terms of compelling the peoples of any territorial unit to remain in an Indian Union against their declared and established will." There is no suggestion, however, of the means by which the dilemma can be solved, of how the minorities are to be satisfied that by consenting to join in the business of constitution-building they are not binding themselves to majority decisions. As Cripps pointed out in recommending his plan, it is much easier to persuade a suspicious negotiator to sit down and talk if you leave him a door for escape.

But if Congress was vague on the minority problem, the Moslem League was downright intransigent. Its major objection to the Cripps plan was that it did not provide explicitly for a separate Moslem India. Dissatisfied with the proposal which would ultimately leave the question of a province's adhesion to the union to a vote of the adult male population, it declared that in provinces where the Moslems are in a majority the decision must be left to them alone. That is to say, the fate of Bengal, where there is a bare Moslem majority, might be settled by the votes of less than 30 per cent of the population. It seems clear that Mr. Jinnah's statement was drawn up with the knowledge that the Congress Party would reject the Cripps plan and that hence the Moslem League could lose nothing by reiterating its full demands.

But at this stage, with Japan raiding the Indian coast, recriminations and attempts to fix the blame are to be avoided. The urgent task is the defense of India, and that is as much the concern of the United Nations as a whole as of India and Britain. Despite his obvious disappointment, Sir Stafford Cripps stressed the fact that the failure of the negotiations had left no feelings of rancor between him and the Indian leaders. Nor did he believe that their discussions had been fruitless. "They will leave their impress," he said, "a good, clear, healthy impress which will influence the future." Congress, too, has shown a desire not to slam any doors. In a letter to Cripps, Maulana Azad, its president, declared: "We are agreeable to postponing the entire issue so that the largest possible measure of unity may be achieved in the present crisis for India's defense."

The impression of good-will made by this statement was fortified by Jawaharlal Nehru's promise that "we are not going to embarrass Britain's war efforts in India, or those of our American friends who may come here." Nehru went on to make clear his rejection of the suggestion that only passive resistance should be made to Japanese aggression and to disavow in the strongest terms the idea that Japan could or would "liberate" India. Those who were led by bitterness against Britain to voice Japanese views were, he said, expressing "slave's sentiments."

In the light of such statements it is difficult to believe that some basis of cooperation between the nationalists and the British government for the defense of India cannot be found. Is the Churchill Cabinet big enough to swallow its chagrin at the rejection of its proposals and make a new gesture to Indian aspirations? It could declare that, although its plan has been withdrawn, it stands by the central feature—the promise of independence after the war. It could, as the London *Times* has suggested, abolish the India Office—that symbol of imperialist bureaucracy—and turn over the handling of Indian affairs in London to the Dominions Office. It could finally offer Nehru and other Indian leaders an opportunity to assist in the defense of India, for instance, by asking them to organize Home Defense and a Home Guard. If such an offer were made, after the other suggested steps had been taken, we feel sure it would not be refused.

I. G. Farben and Jesse Jones

THE time has come for some Congressional body to make a thorough investigation of the contracts negotiated by Jesse Jones and his Defense Plants Corporation. Past revelations by the Truman committee have shown scandalously one-sided contracts in aluminum and steel, and our Washington letter this week shows the extent to which Jones is collaborating with the oil and chemical interests in his synthetic-rubber program. To these complaints are now added serious charges on the floor of the House and Senate about his magnesium contract. A subcommittee of the Truman committee recently called the DPC contract with Basic Magnesium, Inc., "one of the most flagrant attempts at war profiteering to come to our attention."

Worse than the profiteering, if true, is the fact that this contract rewards an enemy of this country. Production of magnesium in the United States has been stifled and an artificially high price maintained through cartel and patent agreements between the German I. G. Farben Industrie and the Aluminum Company of America. These two concerns owned jointly the Magnesium Development Corporation, a patent-holding company which licensed only the Dow Chemical Company.

Production of magnesium in this country at present is largely in the hands of Dow and Basic Magnesium, Inc. The latter, as pointed out by Congressman Anderson of New Mexico, is controlled by a British company, Magnesium Electron Limited. Magnesium Electron was half-owned by I. G. Farben under a restrictive patent cartel agreement similar to the American agreement. The British and American Alien Property Custodians have taken over I. G.'s interest in these companies, but the German share of the profits may go back to I. G. after the war is over.

Whether I. G. Farben gets its share of the profits or not, war production of this vital light metal will be in the hands of companies which connived with the Germans before the war to restrict American and British production. "Does it not seem unfortunate," Congressman Leavy of Washington asked, "that this great nation in its hour of peril must depend upon a group whose misconduct will have been officially established in connection with strangling production by contract agreement with our enemies?"

Senator Bunker of Nevada sees "sinister" influences at work in the favor shown these two I. G. Farben partners by the Defense Plants Corporation. We should like to know what part these influences have been playing in thwarting development of alternative methods for obtaining magnesium, such as the ferro-silicon process. It is time the whole story of the DPC's contracts were brought into the light.

Taxes and Prices

CONGRESSIONAL complacency received a rude shock last week when Leon Henderson, federal price administrator, announced that the pending $7,600,000,000 tax bill would absorb only about one-half of the "inflationary gap" between purchasing power and available consumers' goods. For weeks the House Ways and Means Committee had been dilly-dallying over the Administration's tax bill. Its protracted hearings had served only to crystallize opposition from interested groups to each of the Treasury's specific proposals. Alarmed at the possible political repercussions of raising taxes in an election year, some Congressmen had begun to talk of scaling down the Administration's program and relying to a greater extent on borrowing to defray the costs of the war. The National Association of Manufacturers and other representatives of big business have taken advantage of the delay in Congress to push an extremely vigorous and apparently well-financed campaign for a sales tax to replace the Treasury's proposed levies on business profits. This campaign has undoubtedly made headway despite strong opposition from the Administration.

In stressing the need for immediate and even stiffer increases in taxes than were called for in the original Treasury proposals, Mr. Henderson has served notice on Congress that it is time to stop playing politics and consider the well-being of the country. There can be no question of the need for this sharp reminder. With the drastic curtailment in the production of consumers' goods and the tremendous increase in government expenditures for arms, purchasing power is bound to outdistance the supply of goods unless the surplus is drained off in one way or another. As Mr. Henderson has repeatedly pointed out, no system of price control can possibly succeed in the face of such an accumulation of unused purchasing power. An over-all price ceiling, such as is advocated in some circles as a substitute for the present system of selective ceilings, could not hold against the rising pressure. Lacking flexibility, the over-all type of control would be more likely to give way completely than the present piecemeal system. However, it is possible that the Administration will impose a rigid ceiling on prices and rents as part of a desperate effort to check the inflationary rise in living costs.

Sales of war bonds serve a useful purpose because they drain off some of the surplus purchasing power. But although bond sales have been consistently high since Pearl Harbor, no one would pretend that they are high enough to relieve the inflationary pressure materially. Only a huge tax bill can do that, and its effectiveness will depend to a large extent on who is to bear the burden. The tax bill must be adapted so as to drain excess purchasing power where it is most likely to spill over. It is at this point that the conventional arguments for the sales tax fall down most completely. Its proponents are quick to insist that it is anti-inflationary because it mops up purchasing power from the entire population rather than from any one sector of it. This, of course, is perfectly true. But all the studies that have been made of income distribution show that some two-thirds of the population are living so close to a subsistence level that every cent of their earnings is spent for the necessities and minor comforts of life. Taxes levied on this group are almost certain to be taken out of their expenditures for food, health, and necessary clothing—all of which are important for maintaining efficiency and morale in war time. Practically all the savings of the country—all the surplus purchasing power—are in the hands of the upper 20 per cent of the income group, which is, by and large, the income-tax-paying group. It follows, then, that increases in the levies on personal incomes and corporation profits, such as have been advocated by the Treasury, are admirably adapted for absorbing the surpluses in purchasing power. For it is these upper income groups which are most likely either to save their money or to spend it for needless luxuries.

All this is very elementary economics. But it involves concepts which apparently are quite foreign to Congressional thinking. Congress appears to understand only one thing, particularly in an election year, and that is votes. Fortunately, the type of tax bill which is best for the country as a whole in this crisis is one which should alienate the fewest votes. Mr. Roosevelt learned years ago that while the National Association of Manufacturers and its allies make the loudest noise in off-election years, their power at the polls is very small. We can only hope that a majority in Congress are astute enough to grasp this bit of political wisdom.

Questions for Martin Dies

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

AT THE end of this week a hearing will be held by the Committee on Accounts of the House of Representatives to decide on an appropriation for the work of the Dies committee during the coming year. This is a major responsibility. For Mr. Dies, always a nuisance, is today a menace. He is an ally, valuable and much praised, of the entire anti-Administration, pro-appeasement clique, in Congress and out. His admirers range from isolationist Congressmen to Nazi Bundists. He is not only a tool to be used against every progressive element in the government; he also serves as a mouthpiece for the variegated Quislings in the country. Mr. Dies may be stupid, as his best friends aver, but he is a genius at capturing headlines.

So today Representative Cochran of Missouri, chairman of the Committee on Accounts, has a unique opportunity to serve his country. By curtailing its funds he can end the Dies Inquisition and return the Grand High Inquisitor to more modest Congressional duties.

Will he dare? Dies has somehow built up the myth that to refuse his committee an appropriation is equivalent to treason and betrays at least a tenderness for communism. But just in case the committee decides to give Mr. Dies's record a real overhauling, I have set down fifteen questions which I hope its members will put to him. With the country at war against the fascist forces of the world we may as well find out what the head of a Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities has done and thought about fascism in America.

Here are the questions for Mr. Dies:

1. When, Mr. Dies, do you plan to investigate the activities of Father Coughlin, and how does it happen that you haven't done so already?

2. Why have you never investigated the Ku Klux Klan?

3. Why was the testimony before your committee of Gerald Winrod, Kansas fascist, called off shortly after it began and the investigation of his activities terminated?

4. More than two years ago Girolamo Valenti, editor of *La Parola,* laid before one of your agents a mass of material on Italian fascists in America, showing their penetration into the school system, their semi-military activities, all their propaganda tricks. You canceled the hearing at which Valenti had been scheduled to testify. Why did you suppress this evidence, Mr. Dies?

5. Why have you never investigated fascist "front" organizations such as the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, which shelters a collection of anti-Semitic, anti-democratic groups, or the American Union for Nationalist Spain? When you publicly commended the American Coalition in 1940, did you know it was affiliated with the Nazi-controlled International Anti-Communist Entente in Switzerland? If not, why not?

6. Allen Zoll, Coughlinite and anti-Semite, was leader of the picket line at Station WMCA when Father Coughlin was banned from the air. His fascist connections were mentioned at a hearing. Why did you never investigate his activities? Was it because a member of your committee, J. Parnell Thomas of New Jersey, was a speaker at one of a series of luncheons arranged by Zoll? (The speaker at Zoll's next luncheon was Joe McWilliams, New York fascist rowdy, later arrested for anti-Semitic provocation. You didn't investigate him either.)

7. Why did you make public appearances with Father Edward Lodge Curran, Christian Front agitator, after he had been revealed to your committee as a member of General Van Horn Moseley's prospective fascist government? And why did you give further evidence of your approval by allowing yourself to be photographed with your arm around Curran?

8. On November 29, 1939, at Madison Square Garden before a crowd of Christian Fronters, Coughlinites, and pro-fascists, you said that "the Communist influence imported to Spain from enslaved Russia doomed the Republic of Spain. . . ." It is a historical fact, accepted by all, including the Italians and Germans, that the Spanish Republic was defeated by fascist arms. Why did you try to whitewash the Nazis and Fascists? Was it to please the chairman of this meeting in your honor, Merwin K. Hart, one of our leading pro-Franco propagandists?

9. Why did you not investigate the activities of John Eoghan Kelly, major in the United States army reserve and paid agent for Franco, who was accused before your committee of working with native fascist groups? Was it because of Kelly's close friendship with Hart?

10. Why did you challenge the assertion of a witness before your committee that Franco was a fascist?

11. Why did you go to Hollywood in 1941 and try to persuade the motion-picture companies to quit making anti-Nazi films?

12. Why do you think the Berlin Nazi organ *Contra-Komintern* published in full the testimony before your committee of J. B. Matthews, the turncoat who afterward became your chief investigator?

13. In your dislike of all Communist tools, past or present, how do you manage to overlook the record of Mr. Matthews, who as first chairman of the League Against War and Fascism was as close as any other fellow-traveler to the Communist high command?

14. Why do you think such American Nazi and fascist organs as the *Deutscher Weckruf,* Coughlin's *Social Justice,* Gerald Winrod's *Defender,* the Ku Klux Klan's *Fiery Cross* have gone out of their way to commend you?

15. Were the articles signed by you in *Liberty* magazine in the winter of 1940 written by George Sylvester Viereck?

The Truth About Rubber

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 12

IT WOULD be unwise to assume that our rubber troubles are over. They have just begun. In the excitement over the Standard Oil–I. G. Farben revelations, certain factors have been overlooked or remain unknown. I should like to mention a few of them.

1. The consent decree which ended the Standard–I. G. Farben anti-trust case was the result of an ultimatum. Curiously enough, and this indicates the real balance of forces, it was an ultimatum from Standard Oil to Thurman Arnold, not one from Thurman Arnold to Standard Oil, which brought the case to an end. Through the War Department, Standard Oil brought strong pressure on the Department of Justice to induce it to forget about the case. Attorney General Biddle supported Arnold, but the pressure was so strong that Arnold had to make it clear that he would resign and tell the whole story to the Truman committee if he were forced to drop the suit.

Standard Oil knew that Thurman Arnold had evidence on which some of its officers might go to jail if they had to face a jury under war-time conditions. The company was adamant, however, on several points. It would not accept a decree which made its future relations with I. G. Farben subject to the veto of the Attorney General. It would not permit an agent of the Department of Justice to go into its laboratories and make sure that the "know-how" on its rubber and toluol patents was made fully available to other companies. And it did not want to pay a large fine. Although the maximum fine under the anti-trust laws is $5,000, Standard Oil could have been forced to pay from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 in fines. Each officer and each director of the company and the subsidiaries involved might have been fined the maximum amount on each of many different counts.

John W. Davis handled the behind-the-scenes negotiations for Standard Oil, and his final "take-it-or-leave-it" offer was $50,000 in fines and the consent decree as it now stands, without government supervision over future cartel arrangements or Standard's laboratories. The company preferred to go to court rather than pay more than $50,000 or submit to those two conditions. In court it could have dragged proceedings out for many months, if not years, and during this period vital patents for synthetic rubber, explosives, and other war materials could have been kept from the government. Arnold's decision was influenced by anxiety to avoid just this situation.

2. In the matter of rubber, the consent decree does little more than give the government the privilege of investing its money in the production of the synthetic product. No business man, unless assured in advance of Standard Oil's approval, is going to risk his own money in this business despite the patents offered "free" for the duration of the war.

This needs to be understood. The consent decree makes the patents available, but the patents themselves, as was explained in the Truman committee hearings, are kept purposely obscure. One needs the "know-how" to use them. The transfer of "know-how" is not a simple process. There can be a mumbled explanation or full and patient instruction in the use of the patent. For the latter, one is dependent on the good-will and good faith of Standard Oil. Both are dubious.

Standard Oil is allowed to charge the "cost" of the know-how, and this again is likely to be a source of controversy. In the case of butyl, the best rubber patent it has, Standard can charge not only the cost of the know-how but a "reasonable compensation" therefor. In case of dispute over failure to deliver know-how, alleged overcharge of cost, or an unreasonable demand for compensation, one can—write a letter to the Department of Justice and wait for the courts to decide.

If a capitalist is intrepid enough to brave these risks—and the average capitalist sees Standard Oil through no such rosy spectacles as the average newspaper editor—he faces two others. The first is that he is embarking in a new business on the basis of patents for which he must pay "reasonable royalties" as soon as the war is over, and "reasonable royalties" may mean long litigation with Standard Oil. In the field of patent law the ordeal by litigation is about as likely to be productive of justice to small business men dealing with financial giants as was the ordeal by drowning to old ladies suspected of witchcraft. It is cheaper and safer to join up with the trust and take its orders.

Another factor will also give the entrepreneur pause. The report of the chemical division of the old National Defense Commission to Stettinius, made public for the the first time by Jesse Jones at the Truman committee hearings, contains some very illuminating observations. Of the synthetic-rubber problem the report says: "If the plants are to be designed by the companies but built at government expense, the tendency will inevitably be to design on a more expensive basis in order to make entirely sure that the plants operate satisfactorily instead of taking reasonable engineering risks and adopting new and promising alternatives which may not have been 100 per cent demonstrated. The effect of this in the direction of raising estimated costs is apparent." Plants built on this luxury scale discourage private capital from entering the field. "One large company," the report pointed out, "has already indicated that it would be willing to put substantial private capital into building larger plants if it was reasonably sure that it would not have to meet the excessive competition from government-financed plants." We may rest assured that no little business men will rush in to ask for "free" patents under the circumstances.

3. If the RFC were not in the hands of a Jesse Jones, government financing would not bar independents from the making of synthetic rubber. But of the twenty-five companies picked by Jones to produce 650,000 tons of the new 700,000-ton rubber program, all belong to the inner circle of the Rockefeller-du Pont-Mellon oil and chemical ring, and include some of the most notorious American industrial collaborators with Nazi cartels. Jones promises to let smaller companies make the remaining 50,000 tons. We shall see which companies he picks.

4. Last January 5 the Supreme Court in a unanimous decision by Chief Justice Stone in the Morton Salt case seemed to push our patent law back toward the days when a patent was regarded not as an absolute property right but as a franchise which could be lost through abuse. It gave new meaning to the principle that the courts might refuse to enforce a patent right when it was being used "contrary to the public interest." Standard Oil gave as much as it did in the consent decree because it feared this decision. The consent decree, however, leaves title to these patents in Standard Oil's hands, and it does not end the cartel, though it may drive some of its operations farther underground. So long as Standard owns the patents and can look forward to resumption of relations with I. G. Farben, it has a stake in so controlling use of these patents during the war as to lay the basis for a profitable monopoly afterward. The first requirement is to keep the exploitation of the patents in the hands of companies allied with Standard Oil. This Jesse Jones is doing. The second requirement is to keep the most valuable patent of all in the background.

5. Under the 700,000-ton program as now planned by Jones, du Pont will make 50,000 tons of neoprene, a high-cost specialty synthetic rubber, Standard will make 60,000 tons of butyl, and the other big companies will make 540,000 tons of Buna-S. To make Buna-S, one must first manufacture butadiene from a gas by-product, butane. Badly needed critical metals must go into the making of the butadiene plants. The Germans themselves haven't learned how to make tires wholly of Buna-S, and its cost will run from 25 to 30 cents a pound.

6. Our best bet is not Buna-S but butyl. It will cost from 6½ to 7 cents a pound, but its cheapness is the least of its recommendations. Its real virtue is that it can be made directly from a common gas-refinery by-product, isobutylene, saving the time and the materials which must go into butadiene plants to produce Buna-S. Standard won't admit it yet publicly, but it has already made all-butyl tires which can run 10,000 miles at fifty-five miles an hour. If it can develop butyl quietly, "on the side," as it were, it can take out patents on the improvements, it can undersell Buna-S when the war is over, and it can control a synthetic rubber which can compete in price, perhaps also in quality, with natural rubber. This may slow up the war effort, but it will help Standard Oil.

7. Progressives should fight immediately for the bill introduced in Congress by Senator Murray of Montana and Representative Beiter of New York for government ownership *and operation* of 400,000 tons of synthetic-rubber production. The Buna-S program may prove a colossal and costly failure, and it would be better to cut down Buna-S, increase butyl production, and intensify research into it under government auspices. The Petroleum War Industry Council, a private body dominated by Standard Oil and the other major oil companies, is trying to head off the bill by a committee "to study the problem of butyl rubber." The membership of this committee is made up of leading members of the big companies, with a sprinkling of little fellows known to be under their thumb.

8. The Nazis developed Buna by pouring government funds into compulsory research. We must do the same. Private research is totally inadequate. Here is the testimony by Howard of Standard Oil about its research expenditures on butyl: "In 1937 we had four men on the job and we spent $20,000. In 1938 we had ten men on the job and we spent $48,300. In 1939 we had twenty-one men on the job and we spent $106,400. In 1940 we had forty-eight men on the job and we spent $322,000. In 1941 we had seventy-three men on the job and we spent $505,000." Five million dollars spent this year on research into butyl might solve our rubber problem.

9. If we are to free private enterprise in this field as in others we must have compulsory licensing of patents in peace time and full power to seize patents in war. The patent is the instrument with which international cartels have used the courts to prevent the democracies from using their own resources and their own brains in the national interest. The patent hearings which begin tomorrow before the Bone committee are of the utmost importance for the ending of the cartel cancer and the winning of the war.

Can India Defend Itself?

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

WITH the liquidation of American resistance on the Bataan Peninsula, Japan successfully completed the most difficult and costly of the mopping-up operations following its original conquests. The surrender of General Wainwright's forces should have occasioned neither surprise nor especial gloom among Americans. Surrounded by vastly superior forces, receiving no naval or air aid, without any but the most intermittent supplies, the American position in the Philippines was long privately admitted to be hopeless. After the rapid Japanese gains elsewhere destroyed all chance of rescue, only the amount of loss caused the enemy, not the length of time the defenders could hold out, remained of any tactical importance.

Largely owing to misleading press reports Americans have recently been building false hopes regarding possible campaigns from Australia. We are committed to the defense of Australia by every consideration of kinship, sympathy, and common ideals; further, we should prove able to defend at least its more valuable areas successfully. But success here will be at best a negative achievement, for despite carefully calculated propaganda to the contrary, northern Australia does not—and cannot for long months or probably years—afford adequate bases for anything more effective than commando raids or air attacks.

Japan's principal drive is directed against India, which offers greater economic and strategic rewards. Here is the closest and most adequate source of iron, of which Japan has an insufficient supply. And here success for Japan, either acting alone or in coordination with a German push to the Middle East, would do much to make the position of the Axis virtually unassailable. This campaign, however, must achieve quick results if it is not to encounter the severe weather hazard of the approaching monsoons.

India is by no means defenseless. The recent focusing of attention upon disputes regarding its future status has given the impression that the cooperation of all classes of its people is a prerequisite to defense. Such unity is valuable, but it is far from the most important military factor. Despite the non-cooperation policy which the All-India Congress pursued until the end of 1941, there has never been any difficulty in recruiting for the Indian army all the volunteers, and more, that it has been possible to equip.

Traditionally India's strongest defenses have been geographical. The Baluchistan deserts to the west, the Himalayas to the north, dense jungles and rugged terrain to the east offer serious though not impassable obstacles to a large-scale invasion. In southern India the continuous rugged chain of the Eastern and Western Ghats, standing slightly back of the coastal plains, bars any easy penetration into the interior. Other ranges lie between southern India and the Ganges Valley. Land communications between Burma and India are especially inadequate and tortuous. The very vastness of the country, coupled with the geographical obstacles and the enormous native population divided into widely differing groups, makes the complete conquest of India a task comparable to the conquest of China or Russia.

India, in fact, given native opposition to the enemy, should be somewhat easier to defend, for a very fair network of interior railroads enables a defending power to operate on shorter lines of communication and to concentrate troops in any sector with comparative rapidity. This should be an especially great advantage against Japanese forces operating at the end of increasingly long transport lines.

The military forces now stationed in India are reported to be large. On December 7 the Indian army was in process of being expanded from a million to a million and a half troops. Though not to be compared with an army such as the German, these troops are fairly well equipped and where they have been used in the present war, as in Ethiopia, have proved of good fighting quality. A weakness exists in the fact that the technical and highly skilled personnel is only 20 per cent native and hence is not easy to replace.

From the economic angle also India has certain points of strength. With a population of 389,000,000 its supply of man-power is a factor to be considered. It is self-sufficient in food and in most of the key metals, though the British policy of keeping it as a supplier of raw materials has not conduced to a healthy or sufficient development. In spite of the neglect of its vast iron and coal reserves, its steel production of 1,250,000 tons, 90 per cent earmarked for military use, is more than 20 per cent of Japan's pre-war manufacture of steel.

Unfortunately, the country has enough weak spots to be definitely vulnerable to attack. Save possibly in Ceylon there are no coast defenses worthy of the name, or were none until recently. The great ports of Bombay and Madras are 100 per cent exposed to naval bombardment; Calcutta is only less so. With the liquidation of Allied sea power in the Far East Japan has gained at least a temporary dominance in these waters. And naval supremacy implies ability to interrupt seriously or to stop the transport of vital supplies. For India remains dependent upon Great Britain and the United States for replenishment of machine tools, aircraft and tank engines, certain high-test grades of steel, and so on. Automotive and plane assembly plants are located in the interior but are of small capacity. The necessity of supplying these war needs places an immense burden upon the already overstrained transport lines of the United Nations.

Facing the enormous area of India, the Japanese are likely to strike at strategic points without making any attempt to digest all of the country until a later date. The most valuable region economically, because of the location of the Tata iron and steel works, is the Ganges Valley, especially the neighborhood of Calcutta. From bases in western Burma aerial harassment of some of this region is possible, but any effective occupation would probably require a major naval expedition since the mule trails leading from Burma to India would be insufficient for large bodies of even the light-traveling Japanese. Once Calcutta had been seized, a campaign up the Ganges Valley would offer a minimum of natural obstacles and the greatest gains. Ceylon, because of its strategic position at the crossroads of the Indian Ocean, is certain to be attacked in force, especially since the cocky Japanese suffered heavy casualties in their first aerial attacks, made with insufficient forces. If the Allies are able to hold Ceylon, effective Japanese penetration into the western Indian Ocean to interrupt convoys to the Near East will not be easy.

In the defense of India the United States, which has more vital interests elsewhere, cannot play the leading part. But we can and should so increase naval pressure in the Pacific that Japan will run enormous risks in transferring major units to the Indian Ocean. Such measures can afford important but probably not decisive aid. It may be poetically just but it is certainly not comforting that the main defense of India must rest with the power to whose mistaken policies are due both India's economic incapacity to fight and its lack of will to do so.

Russia Behind the Lines

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

THE German invasion of Russia stirred me perhaps more deeply than any other event since the war began. June 22! Exactly a year had passed since the evening when I landed at Falmouth on board the Madura, at the end of that melancholy voyage from Bordeaux. Since then I had lived through the Battle of Britain and through the grim nights but exhilarating days of the London blitz; but when we learned on June 22 that Russia had been invaded, it was clear that, for a time, at least, the center of the world war had shifted to the east. It also became apparent, almost at once, that there was going to be no walk-over for the Germans. Obviously, a successful, long, and extensive Russian resistance would enormously increase our chances to win the war quickly, and from what one heard, the mood of the Russian people for such a resistance was admirable.

I felt I had to go to Russia. I had spent my childhood and boyhood years in St. Petersburg; the Russian half of me was clamoring to "go home"—after twenty-four years. I had always kept up my Russian, especially during my years in Paris; I had continued to read Russian books and papers, and had followed as closely as possible the political events of the Soviet Union and whatever was new in Russian thought and literature. Not always with approval, but always with interest. To see Russia again—and in its hour of supreme national trial; how could such a chance be missed?

Moscow, Sunday, July 6, 1941

Funny things are happening about religion in Russia. Most of the churches I passed yesterday seemed to be used as warehouses, and there are no signs of much Sunday churchgoing. . . . But in the office yesterday I looked at the latest copy of the *Bezbozhnik*, the anti-God paper, and the whole of it was devoted to indignant denunciations of the Nazi persecutions of the Protestant and Catholic churches in Germany! There were several long articles on the subject. Clearly, Stalin is working for the greatest unity among the Russian people, and anti-religious propaganda is one of the things which has completely vanished since this war began. However, the *volte-face* of the *Bezbozhnik* is just a trifle blatant.

One of the Americans told me today about his recent interview with the Metropolitan of the New Church. He looked a sly old fox but talked very eloquently and, apparently, sincerely of the Russian fatherland, of Alexander Nevsky and Russia's great national tradition, and of the general acceptance of the Soviet regime. The man has a large income from the faithful, pays heavy taxes, lives in a luxurious flat, with "Professor So-and-So" written on the name-plate, and owns several admirable Murillos, of whose value he is perhaps unaware, for

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they are hung side by side with some trashy nudes of 1900 or so.

Thursday, July 10

I think it's highly indicative of a better disposition on the part of the Russians that they should have published my article on the London blitz without delay, and not just in some rag but prominently in *Izvestia*. I talked in it a lot about the spirit of the British people during the blitz. It is something that is almost new to the Russians, for during their "appeasement" period they paid us very few compliments in their press. Nor did the Russians fully realize the difference between Chamberlain's England and Churchill's England. The fact that I am allowed to explain all this in *Izvestia* is a very healthy sign. Cripps is much pleased about it.

People tell me that on June 22 many of the Russians believed that we had given leave to the Germans to attack Russia. This was absurd, and could only have arisen from a complete ignorance of Churchill England.

And yet, if they still distrust some of our people—which is quite different from distrusting the whole of England—one can hardly blame them.

Monday, July 28

What is it, I often wonder, that makes the Russians fight like this? They are defending something—their country, their regime, which, whatever one may say, are part of the same thing. There is no longer a dividing line between "Soviet" and "Russia." Even the old people have accepted it, have become reconciled to it, especially since it has become a national regime. And though it is ruthless in some ways, even the most critically minded feel that, at least potentially, it is a good regime, with the Stalin constitution as a basis for the future. The army's resistance is, of course, strengthened and supported by iron discipline. Timoshenko has the strongest views on that subject; but anyone who makes wisecracks—and I have heard some—to the effect that this war is "run by the GPU" is just a fool. A thousand problems will, of course, arise when Russia ranks among the victors over Germany—as the chief victor, or as England's equal. Perhaps, almost certainly, some of our Tories are already getting cold feet at the prospect. They will not carry much weight, but our Labor Party will get alarmed at the idea of the Communists cashing in. Not that Harry Pollitt and Willy Gallacher, leaders of the British Communist Party, deserve the slightest credit for Russian resistance and an eventual Russian victory. They don't know much more about Stalin and the Russian people than I do about the Fiji Islands.

Much depends on whether, after the war, the Comintern will be allowed to play any part in European affairs. It has seldom done Russia's national policy any good and often a lot of harm, notably in Germany and France, and has played into the hands of fascists and reactionaries. But the Comintern is one thing and Sovietism another. The post-war competition (and the ultimate choice for Poles, Czechs, and even Germans) may be not between capitalism and communism but between two forms of democracy—capitalist democracy and Soviet democracy, with a progressive application of the Stalin constitution. The social regimes of both England and Russia are going to evolve in the course of this war; they may become very similar in many respects, with Britain becoming more "socialist," in the wide sense of the word, and Russia adopting more and more of those democratic liberties which its people would welcome and which they will expect from a full peacetime application of the Stalin constitution. Perhaps the real difficulty will be America, which may for a long time persist in being stubbornly capitalist.

Wednesday, August 27

Moscow is taking an increasing interest in England and in the R. A. F. There is a new poster showing an R. A. F. man and a Soviet airman shaking hands over Berlin; English grammars are sold in the bookstalls; an exhibition of English books "from Chaucer to Shaw" has been opened in the West European Library; a new newsreel about British anti-aircraft defenses is showing in the cinemas; the Moscow Art Theater is playing "The School for Scandal"; and good prices are offered for English books by the second-hand bookshops.

Tuesday, September 2

Somebody told me that winter clothes would be scarce this year, and since I am probably going to be here a good part of the winter I decided to go on a shopping expedition, taking Misha with me as my guide. Shops in Moscow are very unattractive-looking just now, for all the windows are either sand-bagged or boarded up with rough planks. We went first to the Stoleshnikov Lane; Misha said it had the best shop for winter clothes. . . . The attendant said that their stocks were low just now but that they might get a consignment of reindeer coats from Archangel in a week or two; he was rather indefinite about it, and I thought I had better see what they had. The few reindeer coats they still had—pretty light-brown fur with a soft silky texture—unfortunately didn't fit me, and I was left with the choice between some second-hand long, padded cloth coats with fur collars, at about £30, and a fairly short jacket (a *polushubok*) made of some kind of white fur with a rather doubtful astrakhan collar. I tried it on; it looked rather like Father Christmas, but it fitted. What kind of fur was this? I asked. "Dog," the assistant said, "Siberian dog." Siberian or not, it smelled like any other dog. He assured me it was "the warmest fur in existence," and a bargain at 337 rubles—which worked out at about £7.

Monday, September 8

Miliutin was an old Leningrader and loved the city. He was a typical Russian intellectual and spoke the good old Leningrad Russian, without the Moscow singsong intonation. The man was so friendly that I ventured to touch on one of two sore subjects. . . .

"You've made mistakes," I said, "but in spite of it you have built up something which is magnificent. Soviet Russia is a great country. You've achieved that. I've been away for twenty-four years, and I know in my bones that this is still Russia—in many ways a better Russia, though in some respects a Russia that is less good. I'll talk to you quite frankly. I think if you had a satirist of genius like Saltykov, you wouldn't, like the czarist regime, allow him to write all sorts of scurrilous things about you. You'd simply lock him up in a concentration camp or shoot him."

"Yes, probably we should," said Miliutin. "But you've got to remember that, for the present, we can't afford the luxury of such freedom. In time all that will change, but not now; there are too many things to build up, too many things to do; anything that undermines the collective effort, the collective enthusiasm, is bad. But remember," he continued, "we've got the Stalin constitution, out of which a democratic Soviet Russia is going to evolve. It answers the aspirations of our people. Its application would be in full swing by now but for the present war and the menace of war that has hung over this country for years. And when I say democratic Soviet Russia, I mean democratic *Soviet* Russia, not a strict imitation of your parliamentary bourgeois democracy."

"What is going to be the position of the party?"

"Well, the Communist Party is the apparatus of national policy which will bring into full existence that Socialist democracy, that Soviet democracy—I mean democracy without private capitalism—which is Stalin's aim. There is no dividing line any more between the party and the nation; the two are becoming more and more parts of the same thing. And in this war you have seen how our people, who are easygoing in many ways, have had their discipline and morale constantly kept up to scratch by the party."

"Yes, I entirely agree. But the Comintern?"

"Well," said Miliutin, a little evasively, "we don't really see much of the Comintern these days, do we? And have you seen the last issue of the Comintern monthly?" I said I had, and that I couldn't help chuckling at the glowing tributes it was paying to the British people and the British government. "So you see," Miliutin laughed, "there isn't much to worry about." "Well," I said, "not at the moment. But you will admit that the British Communist Party pursued a pretty absurd and anti-national policy before June 22." And I quoted a few examples. "I dare say," said Miliutin. "But, frankly, I don't think anybody in this country is in the least interested in what the British Communist Party is doing. We never even hear about it these days."

"Do you mean to say you don't care whether the ban is lifted from the *Daily Worker* or not?"

"What's that?"

"You know, the Communist Party paper."

"Oh, I don't know about that. But I don't think anybody worries. No, the way I look at it is that the world is going to change a lot in the course of this war; that we are going to become increasingly democratic—though there will inevitably be a few years' reconstruction after all the damage the Germans have caused; and that you too will develop a new kind of democracy, which may be quite a big departure from the present capitalist democracy. But I don't think the Communist Party or the Comintern need worry you. . . ."

Wednesday, September 10

I spent the forenoon at one of the Russian artillery schools in the Krasnaya Presnya district of Moscow, where we were taken by our friend the pince-nez colonel. They looked such fine earnest fellows, all these young cadets with their closely cropped heads, as they attended their ballistics and higher math classes, and answered questions, and worked out angles and distances in front of a miniature battlefield inside a large glass case, with a voice behind the case registering "in," "out," or "hit." Many of these cadets were clearly of proletarian origin; one didn't feel, judging from the keenness with which they were working out difficult problems, that an intellectual pedigree was of any importance. We went through the clean but very Spartan-looking dormitories, with small iron bedsteads and thin mattresses; we looked at the menu in the refectory; the menu for the four daily meals seemed very adequate, and it also showed the number of calories contained in the dishes—a daily average of 3,538 calories for cadets and of 3,200 for soldiers. This does not include the bread, which is unrestricted. Impressive display of red and black charts and maps of important battles like Ismail, Borodino, and Perekop in the library. This also had its Lenin corner. The corridors of the school were decorated with pictures of famous Russian artillery experts of the past—in czarist uniforms. There were also numerous pictures of Stalin and Timoshenko. . . .

London, December 22, Looking Back—and Forward

Russia has made more sacrifices in its fight against Hitler than any other nation. It has sacrificed not only the lives of countless soldiers; in its determination to defeat Germany it has sacrificed the lives of many civilians. The "scorched-earth" policy that Stalin proclaimed in his speech of July 3 is a ruthlessly heroic policy. It has meant not only the destruction of things like the Dnieper Dam, the fruit of ten years of concentrated labor and one of the proudest achievements of present-day Russia; it has also meant the destruction, as far as possible, of the existing crops and food reserves and fuel dumps, lest they fall into the enemy's hands. The population left behind is consequently condemned to months, possibly years, of hardship and even famine.

It was a bitter sacrifice which the Russian government found it necessary to make. No doubt hidden stores in the villages will keep most of the rural population alive until the hour of liberation, but in the German-controlled towns the situation is tragic. The Russian government, taking a long view of the war, also took the ruthless measure of preventing the Ukraine from growing food next year, and so strengthening Germany's war capacity, by removing the tractors from the Ukraine. Many a time I saw hundreds of them travel down the streets of Moscow. By reverting to primitive methods of cultivation the Ukrainian peasants may be able to grow just enough to keep themselves alive; and they will probably not be unduly disturbed by the German troops, who prefer not to depart from the well-guarded main roads of occupied Russia. But in any case, even if they had the tractors, the Germans could scarcely afford to spend any of their precious petrol on Ukrainian agriculture.

Russia's policy of sacrifices was described by the Germans as "devilish." They have to bring almost everything from their distant bases to keep their armies alive. How unlike France, where the newly arrived German tanks could refill at any village petrol pump, and where the soldiers could gorge themselves on French food! But this policy also has its terrible repercussions on the local population which has remained behind.

And what fearful sacrifices are yet in store in 1942?

Return of a Native

BY JOHN T. WHITAKER

TO WIN this war we must take the measure of ourselves as a people and the measure of our foes. How good are we? How good are they? For in this struggle, as Mussolini has said, it is "we or they." Some sentimentalists may still imagine that in modern times "nobody wins a war"; but they should know by now that the Czechs, the Poles, the French, and others have learned that you can lose a war.

Coming back to this country after ten years abroad—many of them spent in Berlin and Rome—I was struck most forcefully by the optimism and comfortable complacency of the American people. Apparently learning nothing from the fall of France or from Dunkirk, we have carried our complacency, like a priceless piece of bric-a-brac, through the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the burning of the Normandie, and the loss of Singapore and the East Indies.

Did the Japanese, the Italians, and the Germans make war on us because they thought we could beat them? Of course not. Counting most of all on our over-confidence and complacency, each of the Axis partners feels sure of ultimate victory. It was neither in the language nor in the spirit of hara-kiri that Major General Kenryo Sato, addressing a committee of the Japanese Diet, said that the fall of Gibraltar, Suez, India, and Australia was "only a matter of time." In both diplomacy and military strategy, he added, the Anglo-American camp "has been the victim of gross miscalculation, the like of which has seldom been witnessed."

Even the Italian leaders believe that America's military effort will be contemptible. Before I was expelled from Rome one of Mussolini's confident lieutenants said to me: "You Americans like your luxuries too much. You are incapable of the sacrifices and discipline required to wage a modern war. When the Axis rules America, I personally will see that you are in a concentration camp." Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Minister, was no less explicit. When I said to him, "Time is on the side of the democracies," he shot back, "Yes, time is on your side—if there is time enough!"

German military men told me they felt sure that in this war they had too big a jump on us for us to catch up. This spring we have two million men under arms; the Germans have nine million, a proper percentage of them seasoned veterans, with more being called up regularly. The German General Staff believes, moreover, that American industry has been laggard and that Germany has been producing more arms than America and Great Britain combined. The only arms factories not operating in the occupied countries of Europe are those which fail to measure up to German standards of efficiency. France alone has supplied to Germany more than America has sent to Great Britain—according to an estimate given me by three German sources and confirmed by William L. Batt of our War Production Board. The Germans, basing their calculations upon espionage reports, see no danger from American arms production before the end of 1943.

German officers with whom I talked before Pearl Harbor believe that for the next two years America will not have the trained armored divisions or the preponderance in arms or the merchant shipping necessary to mass military superiority against the Axis on any front. In that period they think that Germany can drive through southern Russia and effect a junction with the

Japanese in India—so fabulous in its resources. Aided by Italian man-power they expect to conquer Suez, Gibraltar, Morocco, and the west coast of Africa. From there they hope to gain footholds in South America that will enable them to close the Panama Canal and bomb American factories.

Behind all these dreams of conquest is the conviction —which should be insulting to Americans—that once the going becomes really rough, or if Britain is successfully invaded, America will have no stomach for war. And if America fails to capitulate, the Nazis say, Germany will be secure against attack while it outbuilds American naval power in preparation for invasion. With the resources of the Dutch Indies, India, the Middle East, and Africa, the Axis, they argue, will be vastly richer than the Anglo-Americans in raw materials, and can settle down at its leisure to the building of a huge invasion fleet, while American morale deteriorates under the necessity of sacrifices.

I have ground my teeth in futile rage many times as these plans have been patiently propounded by German and Italian Cabinet ministers, generals, and secret-police agents. I thought then, and I think now, that they were wrong in writing us off as nothing but wrangling materialists, divided by racial differences and class greed, rendered impotent by comforts. None of the German officers foresaw the selflessness and heroism American boys would show in "the foxholes of Bataan." "Americans lack the military tradition," they used to say. We've got to prove them wrong.

If German calculations and hopes fail, it will be largely because of a 100 per cent effort by the American people—by industry and labor, by the farmer and the white-collar worker. Can America pull out of its lethargy? Can the American people as a whole give up their complacency and come up fighting? Or will they be led by fifth columnists and traitors into defeatism? The German-controlled Axis is a redoubtable and resourceful foe. How good are we? How good must we be? The Germans think we have got to be a lot better than we are on our record.

Our complacency appears to be rooted in three fallacies of judgment shared from coast to coast—fallacies which bewilder an observer familiar with Berlin and Rome, London and Moscow. The American public (1) underestimates very seriously indeed the eight years' head start in militarization which enables Germany to keep the initiative; (2) blinks at the essential and fundamental weakness of Great Britain since the collapse of France; and (3) in sheer delight at German reverses in Russia exaggerates Russian successes beyond all reason. To these three major fallacies might be added the comforting notion that occupied Europe will rise almost any day now in revolt, an idea held by those who forget that the most courageous man, if denied arms and hope alike, falls silent before the chattering eloquence of the machine-gun.

In 1935 Germany was spending five times as much on arms as Great Britain and more than twice as much as Britain and France combined. By 1938 Germany was spending £1,470,000,000 on arms annually as against a British expenditure of only £391,000,000. With this lead in arms production, Germany has been able to concentrate a superiority of guns, tanks, and planes against its enemies at any given moment on any given front. And Germany will not lose this advantage until American superiority in aircraft design and production smashes German factories and communications, or until American expeditionary forces over-extend and exhaust the German military machine.

In recent months Americans have frequently demanded, "Why doesn't Britain invade the Continent?" Starting its rearmament eight years late, Britain has never had the arms or the men to take the offensive. That it has been able to maintain several fronts and to prevent its own invasion is a miracle. The fall of France lost Britain the use of vital naval and air bases and gave them to the enemy. Consequently, to send a shell or drop a bomb against the Germans anywhere has called forth roughly three times the effort in money, material, and men required by a similar German blow. The discrepancy has been balanced somewhat by sea power, which still outstays its critics, by the superior training and personnel of the R. A. F., together with quality aircraft engineering, and finally by the sheer dogged heroism of a people which "never knows" as the Berlin radio sneered, "when it is beaten." But the desperate military predicament of Britain has been registered in the crushing defeats at Dunkirk, Greece, Crete, Hongkong, and Singapore. There was only one reason for these—want of man-power and equipment. As Americans at war we play into the hands of Germany if we blink the difficulties which our ally still faces and take comfort from, without giving meaning to, the words, "There'll always be an England."

It is true that the German time-table in Russia went all wrong. The Germans knew that Stalin's purges and his brutal denial of consumers' goods to the people had made his popularity a hollow thing. They were confident that Russian morale would crack under sledge-hammer blows from the panzers and the stukas. But they forgot that nationalism is a greater force in modern Russia than communism. They forgot that when the foreigner treads on Russian soil, all Russians cry out in anguish.

For millions of Americans the thrill of headlines which proclaimed the defeat of Hitler's troops was too much. It made us light-headed. The German armies have suffered defeats and retreated, but in no instance have they been routed. Americans must not underestimate the dangers of a renewed German offensive.

It is no service to our Russian ally to exaggerate his prowess or to forget his need of American aid. The Russian has not yet proved that in weather conditions favorable to the Germans he can meet the panzer divisions and best them.

What Stalin will be able and willing to do from Vladivostok to aid us against Japan will depend upon our own actions. It will depend upon our national unity, the rhythm of our production of tanks and aircraft, the capacity of our merchant tonnage to take these arms to Russia or wherever else they are needed.

As a people we are still displaying a peace-time rather than a war-time psychology, studying the communiqués from the war fronts as if we were spectators. It is time we realized that we cannot win this war on potentialities alone, that to win will require the active effort of every citizen. It is time we stopped political bickering about fan dancers, whispering campaigns against American minorities, and cowardly sniping at our allies. It is time we showed our enemies that they were wrong, dead wrong, in thinking us incapable of unity and sacrifice, a lesser breed of men than our forefathers. For in this most titantic of all wars we or they survive. And the sands are running out.

New Phase in China

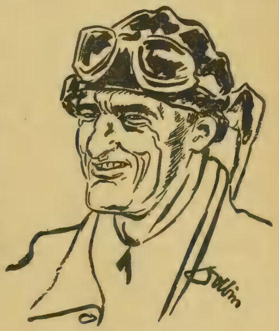
BY GILBERT BAKER

Kunming, February

SINCE the fall of Hongkong, China can only look west, and with Burma threatened, Chinese engineers and strategists are already looking for new ways and means of direct contact with India. A road branches off the Burma highway to Sikang Province on the borders of Tibet, but it will be a long time before there is anything faster than mule transport from there to Assam or Bengal. Airplane service between Chungking, Kunming, and Calcutta began in January, and at Calcutta it connects with a direct service to America.

The Japanese have been too busy to pay much attention to Kunming. Last winter raids and alarms were frequent, but the city has had only one bombing since last August, and that was on the day that the American Volunteer Group of airmen arrived. When the Japanese tried to repeat the attack a few days later, they lost nine out of ten planes; since then the American pilots have scored their remarkable successes in China and Indo-China, as well as in Burma and Thailand. The Chinese government made thorough, almost lavish, preparations for the volunteers. Chinese university students were enlisted as interpreters, and the best modern accommodations were provided; each man has a room of his own, and a fleet of automobiles is always at their disposal. Though this scale of living is in marked contrast with that of the Chinese soldier, there is no doubt that people here think "our airmen"—they wear Chinese uniform—more than worth their salt. It certainly gives a sense of security which few people have ever had in China to see these fast fighters go up whenever there is an alarm.

Troop movements have been heavy during the last few months in the direction of Indo-China and Burma, and the danger that the provincial authorities would be unwilling to allow China's central government to move troops into Yunnan is now forgotten. The "A. B. C." alliance has, in fact, greatly magnified the problem of cooperation, and what now has to be settled is the way in which Chinese forces are to fight alongside their British and Indian comrades in Burma. On this side of the border, too, the Chinese have become acquainted with British army uniforms, for some parties of specialist troops have been passing through on their way to the Chinese fronts, where it is believed they can both learn from the Chinese soldier and teach him new ways of fighting.



Claire Chennault
Commander of the A. V. G.

These personal contacts between the fighting forces of the three countries will be a valuable test of the reality of the democracy which they are defending. The American aviator and the British Tommy are not given to any sentimental enthusiasm for China as such, and China's war effort will be judged by them strictly on the results they notice. China's soldiers will in turn judge American and British strength according to results and not prestige; American and British reverses in the Orient have made many Chinese here pat themselves on the back for their four and a half years of resistance to Japan.

The British naval party which escaped from Hongkong brought high praise for the Chinese guerrillas in Kwangtung Province. I met some of the party here on their way down the Burma road after a month in the interior—ragged and bearded, some of them wearing Chinese soldiers' padded coats, rather short in the sleeve but still very serviceable for winter nights. Both men and officers were enthusiastic about the way the guerrillas had met them on the shore according to a prearranged plan and steered them through the Japanese lines—a party of more than sixty—without their ever seeing a Japanese soldier. The guerrillas of one district passed them on to those of the next until they reached Ku-kiang, the capital of Kwangtung. The British sailors only regretted that Admiral Chan Chak, the one-legged veteran who had organized the escape, had not been empowered to deal more drastically with fifth columnists in the colony during the siege. It seems that sniping in the streets of Hongkong began as soon as the Japanese approached the borders of the colony and long before they landed on the island; it is believed that a certain dam was mined even before war was declared. From the bodies of dead Japanese soldiers it was discovered that each one possessed a map marked with every defense position the British had prepared. Hongkong probably would have fallen without such treachery, but the British sailors believed that the Chinese attack on the Japanese rear might have saved the city if they could have held out two weeks longer, *and* if the defenders had not been completely without planes.

Hundreds of people here have relatives and friends in Hongkong, and its loss, together with events in Malaya and the Philippines, have set people wondering with a vague uneasiness whether America and Britain mean business, or as much business in the East as they do in Europe. This may account for the restlessness and recklessness of economic and social life here, which may in turn excuse the foreign observer for wondering how much the Chinese middle class really means business in this war—unless such business yields an immediate and handsome profit. Prices are soaring to the extent, almost, of open inflation. The Chinese dollar is quoted at 30 to 40 to the United States dollar, although it is officially pegged at 18 to 19. Since the cost of living is based on the first, or black-market, rate, foreigners receiving salaries from America which have to be changed at the official rate are losing approximately half their income in terms of purchasing power. A class of "new rich" has appeared—tough-looking truck drivers with leopard-skin collars on their coats, who sell their smuggled cans of coffee, patent medicine, and cosmetics to little "trading companies" which spring up like mushrooms and sell anything they can get hold of at excessively high prices. There seem to be plenty of people who can afford to buy; Kunming streets are full of expensive American automobiles. There is no adequate taxation of wealth, no effort to prevent profiteering, and no control of gasoline consumption. The Chinese have done marvelous things in this war, but the appearance of this city is certainly not that of a population engaged in a war of total resistance. It is probable that the free spending and speculative trading are due to the general feeling that the currency is worthless. It has been suggested that the Chinese dollar will be withdrawn and a new currency started on a par with American gold. The ideas on this subject attributed to Sumner Welles at the Pan-American Conference have been discussed with great interest here.

This is not the whole picture, for behind the immigrant and prosperous bourgeoisie are the sturdy, independent peasant people of Yunnan itself. But they are also floating on the economic tide which for the moment leads on to fortune, and they are losing no opportunity to make money; prices, for instance, are always higher for "foreigners"—which includes Chinese from other places—than for local people. The only persons who really suffer are the salaried workers, teachers, university professors, and the like. Rice allowances and family allowances are made for this class, but even so it is hard for them to keep pace with the rising cost of living.

All these things make thoughtful Chinese anxious about the future of their country. Can the democratic forces in China stand the strain? Cooperative workers, for example, know that in many parts of China their colleagues have been imprisoned by fascist elements. Students in Kunming started a demonstration against the Finance Minister; it was quickly suppressed but it revealed the discontent of young people at the way the finances of the government are being handled. Many who have watched the wastage of trucks and cargo on the Burma road through carelessness, or have heard of the continued thefts of government property—for instance, the American Volunteer Group has lost a good deal of important equipment—or have seen ambulances donated by the American Red Cross or such bodies as the Scottish Rite Masons of Oklahoma being used by other than medical units far away from any battlefield may wonder whether the money sent from America is being well spent. A group of young English conscientious objectors in the Friends' Ambulance Unit, financed from the United States, is doing good work on the road battling with these problems, but they are finding, as their colleagues in the Chinese Red Cross have found, how hard it is to bring medical care to those who need it most—the soldiers at the front.

These reflections should not blind us to the magnificent fight which China has put up in the last four and a half years, or to the steady planning for the future which may be seen in the construction of factories, schools, research institutes, and universities in the interior. In view of the recent Japanese successes, more credit should be given to the resisting power of the Chinese soldier. But it is becoming clear to us all, as it has been to the Chinese for some time, that continued resistance depends on breaking Japanese sea power, that the Battle of China must be won by China's allies on the Pacific. The Chinese will play their part, and they will play it better if their democratic allies keep steady pressure on Chungking to give free expression to the real source of Chinese strength—the Chinese people.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Our Not So Precious Metals

AMONG their resources the United Nations can include at least 90 per cent of the world's stock of gold and not far short of 100 per cent of the known unmined gold reserves. For purposes of waging war, however, this wealth is no help at all. On the contrary, it may prove very much of a hindrance, for gold-mining absorbs labor and materials which could be employed to far better purposes in extracting metals that are not so valuable but are very much more useful.

To some extent silver-mining may also be considered uneconomic under present conditions, but it is less open to attack since silver has a far wider range of industrial applications than has gold. Were it rather less precious than it is we could use a great deal more of it at the present time. The difficulty is that the artificially high price of domestic silver repels all customers except the unfortunate taxpayer, who, thanks to the Western bloc in Congress, is forced to accept it at 71.1 cents per ounce. This is just about double the market price at which current supplies of foreign silver are being fully absorbed by industry and the arts.

Silver has many of the physical properties of copper and some of those of tin—both metals now in acutely short supply. Because of its high electrical conductivity and resistance to corrosion it can be used as a substitute for copper in electrical contacts and even for wiring appliances and small motors. Silver can also replace tin in the making of solder, which used to account for about 16 per cent of the new tin consumed annually. According to an OPM statement issued July 10, 1941, "66,000,000 ounces of silver annually should be sufficient for 'all-out' replacement of tin in solder. Forty to fifty pounds of tin may be replaced by two and one-half to five pounds of silver, and at present prices for tin and industrial silver the raw-material cost of 2½ per cent silver solder is practically identical with that of an equal volume of solder composed of 45 per cent tin and 55 per cent lead."

Now that the Japanese have captured the world's major sources of tin we have to husband our stocks of that metal with miserly care, and there should be cause for rejoicing in the fact that our annual production of silver—70,000,000 ounces in 1941—is sufficient to save 16 per cent of our annual consumption of tin. The catch, as I have noted above, is that the Treasury must buy all this silver at a price which prohibits its use for solder. Worse still, the vast stocks of silver held by the Treasury, totaling 3,280,000,000 ounces on December 31 last, or enough to supply us with solder for forty-seven years, are condemned to sterility.

The Treasury is forbidden by law to sell any of this silver at less than the statutory price at which it can be monetized—$1.29 per ounce. All that can be done with it, therefore, is to pile it in the vaults and issue silver certificates against it, thus adding to excess bank reserves, which are already excessive. Fortunately a considerable fraction of the Treasury holdings has not yet been monetized, making possible an ingenious scheme for conscripting it for war purposes. Arrangements have been made for renting out 960,000,000 ounces, or 40,000 tons, of silver for use as "busbars"—the main conductors in the electrolytic reduction of aluminum and magnesium ores. Employed in this way the metal is 100 per cent recoverable and after the war can be replaced by copper. Thus the Treasury can retain title to its silver and keep within the law. Obviously, however, it cannot release silver for such purposes as solder manufacture, where ultimate recovery is not possible.

Since the industrial use of gold is limited and we already have a great deal more than we need for monetary purposes, and since the price of domestic silver bars it as a substitute metal, gold and silver mines must be regarded as contributing nothing to the war effort. If we were really organized for total war we would close them down except in cases where the production of precious metals was ancillary to the production of essential metals. The War Production Board has, however, adopted a much milder measure. Recently it has amended a priority order which gave all mines an A-1 rating for all necessary repair materials so as to reduce to a lower classification companies whose production is more than 30 per cent gold or silver. Such mines will now have to file a special request every time they need some restricted material or equipment.

This action has been assailed by Western mine operators with a violence which would be funny did it not indicate a dangerous ignorance of our urgent war-time necessities and a reckless determination to stick to business as usual. At a large meeting of gold- and silver-mine operators held at Denver on March 12, Senator McCarran of Nevada charged that the priority order was "a grave threat to the gold- and silver-mining industry, if not to the entire economic system of the country," that it was "probably in line with the communistic thinking of some of our Administration leaders in Washington," and that it was part of a plan to circumvent silver legislation by shutting down every silver mine in the country. Commenting on the same meeting, the *Mining and Industrial News* of San Francisco declared: "Officials of the WPB . . . need to be impressed with the importance of gold and silver in the present and future conduct of the war. Without more of these metals neither the war nor peace can be won. England understands the importance of monetary metals under present and future conditions, and because England understands she is pushing gold production to the greatest possible limit in South Africa."

The first half of this statement is unadulterated nonsense. The only possible use we could have for gold during the war would be for shipment to South America should our imports from that continent exceed our exports. But our enormous reserves would be barely touched by any foreseeable demand of that kind. As for silver, domestic production could, as we have seen, be profitably employed in industry if the silver interests were willing to accept the unsubsidized market price. Let them agree to a repeal of the Silver Act and then they can claim priority for necessary equipment with some grace.

The reference to South Africa in the editorial quoted is a reminder of the international ramifications of this question. In a recent letter to the WPB the Mining Association of Montana asked:

> 1. In the event that our gold and silver mines are presently compelled to close down, will the United States Treasury still continue to pay $35 an ounce for gold produced in the British Commonwealth, especially in Canada?
>
> 2. Are the British maintaining gold and silver production in Canada and in South Africa while the United States' gold and silver mines are facing shutdown, and are we under Lend-Lease providing machinery and supplies for this, or permitting them to do so, which is much the same thing?

For the British Empire gold still has importance in relation to the war effort in so far as it is a means of payment for purchases in this country that are not covered by the Lend-Lease Act and for an excess of imports from Latin America. In Australia, however, the gold-mining industry is being fairly rapidly closed down, since in the present emergency neither labor nor materials can be spared for it. But in Canada and South Africa it is going full blast, and it is natural enough for our mining operators to raise the question of equal treatment. So far as Canada is concerned, it should not be impossible to arrange that its gold mines be gradually closed down provided that special steps were taken to enable it to meet its bills in this country. The labor that would be displaced could easily be absorbed by base-metal mines and war industries. South Africa, however, is a different proposition, for it is a country whose whole economic life is built around the huge mines strung along the Witwatersrand Reef. Their closure would bankrupt the government, which draws a large part of its revenue from the mines, put half the population out of work, and precipitate a political crisis with dangerous consequences for the United Nations as a whole. The question of South Africa's gold in relation to the war deserves more than summary treatment, and I shall return to it in my next article.

In the Wind

SHORT-WAVE BROADCASTS to Europe have now become so numerous that often two stations are sending talks to the same country at the same time. Since listening to American broadcasts involves heavy risks in fascist and occupied countries, it has been suggested that the radio companies cooperate on time schedules. One proposal was that every broadcast give the time and wave length of other programs for its group of listeners. A major network vetoed the idea because of a standing policy never to mention its competitors.

FIRST-AID CLASSES for Negroes are now being held in the Imperial Palace of the Ku Klux Klan in Atlanta. "We are glad to do anything we can for this country," said James Arnold Colescott, Imperial Wizard.

A UNITED PRESS story on April 6 told of the State Department's negotiations with Vichy for the purchase of some sugar stocks in French West Indian possessions. "State Department officials," ran the report as published in the Baton Rouge, Louisiana, *State Times*, "said the negotiations have a threefold purpose: (1) to supplement depleted stocks in this country; (2) to ease the severe economic plight of the people in those islands; and (3) *to demonstrate further collaboration with the Axis.*"

A PUBLICATION of the Spanish Library of Information, Franco's propaganda bureau, which still functions here, announces that expenditures by Phalangist organizations were 46 per cent greater in 1941 than in 1940.

FROM a New York *Times* dispatch from India on the recent negotiations: "On leaving the meeting, Mr. Azad [president of the Congress] is reported to have made what is regarded as an optimistic reflection: 'At this stage it is better not to speculate too much because one can say neither yes nor no.' "

AN ARTICLE on American Foxhunting in *Country Life* tells why that sport should be continued in war time. It should go on, the article says, "not merely for the purpose of maintaining civilian morale today, but even more as a measure of fair dealing with generations to come. . . ."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Hitler's Latin American Front

THE NAZI UNDERGROUND IN SOUTH AMERICA. By Hugo Fernández Artucio. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

TO THIS reviewer, who knows South America only from the books of men like John Gunther, Carleton Beals, and Hubert Herring but who has had some first-hand acquaintance with Hitler's technique of conquest, this is a revealing book. It is also a frightening book, for Professor Artucio, one of the purest and bravest democrats in South America and a Nazi-hater of the highest order, confirms as fact much of what in Berlin we used to think was merely the inflated boasting of the brown-shirted world conquerors.

The real architects of Nazi strategy for the conquest of South America—such as Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, boss of the Foreign Organization of the Nazi Party, and General Faupel, Hitler's able expert on Latin America (Artucio reminds us that Faupel was once a professor in the Argentine Military Academy and later technical adviser to the Brazilian and Peruvian armies)—were much too clever ever to reveal their designs. But the lesser Nazi fry who worked under them occasionally did. They used to tell us that they could take South America any time they wished. They said they had the organization, the men, and the arms. Most of us correspondents, I confess, dismissed such talk as drivel. But here comes a young man who probably has done more than any other South American to expose the Nazi designs on Latin America to warn us that such talk was not drivel at all. He presents an avalanche of evidence to show that Hitler already is waging an undeclared war in South America, and that this war is being conducted with fearful efficiency.

Professor Artucio is not hysterical about it. He frankly admits that Hitler is not the only villain of the piece. The social, economic, psychological, and moral state of South America provides, he concedes, fertile soil for Hitler's barbarian doctrines. "Democracy in Latin America," he laments, "has not been very deep-rooted or very sincere," and he fairly scorches the machinations of the unprincipled *criollo* politicians and their "unbridled tyrannies," which have made it so easy for the Nazis to prepare for *der Tag*. The mere liquidation of the Hitler movement in South America, he acknowledges, will not solve the great problems facing the southern continent. However, in this book he confines himself to exposing that movement and pointing out its dangers.

The extent of the Nazi *Bewegung* in South America as outlined by Artucio will shock many American readers. The 900,000 Germans in Brazil were organized as tightly and as ruthlessly by the Nazis as in any *Gau* in Germany. Fortunately, since the publication of this book Brazil has broken off relations with the Axis, and several hundred of the top Nazi agents have been arrested. Artucio gives a first-hand account of the Nazi plot organized by Arnulf Fuhrmann to seize Uruguay and convert it into an agricultural colony of the Third Reich. It was nipped in the bud on June 19, 1940, by energetic action on the part of the government, which seems to have been encouraged by the timely arrival of two American cruisers in Montevideo harbor on a "good-will" mission. But it took almost superhuman efforts by the author—he broadcast every day for six months on the subject—and a handful of his colleagues to awaken the Uruguayan government to what was up.

It is, however, in Argentina and Chile, and especially in that vast wilderness which comprises the southern part of those two countries, that Artucio believes the Nazi threat is the most dangerous. Buenos Aires, he says, is today the general headquarters of the Nazi High Command for South America. In the Argentine capital alone the German Nazi Party has 30,000 members and 400 regular meeting places. A Congressional investigating committee found that in eleven months in 1940 the German embassy in Buenos Aires distributed in Argentina 1,245,313 pieces of mail weighing 56,765 pounds. From January 1 to August 14, 1941, the figure was 1,305,656 pieces of mail weighing 58,231 pounds. It was all Nazi propaganda. In fact, Artucio finds that throughout Latin America it is from the German embassies, legations, and consulates that the Nazi schemes are hatched, organized, and directed.

One gathers from this book that few people even in South America know anything about the wild and sparsely populated area in southern Argentina—twice as large as pre-Munich Germany—known as Patagonia. Barely 200,000 people inhabit this immense and fabulously wealthy region, and half of them are foreigners. And it is here and in neighboring southern Chile, the author tells us—it will be news to many *norteamericanos*—that Hitler plans one of his most ambitious projects, a totalitarian United States of the South. Already a Nazi-inspired separatist movement in the region has made progress.

But if the Nazi threat is greatest there, Artucio does not offer much comfort when he looks into Chile proper, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia. In each of these countries the Hitlerites are well organized—the author gives you the names of the *Landeskriesleiter*, the *Ortsgruppenleiter*, and so on—and usually they control the press and radio. In Colombia, the most cultured of the South American republics, the activities of the Nazis were concentrated on a military plan to attack the Panama Canal. Countless airfields for German bombers were laid out by German commercial aviation companies. One of the small lines, Arco, was discovered to have constructed since the beginning of the war no fewer than twenty-six landing fields in Colombia within easy bombing range of the canal. The German companies have now been forced out of business by the Colombian government. But Artucio still feels that Colombia could be more alert.

If the author of this book continues his good work, perhaps many others, including the governments of Argentina, Chile, and Peru will really wake up to the little fact that if you open your door to Hitler he will take over your house.

WILLIAM L. SHIRER

After October

THE NEW DAY. By Jules Romains. ("Men of Good Will," Vol. X, Book XIX, Promise of Dawn; Book XX, The World Is Your Adventure.) Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE year 1922: post-war disillusionment and nervous fatigue; a Thermidorian period; an enfeebled organism seeking recuperation through feverish pleasure. The past is tragic, the future impenetrable, the present futile. In that sultry murk there rises a gleam in the east. Not a clear light, not the certain promise of dawn: it may be a brief conflagration that will leave the night more hopelessly dark; it may be the final angry twilight of our world; but it may also be the new day. All faces, even those that are wilfully averted, are illumined by that strange glow—profiteers, politicians, journalists, teachers, and those craftsmen of the old school who are still devoted to honest work and the ideals of Michelet. Throughout Book XIX in the "Men of Good Will" cycle the Russian Revolution is the distant invisible protagonist. In this, at any rate, Jules Romains has achieved his purpose: to give us the epic of European civilization through the lives of average men.

In Book XX Jallez and his jolly colleague, the English journalist Bartlett, go to Russia. What they find is not the magic glow of hope but an atmosphere of distress and oppressive anguish. Remember the date: the formidable effort of the civil war is over, the joyous work of reconstruction has not begun. Russia, still an Ishmael among the nations, is utterly ruined, and devastated by famine. No wonder the air is heavy with intolerable misery, with sullen universal distrust. Jallez compares the achievements of the czars, who made Odessa an imperial city of noble vistas and palaces, with the squalor of the new regime. He sees nothing beyond this discouraging hour. We know Jallez by this time; he is the pretentious bourgeois intellectual, proud of his neat style, his elegant clothes, his good manners. He has just been enjoying an *adultère de luxe* in the congenial setting of the Riviera, scrupulously in accord with the Paul Bourget-Allory tradition. He is ripe for *Le Figaro, "journal des élites."* Jerphanion, the sturdier twin, also goes to Russia, as the secretary of Bouitton, a fat, kindly, open-minded statesman who closely resembles Edouard Herriot. Jules Romains is too honest a historian to give them the opinions they probably held ten years later. At any rate, they seek to understand.

The tenth volume is well up to the average of this interminable chronicle. It lacks the undeniable greatness of "Verdun"; it rises far above the insipid sophistications of "Aftermath." Everything that Jules Romains writes can be read with self-respecting pleasure; his unfailing competence makes him an eminently safe writer. But "the promise of the dawn" that we once hailed so eagerly, the hope that, with a fresh technique, there might be revealed to us a new Titan, a Balzac, a Tolstoy, even a Zola—that elusive gleam has faded long ago. In style and thought this immensely elongated creature is decidedly pedestrian. A few times we had a revival of faith: "At last, it is about to grow wings, and soar"; but it only acquired another pair of legs.

Even in these tragic times I could still appreciate a tale of ardent physical passion, but I have no stomach for tepid sensuality. I am not in the least interested in the fact that the blameless Clanricard was duly cuckolded by Laulerque, or that Elizabeth met Jallez at the Yorkshire Bar. I could forgive all these characters for being so mediocre if only they were alive, even as modestly alive as the heroes of Duhamel or those of old Romain Rolland. It would be cruel to evoke Marcel Proust; but the longer I drift with "Men of Good Will," the better I appreciate "Jean-Christophe."

The persistent admirers of Jules Romains defend his amorphous technique on the plea that "life is like that." No, it only seems like that to those who lack organizing power. We are tired of muddling through somehow, in literature as well as in politics. It is a dangerous fallacy that art should yield to confusion in an age of confusion—a fallacy shared in various degrees by men as different, and as great, as Whitman, T. S. Eliot, and Thomas Wolfe. The nature of art is to conquer confusion; in the very act of depicting, it defines. If I want confusion undefiled, my daily newspaper is at hand.

ALBERT GUERARD

Roots of the Conflict

THE MAKING OF TOMORROW. By Raoul de Roussy de Sales. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE title of this profound book is not altogether apt, for the book is weakest when dealing with "tomorrow." In estimating future prospects the author's critical intelligence betrays him into a skepticism that is unable to sustain his faith in any of the visions of a better world in which he would like to believe. It is most valuable in its searching analysis of the historical roots and the present problems of the world catastrophe.

Roussy de Sales, a French journalist resident in America since 1925, is a passionate devotee of the democratic cause and a profound student of contemporary history. He sees the conflict between democracy and tyranny against the background of the conflicting forces of nationalism and collectivism, and traces the complications which they introduce into the struggle. He rightly regards the tendency toward collectivism as inevitable in a technical society; but he is as critical of the abstract collectivism and universalism of Marxism as of the vain effort of the capitalists to preserve "free enterprise" against the logic of history. He is certain that the potency of nationalism in our period has refuted the Marxist slogan "Workers of the world unite," that the Socialists really lost faith in the slogan before the First World War, and that Stalin's national policy leaves Communist internationalism in a sorry predicament. The capitalists, on the other hand, are frequently tempted by their fear of the extension of collectivist principles through the pressure of war to betray the democratic cause. This betrayal could be made plausible, for "since the present world conflict is taking place in several dimensions it is always possible for a particular group to justify betrayal by stepping from one dimension into another." The similarity between the policies of the Chamberlains of Britain, the Daladiers of France, and the Roosevelt-haters of this country is convincingly portrayed. De Sales thinks that the Nazi strategy of harnessing technological knowledge, industrial plant, and labor to maximum capacity is vitiated only by its purpose of destruction. It was bound to win over conservatives and radicals who fought each other and the Nazis "without realizing that they had nothing but antiquated weapons to fight with."

One might raise the question whether the problem of collectivism and democracy is not more difficult than this analysis suggests. Nazi collectivism, and Russian collectivism for that matter, has more serious defects than merely the destructive purposes of the former. However erroneous the identification of democracy with "free enterprise," and however pathetic the temptation of the proponents of free enterprise to betray democracy, the problem of maintaining essential freedom in a state powerful enough to bring the economic process under its control remains a vexing one.

The weakness of the democracies is not attributed solely to the internal conflict within each nation. De Sales understands the impulse of irresponsibility in modern nations, particularly in America, and wonders whether we have really permanently overcome our isolationism. He attributes democratic weakness in part to the illusions which arise in a stable civilization and expose it to the thrust of a vigorous barbarism. "The French," he declares, "were part of a world which actually believed that the oldest dream of classical civilization, the elimination of war, had come to pass, a world which had come to deny what it feared the most and trusted in the mere virtue of denial to abolish the danger."

De Sales's skepticism, which is natural enough in so critical an intelligence, reveals itself variously. Though he knows that unless Germany is related creatively to a new European organization there can be no real health in Europe, he nevertheless inclines to Vansittart's thesis of the congenital political defects of German life. "Hitler . . . is the final product of a very long Teutonic will to rebel against the rule of the West." Thus his hopes of a New Europe are of the slightest. Here perhaps French bias is mixed with faint-heartedness.

More interesting is the fact that though he places his whole faith for the future of democracy in America, he has no real faith in the spiritual basis of American politics. He believes, I think rightly, that the idea of progress and the idea of the natural goodness of man are inadequate presuppositions for realistic democratic politics. But here he makes his only serious miscalculation of American social and political history. He thinks our American democracy has the same optimistic basis as French democracy. This is not quite correct. Let him read the papers of James Madison. Rousseau had less influence upon our thought than he imagines. We have, indeed, gone through fatuous decades recently. We have not understood the sorry and sometimes tragic realities of the struggle for political justice; and we were consequently not prepared for the rise of the monstrous perils of our epoch. But our tradition is sounder than he supposes.

At any rate his hopes are rather lame. Despite his effort to see the world of "tomorrow" hopefully, he retires behind a kind of spiritual Maginot Line and is content to save civilization from barbarism. We may forgive him this final lapse, however, since his superb analysis suggests what our own experience tends to prove; namely, that we cannot save civilization from barbarism at all if in the process of saving it we do not move forward, in terms of domestic and foreign

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RANDOM HOUSE

politics, to new forms and responsibilities more compatible with the realities of a technical age.

In thinking of the future we may well remember that "if hopes are dupes, fears may be liars." We shall not have a Utopia after the war. But we can be reasonably certain that the adjustments in our political thought and our economic life which are required to win the war will also be important in reconstructing the world.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

No Parole

NEVER COME MORNING. By Nelson Algren. Introduction by Richard Wright. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

NELSON ALGREN'S background, subject matter, and method of utmost realism identify him closely with the Chicago school of novelists. He shares their qualities of toughness and dreariness, as well as their compulsive feeling for low-life phenomena; and in one respect at least he is more extreme than they are. Farrell, for instance, deals with people who still have some kind of stake in organized living, whereas Algren scrapes the bottom of the social barrel to get hold of his characters. They are *Lumpen* proletarians all—a hopeless, sodden mass of human beings, forever mutilated, forever damned, in jail or out "doing time on a bum rap, with no parole."

This new novel shows somewhat more clearly even than his first work, "Somebody in Boots," that Algren has achieved a remarkably integrated approach to his theme. He neither exploits it for purposes of sensationalism nor impounds it politically in the manner of the left-wing novelists of the past decade. The impulsion behind his portrayal of sordid scenes and brutal lives seems purer and more sensitive to the possibilities of literary control. His concern with such things stems from his personal experience, and he has succeeded in turning this experience into a forceful thematic equivalent of his way of feeling and grasping the world. In this sense Richard Wright's introductory note, in which so much is heatedly said about sociological implications, strikes me as quite beside the point. These implications are all in the book, to be sure, but they are hardly the source of its value; they are much too obvious for that and nowadays a drug on the market anyhow. Its value lies, rather, in its utter sincerity and psychological truth. It is a novel about depressed people by a depressed man, and it is most convincing in its complete unity of action, mood, and form.

Its protagonist is a petty gangster and pugilist by the name of Bruno (Lefty) Bicek, an eighteen-year-old boy of Chicago's Polish colony on the northwest side. Lefty is formed by the harsh lot of his immigrant family and by the city folklore of tabloid fame and violence. His code is to play straight with his gang, even at the cost of perverting his girl, Steffi, and forcing her to enter a brothel. "To be regular was all he had ever been schooled to accomplish. Beyond being regular there was nothing expected of a man." Dreaming of becoming a champion, of seeing his name in the headlines, he in the meantime plunges deeper and deeper into a career of aimless crime; and his end comes soon enough, when he is arrested for murder after his first real triumph in the ring. Involved in this story and later running parallel to it is the story of Steffi, the description of whose life at Mama Tomek's house is in its way quite as sharp-sighted and precise as the brothel scenes in Faulkner's "Sanctuary."

The whole narrative is pervaded by a feeling of loss rather than of bitterness or horror. And Algren's realism is so paced as to avoid the tedium of the naturalistic stereotype, of the literal copying of surfaces. He knows how to select, how to employ factual details without letting himself be swamped by them, and, finally, how to put the slang his characters speak to creative uses so that it ceases to be an element of mere documentation and turns into an element of style.
PHILIP RAHV

Russian Resistance: 1812, 1942

NAPOLEON'S INVASION OF RUSSIA, 1812. By Eugene Tarlé. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

ARE historical events really repeated on a higher winding of a spiral line, as Goethe told us? If they are, the future suggested by the parallel between Napoleon's and Hitler's invasion of Russia would appear hopeful. Eugene Tarlé's book, written before this war began, presents a psychological parallel which seems to be of even greater importance than the superficial similarity of events.

It is still a current belief that General Cold and General Frost destroyed the Grand Army, but according to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" "it has been forgotten that the utter lack of marching discipline in the French army and not the Russian climate was responsible for the appalling disaster." From Tarlé's book it is evident that something else has been forgotten.

Scarcely a one of Napoleon's campaigns has inspired more books by historians and military authors than the Russian invasion. Caulaincourt's contemporary account and Marquis Chambray's monumental work seemed unsurpassable in their conscientious scrutiny of all details. Eugene Tarlé, in a masterful volume, demonstrates that the last word had not been said on a subject which is just now more intriguing than ever. He had access to a vast number of documents never before available—including letters of Czar Alexander, Kutuzov, the commander in chief, and Rostopchin, governor general of Moscow, and his conclusions reveal an entirely new aspect of the campaign.

Not cold and starvation but the Russian people defeated Napoleon—this is Tarlé's thesis. And he offers ample evidence to prove it. "Napoleon had gambled on terrorizing Russia," and he lost "because the Russian peasants treated the French as their ancestors had treated the Mongols." Napoleon did not even think of liberating the Russian serfs; he came not to break the old chains but "to add new chains to the old." That is why the war became national in every sense. From the end of September to the end of November, when Napoleon crossed the Berezina, the guerrillas rendered "great and indisputable services," just as they have done in the current war. Determined peasants helped to make a scorched-earth policy successful. Napoleon himself admitted, in exile, that at Borodino, where the Russians lost half their army, "the French showed themselves worthy of victory, and the Russians of being invincible." No doubt the

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morale of the Russian people could stand military defeats better than the French army could bear the setbacks at Tarutino or Krasnoye. According to the authors of the Decembrist generation the people indeed believed that by their heroic struggle they had "earned their freedom." They received instead a single line in the Czar's manifesto: "The peasants, our loyal people, will be recompensed by God."

Tarlé shows that now, as in 1812, it is the morale of the Russian people that enables them to offer successful resistance to the invader. Napoleon, like Hitler, could overrun but never conquer Russia. Napoleon was fully aware of his failure and from Moscow, where he was "besieged by an ocean of flames," sent one envoy after the other to Kutuzov to negotiate peace. His attempts came to nothing because the Russian nation, as Chernyshevsky wrote, had been "awakened by the glorious perils in 1812 to new life"—a new life which produced the Decembrists, Pushkin, Herzen, and other heralds of freedom. Tarlé's stress on the national character of the resistance has led one reviewer to make the unjustifiable assumption that the Russians intend to stop at the frontier after they have chased Hitler's armies from their soil. There was no reason for pursuing Napoleon's beaten army in 1812; there is a strong one for pursuing the Nazis.

Tarlé's book contains a detailed account of both the campaign and its political background and is delightful reading, for like most genuine scholars the author is an artist as well. Intensive research and vast knowledge have gone into it, but they never obtrude upon a narrative thrilling in itself and extremely well told.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

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Monster Modified

JOHN STEINBECK'S "The Moon Is Down" (Martin Beck Theater) gets nowhere with its novelty, which consists in the suggestion that a Nazi conqueror may be a man with heart and human memories after all. Its hero-villain, one Colonel Lanser who is played by Otto Kruger, is old enough to remember the other war and to know in his individual mind that this one cannot be won against the odds of universal hatred. Coming into a town, apparently Norwegian, which it has been his duty to invade, he encounters in the mayor (Ralph Morgan) and indeed in every citizen except the Quisling Côrell (E. J. Ballantine) the simple and unkillable courage his private experience had schooled him to expect. He knows before he arrives, for instance, what one of his lieutenants will go all but mad with learning, namely, that at the most his army has "conquered flypaper."

Mr. Steinbeck does of course make something of this novelty, and the play has its points of interest, one of these furnishing the somewhat ghastly spectacle of the Colonel proceeding to order executions not only of persons whom he respects and likes more than he does his own people but of persons whose deaths he is certain will do no military good. The spectacle is perhaps too ghastly, too inexpressible, to be of use in tragedy, which cannot afford to leave too much of its meaning unspoken. At any rate Mr. Steinbeck is unable in the writing to put his finger on the point of conflict which will yield him as dramatist the maximum effect of power. The entire town hates the invader, yes; but the invader is divided and obscure, so that, at what should be the climax, we have the Mayor walking out of his house to be shot as a hostage by one who is merely bored with shooting, not to say sick of slaughtering good friends. The Colonel so far agrees with the Mayor as to be one who can prompt him as he rehearses the farewell speech of Socrates; the conflict is not between them at all, any more than it is in the mind of the Colonel alone, which remains a mind that Mr. Steinbeck has not concretely or intensely imagined. The Colonel, in other words, is no more a man than is the customary monster of the anti-Nazi drama. He has been modified in idea only. The ingredient added has been added to what is still an abstraction. So with the Mayor, who is nothing whatever in addition to what he needs by formula to be; and so with all the others who assist in the working out of a humanely conceived but woodenly written play.

The wood is partly in the dialogue, which rarely sounds natural or is spoken with the peculiar personal emphasis we can miss so much when it is not there. This is probably the reason that so many commentators have been free to discuss the tendency or moral of the play; to wonder, for example, whether Mr. Steinbeck has done well to suggest that all a conquered country has to do is wait until the conqueror remembers his humanity. It does not matter that much. Were the play better than it is, we should simply believe it; were it worse than it is, its effect would not matter at all. Just as it is, it seems to me to prove nothing either about its own characters, whom I do not believe, or about Norway in 1942, which it leaves hypothetical and remote.

MARK VAN DOREN

[*Mr. Krutch will resume his regular column next week.*]

IN BRIEF

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THE PLAIN DEALER: 1842-1942. One Hundred Years in Cleveland. By Archer H. Shaw. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

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Time and the Physician: The Autobiography of Lewellys F. Barker. Putnam's. $3.50.

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The Strength of Nations. By George Soule. Macmillan. $2.50.

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Goethe and the Greeks. By Humphry Trevelyan. Macmillan. $3.75.

Verdi, the Man in His Letters. Edited and Selected by Franz Werfel and Paul Stefan. Fischer. $3.50.

MUSIC

STIEDRY ended the New Friends of Music orchestral series with a repetition of his orchestration of Bach's great "Art of Fugue"; but his other all-Bach program was devoted chiefly to the deadly dull contrapuntal exercises—except for the superb closing six-voiced Ricercare—of the "Musical Offering." This concert also offered the motet "Jesu, meine Freude," in which Stiedry conducted a chorus he might have used in a program of cantatas like the wonderful "Christ lag in Todesbanden" in Victor Set 120. So with the all-Mozart programs, which represented the New Friends' persistently undiscriminating search for the unfamiliar, its persistently erroneous notion that since the G minor Symphony K. 183, the Concerto K. 299 for flute and harp, the Overture in Italian style K. 318, and so on were written by the composer of the G minor Symphony K. 550, the Piano Concerto K. 453, the Violin Concerto K. 219, the Symphony K. 200, they are as interesting and worth playing. It is true that the New Friends must attempt to interest the public to a large extent with the music which the big orchestras leave unplayed; but this must be music which is worth the public's attention. It would have placed us in its debt by offering several more performances with Schnabel of those infrequently heard masterpieces, the piano concertos—K. 271, 450, 491, 595 this time—instead of only the one it did offer, K. 453. If financial reasons made this impossible we might have been given other infrequently heard masterpieces, albeit not by Mozart: the New Friends has repeated one or two of those marvelous Haydn symphonies that it resurrected three years ago; it might have repeated some of the others; it might have added some new ones. And it might have played some of the beautiful music it has left untouched—the music of Handel, Vivaldi, the superb Fantasias of Purcell which Lange performed with the Philharmonic-Symphony Chamber Orchestra several years ago.

In performance the high point of the series was reached with the playing of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 453—and this for reasons which I have discussed before, and which are important enough to be repeated. Conductors regard concertos not as part of the orchestral—or perhaps I should say the conductor's—repertory, but as display pieces for soloists; they do not decide to play a concerto and then engage a suitable artist for the solo part, but engage a soloist for his box-office appeal and choose one of the concertos in his repertory. That is why some of the greatest works of Mozart are almost never heard: the conductor has no interest in a work that shows off the soloist, and the soloist prefers to make a bigger noise with Beethoven or Brahms—to say nothing of Rachmaninoff. That is why, also, when they are heard they are not played as well as they could be: to mould contours and refine textures in the orchestral part, to achieve integration of style, phrasing, execution in the interplay of orchestra and piano—these require the care and time that a conductor is willing to give to "his" performance of a Mozart symphony, but not to a soloist's performance of a Mozart concerto. There are rare exceptions—Toscanini's performances of K. 466 and 467 with Iturbi, of K. 595 with Serkin, a few years ago; Barzin's performances of K. 595 with Schnabel, of K. 450 with Aitken, among others; Stiedry's performances with Schnabel. The mediocre performance of K. 482 by Schnabel with Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony last fall was the result of a mere hour's rehearsal; an entire two-and-a-half-hour orchestral rehearsal produced the marvelous performance of K. 453 by Schnabel with Stiedry and the New Friends Orchestra. Similar careful preparation was evident in the performance of the Violin Concerto K. 219, in which Szigeti's tone was disturbingly wiry in the first movement, but its restored sweetness and his superb phrasing produced a wonderful statement of the slow movement.

The orchestra's playing in these concertos testified to Stiedry's musical and technical accomplishments as a conductor; but in other performances—of Mozart's G minor K. 550, of Bach's "Art of Fugue"—there was occasion to notice his tendency to break the easy flow in the orchestra's playing and in the music by suddenly pulling the orchestra back to a tempo just behind the one that had been established, or driving it to a tempo just ahead. The reasons why a guest conductor was engaged for one concert of this little series of five—and for the opening concert at that—were not apparent in the explosive dynamic contrasts and harsh sound of Szell's performances.

Victor's March set (869, $2.50) of Haydn's Quartet Op. 54 No. 1 has turned up, with a delightful work played by the Budapest Quartet of a few years back (Ipolyi instead of Kroyt) as this group alone seems able to play, and with the performance beautifully recorded (in England). My copy has a third side with a scraping surface; but you may be luckier.

I also have managed to hear the set (852, $3) of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 12 No. 3 for violin and piano—the uninteresting one of the Op. 12 group. Heifetz's playing is beautiful in sound and acceptable—that is, with fewer swells and wails than usual—in style; but either he or the recording director seems to have thought that even a mere accompanying violin figuration played by Heifetz is more interesting than the melody of the piano which it accompanies and, on these records, obscures.

Another set I have managed to hear is the one (873, $2.50) of Debussy's Sonata No. 2 for flute, viola, and harp. This work is one of the group that includes the Sonatas for violin and piano and cello and piano; it is of the same year (1915) as the Twelve Etudes for piano that Aitken played recently; and like these other late works it is an exercise of Debussyan style in a musical vacuum. The performance by Moyse, Merckel, and Laskine is excellent. In the DM set that I heard the label for side 1 was on side 2, and vice-versa.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

London Feels the Strain

[We print below excerpts from a letter recently received from London.]

. . . Many of us are very busy changing our views about Sir Stafford Cripps. I have always had a great regard for him and admired his independence even of his own party, but I now find some very Tory friends straining hard to adjust themselves. Everyone was greatly impressed by his broadcasts about Russia. They are building up a legend round him of course, but that probably has to be for the easier digestion of him. He did seem to bring with him a breath of the frightful struggle in Russia. We are really beginning to have to go without things, but he said of Russia, "There *aren't* any pots and pans," so total is the war effort.

I should have been very sorry if Churchill had been overthrown. Of course the last two years have been an incredible strain for him and it was time for other arrangements, which he has been elastic enough to make. In war nothing is justifiable but success.

Coal rationing has just come in for London. We are to have 112 pounds a week per house, which is rather little unless you have some in store, and there isn't much room for storing things here. We are just beginning to feel the effects of clothes rationing too. The sixty-six coupons buy very little, and if you had to start from scratch you would be very sparsely clad. You give up eighteen, for instance for a suit and eighteen for a coat. Shoes take six and anything woolen takes a lot. The stuff simply isn't here. There are also pretty grim forecasts for next winter. The Far East of course makes an immense difference to us as regards supplies. It will be hard on the very old and the young, but I don't think it matters much otherwise. It is useful to achieve a sense of proportion about material things.

If you are able to find a kettle that you can buy, it is a triumph for a year. Frying-pans can scarcely be come by and to break china or glass is a crime of the first order—especially when it is somebody else's stuff that is broken, for you can't replace it. If the laundry loses anything, you make a frightful hullabaloo, and in furnished rooms people are now asked to bring their own sheets. Soap is the burning question of the moment. People who live in a house of rooms and flats have to give up so much a month of their soap allowance to keep the main house going. That leaves you about six ounces a month, which I believe is generous compared with Switzerland or elsewhere.

The meat ration can still be made to last about three days a week if you are careful. There is a sort of unrationed border line in horse meat, which the refugee continentals eat a good deal, and—I regret to say—cat meat! I went to get some cat meat the other day for a tabby that looks disgracefully sleek, and a woman in the queue said brightly, "And I gave my husband a lovely stew of it—you wouldn't believe!" But until bread is rationed, as I suspect it must be before too long, I don't think we do badly, and it is extraordinary how soon you adapt yourself to almost anything. If I seem to give the impression that things are hard, that is wrong. They are only more difficult than they were two months ago.

One of the main troubles about the war is the way it puts many necessary things into the background. Housing, for instance. If you came to London now, you would get a shock. Not so much perhaps because of the shattered buildings, which have been tidied up and almost have the respectability of ruins, but because all the railings are gone. This is a tremendous improvement in the parks and gardens, but in the streets it has been very badly done, and all the curbs round the areas look ruined and untidy. London still has a wall eye. Windows are blocked up or have substitute glass. The Civil Service Stores have a whole façade of different patterned linoleums to replace the shattered windows. Our own house hasn't a sound door or window, which makes it very drafty, but we are well off compared with most. Smith Square, which had lovely Georgian houses, looks shattered, especially as the Church of St. John the Divine was gutted. The church was always called the dining-room table because it had four fat towers in the air, like legs. It once had a very lazy parson who wrote of himself, "Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew"; so it was a church with a rather ribald character. But now this has turned completely to pathos—as though the funny man had been made to cry. M. H.

Not "Poor White" but Poor

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on the poll tax printed on March 21 stated that the tax disfranchises the "poor white" and the Negro. To most persons "poor white" means the white tenant farmer, the man who gets his living from land of miserable quality. Outside this classification, however, is a vast reservoir of potential voters who are also disfranchised by the poll tax, and it is to these that I should like to call your attention.

The South is peppered with small businesses. There are a great number of laundries, myriads of corner groceries, innumerable saw mills, cotton gins, tiny lumber yards, coal yards, coke furnaces, mattress factories, paper mills, marble works, potteries, and so on. Each employs from one to twenty or in some cases a hundred or more individuals—bookkeepers, checkers, and other white-collar workers, as well as what we call common labor. Again in the cities and towns Woolworth, Kress, department stores, chain stores, and the like employ countless clerks, drivers, office help, window dressers, sweepers.

These people do not fall into the classification of "poor white," though of course they are poor; the wages everywhere are low. Can they pay poll taxes? Take my neighbor, a man of forty, a floor manager in a middle-sized department store. Twenty years ago when he reached voting age he got a job. Like thousands of others he did not realize the importance of voting. The years slipped by. Now he is faced with an accumulation of back poll taxes of $40 if he wants to vote. If his wife wanted to, and incidentally she does, it would take another $40. His salary won't permit such an expenditure. He is disfranchised. But he is infinitely better off than the little girl across the street behind the counter in Woolworth's five and ten. She can't ever manage to take $2 out of her week's earnings to pay the tax.

I believe that if the Southern politicians had the choice of giving the vote to the "poor white" and the Negro or to these other disfranchised, they would unhesitatingly give it to the former group, which is made up of people so sunk in prejudice (poor white) or so scared (Negro) that their votes could easily be controlled. The other group would vote for progressive measures, and the control of the minority would be ended. In short, the poll tax has its most injurious effect in preventing the growth of political consciousness and action among a group that could provide a broad base to free the whole South, including the "poor white" and the Negro.

EDWARD A. STILES

Montgomery, Ala., April 2

Pressure Groups vs. Design

Dear Sirs: Eleanor Roosevelt has voiced concern lest the returning soldiers after the war constitute a dangerous pressure group if their domestic interests have not been sufficiently safeguarded. Why worry about *possible* pressure groups when those long in existence made this war inevitable by refusing to permit necessary adaptations to change in the field of their vested interests? Is anyone taking any steps to remove this primary cause of war?

American pressure groups are still, unchallenged, forcing our principal government agencies to resist changes that cried out to be made a generation ago. Great care is being taken to avoid more than superficial thinking about what we shall face the moment peace comes. We continue to count on a huge public-works program to take up post-war slack.

The great problem of our generation is: how shall we change the handicraft-aristocratic-scarcity tastes of medieval origin so that design may be encouraged *now* to create great new peacetime uses for the factories, the machines, the mechanical skills essential to national survival in a world more willing to commit suicide than to use its imagination? Sir Stafford Cripps rightly says, "The failures of England and the United States have been failures flowing from the lack of imagination." Which is merely another way of saying that politically powerful pressure groups have an abundance of hindsight but will throttle anyone with foresight.

If Henry Ford had paid heed to pressure groups, he would have attempted to solve the problem of cheap mass transportation by breeding faster horses and building cheaper buggies. Instead, he did a lot of thinking over a drafting board. He reduced pretty theories to three dimensions. Yet this is the one formula we doggedly refuse to follow. We prefer to pamper our own pressure groups and hide the consequent failure and folly under a smoke screen of noble rhetoric!

CORWIN WILLSON

Flint, Mich., April 8

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"I Like Poetry but . . ."

Dear Sirs: In his discussion of modern poetry in a recent *Nation* Randall Jarrell committed the fundamental error of accepting "modernist" gibberish as poetry. His hypothetical reader, if discriminating, would say, "I like poetry, but I do not like the infantile and meaningless cacophony that is the modern substitute for poetry."

If the function of the artist is to share with others his emotional response to his discovery of a pattern or a significance in the world, his fulfilment of that function is in direct proportion to the ease, directness, and clarity with which his work conveys the form and color of that response. The modernist seems to be preoccupied with his own emotional indigestion and therefore to have little to say that is worth saying. Furthermore, the means he employs are the reverse of direct and clear. He abhors the accepted meanings and orders of words, and sometimes assumes that one becomes a poet by abandoning punctuation.

The same attempt to substitute perverted "originality" and neurotic sensationalism for sanity and beauty is evident in the musical sphere and in that of the plastic and graphic arts. Modern "music," modern sculpture, and modern painting alike have sunk to the childish anarchism of the jungle that is the home of their primitive counterparts.

PAUL R. BIRGE

Silver Spring, Md., March 20

For Browder's Release

Dear Sirs: If we are to win this war and thus preserve our democratic way of life, every genuine anti-fascist, regardless of his politics, must be given a chance to contribute to the war effort. Earl Browder is the most powerful single anti-fascist fighter in this country, and his continued imprisonment is a mark of our lack of unity and understanding of the war issue.

CLARENCE C. GREEN

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 25

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The Shape of Things

THE NEWS OF ALLIED BOMBS FALLING ON Japan, following closely on the extremely efficient raids on the Philippines, has had a tonic effect on the United Nations. For once their power has been shown to be actual and present rather than merely potential. And the mystery, so far undispelled, of where the raiders came from and where they landed seems to have created confusion in Tokyo. The contradictory Japanese broadcasts that have been coming in ever since are no doubt partly designed to elicit information; but they also indicate a surprise and consternation which are hardly consistent with the continuing Japanese statements that the damage was extremely slight and was confined, Allied deviltry being what it is, to "grammar schools, hospitals, and cultural establishments." The first reports spoke of sixty planes, of which nine were shot down. The latest stories say that there were ten American planes, and for the first time speak of three airplane carriers having been seen off the coast of Japan just before the raids. It is quite possible that the planes took off from carriers, bombed the four Japanese cities, and landed in China. Eventually no doubt, we shall have the whole story from Allied sources. Meanwhile our favorite Japanese comment on the raids is the one which described them as "just another Yankee joke and propaganda stunt for home consumption in America." The laughter in Tokyo strikes us as a little hysterical, but the chuckling in Chungking is entirely authentic.

*

APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL MACARTHUR to the newly established post of Commander-in-Chief in the Southwest Pacific, with instructions from the United Nations to "prepare to take the offensive against Japan," is an important milepost in the Pacific war. The forces under MacArthur have already seized the offensive to a considerable extent. The spectacular raid against the Philippines made by American bombers under the command of Brigadier General Ralph Royce appears to have done a good deal of damage to Japanese shipping, docks, and defense installations, and to have had a heartening effect on the American and Filipino defenders of Corregidor. Perhaps the most encouraging feature of the raid was the precision with which it was planned and carried out. The Japanese were not only taken completely by surprise but apparently are still uncertain about the location of the secret bases used. Nearer to their main base, American and Australian bombers have maintained constant offensive operations against the Japanese at Rabaul and at Kupang on the Dutch portion of Timor. The success of these attacks has greatly reduced the immediate danger of a Japanese drive against Australia. The initiative has passed to MacArthur, and there is every reason to believe he knows how to use it.

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TWO OF THE COUNTRY'S LARGEST STEEL companies, Carnegie-Illinois and Jones and Laughlin, have been accused by the War Production Board of "repeated, deliberate violations of priority regulations." The charges are concrete and specific. The Jones and Laughlin Company is charged with making large quantities of tubing and drill pipe for the oil industry in direct violation of a WPB order and with distributing its products to civilian users having no preference rating whatever. Carnegie-Illinois is accused of publishing a manual for its employees setting up delivery schedules which ignored the government priority ratings. The seriousness of these charges can hardly be exaggerated. As a direct result of its resistance to the government's expansion plans of a year and a half ago, the steel industry has become one of the chief bottlenecks of the entire war-production program. If it is established that two of the principal steel producers have deliberately held up war production in order to fill orders for their civilian customers, the government would be amply justified in taking over plants belonging to these companies. J. L. Perry, president of Carnegie-Illinois, and H. E. Lewis, president of Jones and Laughlin, deny the WPB's accusations, but Mr. Lewis, in his denial, gives indirect support to the charge by admitting that more than 5 per cent of his company's shipments in March bore no priority rating. Yet all the steel companies have huge backlogs of unfilled, high-priority orders.

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MUCH AS WE DETEST FATHER COUGHLIN and *Social Justice*, we prefer to see them both put out of circulation by full court proceedings rather than by Administrative action. On the basis of the magazine's recent contents those responsible for it appear no less open than Pelley to the charge of "making and distributing false statements intended to interfere with the success of the military and naval forces of the United States and intended to promote the success of our enemies." We therefore welcome Attorney General Biddle's announcement that *Social Justice*, its direction, ownership, and finance, is to be studied by the special federal grand jury now investigating Nazi propaganda and seditious influences. This will give Coughlin a chance to tell all, since he has now emerged from behind the camouflage provided by his parents, the nominal owners of *Social Justice*, and accepted full responsibility for the editorial policy of the magazine. By so doing he disavows his own positive declaration to Archbishop Mooney of Detroit that after May 27, 1940, he would not be in any way responsible for the publication. No doubt the grand jury will be interested in his explanation of this somersault. We hope, too, that the orator of Royal Oak will be asked why that old contributor to *Social Justice*—Dr. Goebbels—should have rushed so promptly to his defense. Our own explanation of this embarrassingly public acknowledgment of the Axis's indebtedness to Coughlin is that it constitutes recognition of the end of his usefulness in the United States. But some value can still be squeezed out of him by his presentation as a martyr to Roosevelt's "gangster methods" in broadcasts designed for Ireland and other Catholic countries.

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ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, IN A SPEECH LAST week to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, pointed out that there are "minority elements of the American press which are actively influencing American opinion in directions which lead not to victory . . . but to defeat." It was not, he said, the responsibility of the government to crack down on such publishers, who contrive just to keep within the law. But, he suggested, it was the responsibility and duty of "the loyal and honest press to hunt out and expose by every instrument of truth the skulkers in the journalistic ambush." This emphatically is a job which the leading daily journals of the country, even those whole-heartedly supporting the war effort, are not doing. There was a time when newspapers did not hesitate to attack each other on issues of principle. Even as recently as the last war the New York *Tribune* waged a bitter campaign against "Coiled in the Flag, HEAR-S-S-S-T." But nowadays there seems to be a gentlemen's agreement in the publishing field that "dog doesn't eat dog." The New York *Herald Tribune* has, it is true, published at least one strong editorial criticism of the divisive press, naming names, but this is an honorable exception. And even the *Herald Tribune* refused to print an impressive full-page advertisement issued by the Friends of Democracy which castigates the behavior of Hearst, McCormick, and Patterson, asking them, "And what do you call 'aiding the enemy,' Gentlemen?" The New York *Times* applied a similar censorship, but the advertisement has appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which deserves praise for its patriotism. We hope other great newspapers will now reconsider their attitude. Their readers have a right to know which forces are undermining our war effort and what reputable and representative organizations think about their policy.

THE REPORT ON THE NORMANDIE DISASTER is a shocking commentary on the lack of coordination and effective organization in the navy. At the time of the fire at least sixteen federal, state, and local government agencies were exercising some jurisdiction over the ship; but no individual or agency had real authority. The commandant had never been on board the Normandie and "did not consider himself in charge of the situation or to be the responsible naval officer present. He had considered the ship to be in charge of the district material officer and the fire to be in charge of the Fire Department." But the district material officer believed himself to be acting solely in an advisory capacity. The lieutenant in charge of the Coast Guard unit looked to orders from the captain of the port. The captain of the port "considered the commandant in command." The effect of this division in responsibility can also be seen in the inadequate precautions that were taken against fire or sabotage. The Coast Guard was supposedly responsible for the protection of the ship. But the Coast Guard fire watch had not been told that the city fire-alarm box had been removed. The hose lines first brought to the scene could not be connected because the Coast Guard had not been informed of the change from French to American fixtures. Essentially the faults were the same as those revealed in the Pearl Harbor investigation; only in this case the lack of coordination was even more flagrant. We have no easy solution to offer. The root of the difficulty may be found in the peace-time bureaucracy still controlling the armed forces. A rigorous overhauling is obviously called for.

* * *

BY ANOTHER VOTE OF EIGHT TO FOUR, WITH the representatives of the public and labor lined up against the employer representatives, the National War Labor Board has ordered the International Harvester Company to accept a maintenance-of-membership provision in its union contract if a majority of union members in each of eight plants favor such a provision in a secret referendum. At a press conference William H. Davis, chairman of the board, stated that if any union member desired to drop out of the union before the referendum was held he could do so subject to the union constitutions. Roger D. Lapham, who wrote the dissenting opinion for the employers, said that the majority decision meant that a minority of 1,400 in a plant of 3,000 workers would be bound to remain in the union, even if they opposed the provision, assuming that 1,600 favored it. If, as Mr. Davis asserts, those who do not wish to remain in the union may drop out before the elections, the employers' concern lest workers be imprisoned in unions seems over great. As for the flaming assertion of the National Association of Manufacturers that maintenance of membership is only a sweeter name for the closed shop and that it amounts to a dictatorship over the American worker, we may be forgiven for suspecting that the N. A. M. is motivated by something besides devotion to workers' rights. The N. A. M. knows the difference—and it is enormous—between the closed shop and maintenance of membership; but the N. A. M. is not interested in being fair to organized labor, only in smashing it.

* * *

THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT'S POSITION IN the four-year controversy over the value of the oil wells expropriated by the Cárdenas regime has been substantially upheld in the award handed down last week. The value of the properties was set at $23,995,991. It is, to be sure, a good deal higher than the Mexican valuation of $9,000,000, but the companies had demanded $200,000,000. And it is clear that the United States has agreed to Mexico's contention that the subsoil rights did not belong to the American companies but to the people of Mexico. The agreement is a sound one and should contribute materially to the strengthening of military and political cooperation between the two countries.

* * *

TWENTY MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH Falange, notorious for its pro-Axis activities throughout Latin America, have recently been granted American citizenship in Puerto Rico. Nearly all of the twenty are wealthy Spaniards; many of them are owners of large estates in Spain. Most, if not all, of them belong to the reactionary Casa de España in San Juan, headquarters of the Falange on the island. Many of them contributed large sums of money to Franco during the Spanish Civil War and are still contributing to the Auxilio Social, the Falange aid organization. In granting citizenship to this group United States District Judge Robert A. Cooper declared that he was "sure that he could not find cause why the applicants should not be granted the privilege of American citizenship," adding that he had "no doubt they would become loyal American citizens." Ironically enough, it was Judge Cooper who several years ago sentenced Dr. Albizu Campos and a group of other Puerto Rican nationalists to prison. Since Campos has come to symbolize the democratic aspirations of a considerable portion of the Puerto Rican population and the wealthy Falangists symbolize the most reactionary, anti-democratic influences on the island, Judge Cooper's action has proved anything but popular in Puerto Rico. No investigation appears to have been made to discover why this influential group of Falangists should choose this moment to seek the protection of American citizenship. In the Philippines members of the Falange actively aided the Japanese, for which they were honored with a special decoration by the Spanish Falange in Madrid. Possibly the FBI can find out what they are up to in Puerto Rico.

G. O. P. Looks Abroad

BY DILIGENT prodding, Wendell Willkie has forced the old Republican elephant to unwrap its ears from in front of its eyes and take a look around the world. As a result, it has lumberingly climbed off the fence where it has been sitting so long and so inelegantly, and parked itself definitely on the anti-isolationist side. Reestablished in his position as mahout, Mr. Willkie now has to get his mount actually moving in a forward direction.

This outcome of the Republican National Committee meeting in Chicago is all the more interesting because many political observers had thought that Mr. Willkie's influence was waning in the higher councils of the party and had expected that the resolution he offered for consideration would be quietly smothered. The isolationists in the party were cock-a-hoop over the Illinois primaries, from which Senator C. Wayland Brooks and Representative Stephen Day had emerged with triumphant majorities. Among the party tacticians there seemed to be a feeling that it would be worth while not to alienate the isolationist and anti-war vote, which, added to that of the regulars, might be sufficient to swing the fall elections. In the committee itself Willkie's pledged supporters were supposed to constitute only a small minority, and when, against their protests, all resolutions were referred to a small subcommittee, a thinly diluted compromise motion seemed almost inevitable.

The two principal resolutions under consideration were those drafted by Mr. Willkie and by Senator Taft. Both included a declaration of full support to the President in the prosecution of the war, but the terms of Willkie's resolution were wider in scope and far more full-blooded than those that contented the Senator. The former Presidential candidate wished to put his party on record in favor of a war waged without reservations and against any peace with the enemy except "peace with victory." This part of his resolution emerged from the subcommittee virtually intact. It can be regarded as a definite blow to any appeasement forces which linger within the Republican ranks.

The most important and boldest part of Mr. Willkie's resolution was that which attempted to establish basic principles for American policy after the war. He sought to commit his party "to undertake now and in the future whatever just and reasonable international responsibilities may be demanded in a modern world." This advance rejection of watertight nationalism in relation to America's role in peace and reconstruction was of course a direct blow at the isolationists, who, if they have lost out on the war, hope still to win the peace with the brilliant success that the Republicans achieved in 1920. Moreover, it is a square hit on the principle of high protection which has been the outstanding article of Republican faith for over sixty years.

Under the circumstances it is more surprising that the essential meat of Mr. Willkie's resolution should have survived the culinary efforts of the subcommittee than that in the process it should have become somewhat less "rare." In the form in which it was unanimously adopted by the full National Committee the phrase "international responsibilities" disappeared, to be replaced by the statement: "We realize that after this war the responsibility of the nation will not be circumscribed within the territorial limits of the United States; that our nation has an obligation to assist in bringing about understanding, comity, and cooperation among the nations of the world."

Asked for comment, Senator Taft declared that "it was a great mistake for the National Committee to express any policy at all at this time on post-war action" but indicated also that he thought "the teeth of the Willkie proposal" had been drawn. Be that as it may, the passage of the resolution seems to us a clear indication that Mr. Willkie retains more influence than the Old Guard had supposed or hoped. His leadership has been given a new lease of life under conditions which suggest that his hold on the party will grow stronger in direct proportion to the extent to which he refuses to conform to the rigid and conventional pattern of Republicanism.

The Guthrie Case

THE Guthrie hearings before the Truman committee proved a disappointment. Enough evidence came out to indicate that Donald M. Nelson is still permitting entirely too much "business as usual" in the consumers'-durable-goods section of the War Production Board; it is on curtailment of these consumers' durables that we must chiefly rely for rapid expansion in war output. But this evidence often seemed to come out in spite of the Truman committee rather than through its efforts. The committee members spent too much time scraping and bowing before the dollar-a-year men and explaining that they were forced to ask embarrassing questions because Nelson had asked them to investigate the Guthrie case. The committee is understandably friendly to Nelson, but this friendship may get in the way of a forthright verdict in the case. For if the committee finds Guthrie's charges justified, it must criticize Nelson for having failed to give him a hearing and for permitting the conditions against which Guthrie protested. So far the committee's investigation of this case, in contrast to its usual public-spirited and courageous work, is noteworthy chiefly for its omissions. The record affords but a glimpse of the typewriter industry, which is making a half-million machines this year although it is one of

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the easiest to convert and is well adapted to make machine-guns. Little more has been done by the committee to probe into the scandalous delays in bringing full conversion of the construction industry to war purposes. The whole question of why dollar-a-year men are still permitted to make decisions affecting their own industries has been easily evaded by witnesses and inadequately pressed by the committee.

The fact is that from January 15, when Philip Reed of General Electric took over the Bureau of Industry Branches, until March 16, after Guthrie had resigned, curtailment orders had been issued in only six industries. The criticism which attended the Guthrie resignation seems to have stimulated the issuance of the forty orders that followed. In too many cases these orders were framed to suit the exigencies of industry rather than the needs of the emergency. A refrigerator manufacturer framed the order on refrigerators. A furniture manufacturer framed the order on furniture. Typewriter dollar-a-year men in the Army-Navy Munitions Board, as well as in the WPB, fought for, and succeeded in getting, continued production of typewriters. In this last case the supply services of War and Navy seem to have asked for more typewriters, while the ordnance and infantry sought immediate conversion of the industry to gun-making. The Truman committee could redeem itself and perform a public service by digging into the matter and giving us the details.

Laval Takes Over

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THOSE of us who have insisted, since the fall of France, that Pétain was a temporary Nazi expedient rather than an obstacle to Nazi aims must beware of taking too easy satisfaction in his downfall and in the imminent necessary end of American appeasement. It is true that much good may result from a clarification of Vichy's role. It is good that the United States government is being forced at last to abandon the pretense that it, not Hitler, was handling the strings attached to the puppet. It is good that our attempt to persuade the French people of our friendship while we snubbed their leaders and bribed and cozened their betrayers has at last collapsed; the end of equivocation is at least in sight.

But we should recognize that we have again been led to the point of action by our enemies, not by our own will. The accession of Laval to power was a minor Pearl Harbor; he burst in our faces like a bomb from a Japanese plane. Only a few weeks ago our Acting Secretary of State was publicly congratulating himself and the country on the latest eager assurances from Vichy that they were not going to yield an added inch to Hitler: the armistice terms were their final line of defense and there they would stand. But on the very day when the State Department's optimistic communiqué was issued, Pétain and Laval met at Randan near Vichy and undoubtedly laid the groundwork for the present deal. (Remember Kurusu?)

Now Mr. Welles is surprised and angry—as Chamberlain was after Prague, as Hull was after Pearl Harbor. The Vichy note rejecting our last note explaining our decision to send a consul to Brazzaville was a curt and nasty affair. It was drafted and released before Laval came to power. Just before. Then it was recalled and then again released, presumably by Laval's orders. If this note is an indication of the line of the new government, then a break is likely. On the other hand, several dispatches indicate that Laval is going to try for continued good relations with the United States. If he does, we may look for further moves aimed at stilling American apprehensions, such as Laval's unctuous deference to Pétain's painful indorsement of Laval. Then what will the State Department do? Is it not possible, in the light of the recent past, that our policy-makers may dream new dreams of dividing Laval from Pétain and of encouraging Darlan—the new Weygand—to pursue an independent course in regard to the fleet? After all, reputations have been staked on the success of appeasement; and it is hard to admit failure, even if you do it in the form of a statement claiming victory.

Hitler has again robbed us of the initiative. It is a simple fact, no paradox, that the strategic time to break with Vichy was before the Nazi trap was sprung. Then our act would have meant something. The noose around old Pétain's neck was visible for all to see, but still there remained confusion, doubt, a desperate craving on the part of the French people for a sense of solidarity with their democratic allies and a need almost as great on the part of the American people for a clean democratic line to follow and fight for. Before Laval, *we* could have taken the initiative.

We can still, to a limited extent, take matters in our hands, if for once we show ourselves capable of acting coldly and shrewdly and in accordance with our own interests—which are the contrary of the interests of Berlin. But to do that, we shall have to reverse our customary procedure, interpreting Laval's first smile as a deliberate provocation, a sufficient reason for ending relations. Whereas if Laval takes a truculent, defiant line, we shall be justified in assuming that Hitler is ready for a break but hopes to spare Laval the onus of actually making it. We will pursue our necessary objectives relentlessly, in full collaboration with the Free French and in open, undisguised opposition to Laval, but leave it to Laval to make the break that will put the final touch on his stupendous unpopularity. We still have a little space in which to maneuver, though we have lost the chance to act boldly in support of the cause to which we have pledged our collective life and fortune.

Within this space there are a good many things we can do. Hitler's decision to thrust Laval on the French people is a sign that he must at all hazards close his ranks in the West. The appointment of Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt to supervise German defenses from the North Cape to Hendaye and the reported transfer of some additional 150,000 German troops to France show Hitler's concern over the growing threat of a second front. The "neutrality" of the old Vichy government is no longer sufficient protection; it must be sacrificed to the more urgent necessity of repression and full collaboration. Laval, the master wire-puller, will doubtless attempt to hand over his country with a minimum of disturbance; but if the victim struggles he will not hesitate to shoot. Pétain, it is already clear, will give his blessing to the proceedings. The least the United States can do is to refuse to cloak the dark business in its official good-will no matter how politely the Vichy gunmen may ask for it.

Our obvious battle task is to rob Hitler of the security he is gambling so much to win. We can do this only by acting promptly and in close collaboration with our allies. We can of course cut off finally all shipments to France and North Africa. We can back De Gaulle in every theater of action. It may already be too late to take Dakar without fighting the Germans; several dispatches report that Nazi submarines operating along the Atlantic merchant routes are based there. But many strategic points, especially including Martinique and Guadeloupe and the big island base of Madagascar lying across our route to the Middle East, should be promptly occupied by the Free French with Allied help. And the United Nations should take over and put into service the French warships still held in their ports.

We should push with all possible speed for an early Allied offensive in the West. Mr. del Vayo stresses, on another page of this issue, the desperate need of creating a second front while the first front still holds. He balances the enormous risks of an invasion of the Continent against the all-but-final disaster of a Russian collapse and urges the first as the lesser danger. Laval's coup and the mounting anger of the French people are a warning that we cannot afford to delay long. To accept the one and betray the other would assure Hitler his second conquest of the West.

Finally we should beat Hitler to at least one diplomatic punch by ending our relations *now* with Spain. Must the fiasco of Vichy be repeated in Madrid? Are we to go on fooling with Franco until the day arrives when Hitler decides to push his armies through without asking our permission or that of Britain? Let us for once act first, demanding that Franco order all Nazi technicians and army officers to leave Spain, that he force Nazi submarines and other craft to withdraw from Spanish ports, that he call back his Phalangists from the Americas, where they act openly as Hitler's agents, on pain, if he refuses—as indeed he must since he has no power either to order or to force—of immediate severing of diplomatic relations.

Our best answer to Hitler's latest move in France would be to wipe out the fiction of neutrality that still protects him in Spian.

More Dangerous than Nudism

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 19

COWARDLY is the only word I can find to apply to the conduct of Milo Perkins, director of the Board of Economic Warfare, in the cases of C. Hartley Grattan and Maurice Parmelee. A favorable press greeted the Vice-President's defense of these men against the usual reckless Dies committee charges. They have been cleared by the FBI. Yet Grattan was called in by Perkins and given the choice of resigning or being fired, and Parmelee was informed at 3:30 on Wednesday that he was being dismissed as of 5:30 that same afternoon. Grattan's past isolationist views in no way detracted from his usefulness to the board; he was employed as an expert on Australia, a field in which his competence is acknowledged. Parmelee's work with the United States War Trades Board in London during the last war, when he took part in the administration of the blockade, and his years of experience as an economist-consul in Berlin after the war made him unusually well qualified for service with the Board of Economic Warfare. His peremptory dismissal on two hours' notice was shameful. Dies can point to the removal of Grattan and Parmelee, as he already has to the resignation of Malcolm Cowley (under fierce attack and lukewarm support), as victories. Members of Congress who have gone to considerable risk to fight the Texan feel definitely let down by New Dealers who think the way to win a battle is to retreat under fire.

By contrast, neither the Standard Oil revelations before the Truman committee two weeks ago nor the

General Electric and du Pont exposures before the Senate Patents Committee last week have led to any purge of their ubiquitous and powerful dollar-a-year men. The story of Remington Arms and tetracene was buried in the back pages of most newspapers. The testimony of Lawrence Dobey, special assistant to the Attorney General, shows that Remington Arms placed loyalty to its cartel partner, I. G. Farben, above loyalty to our country and our allies. Use of tetracene, a superior non-corrosive combustion initiator for machine-gun and rifle ammunition, was denied to countries of the British Empire last year because of Remington's obligations under a cartel agreement with I. G. Farben, though the patent is American-owned. The picture has its complexities. The anti-British clause of the agreement seems to have been originally inserted at the request of Britain's Imperial Chemicals, Ltd., which was as interested as Remington and I. G. in preventing competition. Du Pont, which controls Remington, also had, may still have, large stockholdings in I. G. Farben. Testimony revealed that not until November 20, 1940, did the executive committee of du Pont authorize the sale of its stock in I. G. Whether anyone came forward to buy German securities at the end of 1940 is not disclosed by the record. These entanglements illustrate the extent to which the basic war materials of the Western peoples, on which their destiny depends, are in the hands of concerns with a stake in both sides, concerns which regard the war as an unfortunate interruption in cartel relations they have every intention of resuming. Yet men drawn from these same companies continue to occupy strategic positions on the War Production Board and in the War and Navy departments. Behind them is intrenched wealth and a subservient press, and the New Deal is afraid to act against them. The tetracene revelations we owe to the public spirit and courage of Senators Bone, O'Mahoney, La Follette, and D. Worth Clark, for the power of the du Ponts has been great enough to keep the facts hidden in the files of the Department of Justice until now, and the War Department has been able to prevent the anti-trust division from prosecuting.

Postponing enforcement of the anti-trust laws until after the war is over is one way of lengthening, if not losing, the war. Take the case of tungsten carbide, also spread on the record of the Senate patents hearing last week. Tungsten carbide, next to the diamond and possibly boron carbide, is the hardest substance known and the best material yet discovered for the cutting edges of machine-cutting tools and wire-drawing dies. A *Fortune* article last January attributed the speed of German rearmament in large part to the widespread use of tungsten carbide in the Reich's industries. "In many machining operations," *Fortune* said, "substitution of tungsten carbide for high-speed steel multiplies the rate of production at least 500 per cent." Had it not been for an anti-trust investigation, the existence of a cartel agreement between General Electric and Krupp restricting the output of tungsten carbide in this country would never have come to light. Early in 1940 the Frankfort Arsenal invited bids on 3,000 pieces of tungsten carbide. L. Gerald Firth, of the Firth-Sterling Steel Company, a patent licensee of General Electric, bid $8,730, then wrote the government that he was forced to make this bid by the terms of his patent license, that he could have made a reasonable profit at $3,375. Investigation disturbed executives busy on war orders, but it also led to an indictment which was followed by a sharp reduction in the price of tungsten carbide.

In this case, as in so many others, restriction of production in this country was not forced upon American concerns but was sought by them. The agreement had its origin in the desire of General Electric to make Krupp stop selling tungsten carbide in this country. Through American outlets Krupp was selling tungsten carbide here at $50 a pound in 1927 and 1928. By its first agreement with Krupp in 1928 General Electric pushed the price up to $453 a pound, forced competitors out of business, and finally in 1936 bought Krupp out of the American market. A director of Krupp's, writing to G. E. in 1936, wondered why the output of tungsten carbide "was booming in Germany" but was so little used in this country, "although America was generally known for its ability to grasp and develop the most modern manufacturing methods." Engineers within General Electric's own organization protested in written reports against what they considered an uneconomic price policy and asked for the dissolution of the Carboloy Company, the G. E. subsidiary in charge of tungsten carbide. General Electric preferred the restrictive policy; so did its British cartel partner. Evidence given before the Senate committee showed that the British reached a restrictive agreement with the Germans a month after Britain and Germany were at war. G. E.'s agreement with Krupp has merely been suspended, not ended, by the war. In this as in most cartel agreements royalty reports gave the Germans useful military information.

I want to add a missing link in this story. John Henry Lewin, the Special Assistant Attorney General in charge of the tungsten-carbide case, testified that efforts were made to bring it to trial in the summer of 1941. The trial date was set for October, 1941. "Representations were made by counsel for the defendants," Lewin said, "that by reason of their engagements in connection with producing tungsten carbide, and in connection with the engagement of one of the individual defendants with the Office of Production Management, it was necessary to have postponement." The government objected, but the case was postponed to February, 1942, then to March, and is now set for trial on June 15. The dollar-a-year defendant whose time might be wasted by the trial is Dr. Zay Jeffries. Dr. Jeffries has been in Washington since February, 1941, as chairman of the metals' conservation and substitution group of the Advisory Committee on Metals and Minerals of the National Academy of Sciences, and is a War Production Board consultant on metals. Despite his supposed absence from work Dr. Jeffries was paid $15,500 in salary and $12,600 in bonuses by General Electric in 1941, in his dual capacity as technical director of G. E.'s lamp department (defendant in another anti-trust action) and chairman of the board of Carboloy.

As chairman of the board of Carboloy, Dr. Jeffries was in a position to know that its basic patents on tungsten carbide were declared invalid by the courts about two years ago and could be taken over by the government at any time. I doubt whether he ever so far forgot his private loyalties as to make this part of his advice as a government consultant. I do know of another case overlooked by both the Truman committee and the patents committee which gives some indication of the advice he offers. Last year the Truman committee heard of the run-around given to a man named Gaudy who held a patent for making aluminum from common clay, a method successfully used in Germany and Italy. Thurman Arnold testified last week that several years ago Alcoa bought up a patent of this kind for a million dollars and never used the process in production. Alcoa's monopoly is based on its possession of all the high-grade bauxite in the Western Hemisphere. Its monopoly would be undermined by a method for making aluminum from clay. The Truman committee last year heard that a Dr. Zay Jeffries at the National Academy of Sciences had made a report on this subject but never followed the lead any farther. Inquiry by this correspondent reveals (1) that though Dr. Jeffries has been working for General Electric since 1914, he also worked for the Aluminum Company of America from 1916 to 1936; and (2) that Dr. Jeffries submitted an unfavorable report on the Gaudy patent, although Bureau of Mines experts were for it and TVA had been using a similar patent successfully. This is the dollar-a-year man in the tungsten-carbide case whose time must not be taken up with embarrassing anti-trust questions.

1942 or Never

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

MUCH has been said about the second front in recent months, and much more will be said in the months to come. The subject stirs all those who understand that this war is not a game, who look for some way out of the anguish of wanting the war to be won and not knowing how to win it. The people feel the force and logic of the growing demand for a second front while Russia's armies retain their fighting strength. Of course everyone has admired the spirit of the R. A. F. in bombing incessantly the German industrial centers at the moment when the Nazi armies seemed to be marching without halt toward the heart of Russia. In our desire to see the Allies undertake some action that would indicate the flowering of a more aggressive spirit, we all responded with enthusiasm every time a suicide patrol broke the siesta of the occupation forces in Norway or on the coast of France. And our feelings were justified. All that was heroic, useful, encouraging. But it was not enough. Even night bombing on a mass scale, from which the British, from Winston Churchill down, hoped so much and which they even looked upon as an alternative to a second front, has proved less effective than was expected. As to the exploits of the suicide patrols, they would be most valuable as a complement to an offensive or as part of a campaign of guerrilla warfare, but today it is clear that neither bombings nor raids will introduce irreparable disorder in Hitler's plans, finally snatching the initiative from him.

The clamor for a second front is not going to diminish; on the contrary, it will become overwhelming as soon as the stupendous struggle on the Russian front regains its former intensity. Until we see emerging from somewhere a force comparable with the Russian army in power to resist the totalitarian war machine, Russia will continue to polarize the hopes of all those who desire, above every other thing, to win the war. The psychology of the people has been transformed by the events of the last two years, and it will be useless for those who oppose support of Russia, or would prefer to see it reduced or conditioned, to try to stir the ashes of old apprehensions and antagonisms. In that field Hitler's speculation will fail even more completely than in the military field: if the plan to smash Russia in six months proved a ridiculous fantasy, the hope of politically isolating the Soviet Union reveals a still greater miscalculation. The time has passed when such slogans of defeat as "Better Hitler than Léon Blum" and "Better Hitler plus Franco than the Spanish reds" could deceive a people facing the Nazi threat. The person who today cries, "Better a stalemate or a negotiated peace than a Russian victory," only identifies himself as an irresponsible idiot or a traitor.

Those who doubt this should look at the British press of the last few months—not merely the *Daily Herald* or the *News Chronicle* or any other liberal or labor daily, but the great conservative press. The most recent attitude of that press can be expressed in some such phrase as this: "If only we win the war, we don't care who commands—Wavell or Timoshenko." Some of those who set down such brave words may not be as indifferent as they pretend. But for the majority of the British people, yes!

The demand for a second major front has been gaining not only in extent but in authority. At the beginning it was mainly a popular movement of sympathy for the stand of the Russian people, a movement from below, naturally encouraged by the Communists. The ordinary man, especially in England where the effects of the Russian resistance were more directly felt, asked feverishly at the beginning of the winter for a diversion which could save Leningrad and Moscow. The reserve with which that demand was met by the high command did not impress the man in the street. He had seen military experts go wrong in many crucial instances—to begin with, that of the Russian resistance itself—and he had seen the General Staff strike in places where an offensive extinguished itself as soon as it was started. Later, in the Riom trial, he followed the duel between Daladier and his generals, in which the former French Premier charged them with having pretended at various times that they lacked sufficient war material to undertake an action when in fact the stores were full of munitions and tanks which had not been sent to the front.

As time has passed, the demand for a second front has found more sophisticated support. Doubt of old strategic concepts has penetrated even the professional military ranks. Soldiers as well as common people begin to be irritated by the realization that each day brings its new defeat, and that one can hope for good news only in the Russian communiqué. The popular impression that if no change is made the Allies will lose the war is strengthened by the criticism of military men themselves, who can no longer refrain from speaking their minds even if the general staffs remain unconvinced. The excellent book by Lieutenant Colonel Kernan, "Defense Will Not Win the War," has rapidly become almost a classic of the new strategy; and there are many other officers of the army and the navy, in Great Britain as in the United States, who maintain the same position. And in the space of two weeks three so different authoritative voices as those of Mr. Litvinov, General Sikorsky, and Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo pronounced themselves in favor of the second front—while reports of the concentration of new German troops along the Russian frontier became more and more alarming. The demand has thus become the most vital issue in the clash of two strategic concepts, an issue on which depends the very outcome of the war.

The man in the street is the more convinced, now that he has authority to back his hopes and intuitions. He tells himself that when a statesman and commander like General Sikorsky, whom no European Dies committee has ever classified as red and who is a member of the Inter-Allied Council, asks for a second front, it must be for reasons good enough to outweigh the dangers. Neither can he imagine that the Soviet government, to which the other Allied governments may be assumed to have stressed the difficulties of a second front, would insist on it through its diplomatic representatives unless the Russian leaders believed in its practicability. And he assumes that those leaders must know as exactly about the problem of shipping, always put forward as the greatest obstacle to an invasion of Europe, as the officials who oppose them. For his part, the common man believes that if ships were found to carry more than 700,000 men safely to the Near East and to the Pacific, it should not be impossible to find the necessary tonnage for a much shorter expedition—for instance, to Portugal. And it is precisely through Portugal, and through that Spain which continues to be potentially at war with Hitler and with Franco, that the popular imagination, especially on the other side of the Atlantic, visualizes the irruption of the Allied forces into the occupied countries of Europe.

Naturally, considering the losses suffered by the British merchant marine and the far from completed American building program, we cannot hope to find enough ships to meet the demands of all the fronts. This must be admitted. But if the importance of striking in Europe in 1942 is recognized by the general staffs, they will accept the hard necessity of cutting off supplies from England and the Pacific for a few months. This would imply many sacrifices. Ships which now carry food to Great Britain, and ammunition and reinforcements to the Far East, would have to be devoted to preparing the great blow in Europe. The English would be obliged to eat less; but in Spain the people endured their hunger through almost three years of war, subsisting on a little bread and rice and even less fish. It would mean also that every one of the United Nations would stand ready to sacrifice its own immediate national interest to the common requirement of victory. It is only a matter of knowing how to choose.

If popular logic had prevailed over the sophisticated wisdom of statesmen, the world might have been spared this cataract of blood. The common man has always sensed the futility of expecting "preparations" to catch up with racing events. Today he asks himself whether, if such extreme difficulties in shipping exist in 1942, they may not still exist or be even more serious in 1943 and 1944. But a question he asks himself even more earnestly is what forces can take the place of the Russian army in the Battle of Europe that must finally bring about the defeat of the Axis if in the meantime Russia has been vanquished or eliminated as an effective factor in the war. It is not a question of idealizing the Russian army; not a question of suggesting that well-equipped and well-commanded British and Americans will not be capable of fighting as well as the Russians. But can anybody seriously think that a British-American expeditionary force, disembarking in 1943 or 1944 at the best imaginable point in Europe, could accomplish the job of an army trained in a life-and-death struggle with the Nazis, operating from its own soil with a whole nation behind it? Once the Russian army is destroyed, there will be no serious chance of opening a second front in Europe. On the other hand, with the Russian army at its full strength and with the United Nations throwing their entire weight into the battle, there is a chance not only of stopping the Axis drive but of breaking Hitler sooner than many people think possible. Under one condition: *that they strike this year and wherever it is possible to strike.* Because in my conception a second front does not mean a single second front. If it is practicable to strike at the same time through Portugal and Spain, along the French coast, and through Norway, so much the better. To open a second front means to utilize all the present resources of the United Nations at the moment when Hitler launches his next blow, to provoke a diversion and division of his forces, to give him hell from one corner of Europe to another.

Certainly the enterprise implies tremendous risks, but no risk could be greater than that involved in the collapse of the army that until now has proved the only one able to stop the Nazis. Should an expeditionary force, which need not be of millions, suffer a serious setback, it would not mean the end of the war any more than did the disaster of Dunkirk or the collapse of France or any of the major defeats in the Pacific. But the smashing of Russia, or even the conquest of the Baku oil fields, leaving the Red Army incapable of fighting a real war, would mean that Hitler had destroyed the Allies' chance to defeat him in Europe.

Of course in 1943 or in 1944 an Allied expeditionary force could be sent into action better equipped and better trained than would be possible today, and many more ships would then be available. Unhappily, while we build ships and equip and train our forces, the Axis will be doing the same thing. And even if the Allied preparations went ahead at greater speed, it is a serious question whether Britain and America together could within two or three years produce sufficient material to compensate for the loss of the Russian armies with all their equipment, and of Russia's great industrial plant.

In discussing the value of an Allied offensive, the growing unrest and hate against Nazism cannot be ignored. The opening of a second front—or of several new fronts—in Europe would demand the full unleashing of political warfare and a swift revision of the diplomacy of the democracies. However powerful it might be, an expeditionary force could be gravely weakened if it found itself hampered by the lack of a realistic policy toward the puppet regimes and the surviving neutrals. That applies equally in 1942 and 1944, and without regard to the place where an attack might be launched. An army of liberation should be able to move as necessity dictates unhampered by political compromises and diplomatic maneuvers. One cannot imagine such an army operating successfully in Western Europe if its leaders are forced to take care lest they injure the Nazi patriotism of General Franco or Chief of Government Laval. Effective action presupposes the ending of all the ambiguous situations which could otherwise be used by Hitler to tip the scales in his favor. On the other hand, a daring political offensive would assure formidable and delirious support for the expeditionary army from all the conquered peoples.

If a major Russian defeat would reduce to an incalculable degree the chances of Allied military victory, from a psychological point of view its effect would be no less catastrophic. The emotion with which the efforts of the Red Army have been followed during six months of general misfortune arises not only from admiration for Russian gallantry and competence. It has a deeper source: once more the peoples of the earth have seen an entire nation moving as a single man against terrible odds. The feeling that has crystallized around Russia is of the same sort that surrounded the Spanish epic and that would have gone out toward France if in June of 1940, instead of declaring Paris an open city, the government had given the people a chance to rise to their patriotic and revolutionary traditions. Many things have been said about the spirit of the Russians in this war, but nothing has better conveyed the difference between the temper of Russia and of other countries than the irritated tone in which Sir Stafford Cripps, addressing Parliament in his new capacity as Leader of the House, pronounced himself against "business as usual," "pleasure as usual." One felt that he had fresh before his eyes the vision of a country where the people were all in the front line, where nobody shrank from destroying the fruits of twenty years' effort, knowing that nothing was worth saving in case of a Hitler victory and that any price was worth paying to help bring his downfall.

It would mean tremendous disillusionment and despair for the peoples of the free and occupied nations if such a country and such an army were allowed to be destroyed without the greatest effort to keep them in the struggle. In this war, perhaps more than in any other, enthusiasm is war material as valuable as planes and tanks.

Often I have been told, "You talk about enthusiasm in war. How would you define it?" Very simply, by recalling one happening in the Spanish war. At a very difficult moment of the fight in Catalonia "El Campesino," the popular Loyalist commander and a real peasant himself, was sitting in the hall of a hotel in Barcelona waiting to be called to the War Office. People surrounded his table. "Is there any professor here?" asked El Campesino. There was a professor—of astronomy. "Astronomy?" said El Campesino. "Well, for this case it will do all right. Tell me, professor, is it the truth, as somebody in my brigade told me one day, that there was once in history a war of thirty years?" "Yes," replied the professor. "Are you sure?" and his eyes began to brighten. "Of course," replied the professor. And El Campesino, with a great burst of joy, cried, "Then we are saved!"

That is enthusiasm in war. That is what Russia has, what China has, what Spain had. But El Campesino was wrong, not in his spirit but in his calculations. Spain was not allowed thirty years in which to win, and neither are the United Nations. It will be 1942—or never.

Shall We Draft Women?

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

IN THE United States, in sharp contrast to the situation in England, Russia, and China, the war has so far been predominantly a man's war. An enormous amount of feminine energy has gone into rolling bandages for the Red Cross, knitting sweaters, air-raid-precaution work, first-aid courses, and motor-corps-auxiliary activities; but all this, though of undoubted value, is on the periphery of the war effort. In coming months, if the war is to be won, American women will have to contribute a very large part of the additional effort demanded of us by total war. Unfortunately, few people, men or women—if we are to judge by press comments and ordinary conversation—have as yet any comprehension of the nature and extent of that effort. There is not even agreement on policy in high government circles.

Women will be needed in huge numbers in our war factories before the end of this year. Women will also have to take over such civilian jobs as running elevators, street cars, and buses and operating light machinery in order that men may be released for the army and for heavy work in the war industries. The situation confronting us, in a nutshell, is as follows: At the beginning of this year approximately 5,000,000 persons were employed in our war industries. By the end of the year, if we are to attain the production goals set by the President, at least 15,000,000 must be employed directly in war work. During the same period selective service is expected to take some 2,200,000 men out of industry and agriculture for our fighting forces. To meet the tremendous demands which the war has imposed upon us, it is estimated that 8,400,000 workers can be shifted from civilian to war jobs. Another 1,500,000 can be drawn from the ranks of the unemployed. The normal increase in population will provide half a million workers. A few tens of thousands of older men who had retired or were about to retire can be put back on the job. But most of the remaining 2,000,000 jobs will have to be filled by women—and by women who are not now working outside their homes.

So far women have not entered the factories or otherwise taken over war jobs to anything like the extent they did in 1918. Of the 5,000,000 persons employed in war industries at the beginning of this year, only about 500,000 were women. In World War I about 2,000,000 women were directly engaged in war work. In 1941 only 4 women in every 1,000 were working in war industries; in 1918 the ratio was 21 to 1,000. In view of the tremendous industrial requirements of total warfare today as compared with those of 1918, it is probable that before we are through we shall have to exceed the 1918 ratio by a considerable margin.

A glance at the 1940 census figures will show us how we can meet our crucial man-power problem by the employment of women. Of the 50,350,000 women fourteen years of age or over, slightly less than one-quarter, or 12,850,000, were listed as in labor force, and of these 10,700,000 were gainfully employed. About 28,500,000 women were engaged solely in their own housework, and another 4,500,000 were in school or college. A considerable number of the women who do their own housework are young women with employment experience. Many of them have no children; many others have children past the age when they require constant care. There are also many hundreds of thousands of young unmarried women who are perfectly able to work outside their homes but have never felt the necessity for doing so. A substantial proportion of these are highly trained college women who are capable of adjustment to many kinds of skilled work.

Perhaps half as many women as will be required this year are already registered in one or another of our public employment offices. The United States Employment Service is analyzing the work records of these women in an effort to find out how many of them are available for jobs in the war industries. But it is evident that at least a million, and probably many more, of this year's war jobs will have to be filled by women who are not now looking for work and have no intention of going into a war factory. Several additional millions will be needed next year.

How to get suitable women for the jobs that must be filled is one of the crucial questions before us today. Women have given unstintingly of their time for all kinds of volunteer activities. But there is a vast difference between contributing a few spare hours a week to voluntary defense activities and working in a factory day in and day out until the war has been won. And it is the grind of factory work, rather than the volunteer activities, that we must depend on for ultimate victory.

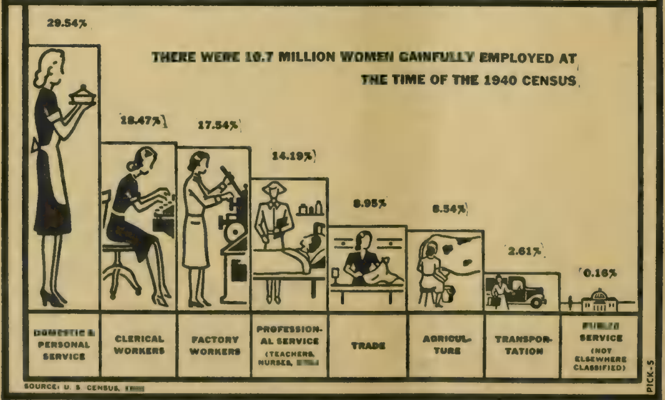
No one can say just what proportion of the needed women can be obtained by appeals for voluntary enlistment. Few authorities believe that enough qualified women workers can be obtained by this means. It is generally felt that in this war, as in the last, the chief motive force driving women into war work will be economic pressure. We might as well face facts. Practically all the women who are now working are doing so because of necessity. This is particularly true of the women in factories. Of the 2,000,000 women engaged in some form of war work in the last war, a few may have been motivated primarily by patriotism; the majority were forced into it to support themselves or their families. With nearly 5,000,000 men in the armed services, many women had no choice but to seek work. The rapid rise in living costs during the war also tended to drive women out of their homes and schoolrooms into factories or government offices.

The same forces are already operating in this war, but they have been counterbalanced to some extent by generally improved economic conditions. Despite increased taxes and higher living costs, most American families are better off today than they were during the 1930's. Although figures are lacking, there is evidence that a considerable number of women who took jobs during the depression have given them up during the last year or so because the pressures which drove them into the labor market have lifted. It is possible that the curtailment in the sale of automobiles and the restrictions on home building will also restrain some women from looking for work, for many married women, especially among the middle classes, appear to have held jobs in order "to keep up with the Joneses." Any effort to enrol married women for regular work in industry, moreover, is bound to strike a snag in the present draft-deferment procedure. It is natural, if not indicative of the highest patriotism, for a woman to hesitate to take a job if by working she increases the chances of her husband's being drafted. Some change in selective-service procedure is imperative if married women are to be drawn fully into the war effort.

Nevertheless, it can hardly be denied that the coming year will see considerably greater pressure on women to seek work. As the draft reaches out for married men, more and more women will be forced into employment. Up to now the cost of living has risen only about 15 per cent, but once inflation get under way, it proceeds at an increasing pace. Next year's taxes may be double or triple this year's, particularly for low-income families. If the proposed increases in social-security taxation, the suggested plan for deferring wages, or a sales tax is adopted, the pressure on low-income families will become very heavy. It is possible that it will produce the millions of women workers required.

Official Washington seems inclined to wait and see whether these voluntary workers suffice before considering a plan for conscripting women for war work. Many persons, however, believe that conscription is not

WAGE EARNING WOMEN IN THE U. S.



SOURCE: U. S. CENSUS,

only necessary but preferable to voluntary methods. No individual, they argue, can possibly say where he or she can serve best in the war; the decision should be left to an impartial board which, after reviewing the person's capacities and responsibilities, should have the perspective for a fair judgment.

The experience of England in mobilizing the labor of women is especially pertinent here. England's traditions and practices with regard to women working are perhaps closer to ours than those of any other country. Largely because of these traditions the British government procrastinated, even as ours has done, in instituting a system of labor conscription applicable to women. But when the country was finally organized for all-out production, it found that its acute shortage in man-power could only be relieved by the employment of women under governmental direction and compulsion.

Compulsion has been applied charily and with no great hardship. Compulsory registration of women began in April, 1941. Girls twenty and twenty-one years of age registered first, but by now all women and girls between sixteen and thirty have been enrolled. Most of the twenty- and twenty-one-year-olds have been called up for the Auxiliary Territorial Service, to do various types of war work. About 20,000 women between twenty-one and thirty-five years of age are being placed in war industries each week. Most of these are transferred, with or without a period of training, from civilian to essential war industries. In some munitions plants women already compose 80 to 90 per cent of the workers. Forty per cent of the employees of some of the aircraft factories are women, and the ratio is growing. While women are used chiefly for light operations requiring accuracy and manual dexterity, an increasing number are being used in heavy machine operations—with no dire results.

From the beginning the British exempted women with children under fourteen, together with the wives of men in active service, from duty outside their homes. But since the country now faces a serious shortage of workers, this policy may have to be revised. As a means of expanding the labor supply the government is now casting a rather envious eye at the large number of married women whose domestic responsibilities make it impossible for them to accept full-time jobs but who might be available for part-time work. Organizing part-time work presents a number of difficult problems, but the difficulties are not insurmountable. Where the experiment has been tried, satisfactory arrangements have been worked out.

Children, particularly children under school age, have offered the chief obstacle to enrolling an adequate number of full-time and part-time women workers in the British war industries. Like this country, Britain had few day nurseries available for working mothers. A number were opened to meet the emergency, but efforts in this direction were hampered by lack of trained personnel. Steps are just now being taken in Britain to train nurses and supervisors for nurseries that should have been ready many months ago. Young children of school age also present a problem because the schools usually open several hours after the women have to go to work and close before they get back.

Both British and American experience shows that women have special domestic responsibilities, not borne by men, which must be taken into account if we expect to enlist any large number of women workers. In addition to cooking, taking care of the house, and rearing the children, women usually do the shopping for the family. These duties must be considered in arranging working hours for women. A six-day week may be necessary for men in war industries, but it is not practical for women. In a recent study of the number of working hours advisable in war time made at Princeton University a forty-hour week was recommended as most satisfactory for full-time women workers. Efforts to lengthen this work week have been found greatly to increase absenteeism among working women. Special precautions must also be taken to provide proper safeguards for health and safety. In order to preserve morale, if for no other reason, wage rates, including the entrance rate, should be the same as for men.

It is impossible to set forth at this time a complete program for the use of woman-power in the war effort. Many of the essential decisions regarding the disposition of man-power have not yet been made. We still do not know whether we shall need an army of six or of ten million men. We have not yet reached a decision regarding the conscription and placement of non-military male labor. Until these questions of general policy are decided, the details of a program for women cannot very well be formulated. But since there is no doubt about the need for huge numbers of women workers, there can be no excuse for failing to take certain preliminary steps which will enable us to avoid some of the painful delays experienced in Britain.

First of all, it is necessary to set up training courses which will prepare women for specialized work in the war factories. A start has already been made in this direction. The defense-training programs conducted by vocational schools, the NYA, and the training-within-industry program of the Labor Division of the War Production Board are open to women as well as men. But comparatively little has been done to bring these programs to the attention of women, or to set up courses specially adapted to women.

Although formulation of a plan for conscripting women for the war industries may not be desirable until the need for such action is more apparent, an inventory of our resources in woman-power should undoubtedly be made. For technical reasons it may be advisable to do this gradually as it was done in Britain. But there is no logical argument against registering women just as we are now registering men.

Finally, provision of adequate nursery-school facilities for the children of the women who are being drawn into employment should be undertaken at once. No other single measure would do more to release trained young women for vital war jobs. Plans might also be worked out for a system of part-time employment which would enable thousands of women now barred from accepting jobs to render effective aid in the war effort. Only subservience to an outworn tradition and a disposition to play politics prevent us from taking these essential steps while there is yet time.

Laval and Roosevelt

BY LOUIS FISCHER

SUMNER WELLES declared at his press conference last week that he could not receive the French Ambassador's rejection of the State Department's note of April 13 because the Ambassador's communication had previously been submitted to the Nazi authorities for approval. How can we remain on friendly relations with Vichy when its relations with us are filtered through Berlin and dictated by Hitler?

Mr. Welles recently went to Rio de Janeiro and persuaded many Latin American governments to break off relations with the Axis powers because those relations helped the Axis and harmed us. But Vichy helps the Axis. It has turned over vital French territories to Japan. We blacklist foreign firms and foreign subsidiaries of American firms which trade with Axis countries. But Vichy has admittedly supplied Rommel's armies in Libya. Don't we need consistency in our foreign policy?

What practical advantage can further relations with Vichy give us? It has been contended that by maintaining the tie with the authorities in unoccupied France we prevented or restrained Hitler from seizing the French war fleet. Now the French navy is a tremendous asset; it could alter the balance of the war. How could we achieve the important end of keeping it out of Hitler's hands? Obviously the few boatloads of wheat and oil we have shipped to France and North Africa could not do this. If it is true that our friendship for Vichy keeps the French navy in disuse, then either that relationship must be worth so much to Hitler that he is ready to forgo the French fleet or our friendship so strengthens the Vichy authorities that they can stand up to Hitler and refuse to surrender the fleet.

As long as we are friends of Vichy we cannot take military action against Dakar or any other territory controlled by Vichy. That must be a relief to Hitler. But can this be the full reason for Hitler's remarkable restraint toward the French navy?

At the time of the armistice not a few French politicians wished to prolong resistance against Germany. They would have formed a government in Africa and used the French fleet to aid the British. Germany's seizure of the fleet would have fanned this opposition and might have provoked an open mutiny of the French commanders and sailors. Hitler, shrewdly recognizing that he must not try the impossible and hoping soon to knock out the British and end the war, therefore stipulated in the armistice agreement that the French navy was to gather in French ports, be demobilized under German and Italian control, and "lay up." He was afraid that it might somehow come into British hands or be used to establish nuclei of hostility to him in the French empire. Knowing that Marshal Pétain and General Weygand wished to keep the French colonies, Hitler provided in the armistice that units of the French navy might be "released to the French government for protection of French interests in its colonial empire."

These two motives still inspire Hitler: on the one hand, he fears that any attempt to grab the French fleet would enflame the French public and endanger the ships —they could be gutted or scuttled by their crews; on the other hand, he hopes that the Vichy French themselves may some day use the fleet against the United Nations. This is the clue to the reappointment of Pierre Laval.

Hitler will be busy during the coming season. He will fight hard in Russia. He may drive into the Near East and approach Syria. The Allies may invade France with commandos or larger concentrations. If the democracies win this war, that ends Laval's career. He therefore must help Hitler to win. Germany is pressed for time and man-power. It is in need of more active collaboration from France. Laval is the man of Hitler's tenth hour.

Hitler has a profound faith in Quislings. He does not regard any country as unalterably anti-German or anti-Nazi. Ever since June, 1940, he has been trying to forge a French government supine and disloyal enough to reenter the war, this time on the side of Germany. Then a French government, not the Axis, would use the French fleet against the enemies of Germany. To get France to fight for Germany after it had refused to fight for itself is a difficult and delicate task, and Hitler has handled it with much patience. Now he seems to think either that the time is ripe or that the task is hopeless. That is the meaning of the return of Laval.

What is America's duty in this Laval crisis? First, however, what was America's role in the French situation before this crisis? Pétain has assiduously cultivated United States friendship. Why? Because to Frenchmen America has become a symbol of opposition to Hitler. Whenever Pétain or Darlan was accused of being pro-German, he could reply: But we are on cordial terms with the United States. It is significant, in this connection, that Laval, the day the news came of his return to power, made a public statement courting America. The continuation of diplomatic relations with America would enable Laval to do his pro-Nazi work under a protective cloak marked: The United States Embassy in Vichy.

Pétain has used that cloak too. The question which President Roosevelt must now decide is whether he should let Laval continue to use it in the plain service of Hitler. The magic name of America apparently has a potent hold on French sentiment and French public opinion. Can it not be employed to embarrass Laval and Hitler instead of helping them? Pétain did enough for Germany. Laval, obviously, intends to do more. Otherwise he would not have replaced Pétain as chief of the French government. Should we lend him the name of America to do this? Or should President Roosevelt go on the radio and speak in French to the French people and tell them that Laval is Hitler and that America therefore is breaking off relations with Laval and the betrayers of France. If friendship with the United States is an asset to Vichy we can turn it against Vichy. Otherwise, some day, using the pretense of a British air or amphibian raid on French soil, Laval will officially put France into the war against us, and then it will be too late to throw our prestige and influence with the French public into the balance against Hitler. We can do it today, perhaps tomorrow. But we cannot do it when the French in both zones are more completely gagged than they are now.

Washington has believed that by buttressing Pétain it checked Hitler. But Pétain, after appointing Laval, has appealed to all Frenchmen to support Laval. And Laval has no known desire to check Hitler—on the contrary. If we continue to buttress Pétain we buttress Laval, and we aid Hitler while preparations go on apace to bring France into the war as a pro-Axis belligerent. When Pétain and Laval were at odds there might have been some little sense in dealing with Pétain. But collaboration between Pétain and Laval obviously means more French collaboration with the Nazis. How can the United States government be a partner to this? Since we presumably have some weight with the French public, we should turn to it as the only possible obstacle to Hitler-Laval-Pétain schemes. Just as Churchill once addressed the Italian people by radio, President Roosevelt should speak to the French nation over the heads of its Nazi-made rulers and urge them to refrain from going into the war on Germany's side and against America.

Before this year ends, American troops may invade France. Their success will depend on their weapons, training, and courage—but also on the reception they get from the French people. America must have a clean record toward France. It must not be recorded that we helped Laval sell out France to Hitler.

The Dismal Reich

BY ZACHARIAH SHUSTER

THE general impression one gets from reading the official Nazi press is that though the Germans have conquered Europe, they are depressed and sad, so sad that the Propaganda Ministry cannot cover it up. Even the reports of Germany's victories written by official war correspondents contain no note of triumph but are tinged rather with weariness and nostalgia. The following excerpt from a story printed in *Das Reich*, the official paper of the Propaganda Ministry, illustrates the prevalent tone of the reports from the eastern front.

> Where are the happy French towns, in whose cool cellars the dusty bottles awaited us? Where is the deserted house of the notary with the grandfather clock and the soft, wide beds and the clean linen in the closets? Where are even the chimneys of Poland, its breweries, its vodka distilleries? In the U. S. S. R. there are no gay districts, no bountiful cellars, no pianos, tablecloths, or bells. Brother, take your staff and drag through your day's wandering with your half-loaf of bread and your small tin of sausage.

A soldier serving as official correspondent wrote thus of the Russian campaign:

> Endless is this land and endless the sky, roads without end in an infinite waste. One village resembles the other, one city is like another, everywhere the same women and children standing silently at the roadside,

> everywhere the same wells and courtyards. Who knows whether we are making progress? When the column gets off the road and marches over the fields, guided only by the compass, we feel like world wanderers tossed about in an ocean of land, seeking new shores. And even this aimless gazing on vast spaces is the privilege only of the men in the first vehicles. All those behind are covered with a cloud of dust. The whites of the eyes glare strangely from the dry, dust-covered faces, and the parched lips refrain from talk and laughter. The motors whir or sigh; the axles and wheels groan; the army marches ceaselessly to the battle thundering in the distance.

A sense of unconquerable Russian spaces, of a wide "ocean of land" with the shores far, far away, is expressed in almost all descriptions of Russia. One gets the impression that the Nazi soldiers behind the lines are infected with the apathy that is usually ascribed to the Russians. The writer just quoted mentions also the glorious victories that have been won despite the enemy's stubborn resistance, but in the background of his factual report lurks a sense of emotional helplessness which may in the long run be a strong factor in the disintegration of Nazi morale. The same report ends with, "Yes, endless is this country, endless is its sky, endless, however, is also the dark fate with which it is burdened."

An account of an evening spent by Nazi soldiers on the Russian battlefield, also printed in Dr. Goebbels's paper, is saturated with human but un-Nazi-like sentiment:

> The darkness hovers mercifully over the lonely huts and stables, and the eternal guard of stars spreads out over the heavens. We talk of wives, girls, and children: of the wives thoughtfully, of the girls boldly and hungrily, and of the children almost shyly. Pictures pass from hand to hand; letters are read aloud; and gradually we learn about each other, how it is at home and how one feels deep down in his heart. Nowhere else do men unloose their tongues as they do on the battlefield. Never afterward will one permit another to look so deeply into his innermost thoughts. . . . When a man has fallen, our thoughts wander back to his family, and for their sake we should like to call back the irrevocable. . . . After we have spoken of him sufficiently, silence descends, and with this silence he returns to our midst and shows his quiet face ennobled by death.

This emphasis on the dreariness and longing of the individual soldier submerged in a mighty and interminable conflict is characteristic of most of the recent war correspondence. Of course, there are stories of heroism, too. Much is written about conquered bridgeheads, occupied industrial centers, the soldiers' great endurance under the enemy's ceaseless and "bestial" fire. Yet even here one feels the same emotional undercurrent.

Back on the home front that wizard of propaganda, Dr. Goebbels, is often more revealing than he intends to be. He betrays how gaiety has vanished from German faces by appealing to his people to force artificial smiles for the sake of the heroes returning from battle. This appeal, published in *Das Reich,* was properly entitled, On Smiling in War Time. The author, Hans Joachim Kitzing, introduced his subject with the observation that when the soldier comes home on a short leave "there is a gleam in his eyes and a smile about his lips." And how is he received? What do the people at home tell him, and what is the expression on their faces? In Herr Kitzing's words:

> After the soldier has told his story, he is ready to listen. The people at home also have much to tell, even more, it appears, than the soldiers. It would be good if they also would smile while telling of air raids, of waiting in queues, of the shortage of one article or another that enriches life. In most cases, however, the narrators of these hardships are glum. Only the listening soldier smiles, because to him all this appears trivial compared to the events in which he has participated. . . . The soldier may be led to think that life at home consists only of a chain of deprivations. . . .

This admission by the mouthpiece of the Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment is followed by a long exhortation on the value of smiling even against one's natural inclinations. "Life is serious and passing," Dr. Goebbels philosophizes, "but the smile remains forever."

The Propaganda Ministry naturally tries hard to counteract grumbling, criticism, and all kinds of hostile undercurrents, but in doing so it is compelled to unveil at least part of the real picture of present-day Germany. In a leading article in *Das Reich* Goebbels himself pleaded with the people to endure with greater equanimity the hardships imposed upon them. He said:

> This does not mean by any means that we cannot discuss among ourselves the vicissitudes of the time. Even occasional cursing and scolding are not considered a crime against the state. If a person complains about this or that or gives vent to his anger, his conduct is understandable in the light of the thousand unpleasant by-products of the war. But a little thought will bring even the most stupid ones around to the realization that the government is not always at fault. Although it can do many things it cannot make the weather. When the winter is terribly long, the potato sprouts come up later than usual. One may be impatient and do some scolding, but that will not cause the potatoes to grow faster. And the government does not smoke the cigarettes which we now constantly lack; the public smokes 25 per cent more than before the war, and our tobacco industry is simply incapable of keeping pace with the demand.

He then delivered a long tirade against the British, who, he said, were bent upon utilizing this situation to destroy German morale.

That there is grave anxiety among the mothers of

Berlin about the fate of their evacuated children is clearly shown by an article in *Das Reich* written by a child specialist to convince the mothers of the capital that the high mortality of children in the evacuation camps is not due to conditions in the camps. From his article we learn that more than 130,000 children were evacuated from Berlin in the spring of 1941. The mortality rate among them, the learned doctor asserted, was lower than the statistical tables of previous years indicated for children at home. The mothers should therefore be grateful for the extra children kept alive in the camps and not grumble about the deaths.

Poetic reactions to the current world scene appear frequently in the Nazi press, many of them charged with melancholy. Here is a prose translation of a poem written on the eastern battle line and published in *Das Reich*. The poet is Gerhart Schumann.

> Also over this gray and dreary land sinks down a night. We have buried the dead, the dead of our battle. Among the dark crosses the cold guns stretch. Someone is silently looking for a comrade's hand. Strange, in the swamps and woods a horrible anguish crushes us. O blue hills of Swabia. O silvery Bodensee. The sky is empty as the earth. Has it not one star? . . . Two gleaming stars bend earnestly and fervently to me—your face, your sorrowful smile, your eyes, beloved.

The present mood of the conquering Germans is well summed up in an article that appeared in the Goebbels organ under the title *Die Deutsche Stimmung* (The German State of Mind):

> In this war the surface of the German soul does not reflect the great events taking place at the front. In this fact lies the great difference, as all older people say, between the present and the First World War. . . . Then there was really such a thing as a German *Stimmung*. A man of that time who returned to Germany now without knowledge of the fundamental changes which have taken place since would certainly be astonished. Hardly a sign would betray whether the High Command of the army had just published a scanty report or had announced a great victory. The burning feelings to which the times have accustomed us remain beneath the surface. Is there a lack of courage? Are we indifferent and fatalistic? The general reserve, the concealment of feelings, the absolutely matter-of-fact attitude to the war do not arise from any lack of inner sharing. They are a new form of steadfastness which has been developed by our generation.

This mystical "inner sharing" which the Nazi government accepts as a satisfactory explanation for the complete indifference to victories, the vanished smiles, and the endless apathy in which the master race finds itself after all its triumphs belongs to the vague terminology introduced by the Nazis into political life. But the language used cannot disguise the realities of life or the reaction of these realities upon the German people.

In the Wind

A RECENT INCIDENT at Fort Bragg in North Carolina throws an interesting sidelight on army race relations. Several hundred white troops were gathered to hear a lecture on venereal infection by a camp chaplain. The same lecture was scheduled to be delivered to a Negro contingent at a later hour. But shortly after the talk for whites had begun, an officer interrupted the meeting to announce that the Negroes had by some mistake arrived outside the hall. He said that the hall would hold both groups but that he personally objected to a mixed audience and that if one other soldier shared his sentiments, he would order the Negroes to await their turn. Not one soldier objected. The officer reluctantly admitted the Negroes but seated them at the rear with four empty rows to separate them from the whites.

SOME OBSERVERS of isolationist tactics believe that the Ford-Lindbergh collaboration at Willow Run may have more political significance than was at first apparent. An effort will be made, they say, to build Lindbergh up as the genius of assembly-line bomber production and to reinstate the ex-colonel as a patriot by having him ferry the first plane out of the new plant to one of the fighting fronts.

GOVERNOR TALMADGE of Georgia has announced that he is opposed to a bill now before Congress that would allow $300,000,000 of federal funds to be turned over to state educational institutions. "If federal funds were appropriated," he says, "you would have the problem of coeducation of the races immediately. And that's something Georgia don't stand for."

THE BOSTON *GLOBE'S* information department received and published a letter from a woman who sought advice on how she could get transportation to Germany. She explained that she was an American citizen who had married a German. Her husband and two sons had joined the Nazi army. She was convinced, she said, that she was on Hitler's side in "the war against communism and the Jews" and so she would appreciate any assistance that could be given to help her take part in it.

THE NEWSLETTER *City Reporter* has compiled statistics on the relative circulation of isolationist and pro-Administration newspapers in New York City. It estimates that the papers still publishing isolationist propaganda have a circulation more than three times as great as the others.

MERWIN K. HART, head of the New York State Economic Council, was reported in this column three weeks ago as one of the indorsers of the early Nazi propaganda pamphlet, "Communism in Germany." Mr. Hart did not sign that statement, but Archibald Stevenson, his attorney and the vice-president of the council, did.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

War Poems

BY MARK VAN DOREN

The Single Hero

This man kept courage when the map of fear
Was continents, was paleness to the poles,
Was Jupiter milk white, was Venus burning.
The very stones lay liquid with despair,
And the firm earth was bottomless. This man

Could walk upon the water; nay, he stamped
Till the drops graveled, till a sound returned
Of pillars underheel, of granite growing.
This man, alone on seas, was not afraid.
So continents came back. So color widened:

Bands upon blankness. So the other men,
The millions, lifted feet and let them down;
And the soil held. So courage's cartographer,
Having his globe again, restored each mass,
Each meadow. And grasshoppers sang to him.

Total War

For the gray temples, for the slippered feet
That bounded such a life as, bent to grace,
Looks brittle now, looks breakable, the word
Nevertheless is shatter; the shocked face

Must fly on other errands, the pale shins
Must brown, must bruise themselves, and all that trunk
Be fragments; the cohesive thought be shrapnel
Peppering cold skies. The sands are sunk

That pedestaled our figure, that as one
Mock granite sounded echo to our soul;
Whose end is now this grit, these million grains
That star a blackened heaven, where no whole

Ever again may shape. Yet, gentlemen,
Be shivered. What was habit now is myth,
Is mumbling. Let it go. A huger form
Waits round the world: man still, and monolith.

Christmas, 1941

The millions at this solstice
Who cannot see the long,
The white days coming:
To them no song

Except the death of others,
By bullet or by ice,
In dark Malayan waters
Or where the North Sea mice
Eat hawsers, and a howling
Wind from pole to pole
Brings minute word of bleeding,
Of the surrendered soul;

Of agony that nothing
Is song enough to soothe
Except of million others
The strong death news.

The Doomsters

The difference they prophesy,
If utter, disappoints the fear;
Apprehension only starves,
Staring at too far a year:
Feeding upon too changed a woe
From any that time's children know.

If relative, a law decides:
From this to that, so many causes.
Whereupon the fear grows fat;
Then midway of its feasting pauses:
Recognition stales the fare
Sooner than panic can prepare.

Too strange, a blank; too known, a foe
Familiarity refuses.
Experience lies down with doom,
That sleeps again, as history uses.
The difference they weep and sing
Is nothing, or is everything.

Hollywood Paris

THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS. By Elliot Paul. Random House. $2.75.

FOR eighteen years, on and off, Elliot Paul lived in a small hotel in the rue de la Huchette, went to his newspaper jobs in the Chicago *Tribune* and New York *Herald* offices, wrote his books (which number fourteen), got drunk (and according to his own accounts very happily and stupendously drunk), aroused sentiments of loyalty and affection in the hearts of the people among whom he lived, and learned to play the concertina—as brilliantly, incidentally, as I have ever heard it played. This book records the personal histories of the French people of that little street during the years the author knew them, supplemented by a sound—if rather sketchy—contemporaneous political history of France. It opens in the year 1923, and except for those relatively brief periods which the author spent in the United States and Spain, it takes the reader consecutively through to the spring of 1940, when the first Nazi tank units crossed the Pont St. Michel and entered the rue de la Huchette.

It is evident that Elliot Paul lived simply and with tenderness among the inhabitants of that little street, just as he lived—as his "Life and Death of a Spanish Town" bears ample witness—among the Spanish people in Spain. It is evident, too, that he was through choice a part of a Frenchman's, not an American's, Paris; by instinct he preferred the *bistrot du coin* to the Cafe de la Paix or even to the Dôme. Nor has he any particular interest in celebrities, as such. Only on page 392 does a short, hasty list appear in which the names of celebrities and nonentities are genially intermixed, and nowhere in the book—let it be set down to his everlasting credit—is there an anecdote about Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Picasso, or Ernest Hemingway. He refers to the surrealists as "a group of talented literary clowns," and calls André Breton "a windbag who could write like hell when he wanted to." For Elliot Paul's concern was not with art, or even with literature, but with the French people, their daily living and their daily argument.

In view of all this, it would seem that Paul's present book might very well contribute one chapter to a history which we badly need: that is, a personal record—over an almost twenty-year period—of a people who will never cease to be of profound and passionate interest to Americans. There is, indeed, no reason why this book should not have gone far toward divesting the French of their foreignness for those Americans to whom the quality of the French spirit is still unknown. There is no reason why such an essentially human document might not have served to reestablish not only Frenchmen's prejudices and peculiarities but the obvious fact of their inseparability from the rest of mankind.

This would be the veracious artist's first concern; it has, regrettably, not been Elliot Paul's. For all his indulgence of and his affection for the long cast of characters of whom he writes, he has viewed them with the canny eye of the *metteur en scène.* He has managed to serve them only as clever make-up man, and their true substance has nowhere been set down. He has accentuated the length of their mustaches, the shortness of their waists, played up their mannerisms, presented their purely human characteristics in such a way as to make them appear national eccentricities. We become acquainted with sixty or more French women and men in the pages of this book, and they are all very droll and recognizably "froggy" figures, rigged out, it might be, for the Hollywood conception of a typical little-street-in-Paris scene. They are so picturesque and so quaint that they end by being grotesque; and it follows without question that the suicides, the tragedies, the loves and deaths of freaks are without dignity, and their politics must seem as futile to us as their defeat. In short, Paul's knowledge of the French people is as superficial as his knowledge of their tongue.

Among the minor but persistent annoyances in the book are (1) the translation, possibly humorous in intent but none the less tiresome, of every French word or phrase—examples: "*numero* (number)," "*alors, toi?* (well, you?)," "*canaille* (rabble)," "*Vive la France!* (Long live France!)"; (2) the constant misstatements made for the sake of humor or to fit in with the uninitiated American's idea of what living conditions in France must be—examples: Frenchmen's complete ignorance of modern plumbing, Quaker Oats, and grapefruit, cocktails are so strange to them that they choke on the olive in the martini, Paris water is unfit for drinking (had Mr. Paul said that Paris water was not generally used for drinking, I think no one would have objected, but Paris is known to have the best drinking water of all the European capitals—with the possible exception of Vienna—and excellent drinking water it is); (3) the appalling errors in French grammar; (4) the continual references to pre-war France's state of decay. These last, proffered by Mr. Paul without amplification, seem to be scarcely a conclusion he arrived at during those pre-war years of observation of French behavior but repetition of a facile phrase which has become familiar to us all during the last year or two.

That Elliot Paul has failed to write either an interesting or an authentic book is not due to lack of affection on his part for the French of the rue de la Huchette or to lack of feeling for the French people's cause. It is due rather to his own tragic inability to write about people—and by this I mean any people—with the same unequivocal artlessness with which he apparently lives in their midst. The word tragic is not out of place here, for Paul's obviously great capacity for responding with warmth to the needs of mankind, his ability to arouse love and loyalty in others, and his instinct for the unfortunate, the exploited, and the suppressed are worthy of a less careless and touristic rendering.

KAY BOYLE

"The Republic" in Basic

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO: A NEW VERSION FOUNDED ON BASIC ENGLISH. By I. A. Richards. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

HOW TO READ A PAGE. By I. A. Richards. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

BASIC English is like the Mona Lisa: any serious consideration of its merits is disturbed by the wish to forget both the weight of convention and the lure of rebellious dissent. It does not help one to make up one's mind about Basic English that this limited language is addressed to foreigners in the hope of making world communication easier. The question always remains whether any important understanding depends on the extent and difficulty of a vocabulary or on something else not so readily controlled.

In his new version of Plato's "Republic" Mr. Richards adopts the former hypothesis, without, however, adhering strictly to Basic English. He uses more verbs than the list allows and thus avoids the "noun plague" that characterizes Basic. As he told readers of *The Nation* in the issue of March 28, he wants to make Plato's debate on government accessible to the widest possible circle of readers—readers who he thinks are always alienated by the leisurely pace and full flourishes of the original and its translations. He has therefore cut, condensed, and retranslated with an eye to simplicity.

The result does not strike me as fulfilling his intention. Setting aside objections of detail, I am more than ever convinced by this new version that the ease with which a presumed lowbrow will take to a classic does not depend wholly or even mainly on forms of speech. It depends rather on the familiarity or unfamiliarity of the ideas and their sequence. A great popular writer—say, Dickens or Conan Doyle—can use big words and involved constructions and still be widely understood, because what these point to is relatively commonplace. A difficult writer—say, Henry James in "The Ambassadors"—can use short words and short sentences and still give the impression of complexity and obscurity, because his substance is new and strange. So with Plato, the way of arguing—I might even say the need of arguing—can hardly be made attractive to those who do not already feel some liking for the enterprise and are not willing to put some effort into following its course.

I agree, to be sure, with Mr. Richards's rule that we should translate the classics into our own contemporary speech and not into some artificial and would-be archaic idiom. In the preface of Samuel Butler's version of Homer the translator gave the definitive reasons for this choice. They are less pretentious reasons than those Mr. Richards gives in his introduction to "The Republic," for Mr. Richards's mind is aglow with pedagogical earnestness. He believes that we should all read Plato for the sake of democracy. It is not clear to me how Plato's Spartan regime with class barriers and intellectual censorship is going to help keep up our spirits; and on general principles I suspect the elevation of any single book to the rank of scripture. In any case, Plato does *not* contain all that matters in political theory. The Greeks have *not* said the last word on any subject, however much we may admire what they did say. The notion of the last word is nonsense, at least until after the Last Trump.

The same strained eagerness vitiates Mr. Richards's other publication, "How to Read a Page," which is meant to accompany the "Republic." By discussing the ambiguities of some hundred important words this manual intends to correct Professor Adler's "How to Read a Book" and to take precedence over Professor Buchanan's discipline of the Hundred Great Books. It does not in fact accomplish either of these tasks, being a hodge-podge of semantics, propaganda for Basic, literary criticism, political theory, and theology. Though written down in spots and offensively cute in others, the work bears little relation to the description given on the jacket, "A Course in Efficient Reading." It is itself extremely difficult to read, and at best it only establishes the fact that prose needs as much interpreting as poetry.

Mr. Richards's own prose is certainly in want of it. One would guess that the text had been dictated if this supposition did not entail the further one that Mr. Richards had no ear. How else account for a sentence like "This illustrates well a point in these notes of very great importance"? This is unfortunately a fair sample. On one page Mr. Richards preaches precision in the use of words; on another he argues that it is pedantry to insist on correct usage because context gives meaning to most uses and even misuses. In this theoretical contradiction Mr. Richards follows the practice of the imprecise. He is addicted to the usually meaningless connective "in terms of"; he will not distinguish between "specific" and "particular" any more than between "shall" and "will"; and his mismanagement of pronouns is such as frequently to obscure all meaning. Indeed, his book directs attention not so much to the value of semantics and Basic for good reading as to the still more elementary axiom that "easy writing makes damned hard reading." Correct emphasis, placement, rhythm, and inner relations—in short, the old problems of prose that pedants still worry about—do not occupy Mr. Richards sufficiently. He evades these difficulties in part by proposing a new set of seven distinct quotation marks composed of small letters, which he himself uses with a freedom that seems to say again: "Let the reader do the work." There would be much to add about the philosophic and social implications of Mr. Richards's present failure viewed in the light of worthy services previously rendered. But speaking of pedantry, who is this Francis of Verulam who supplies a number of mottoes to Mr. Richards's chapters? Isn't "Bacon" Basic? JACQUES BARZUN

Preparing for Peace

THE ROAD WE ARE TRAVELING, 1914-1942. By Stuart Chase. The Twentieth Century Fund. $1.

THE sedate Twentieth Century Fund has engaged Stuart Chase, the happy warrior of economics, to write a series of six very short books under the general title, "When the War Ends." Although the first of these, "The Road We Are Traveling," is offered as a complete book, it is difficult to view it as more than a prologue to the series. It is merely a quick, facile summation of past investigations and fairly common knowledge. The sources are largely secondary. Mr. Chase's great gifts as a phrase-maker and publicist are abundantly in evidence, but not, as yet, the part played by the Fund's excellent research facilities. Even if we give future volumes the benefit of doubt, it is clear that a publication plan requiring this volume to stand by itself was badly devised.

But the broad intentions of the program are excellent. As A. A. Berle's foreword says, defeatism about the peace is almost as dangerous as defeatism about the war. "When peace comes, it will be an opportunity to use our vastly increased plants and human resources to raise the standard of living of all of us, and a challenge to make a greater civilization." Too few people understand that war, except in isolated areas of devastation, may well be a period of capital accumulation.

But Mr. Chase's immediate attention is directed to the past. He spends 82 of his 106 pages examining the pattern of change and the basic trends that developed between 1914 and 1942. He shows us in a brilliant flash how the economic assumptions of 1914 grew out of a century of seemingly insatiable markets and limitless expansion; how "the first scientific war on the planet" forced men to devise the techniques and the machines for mass production; how scarcity was outstripped, and how men after the war had to find new assumptions on which to base their lives.

The huge new plant capacity had two immediate results: intensive high-pressure selling, and a gradual falling off of new investment. "Savings, instead of being invested, gathered in stagnant pools." This of course was the primary cause of the Great Depression. The New Deal was a stopgap, "with no considered philosophy behind it. . . ." Then came Hitler, the threat of war, and the starkest kind of military and economic realism. Gold did not matter any more, nor budgets. Citizens who in 1940 voted against Roosevelt in the belief that "you can't spend your way out

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of a depression" approved of $60 billion for war and saw the economy galvanized. Men came first and money second. "No nation in this dangerous world of 1942 is meekly going bankrupt because some textbooks say it ought to. . . . Well, who is going to pay for [the war]? It is being paid for right now with the physical and mental work of those who are producing and moving the goods." Suddenly people made the vital discovery: the more production, the more money. Chase reminds us that in the midst of the German arms drive two million new homes for workers were built, great highways constructed. "The essential point is that profits are no longer the spark plug of the economic system."

Mr. Chase sums up the trends of the period under eleven heads: the advance of technology; the halting curve of population; the closing of the frontier; the growing interdependence of specialized producers; unemployment; the decline in private investment opportunities; the decline of the free market; the growth of propaganda both in business and politics; mechanized warfare; increasing centralization in government; and the advance of autarchy. In the final section of the book he sketches very briefly some problems and some goals for America, but since the next volume in the series is entitled "Goals for America," we ought to suspend comment pending details.

Most of Mr. Chase's broad and vividly pictured panorama will be accepted by progressive analysts. The dubious points are the emphasis on population curves, which can be and may already have been reversed; a passing emphasis on "priorities unemployment," which has turned out to be pretty much of a spook; and a coy dallying with James Burnham's managerial thesis. Mr. Chase pretends to be greatly mystified about the kind of revolution that is now abroad in the world, and calls it "X." But elsewhere, in a succinct passage, he explains it quite clearly: the more complex the institutions of modern civilization become, and the more specialized the tasks of the individual, the greater the need for planning and coordination. This means only one thing: centralized authority, which is the price we pay for a rich and variegated society. The great question is only whether centralized authority can be firmly chained to democratic controls.

HAROLD STRAUSS

The Fateful Decade

TEN YEARS: THE WORLD ON THE WAY TO WAR, 1930-1940. By Dwight E. Lee. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

PROFESSOR LEE has written the first comprehensive one-volume account of the political and diplomatic events of the decade which began with the cessation of reparations in 1931 and ended with the German war upon the Soviet Union and the United States in 1941. The story is told here with great skill in presentation and integration, with careful attention to details, and with an interpretation that draws the right lessons. The book suffers somewhat from its too exclusively political character. It does not do justice to the underlying "ideological" conflict which alone can explain the tremendous character of the crisis. Thus Professor Lee compares Napoleon with Hitler, overlooking the funda-

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THE VIKING PRESS, 18 E. 48 St., N. Y. C.

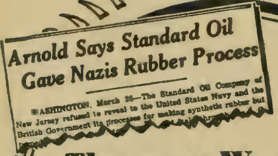
mental difference between the French Revolution, from which Napoleon sprang, and the fascist revolution which produced Hitler. Therefore it is not correct to say that "both men might have utilized the forces they had evoked to construct a better world for everybody." Napoleon could have done it; he would have done it if he had remained faithful to the revolution. Hitler could not have done it—because he remained faithful to the vision which animated and produced him. "Had Hitler had a broader vision than the outlook of a half-starved debater inspired by the false traditions of a narrowly nationalistic pan-Germanism, he might have used his power to make Germany a partner in a better world order," says Professor Lee. But then Hitler would not have been Hitler, and the background of the Nazi revolution would not have existed. It is the very essence of Hitler and Hitlerism that he did not and could not attempt any order based upon liberty and equality, the principles of the French Revolution. The German people accepted Hitlerism not so much because of external conditions as because of certain social and intellectual traditions existing in Germany; this, however, does not mean that there is anything in the German "race" which would not respond to modifications and changes in the social and intellectual atmosphere of Germany. Professor Lee seems to underestimate the fateful importance of the fascist *Weltanschauung* as represented today in Germany and Japan, where it reaches far beyond the political and economic fields.

Despite these flaws the book has great value as a reliable, intelligent, and well-written guide to the political and diplomatic events of the past ten years. It is centered upon Europe and especially upon Germany; it is more concerned with the acts of the great powers than with the lesser actors on the European stage; and it concentrates on foreign policy and international relations rather than on the social and psychological trends in what may be called domestic policy which are of importance in determining the foreign policy of countries and groups. The events of the period, however, are analyzed with detachment and great fairness, and facts are presented graphically in a vigorous style. The ultimate conclusions of the author are inescapable for any serious student of recent history:

> In the future there must be, in addition to a more careful consideration of everyone's rights, a far greater emphasis upon responsibilities in a world of disappearing frontiers and ever-speedier means of communication. If the United States seeks to hide behind the Atlantic and Pacific, it may well lose the Washington-Jefferson-Lincoln tradition. Instead of emphasis upon nationalistic division there must be education for unity which stresses the common heritage of man as a result of his age-long humanistic aspirations and ideas.

This is the very thing which the German National Socialists and the Japanese nationalists reject most emphatically. Here lies the very reason for the decisive and total character of the world crisis which grew through the fateful decade, the non-recognition of which made the present catastrophe inevitable.

HANS KOHN



Arnold Says Standard Oil Gave Nazis Rubber Process

WASHINGTON, March 26—The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey refused to reveal to the United States Navy and the British Government its processes for making synthetic rubber but

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Naval Primer

SEA POWER IN CONFLICT. By Paul Schubert. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

IN "Sea Power in Conflict" Paul Schubert attempts two tasks. The first half of the book is devoted to an exposition of navies in general and the diverse elements which make up what the author terms the "new sea power." The remainder contains an account of the naval history of the present war.

In interpreting sea power to the lay reader Mr. Schubert has done a very fair piece of work. He gives a fine account of the development of naval science during the past quarter-century, pointing out the changes being brought into modern warfare by the airplane and submarine. His chapter on the German navy is notable for a penetrating analysis of German strategic thought. Descriptive chapters dealing with various types of warships are not so satisfactory, mainly because of an unaccountable failure to deal with naval planes, though plane carriers are adequately described.

The second half of the book is less valuable. In fact, Mr. Schubert's accounts of the sea war do not go much beyond official communiqués, and in at least one instance, his statement in connection with the Norwegian campaign that "the German navy lost from one-third to one-half of its fighting strength," he merely repeats an early erroneous impression instead of taking the slight trouble needed to get the correct facts. However, despite such shortcomings "Sea Power in Conflict" is a satisfactory primer of naval information.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

Power and Politics

PEACE BY POWER. By Lionel Gelber. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

THIS "plain man's guide to the key issues of the war and the post-war world" is so lucid that the plain man would undoubtedly profit from reading it, but it is also profound enough to engage the attention of the experts. It belongs to the realistic school of political thought. Its author declares:

> The issue to be determined is where power will reside. For too much has been written about the so-called "game of power politics" as though it were a sport, however solemn or diabolical, outside the legitimate business of society; one in which miscreants of the old school indulged and which artificers of the new school will abolish. In point of fact the contest of power is the essence of politics, and it is singular that the very ones who are confident that it can be uprooted from international relations are themselves eager to seize its fruits in domestic affairs.

Mr. Gelber presents his analysis of world politics persuasively and urbanely. Those who hope that the post-war world will achieve forms of unity and integration totally different from anything previously known in world history would do well to read this book. Yet the author is remarkably complacent about the economic and international difficulties of the democratic world and rather simple in his conception of the German malady and its cure.

The weaknesses of this book suggest that there might well be a greater exchange of thought between the realists, who understand the perennial problems of politics on any level of human history, and the radicals, who appreciate the unique and revolutionary aspects of particular periods of history.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Romains in America

SALSETTE DISCOVERS AMERICA. By Jules Romains. Translated by Lewis Galantière. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

YOU might think that his experience with "The Seven Mysteries of Europe" would have taught Jules Romains the danger of writing about himself. Yet in this new extra-curricular divertissement, written in the intervals of leisure which even "Men of Good Will" leaves to its indefatigable author, we have but two important characters, one of whom is named Jules Romains while the other is no more than a manifest *alter ego.* As the naive Salsette goes about discovering America, the well-nigh omniscient Romains is always at his elbow to draw him out, to prod him into stronger affirmations of opinion, and to develop, if need be, his thoughts. Those familiar with "Men of Good Will" cannot fail to recognize Jerphanion and Jallez projected into middle age. And anyone who has ever studied a modern foreign language will recognize the familiar device of the two friends who travel about France or Germany or Mexico, as the case may be, in the pages of the second-year reader and composition book.

With the exception of the three or four pages on the American middle ages, the banality of Salsette's and Romains's remarks about our women, our cooking, our architecture, our landscape, our subways and parkways is disheartening. Where is the satiric talent of the earlier Romains, the man who wrote the comedies "Knock" and "Musse" and the novel translated here as "The Boys in the Back Room"? Aiming to be ingratiating, Jules Romains has written for his American hosts a bread-and-butter book.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

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Keep Them Out!

NO event in 1942 is likely to have more effect on the future conduct of the war than this fall's Congressional elections. Although the majority of Congress supports the Administration's war program, a dangerous opposition is working overtime to capture Congress in November—or at least to elect enough defeatists and obstructionists to hamstring the majority.

The Nation herewith announces the early publication of a series of articles about several of these candidates—documented reports that will reveal a great many new facts as well as their voting records, affiliations, and public utterances:

C. Wayland Brooks (R., Ill.)
Stephen A. Day (R., Ill.)
Hamilton Fish (R., N. Y.)
Robert F. Rich (R., Penna.)
Gerald L. K. Smith (Mich.)
Jacob Thorkelson (R., Mont.)
Gerald B. Winrod (Kansas)
Martin L. Sweeney (D., Ohio)
George Holden Tinkham (R., Mass.)
William B. Barry (D., N. Y.)

These are men about whom all good defenders of democracy must say—

Keep Them Out!

IN BRIEF

BEND IN THE RIVER. By Jan Valtin. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.

A collection of minor stories and sketches many of which were first printed in the San Quentin *Bulletin* when the well-known author of "Out of the Night" was a prisoner. These stories, dealing mostly with sailors, convicts, abandoned women, hard-living men, reveal an acute sense of man's loneliness, man's cruelty, man's search for something greater than himself, but they are obviously early works, sometimes fumblingly brutal, sometimes over-pretentious, though indicative of a dormant talent. Many are prefaced by autobiographical sketches which tell of the author's fears, pride, and ambitions, and thus give some cohesiveness to the scattered tales.

BINDWEED. By Betty de Sherbinin. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

The author is a young woman of twenty-five who has lived a good part of her life in Argentina. This, her second novel with an Argentine setting, is a pleasant, though uninspired, book about the life of almost-high society in Buenos Aires, wholly preoccupied with marital and financial affairs. The people are never very interesting, but Miss de Sherbinin has succeeded admirably in capturing the strong Catholicism, traditionalism, and isolation of the Argentine ruling class that are responsible, at least in part, for the behavior of our not-so-good neighbors.

DON PEDRO AND THE DEVIL. By Edgar Maas. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

A big historical novel about a young Spanish don who captures Peru with the Pizarro brothers and is in on everything, from the strangling of the Inca to the Spanish king's councils of state. The "devil" of the title seems to be totalitarianism and autocracy, but it comes out pretty cloudy. Worth reading for the historical detail.

DIE HELLEN NAECHTE: GEDICHTE AUS FRANKREICH. By Hans Sahl. Barthold Fles Verlag. $1.50.

Well turned verse this is, in that genre of simplicity perfected by German poets of the nineteenth century. But by now it is almost impossible to write straightforwardly in this convention, with its folk wistfulness and obvious, inevitable rhythms, without sinking into the conventional. In Mr. Sahl's poetic journal of exile the disasters of the last eight years take on the inexplicable, wanton character that historical events might have in the mind of a peasant—and his poetry suffers for it, because he is not a peasant. And yet he is not a modern poet, even though he may have been influenced by Brecht and other contemporaries. Where Mr. Sahl's poetry is strong it has the strength of an ultimate confession, as in the poem Spanien (1939), but elsewhere, for all its grace, it is hardly more than a melancholy, superior kind of occasional verse.

PATTERN OF MEXICO. By Clifford Gessler. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. D. Appleton-Century Company. $5.

The chapter headings and the thirty-two full-page pencil sketches, well reproduced and expressive of an old-fashioned charm, by the late E. H. Suydam give this handsome volume its principal distinction. The chief value of the text is that it is a conscientiously complete treatment of a perennially fascinating subject. The approach is that of a conventional travel book, superficial and at times banal.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Ramparts of the Pacific. By Hallett Abend. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

Brothers of Doom: The Story of the Pizarros of Peru. By Hoffman Birney. Putnam's. $3.

Victory Through Air Power. By Major Alexander P. de Seversky. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Heroes I Have Known: Twelve Who Lived Great Lives. By Max Eastman. Simon and Schuster. $3.

Foreign Devil: An American Kim in Modern Asia. By Gordon Enders. Simon and Schuster. $3.

How to Make Historic American Costumes. By Mary Evans. Barnes. $3.

Virgin Spain: The Drama of a Great People. By Waldo Frank. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. New Edition. $3.50.

A Witness Tree. By Robert Frost. Holt. $2.

Lafayette and the Close of the American Revolution. By Louis Gottschalk. University of Chicago. $4.50.

What the Citizen Should Know About the Air Forces. By Lieutenant Colonel Harold E. Hartney. Norton. $2.50.

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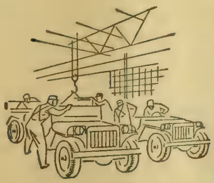

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On Being an Architect. By William Lescaze. Putnam's. $3.

Memoirs of the Life and Peregrinations of the Florentine Philip Mazzei, 1730-1816. Columbia. $4.

What the Citizen Should Know About Modern War. By Fletcher Pratt. Norton. $2.50.

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Walter Rauschenbusch. By Dores Robinson Sharpe. Macmillan. $2.75.

I Was in Hell with Niemoeller. By Leo Stein. Fleming Revell. $2.50.

Destination Chungking. By Han Suyin. Little, Brown. $3.

Thomas Jefferson: World Citizen. By Senator Elbert D. Thomas. Modern Age. $2.75.

What the Citizen Should Know About the Army Engineers. By Lieutenant Colonel Paul W. Thompson. Norton. $2.50.

Needle to the North: The Story of an Expedition to Ungava and the Belcher Islands. By Arthur C. Twomey in Collaboration with Nigel Herrick. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

The Old South: The Founding of American Civilization. By Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. Scribner's. $3.50.

Moscow War Diary. By Alexander Werth. Knopf. $3.

New Poems, 1942: An Anthology of British and American Verse. Edited by Oscar Williams. Peter Pauper Press. $3.

MUSIC

The Spring "Season of Ballet" opened with a week of performances by the Ballet Theater. In addition to the repertory of the winter season there were two new ballets—Antony Tudor's long promised "Pillar of Fire," to the music of Schönberg's "Verlärte Nacht," with settings and costumes by Jo Mielziner; and Fokine's "Russian Soldier," to the music of Prokofiev's "Lieutenant Kije" Suite, with scenery and costumes by Doboujinsky.

Tudor's vocabulary is distinctive, effective, moving; it is also limited, both qualitatively and quantitatively, and hence repetitious and not equally suitable to all ideas, situations, emotions, or to all styles of music. The suppressed intensities and agonies of "Lilac Garden," the nostalgic music of Chausson's "Poème" provided the occasion of its one successful use; and equally successful now in the first part of "Pillar of Fire" are the same movements, intensified in accordance with the greater intensity of the scenario, which is concerned not with the recollection of an early love affair but with the actual—and violent—sexual experience; and in accordance also with the greater intensity and weight of Schönberg's music, which turns out to serve extremely well the purpose it was not intended for. And the effectiveness of this part is heightened by Mielziner's setting, with the violent distortion of its House Opposite. But in the second scene the music persists with endless aimlessness, the Tudor patterns of movement continue with feeble pointlessness, and Mielziner's setting constitutes in itself a devastating comment on both. The piece, it remains to add, was excellently performed by Hugh Laing, Nora Kaye, and the others.

As for "Russian Soldier," concerned with the "memories of his native land [that] crowd his mind as he lies on the vast battlefield" mortally wounded, not only does it use satirical music which is inappropriate to its serious idea, but it carries out this idea with invention which is even poorer than the music—the only good part being the peasant dances near the end and the few movements with which the soldier echoes them.

By the evidence of the Scythian Suite, which Koussevitzky performed in New York on March 12, Prokofiev wrote better music under the czarist regime that he satirizes in "Kije." In "Kije" technical expertness is grinding it out by formula; in the Scythian Suite a youthful fulness of imagination and of musical powers produces some pages that fall short of the mark and others that hit it with magnificent success. In this music about pagan Scythia I heard things which suggested the possibility that Prokofiev in 1914 had heard or knew the music about pagan Russia that Stravinsky had completed the year before. These things, however, if they did represent an external influence, were made part of a personal and individual way of writing; whereas what struck me more forcibly as I listened was the fact that a lot of Shostakovitch is a pretentiously expansive and diffuse reworking of the compact and sharply defined writing of Prokofiev.

Koussevitzky's stunning performance of this Prokofiev piece represented his complete understanding of it; but while the fabulously beautiful sound and finish of the Boston Symphony's playing in Mozart's Symphony K. 551 (the so-called "Jupiter") provided evidence of Koussevitzky's virtuosity as a conductor, his insufficient understanding of the music was made clear in the excessively fast tempo that robbed the first movement of its majesty and force, the distention of the *Andante cantabile* second movement into a *Largo,* the phrasing that avoided the plastic distortion which Koussevitzky is often guilty of but that was a mere playing of the notes with fabulous beauty of sound and finish, as against the sharply contoured inflection with which Beecham gives Mozart's phrases character and meaning. It was interesting to hear this performance, with its striking contrast to Beecham's spaciously elaborating and deeply probing treatment of Mozart, after reading statements about Koussevitzky's copying of Beecham performances—almost as interesting as it had been to hear the striking contrast between the alleged Koussevitzky copies and the alleged Beecham originals. Try to imagine a conductor listening to another conductor's performance and wanting to do anything but show what a different and superior performance *he* can give; better still, try listening to the Koussevitzky and Beecham performances of K. 338 on records.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

What's Wrong with Bates

Dear Sirs: While the writer of this letter makes no pretense of being a military strategist, he cannot refrain from taking issue with the military analysis of Ralph Bates in his What's Right with Britain, published in *The Nation* of April 4.

Assuming Mr. Bates's statistics to be correct, Germany has a maximum of 50 divisions available to meet an attack in Western Europe. England has at home 100 well-equipped divisions, plus 30 less well equipped, plus a "well-trained Home Guard of two million men." The major part of these forces must remain idle, according to Mr. Bates, partly because England does not possess enough shipping to transport them across the Channel.

Mr. Bates figures that because 7½ tons of shipping per man were necessary to maintain the A. E. F. in France (3,000 miles), 2½ tons per man will be necessary for the Channel (20 to 100 miles), and that England cannot spare this amount. This tonnage ratio is obviously incorrect, and, moreover, small boats, of which England has enormous numbers, could be used for the Channel crossing, as they were at Dunkirk.

Mr. Bates believes that the 130 divisions in England, in addition to the Home Guard, must remain there for home protection. Just where Germany is to obtain the 2½ tons of shipping per man to enable it to engage these home forces with its 50 free divisions he does not reveal.

Instead of using the British army for the purpose of attack on the Continent—with American reinforcements—Mr. Bates recommends that additional forces be sent to Libya and Suez, 12,000 miles distant by sea from Great Britain, to engage German troops who can be supplied by a route one-tenth as long. Certainly Britain must have strong air superiority over the Channel in order to protect a crossing, but when will it ever have it if not while most of Germany's strength is engaged on the Russian and Libyan fronts?

To the layman, the direct defense of Egypt, Suez, and the Near East looks much more difficult than a strong offensive in the West, which would also constitute an effective protection for the Near East. While an attack in the West may not, indeed, be feasible at this time, Mr. Bates's figures tend to indicate the contrary.

There is a growing feeling that if America and Britain spread their forces in an attempt to protect the greater part of the globe, they are likely to be defeated by enemies who do not hesitate to concentrate on our vital sectors, unhampered by attacks on their home ground. C. FAYETTE TAYLOR

Cambridge, Mass., April 15

Or Is He Right?

Dear Sirs: May I put in a word of warm praise for Ralph Bates's What's Right with Britain in your issue of April 4? It is, to my knowledge, the first article to insist that invading troops must be carried across water by ships rather than by inspiration, and that morale, for all its importance, is not the essence of a bridgehead. Through the whole article runs a nice combination of cold fact and progressive suggestion—the only combination that can have both a steadying and a stimulating effect on today's harassed reader. NIGEL DENNIS

New York, April 13

On Freedom of Expression

Dear Sirs: Your comment on my letter in the issue of April 11 raises questions which obviously require reply. You ask whether I do not know an "out-and-out fascist paper" when I see one. I know of no test of opinion to fit such a large word. What is loosely called the fascist press ranges from sympathizers with the Axis to the anti-British Irish, professional anti-Semites, the anti-New Dealers, and the anti-Communists.

You yourself reveal confusion when you classify Pelley, Deatherage, and Coughlin as the fascist press and yet speak of McCormick, Hearst, and Patterson as "more dangerous"—advocating that when they "skid across the thin line that divides their doctrine from open treason" they too should be prosecuted. I challenge *The Nation* to show any substantial difference in the editorial attitudes of all these papers. You cannot define the thin line. Your policy would result in suppressing them all.

All judgments in this field are subjective. That is always the danger in prosecutions for opinion. Benjamin Franklin answered your argument during the Revolution. Said he: "Of course the abuses of free speech should be suppressed, but to whom dare you entrust the power of doing it?" He was surrounded by Tory propaganda, which was not suppressed. Nor did the United States in the World War, shameful as the record of suppression was, dream of going to the lengths you advocate. The anti-British and somewhat pro-German Irish press was not touched; nor were most of the German-language papers, whose pro-Germanism was ill-concealed.

You ask whether the Civil Liberties Union is planning to "defend Pelley, Coughlin, and company." They have not yet been indicted. If they are indicted solely for opinions which present no "clear and present danger" of illegal acts, we shall of course offer to assist in defending them, as we have in the past defended equally unpopular spokesmen of causes which every liberal must detest. It is not particular individuals we defend so much as the Bill of Rights for all of us. In the War cases the Supreme Court laid down the rule of "clear and present danger," the best working yardstick yet devised. We propose to stand by it. We can only hope that *The Nation* too will adopt it instead of the dangerous doctrine of tendency. ROGER N. BALDWIN

New York, April 16

Dear Sirs: As one who turns with enthusiasm to Freda Kirchwey's articles, I must admit a first reaction of disappointment in reading her Curb the Fascist Press! in the March 28 issue. I feared that the weapon she threw at the fascist press might in time rebound to curb *The Nation.* I can hardly think of a worse calamity for American liberalism.

Liberalism could never have been in a worse quandary than it is today on this question of freedom of expression. Voltaire's famous saying is being severely tested. Can we still hold to that motto? Yes, if we admit just one exception: we must not permit anyone to use freedom of expression to further or to establish a regime the chief tenet of which is to suppress freedom of expression everywhere. LORNA C. GLOVER

Hyannis, Mass., April 10

Sprung Rhythm

Dear Sirs: I admire George Barker for pulling no punches in his review of my book on Robert Bridges in your April 4 issue. And I should scarcely want Bridges's poetry or my criticism to fare differently at the hands of one who considers Shakespeare "unsound, turgid, and incomplete." From his remarks I judge Mr. Barker to be a forthright admirer of the English university wits, for whom "A Hope for Poetry" and "New Bearings in English Poetry" are crucial critical documents. Between this energetic and currently fashionable school and my own unfashionable traditionalism lies a gulf which a brief letter can hardly hope to cross. However, Mr. Barker makes two assertions which I feel bound to answer.

1. Mr. Barker accuses me of adducing "against" what he calls a "minor masterpiece" of Housman, Bridges's lyric "The hill pines were sighing." I do nothing of the kind. After noting that Bridges is sometimes facile and obvious in the Housman manner, I criticize "The hill pines were sighing" for its unmotivated intensity. I do not compare it with Housman's poem.

2. Mr. Barker concludes that I have "omitted to read any poetry published since 1930." I see no reason to furnish Mr. Barker with a reading list or a bibliography of my reviews, but if he wishes to pay the established Harvard tuition fees I shall be glad to read some contemporary poetry with him.

The basis for Mr. Barker's conclusion—my statement that no subsequent poet has been able to make a "similar use" of Hopkins's "wrenched form" of sprung rhythm—is worth discussing. Mr. Barker points to "the number of poets who have employed sprung rhythm" since 1930 as a proof of my omissions. My main point was that a very cautious use of sprung rhythm as a means of metrical variation—such a cautious use as one finds in Wyatt, Jonson, and Bridges—is more valuable as a permanent influence than the extreme violence of Hopkins's meters, in which sprung rhythm is used as a metrical norm. I should be the first to agree that not only the poets of the thirties but many earlier poets use occasional sprung rhythm. But the question is whether Hopkins's own meters have been successfully imitated.

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to the Men
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The common mistake is to narrow Hopkins's general and wide influence on the language of recent poets to a metrical influence. Thus crammed imagery, startling ellipsis, and a general tightness and nervousness of line are often described as "Hopkins's sprung rhythm." The illusion is strengthened where diction is actually borrowed:

Me, March, you do with your movements master and rock
With wing-whirl, whale-wallow, silent budding of cells . . .

These lines of W. H. Auden's, which illustrate what C. Day Lewis calls "mal-digested influence," certainly have the Hopkins flavor. But they are neither Hopkins's sprung rhythm nor anyone else's. If variation in degree of accent is recognized, both lines are iambic hexameter, with the third, fourth, and fifth feet inverted. If the lines are sprung rhythm, half of Meredith and nine-tenths of Browning are sprung rhythm.

What in fact one finds in Auden and many of his contemporaries is a sporadic use of sprung feet or sprung lines as variations on an accentual-syllabic norm. This is also Bridges's practice. But what one almost never finds is sprung rhythm used as a constant prosodial basis, as in Hopkins. Recent poets, who never attain Hopkins's breathless rush of sound, normally compensate for accentual gain or syllabic loss somewhere else in the line or in an adjoining line. Thus their experiments appear to me healthily tame. The sprung feet in the following examples are italicized:

Rest from loving and be living.
Fallen is fallen past retrieving
The unique flier dawn's *dove*
Arrowing down feathered with fire.
(C. Day Lewis)

One unnoted, mild and young; his *eyes* live in a dream (Spender)

A turning page of shine and sound, the day's *maze* (MacNeice)

Where we went in the black hull no light *moved*
But a *gull* white-winged along the feckless wave. . . . (Tate)

The ambiguity of the last example is typical; there is no syllabic loss and the accentual gain might be questioned. Though the ruggedness of Dylan Thomas's diction sometimes gives an impression of sprung rhythm, Hart Crane alone among modern poets attained some of Hopkins's peculiar effects. But his verse was not technically sprung rhythm, and some of his most Hopkinsesque lines were written before Mr. Winters introduced Crane to Hopkins's poetry.

Mr. Barker will no doubt accuse me of further pedantry in thus insisting on a strict definition of Hopkins's sprung rhythm. But those who speak so blandly of sprung rhythm and of Hopkins's influence would do well to recognize the precise meaning of the term and to examine in what that very wide influence consists. ALBERT GUERARD, JR.

Cambridge, Mass., April 17

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The Shape of Things

IN BURMA THE WAR IS STILL GOING BADLY for the United Nations. Although the Chinese have been fighting stubbornly, they have been handicapped by inadequate numbers and lack of air support. By a courage born of desperation they succeeded at the end of last week in recapturing the important city of Taunggyi on the central Burma front, but this gain was imperiled by the withdrawal of other Chinese units a little farther west and by a rapid thrust of Japanese mechanized forces which threatens to cut the railroad between Mandalay and Lashio. Thus General Stilwell's army is dangerously exposed on both flanks. The strategy of the United Nations on the Burma front remains essentially a defensive one. Hope is held out that the monsoon, which is expected in two or three weeks, will temporarily check the Japanese advance. In Australia, on the other hand, there is evidence of a mounting offensive spirit. The bombings of Japanese bases on Timor, New Britain, and New Guinea have been stepped up, and the Japanese attacks on Port Moresby and Darwin have encountered increasing opposition. While the forces of the United Nations are still not strong enough to undertake large-scale offensive action in this area, attacks on some of Japan's outlying bases may not be far off.

*

THE LANDING OF AMERICAN TROOPS IN New Caledonia is a second notice to Laval's government that the United States is ready to act in support of its war interests if not of its principles. M. Henry-Haye is expected to protest, but the State Department will certainly reiterate the position it took in regard to the setting up of a consulate at Brazzaville in Equatorial Africa. It said then that the United States would deal with the established authorities, whether Vichy or Free French, in all African or Pacific French territories. This rule of thumb serves our immediate strategic purposes without interfering with our immoral and ineffective discrimination against Free French control of St. Pierre and Miquelon. General de Gaulle is not quibbling over matters of consistency. He has welcomed the American forces to the island, assuring them of the cooperation of the local authorities and the population. New Caledonia, lying in the straight line between Honolulu and Sydney, has immense strategic importance, both for resisting further Japanese pressure to the south and as a base for future offensive moves against Japanese positions to the north. More important, but still uncertain, is the fate of Madagascar. This great island base is in Vichy control, and since Laval's advent to power the authorities have been repressing all De Gaullist, anti-Axis elements. Quick seizure of the island is essential if Japan is not to get there first. Apparently the job is to be left to South Africa, which has already broken off relations with Vichy and so freed its hands for action. What forces undertake the task is a question of efficiency; the essential thing is that they move fast. But once Madagascar is in Allied hands, its administration should be turned over without argument or delay to the Free French.

*

TWO MONTHS AGO *THE NATION* SUGGESTED in its In the Wind column a plan for bombing Tokyo by which the American bombers would proceed to bases in the Soviet Maritime Provinces instead of trying the long and hazardous return trip to the Aleutian Islands. We have no way of knowing whether the pilot of the bomber which landed near Khabarovsk read our suggestion or not. But we cannot help being a little pleased that someone in our armed forces had the imagination to make this contribution to the war of nerves. The Japanese do not know whether one or a score of American planes landed in the Maritime Provinces, but they are quite aware of the fact that planes that can fly from Tokyo to Khabarovsk are perfectly capable of flying back to Tokyo again should Russia be forced into the Pacific war. And if one American plane can be delivered to Russia via Tokyo, presumably hundreds of others could be similarly dispatched in the event of war. We can be sure that the Japanese would like nothing better than to find some way of preventing a repetition of this incident. But Russia's conduct in the affair has been beyond criticism. It has faithfully conformed with the provisions of international law covering such cases. It reports that the plane and its crew have been interned. But how long will they be out of action? The Japanese wish they knew.

*

IN ORDERING THE FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING and Dry Dock Company at Kearny, New Jersey, to grant maintenance of membership to the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, the War Labor Board, like the National Defense Mediation Board before it, has come to grips with the United States Steel Corporation, of which the company at Kearny is a wholly-owned subsidiary. When, last summer, the Defense Mediation Board recommended the acceptance of such a clause, the company rejected it, and the shipyard was taken over by the navy. Four months later it was turned back to its owners. The company has not yet committed itself on the new decision. If it refuses once more to accept the clause, the government will have to decide whether or not the yard shall be seized for the second time; and the majority decision of the War Labor Board indicates that its members recognize that the fate of the board itself is involved. The four employer members issued a dissenting opinion, and it is rumored that they may resign. The majority opinion appealed to general principles as well as specific claims. "The government of the United States," it said, "is under a moral and equitable compulsion not to take advantage of the national agreement [barring strikes] which has disarmed this union of its only weapon. It is under the same compulsion not to allow the most powerful corporation in the world to take advantage of this convenant of honor." It also pointed out the advantages to management of dealing with a responsible union assured of the minimal security which maintenance of membership provides.

*

BACK IN 1937 THE UNITED STATES STEEL Corporation surprised the world, and reaped large returns in good-will, by suddenly consenting to deal with the C. I. O. Stettinius and Taylor, who directed that decision, are no longer in control. According to persistent reports, their successors never approved of it, and the first defiance in the Kearny case was said to be designed to put labor once more in its place. But a lot of water has gone over the dam since then, and it may be that in 1942 even the "most powerful corporation in the world" will have the sense to realize that maintenance of membership is a small price to pay for continued private operation and a guaranty of labor peace. If Big Steel should have the vision to accept the clause, its action would, of course, break the libertarian heart of Mark Sullivan, who sees in the decision the umptyumpth "beginning of totalitarianism." It would also distress the gentlemen in and out of the N. A. M. who, to judge by their public statements, lie awake nights worrying about the sacred right of individual workers to make their own bargain with big corporations. But the casualties among the Blimps would be more than offset by disproval of the War Labor Board's charge that United States Steel is defying the government in the midst of war.

*

THE NEW MAN-POWER COMMISSION HEADED by Paul V. McNutt is potentially the key agency for determining the government's basic war policies. Its decisions on how America's available man-power shall be used will inevitably affect our military strategy as well as our program for mobilizing industry and agriculture for total war. But with the commission still in its organizing stage, we have conflicting advice as to its probable policies. Mr. McNutt, on assuming his post as chairman of the commission, stated that he was opposed to compulsory drafting of man-power for defense work, but indicated that if voluntary methods failed he would probably ask for authority to assign industrial workers to "specific tasks." A few days later word was given out that even the proposed voluntary registration of women might be put off for some time. Still more recently, John J. Corson, director of the Bureau of Employment Security in McNutt's Federal Security Agency, predicted the establishment of a clear-cut national program for the orderly recruitment, training, and placement of the country's *total labor force*. The discrepancy between these various statements is probably more apparent than real. There is a strong disposition in Washington to avoid an outright draft of labor. Yet at the same time it is becoming generally recognized that some degree of compulsion will have to be introduced if our available man-power is to be used in the most efficient way. It is probable that a program can be worked out that will avoid the appearance of a "labor draft" but will nevertheless involve selective placement of workers in industry in accordance with a system of "labor priorities" worked out by the Man-Power Commission. Our only fear is that the program will be piecemeal, and that the commission will not have the courage to see to it that every man and woman is making his or her maximum contribution to the war effort.

*

THE EFFECT OF STATE TRADE BARRIERS IN hampering war production has prompted the President to summon representatives of the forty-eight states to a conference on May 5 to discuss means of eliminating these obstacles. Most of the domestic trade walls are an outgrowth of the depression. To an increasing extent during the later years of the crisis states sought to "protect" their citizens by imposing restrictions on goods and services originating outside the state. Perhaps the most serious were the diverse regulations governing the size and weight of motor vehicles. In recent months these have operated to delay the interstate transportation of vital war materials. The Commerce Department also points out that twenty-seven states have anti-migratory laws and twenty-five have "settlement" laws which tend to impede the movement of workers to defense centers. Lack of uniformity in licensing provisions for professional workers has also hampered the movement of doctors, dentists, and engineers to areas where they are badly needed. Economists have long been calling attention to the need for eliminating these and other discrepancies in our state laws, but in normal times little could be achieved because of the power of intrenched local interests. At this moment, however, the President can count on almost unanimous support for any measure that will increase war production.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS LIBERALIZED ITS by-laws last week with a view to easing the entry of new members and then proceeded to defend monopoly, apparently in the name of freedom of the press, by voting down the application of the Chicago *Sun*. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, hailed this action by saying he hoped it meant "that the Gestapo is out of American newspaper offices forever." His reference, with its nice mixture of venom and ignorance, was to the fact that the Department of Justice had informed the Associated Press that its old by-laws constituted a restraint of trade since they operated to prevent the admission of direct competitors of existing members. It is to be noted, however, that a special committee of the A. P. which investigated the question found that amendment would also be desirable on other grounds. "We are persuaded," its report stated, "that among the membership there is growing recognition that limitations on the availability of our news service has only served to build the effectiveness of competitive services and is therefore undesirable." Under the old rules, which the Department of Justice questioned, a four-fifths vote of the membership was required for the election of a new applicant against whom original members in the same field had exercised their "right of protest." Hereafter a new member can be elected by a simple majority, provided competitors are compensated for the dilution of their rights. It was under this new rule that the Chicago *Sun* was turned down after a representative of the Chicago *Tribune* had scared the assembled publishers by arguing that "any rich man would be willing to start a paper in competition with yours in any city if he knew in advance it would cost him very little."

*

TWO MEMBERS OF THE DIES COMMITTEE appeared before the House Accounts Committee to criticize the loose and irresponsible way the Texan runs his snoop-and-smear agency, but $110,000 has nevertheless been granted the committee for another year. These two Representatives, Voorhis and Casey, may offer a resolution at the next meeting of the Dies committee to prevent the chairman and J. B. Matthews from acting without consulting other members, but there is not much chance of its passage. Representatives Eliot and Marcantonio will no doubt continue to criticize Dies from the floor, but if the Texan is to be stopped, laborites and liberals will have to organize now, not wait until a few weeks before his request for a new appropriation comes up next year. Attorney General Biddle, in the announcement of a new interdepartmental committee to pass on cases of alleged subversive activity by federal employees, threw some light on the quality of Dies committee charges. Of Dies's famous list of 1,122 subversive characters in the government service, 301 turned out to be members of organizations the FBI does not regard as subversive, 46 were employed by non-federal government agencies, 57 were not employed by the government, and in 7 cases the charges were based on evidence too meager even to provide the starting-point for an investigation. The FBI declared that of 2,990 other officials reported to it as subversive, 782 were not government officials at all.

*

THE WAR DEPARTMENT OWES THE COUNTRY an explanation of the mysterious inquiry into the Industrial Section of its Public Relations Bureau. This section, headed by Colonel L. Robert Ginsburgh, seems to be one of the few in either the War or Navy Department which appreciate the importance of good relations with labor in the war effort. Colonel Ginsburgh is a West Pointer with two decades of service in the army, and has made many friends in both labor and industry. Recent tours on which he took labor leaders resulted in a great deal of favorable publicity for the army in the labor press. The man assigned to investigate Colonel Ginsburgh's division is H. E. Harrell, former personnel expert for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is notoriously insistent on the open shop. The background of this inquiry is, we suspect, the usual indifference to labor on the part of brass hats and hostility to unionism on the part of officers recently recruited from big business. Under Secretary of War Patterson has on several occasions shown that he has more understanding of the labor problem than the average War Department bureaucrat. We hope he will block the attempt to abolish Ginsburgh's section.

The President's Message

THE seven-point anti-inflation program outlined by the President to Congress carries the war into the home of every American citizen. If the President's program is adopted, the well-to-do face a ceiling of $25,000 in personal income, together with drastic increases in personal and corporate taxes. Workers will forgo wage increases even where a raise may be overdue owing to the rising cost of living. Merchants face an over-all ceiling on the prices of their goods. Farmers are asked to drop their efforts to push the prices of agricultural commodities above parity levels. Everyone must expect more rationing, additional restrictions on instalment buying, and the necessity for increasing their purchases of war bonds.

In contrast to the piecemeal efforts that have so far been made to control inflation, the strength of the President's program lies in its broad scope. It recognizes that the checking of inflation calls for much more than mere price control. In fact, the President had very little to say about price control as such. He was interested primarily in measures which have as their purpose the mopping up of excess purchasing power. This, of course, is sound strategy, even though its implications are not generally understood.

Congress may try to whittle down part of the program. This must not be allowed. As they stand, the seven points represent an irreducible minimum if the upward spiral of prices is to be checked. It cannot be denied that the program is a harsh one. There will be howls and sustained opposition from many interested groups. But only harsh measures can possibly succeed at this time. Inflation has already begun. As the President pointed out, living costs have advanced 15 per cent since the beginning of the war in 1939. Our experience in the last war shows that inflation always gets under way gradually. But once it is started, it moves in geometric progression as the gap widens between rising consumer incomes resulting from ever-increasing war expenditures and the declining supply of civilian goods on the market.

Under the influence of a business-as-usual psychology, the United States has been slow to take steps to check the spiral. But it is not too late. There is nothing inevitable about war-time inflation. It has been checked in Canada; it has been held within bounds in England. But even a drastic system of price-fixing, wage regulation, and credit restriction such as the President has outlined cannot guarantee us immunity from further price rises. The most rigorous system of price ceilings will break down if the amount of purchasing power in the people's pockets greatly exceeds the volume of goods available in our shops and stores. Rationing is essential, as the President pointed out, for distributing necessities fairly among the population, but it cannot be applied to all commodities and if utilized too widely or too drastically tends to stimulate the development of a black market.

The heart of the President's program, then, is the proposal to take up excess purchasing power by increased taxation. And this is the point at which we may expect the greatest opposition in Congress. The House Ways and Means Committee has had the Treasury's tax plan before it for weeks. While no official explanation for the delay has been given, hints from Washington suggest that the committee is unwilling to adopt either the Treasury's request for increased excess-profits taxes or the proposed boost in the income levy. Yet an application of the President's program will necessitate much higher income and corporation taxes than were originally proposed by the Treasury. Will Congress respond to the emergency, or will it continue to evade the main issue by talking about the forty-hour week and a general sales tax? Much depends on public pressure. So far the public has been fairly apathetic about the matter of inflation. This has been due largely to lack of understanding, which in turn has been due to lack of leadership. The President can do much to remedy these lacks through such addresses as his latest fireside talk. But the task is more than one man can carry alone. Despite the sacrifices that must be borne, it is to the interest of every American to see that the program is carried out, and carried out vigorously and completely. Congress must be made to feel that the country is united behind the President.

Tension in the West

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S speech before the American Newspaper Publishers' Association provided a fresh stimulus to the discussion of a new western front. For while most of the previous participants in this debate have been handicapped by lack of knowledge of the chief material factors which must decide the issue, Lord Beaverbrook, who until recently was a member of the British War Cabinet, supposedly is in possession of a good part of the necessary information. His advocacy of a second front in Western Europe was without reservation. He argued, as did Mr. del Vayo in *The Nation* of April 25, that there is "a chance to bring the war to an end here and now. But if the Russians are defeated and driven out of the war, never will such a chance come to us again." And he went on to declare that Britain was now admirably "equipped in weapons of war for directing such an attack on Germany."

Lord Beaverbrook was unquestionably voicing the opinions of the British people in urging an early offensive, but it seems doubtful whether he was speaking for the British government, despite his semi-official position. The London Sunday *Times,* which is usually considered to be a mouthpiece of Whitehall, commented coldly that his speech was "hardly in the category of a service" and added: "We will not be hustled by inopportune pressure from any quarter. Responsible people in this country and the United States are well aware that we shall both resume the offensive in the earliest and best conditions possible."

Bewildering as the debate on the new western front is at times to citizens of the United Nations, we take some comfort in the thought that it must be even more bewildering to Hitler. Clearly, whether by luck or good management, this free-for-all wrangle on matters of grand strategy is playing an increasingly important part in the war of nerves. To the German generals it must seem like a manifestation of democratic insanity, but backed as it is by the threat of the commandos and by the ever heavier blows of the R. A. F., they cannot safely ignore it. So one of the highest officers of the *Wehrmacht,* Field Marshal Karl von Rundstedt, has been placed in charge of the defenses of Western Europe from the North Cape to the Spanish border. Garrisons are being reinforced all along the coast, fortifications strengthened, and new efforts made to suppress the peoples of the occupied countries, who offer a constant threat to the German rear. Men and materials are being diverted from the eastern front, where spring advances but the long-threatened offensive still halts.

Hitler's latest speech before the Reichstag betrayed uneasiness and uncertainty about the next move. Once again his audience was treated to a long and inaccurate historical analysis and to stale diatribes against the Jews. But after this introduction came a kind of apologia for the Russian winter campaign, coupled with the ominous assurance that next winter the German army would be better prepared. The most significant part of Hitler's speech, however, was his request "for an explicit indorsement of my legal right to demand of everyone the discharge of his duties or to cashier anyone from his post or office if I consider that he has failed in his duty regardless of who he may be or what acquired rights he may have." The necessity of this demand for additional power for one who has long acted as an absolute dictator is not obvious, but it suggests that there are important unseen forces in Germany opposing the Führer's will and that a new purge is in the making. The phrasing of both the speech and the Reichstag resolution points toward the army as a center of disaffection, for what other German group can be said to have "acquired rights"?

One other point in Hitler's speech is worth noting—his denunciation of the British air raids and his promise of retaliation. The R. A. F., we believe, will take this threat as a signal to heighten its efforts. The present British air offensive has two major aims. It seeks first to smash at German communications and factories in order to hinder the campaign against Russia and, second, so to plague the Reich with bombs and fighter forays that the Luftwaffe will be forced to divert more and more of its strength to the west. The successive batterings of the Baltic port of Rostock serve both objectives. It is a shipment point for the Russian front and the site of the huge Heinkel airplane factory. Both plant and docks seem to have been put out of action for some time, and the inhabitants of the city are reported to be fleeing for refuge.

These attacks have already infuriated the Germans into making two of the biggest raids from which Britain has suffered for months, and it is perhaps significant that these were directed not against factory towns but against two historic cities of a mainly residential character—Exeter and Bath. It is blows like this that Britain is deliberately inviting—while the memory of London, Coventry, and scores of bombed cities is still undimmed—in order to compel Hitler to divide his air strength. Easy critics of Britain's war effort, who have yet to come within 3,000 miles of an air raid, might well ponder this fact.

Our Slacker Patents

BY I. F. STONE

THE Greeks and Romans had a motto, "Nothing too much." Our Communist friends follow the opposite rule. "Everything too much" seems to mark each of their shifts in policy. In pursuit of national unity the *Daily Worker* on April 24 published an editorial, American Monopolies and the War, which must have made pleasant reading for Standard Oil of New Jersey. The *Daily Worker* accused *The Nation* and the *New Republic* of naivete in their attitude toward recent cartel and patent revelations. "It is true," the editorial said, "that certain American monopolies did pursue an earlier policy of pro-Fascist appeasement. . . . But it is also true ["on the other hand," as we liberals are accused of saying] that the wreckage of this Munichism and the peril it created for the very existence of the whole country, including these monopoly corporations, did result in a transformation into an opposite policy." The editors of the *Worker* might be left to enjoy this pipe-dream undisturbed if it did not represent a view held far too widely in Washington, a view that is the basis of the current campaign to put Thurman Arnold in the doghouse for the duration. A few observations are in order.

1. Pearl Harbor came in December. Standard Oil did not make its butyl-rubber formula available until March. It did so then under threat of anti-trust prosecution by Thurman Arnold. This is the same formula which was made available to I. G. Farben in 1938 on the ground of "business honor." The same officials of Standard Oil remain in office and are doing their best to keep butyl production in the hands of their own company.

2. There has been no "transformation into an opposite policy." The du Ponts have yet to pool their neoprene-rubber patent with the Buna and butyl patents. This policy, this reluctance to give up precious formulas and trade secrets even in defense of our country, does not derive from "Munichism." It derives from the nature of monopolistic business. These businesses did not aid the enemy because they liked Nazism. They aided the enemy, and still aid him, because their interests demand restricted production.

3. Whatever may be the long-range merits of capitalism as opposed to socialism, or the value of trust-busting, the fact remains that without a vigorous agency like Arnold's anti-trust division these secret agreements cannot be exposed or the formulas made available for use in the war. The fact that Standard Oil did not voluntarily pool its butyl patents after Pearl Harbor, that du Pont has yet to place neoprene and other patents at the disposal of the war program is proof of that. There must be a policeman on the beat, and the only policeman available is Arnold's anti-trust division. Almost everywhere else in Washington big business writes its own ticket.

4. The evil is constant and exists in little business as well as big. Only a few weeks ago production of eighty planes in one plant and of twenty flying fortresses in another was delayed and the entire assembly line in a third shut down for lack of a single type of screw, on which the Dzus Fastener Company holds a patent. Complaint was made to the anti-trust division by a manufacturer of metal parts for aircraft who wanted to produce these screws but was afraid of a patent-infringement suit.

5. Fear of anti-trust prosecution and of the unpleasant publicity attendant on exposure has brought down the price of tungsten carbide and forced companies to accept consent decrees in synthetic rubber and magnesium. These decrees are weak enough. One wonders how we get any consent decrees at all when the companies feel that they can escape prosecution, as General Electric has done in the Carboloy case, by pleading that their officials are too busy with war work.

6. The President has seized foreign patents, but his action does not solve the problem of domestic patents. The War Patents bill, written by the Department of Justice, requires special administrative action for each domestic patent the government would take for its own use or subject to compulsory licensing. This is cumbersome. If big-business executives are too busy to stand trial on anti-trust charges, have the President and his aides the leisure to go through special procedure every time a patent is needed for the war effort?

7. The Administration can seize any patent it wants; the actual text of the War Powers acts may not fully support it, but public opinion will. The Administration can break the back of any monopoly at any time through the RFC or the Treasury by financing a competing business. Can an Administration which lacks the vitality to use the powers it has, which leaves monopolists and friends of monopoly in key positions, be trusted to correct patent evils by special administrative action? I, for one, do not think so.

8. Why not provide for compulsory licensing of all patents and allow any business man to manufacture any product for which there is increased demand, like the Dzus fastener? Pending the growth of a more vigorous spirit on the part of the Administration in dealing with property rights which hamper the war effort, compulsory licensing would at least have the virtue of throwing open patents in every field to business enterprise. Let those who talk of the benefits of free enterprise prove their sincerity by allowing the normal forces of the free market to act as a solvent on our patent monopolies.

9. Finally, is there anyone naive enough to believe that the business men who formed combinations despite the Sherman Act and continued them with enemy countries despite the war will be less likely to continue these practices if fear of prosecution is removed?

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Our Consuls at Work

BY VARIAN FRY

LISBON, August, 1940. The consul general at Lisbon resented interference by private citizens like me, and made no bones about admitting it.

"Each applicant must stand on his own feet, Mr. Fry," he said. "I advise you to concern yourself strictly with relief and leave the visa question entirely to us."

* * *

Schiaparelli got her visa at the American embassy in Paris. Later the State Department cabled the consulates canceling all visas issued before June 7. When Schiaparelli reached Lisbon, the vice-consul renewed her visa immediately, and she sailed to the United States.

The sister of a prominent French Popular Front leader came to Lisbon on the same day as Schiaparelli, with exactly the same visa. She had to wait six weeks before she could get her visa renewed. The vice-consul asked her to produce one document after another: first, an affidavit proving that she had a permanent residence in the unoccupied zone; then a *certificat de bonne vie et moeurs*—little more than a guaranty that she was not a prostitute and usually based on the opinion of a concierge; then a transcript of her police record, if any.

After more than a month spent in the waiting-room of the American consulate, without even a chair to sit on, she decided that her visa would never be renewed. She went to the Cuban consulate. The Cuban consul, an old pockmarked Indian, received her so courteously that she burst into tears.

It was another two weeks before the American vice-consul finally renewed her visa. When she asked him why he had renewed Schiaparelli's so promptly and held hers up so long, he said: "Oh, Schiaparelli will make millions in the United States."

* * *

The vice-consul in charge of visas had his own ideas about who should be admitted to the United States and who should not. I showed him my list. One of the first names on it was Lion Feuchtwanger.

"If that man should come to me and ask for a visa," the vice-consul said, "I'd refuse it. He put on a regular song and dance about the Soviet Union a few years ago. We don't want his kind in the United States."

* * *

A German rabbi had obtained an immigration visa in Berlin on May 8. An immigration visa is valid for three months, and you are all right if you get on a boat bound for the United States before it expires. It took this man many weeks to get out of Germany. He arrived in Lisbon late in July and got a reservation on the S.S. Excambion, leaving Lisbon for New York on August 8—exactly three months from the day his visa was issued. But the vice-consul wouldn't let him get on the boat. He insisted that the visa had expired at midnight of the seventh, and nothing would move him to give the man the benefit of the doubt, or renew his visa as he had Schiaparelli's. The poor rabbi had to watch the Excambion sail without him, while the consulate at Lisbon called for his *dossier* from the consulate at Berlin. It was another three months before his visa was renewed.

* * *

One of the vice-consuls at Lisbon received applicants with his feet on his desk, pipe in mouth. He never got up from his chair, even for women. Applicants stood for hours in the waiting-room, stood again while the vice-consuls were questioning them. One woman swore she had paid an American consular employee $12 to get a seat after five hours of standing.

* * *

Marseilles, August, 1940. After lunch I went to the American consulate. The woman behind the desk on the second floor had bleached hair, deep blue eyelids, and an unnatural sparkle in her eyes. I said I had come to see the consul about visas. She gave me a slip of paper with an address typed on it and told me to go downstairs and take a trolley marked "Montredon."

The car was already full when I got in. I could see that more than half the passengers were refugees.

The trolley took us along the broad Avenue du Prado to the sea, then turned left and followed the Mediterranean coast for fifteen or twenty minutes. It was a hot August afternoon. Landscape and climate reminded me of Greece. Arid gray limestone hills, closely packed beach houses, umbrella pines, date palms, dry heat, dust.

At Montredon the car stopped and everybody got off. The way to the visa division led up a long drive lined by plane trees. Under the trees there were narrow irrigation ditches. The refugees hurried ahead, stirring up a cloud of chokey dust as they walked. I lagged behind, glad of the shade and the comforting, cool sound of the water running down the ditches toward the sea.

When I reached the big brick house at the end of the drive a large crowd of refugees were already there. They filled the benches in the waiting-room and spilled out on the porch. I went inside and stood at the open door of the big center room. A dog-faced young man came up and frowned at me.

"What do you mean, trying to get ahead of the others?" he said in French. "Go back to your place and wait your turn."

I explained that I was an American citizen come to inquire about the visas of some refugees my committee was interested in.

His manner changed abruptly.

"Oh, excuse me, sir." He was speaking English now, and sweetly. "I didn't know you were an American. If you'll come inside," he said, leading me into the big office and offering me a chair in front of a large office desk, "I'll take your card to Mr. ——."

I had waited ten minutes when a vice-consul came up to the desk. "What are you doing here?" he barked. "Get back to the waiting-room where you belong."

I decided to see how refugees were treated, and got up without saying a word. In the waiting-room I waited two hours. Then I went back to Marseilles and called the consul on the telephone. He gave me an appointment for the following day.

It was my first experience with the American Foreign Service in Vichy France.

* * *

Vichy, November, 1940. One of the Quaker workers has turned up a particularly virulent case of anti-Semitism at the embassy. She was having a conversation with one of the secretaries.

"I hope you're not helping Jews get into the United States," he said.

"What would you do with them?" she asked.

He hunched his shoulders in the position of a man holding a submachine-gun.

"Ptt-ptt-ptt-ptt-ptt," he said.

* * *

Nice, December, 1940. The young vice-consul in charge of visas here is fond of trick questions. A few weeks ago he put this one to a German Jew from the camp of Gurs: "What would you do if you were admitted to the United States and someone asked you to do something against the interests of the Italian or German government?"

The man from Gurs thought a moment. "I would do what was in the interests of the United States," he said.

"Visa refused," the vice-consul snapped. "We don't want anyone in the United States who is going to mix up in politics."

Bewildered and heartbroken, the man went back to Gurs. He is still there, still wondering why his answer was wrong.

* * *

Marseilles, April, 1941. The vice-consul had received a telegram from the State Department authorizing him to give a visa to Léon Jouhaux.

"What do you know about this guy Jouhaux?" he asked.

I said that Jouhaux had been secretary general of the Confédération Générale du Travail, the A. F. of L. of France.

"What is he," the vice-consul asked, "a William Green or a John L. Lewis? If he's a Lewis, we don't want him."

* * *

Marseilles, May, 1941. I had come to see the vice-consul about Largo Caballero's visa.

"Who's Caballero?" he asked.

I explained that he had been Prime Minister of Spain.

"Oh," the vice-consul said, "one of those reds."

I told him that Caballero had been an uncompromising enemy of the Communists.

"Well," the vice-consul said, "it doesn't make any difference to me what his politics are. If he had any political views at all, we don't want him. We don't want any agitators in the United States. We've got too many of them already."

* * *

Marseilles, Spring, 1941. R—— has been transferred to Lisbon, and the new man in charge of visas is young and inexperienced. This is his first post. Afraid of making mistakes, he tries to solve his problems by refusing visas whenever he can. I decided to test him out. Today I talked to him about just two cases, both women. One was a German Social Democratic underground worker. She had a good affidavit. The other was the Countess X. She had no affidavit at all.

R—— refused to give a visa to the German political refugee.

"How do I know she won't do underground work in the United States if I let her in?" he asked.

But when I mentioned the Countess X, he became sweet as honey.

"Oh, I'm sure there'll be no difficulty about *her* visa," he said. "Just tell her to come in any time she wants to and ask to see me personally. I'll fix her up right away."

He didn't even ask what the Countess's politics were. She got her visa a few days later.

* * *

Madrid, September, 1941. At Madrid the consulate and the embassy are in the same building. I went to the consulate to get my passport renewed. The man and the woman in the small office off the hall were discussing a movie, in Spanish. They seemed to have nothing whatever to do. I waited for them to finish their conversation. Then I told them what I wanted.

"You'll have to see the consul about that," the man said. "Won't you sit down? I think he'll be along in a minute."

I sat down and began to thumb idly through a copy of the American Foreign Service magazine. The roly-poly face of Herbert Hoover looked down at me from the wall. There was no portrait of President Roosevelt.

Suddenly the consul came in. A heavy-set man of about fifty, he was like a nervous hostess a few minutes before her guests arrive. "Let me see," he said to himself. "What *was* it I came in here for? Oh, yes, of course." He went to a shelf, took down a large volume, and turned the pages over in bunches, at random.

"This man wants to have his passport renewed," the clerk said.

The consul put the book down. "What did you say your name was?" he asked.

I hadn't said anything yet, but I told him.

"Oh dear," he said. "You're the man who was put out of France. I know. What are you doing *here?"*

I explained that my passport had expired, and that I didn't want to risk traveling with it until it had been renewed.

"Good gracious," he said. "I don't know what I can do about *that*. I really don't. I'll have to cable the department for authority."

At that moment the door on the porte-cochère opened, and a man in clerical clothes came into the hall.

"Oh, good morning, good morning," the consul said, rushing out to the hall to greet him. "I'm so glad to see you, so glad to see you. *Do* come into my office."

Both men disappeared through another door, and the stenographer, the clerk, and I settled down to enjoy the silence. The clerk made careful impressions of all his rubber stamps, one after the other, on a large piece of white paper. The stenographer brushed the dust off the keys of her typewriter. I returned to the American Foreign Service magazine. It was half-past eleven in the morning.

Fifteen minutes later the consul returned. "Now, let's see, where were we?" he asked. Then, answering himself, "Oh, yes, oh, yes, your passport. Let me have it, won't you?"

I took it out of my pocket and gave it to him. It was an old red passport.

"You don't mean to tell me you've been traveling on this?" he asked. "These passports were taken up months ago."

I said that for some reason which I didn't understand the consulate at Marseilles had renewed my old red passport instead of giving me a new green one, as it had everyone else.

"Well, now, really," the consul said, looking over the passport page by page, "really I don't know quite *what* to do. If I cable the department you'll have to wait several days in Madrid. Meanwhile you're very likely to be arrested. But unless I get special authority from the department I can't renew your passport. Oh dear, this *is* a tangle, isn't it?"

He put down the passport and picked up the book. Then he put down the book and picked up the passport.

"Besides," he said, "there isn't any room in this passport for an extension. You haven't a single blank page left. Have you got your Portuguese visa?"

As I couldn't have entered Spain unless I had had a Portuguese visa, I thought it unnecessary to answer this.

"Oh, yes, here it is," the consul said. He was looking at the old visa I had got at Marseilles a year before. "Well, now, let me see, what *shall* we do about this?"

He turned to the stenographer. "I think you had better make out an application for extension," he said.

The stenographer got up from her desk and went to a file. She took out three copies of a long printed form. Then she returned to her desk, inserted pieces of carbon paper between the forms, and put them in her machine.

The consul left the room. He came back when we had finished the forms. "Finished?" he asked. "Let me see them." The stenographer gave him the forms.

"No, I really don't think," he murmured to himself. "I really haven't the authority to do this in your case." He paused for a long moment. Then he said: "Why don't I just write in your passport that it's valid another two weeks? That will give you time to get back to the States, surely?"

I said that that would depend on how soon I could get a place on the Clipper.

"Well," he said, "at least it will give you time to get to Lisbon. They can worry about it there. I'm sure I don't know why *I* should be bothered with this problem."

He was writing on the bottom of a page of the passport as he talked. "Madrid, September 10, 1941. This passport is valid for fifteen (15) days from this date. Signed: —— ——, American Consul."

"There," he said, handing the passport back to me. "That ought to do to get you to Lisbon. These Spanish border officials can't read English anyway."

* * *

New York, December, 1941. The consul was explaining the shortcomings of the consulate over a glass of beer.

"I did the best I could, but I had a pretty poor staff," he said. "There was old C——. He was good-natured but lazy as they make them. He hated nothing as much as work. Then there was W——. He was a little old maid, fussy and petty. I could never get him to take responsibility for anything. T—— drank too much and ran up debts. He used to come into the office drunk almost every afternoon. P—— was a faithful work horse, slow but steady. He'll never advance in the service, and he knows it. R—— is a flighty youngster, undependable. Altogether, I didn't have much support, did I?"

He took a sip of beer.

"But as H—— G—— said to me," he continued; "H—— G—— was our chargé d'affaires, you know. He came up to the consulate once and looked over the staff. " 'Well, Frank,' he said, 'you've certainly got a cross-section of the American Foreign Service here.' "

Attrition Works Both Ways

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

IN THE present world conflict we are reminded of Aesop's fable of the four donkeys which, threatened by a neighborhood lion, managed to preserve themselves by staying together and presenting a united front. The lion, being a clever fellow, induced them to disagree and separate, and each was then easily killed.

Today, after a score of countries have been struck down by fascist aggression, the four chief United Nations that remain are clearly in the position of the four donkeys. Yet the recent visit of General Marshall and Harry Hopkins to London indicates strongly that after months of war the two nations most closely united are still not agreed on fundamental strategy.

Reporters have guessed that the London talks dealt with the chances of an immediate Allied offensive in Europe. The Churchill government on many occasions has expressed opposition to such a plan because of the unpreparedness of British troops and the risks involved. British troops have, in fact, been trained mainly for the purpose of defending Britain, and there is not the slightest sign that the Churchill government has considered the forces and strategy that will be necessary actually to win the war. American army officers, on the contrary, have never contemplated an unending and indecisive defensive and are under few illusions regarding the necessity of beating Hitler in Europe.

Whether even a minor offensive in Europe could be supplied by American merchant shipping which can fulfil less than 50 per cent of other present requirements is a matter of the gravest doubt. Yet the strong Russian stand is furnishing us with an unrivaled opportunity to intervene on the Continent. Further, if the coming German offensive against the Soviet Union reaches the Caucasus, thereby enabling the Reich to replenish its rapidly dwindling oil reserves and possibly crippling the Red Army, the chance of defeating Germany within many years, if at all, will probably have vanished.

In the absence of a single policy for achieving victory, the common denominator of Allied war plans is the war of attrition—wearing away the enemy's strength in men, planes, and ships in order to take the punch out of his blows. That this course can alone never achieve decisive results goes without saying; today as always only the offensive can win a war. The enemy also uses attrition, and in addition has been able to conduct powerful and successful offensives.

The greatest recent losses on both sides have occurred in the western Pacific. In the naval fighting in the Bay of Bengal Japan followed the policy of countering Allied sea power with its own less costly airplanes. The loss of valuable British and American dreadnaughts, heavy cruisers, and a plane carrier stamps this Japanese effort as an unqualified success.

Japan's purpose also obliged it to risk its warships within close bombing range of Allied shore bases. The risks proved worth taking, though had the Japanese ships been opposed by either more sea power or more air power the results might have been different. After the sinking of the Haruna and the destruction of British battleships in the Far East, the enemy adopted the plan of using cruiser escorts for convoys. These ships are almost unprotected against aerial bombings, and if American submarine and plane commanders have been even approximately right in their reports, the Japanese have lost at least a fourth of their pre-war cruiser fleet and suffered minor losses in other classes of ships.

However, after more than four months of attrition warfare the picture shows a clear Japanese advantage. The Japanese battle fleet has been preserved largely intact, while the Americans and British have each lost two irreplaceable dreadnaughts, and the margin of their naval dominance has been thereby gravely reduced. The American Asiatic fleet has ceased to exist, and save for submarines, Allied naval units in the southwest Pacific have been practically eliminated. Further, though Japan's losses have been heavy, they have not greatly affected its strength for an ultimate naval showdown. And in return the Japanese have gained all their strategic objectives, whereas the Allies have had only defeats.

On land the campaign of attrition has been even more in Japan's favor. No figures are available, but Japanese casualties in transport sinkings and in the Philippine fighting have probably been around 100,000 men. This is not too large a price for an unchecked string of victories, enormous gains of territory, at least 200,000 enemy prisoners, and an unknown number of the enemy killed. With the achievement of each success Japanese pressure on other fronts has been increased.

It is only in the air that the figures of losses run in our favor. Qualitatively, both our personnel and our planes have proved enormously superior to those of Japan, and we have inflicted losses of at least four or five to one. Japanese naval bombing has been excellent, but the army's plane work has been very poor.

On the opposite side of the world the situation is less clear. In the past three months the Germans have kept up a successful U-boat offensive in the Atlantic which has prevented our gaining much ground in the building of the new tonnage that is absolutely essential to ultimate victory. We are today accumulating war materials and training men far more rapidly than we can transport troops to the field of battle and keep them supplied with the tools of war. Thus we are deprived of the opportunity to use our full war potential.

Germany has had economic difficulties, though perhaps not in the degree that American wishful thinkers believe. The Nazis have deliberately chosen to starve subject populations in order to hold famine at arm's length at home. Reports of an approaching German oil shortage have been so persistent and have come from such apparently reliable sources as to deserve some credence.

In the Battle of Russia both sides have lost enormous numbers of men and vast quantities of material, with the Russians standing somewhat ahead of the Germans in both their losses and their ability to make replacements. For neither, have the losses of man-power reached a high enough level to cripple military efficiency, though Germany is already short of workers in its war industries. The hour of decision on this most vital front of the war, the only one where the odds even remotely favor the United Nations, is not far ahead.

Two aerial campaigns are of special interest. The British attacks upon northern France and eastern Germany are being made so regularly and with such large forces of planes that their objective may be to feel out German resistance in preparation for an attack by land. If it is, then the relatively small losses so far suffered and the weakness of enemy resistance should be encouraging.

The beginning of direct air attacks upon Japanese cities was probably hastened by Japan's wide dispersal of force to the south. Tempting as these cities are as bombing targets, we should not overestimate the military significance of the raids. Their chief value, indeed, was in raising American and Allied morale. We must have either many more plane carriers or closer land bases before we can hit Japan with sufficient regularity and force to bring vital results. But the raids were the type of action that must be greatly extended and intensified if we are to win the war.

Words Are Triggers

AN OPEN LETTER TO ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

DEAR ARTHUR: You write me protesting against a "new policy of the Department of Justice in bringing prosecutions for opinion alone." You ask me to join the protest which you, as counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, have made. But I support the actions of the Department of Justice. Hence I cannot accede to your request.

This may surprise you, for you remember, as I do, that from the same platform we have together championed the constitutional right of freedom of speech, opposed censorship and suppression of opinion—even of that we hate. Remembering this collaboration, admiring your many valiant fights for civil liberties, recalling A. Mitchell Palmer's witch hunting, but mindful also of Mr. Biddle's liberalism, I felt it my duty, before taking sides, to examine what you called "opinion alone." That survey persuades me you have fallen into error.

Three men to whom you refer in your letter of protest as being prosecuted for "opinion alone" are George W. Christians, Robert Noble, Ellis O. Jones. From their utterances—as reported in *Life* and the New York *Herald Tribune*—I select a few bits which, I confess, cause me astonishment at your definition of "opinion."

George W. Christians, founder and commander of the fascist "Crusader White Shirts," is accused of having distributed handbills to our soldiers at Fort Oglethorpe and Camp Forrest. I quote a few words. "Now we are to give up our lives for the Delusion of Grandeur of a Merciless Monster Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Some neck—for a Rope." "What are we fighting for? Do we die for dollar domination?"

Noble and Jones operated in Southern California—a military zone which has been shelled by the Japanese. "The Japanese have a right to Hawaii . . . I would rather be in the war on the side of Germany than on the side of the British," says Jones, chief of the "National Copperheads." "Our country has not been attacked . . . Japan has done a good job in the Pacific . . . we are for Germany and for Hitler," says Noble. A Hitlerian rabble rouser, he incites a meeting to "impeach" a wax-faced dummy of President Roosevelt. "Friends of Progress"—a Jones-Noble outfit—held weekly meetings in an auditorium through March of this year. Their handbills offered advice on "how you can individually (legally) keep out of the war effort." Noble repeatedly praised "the Axis powers because they are the liberators of the world"; proclaimed that "MacArthur and his men are not heroes but fools"; that "Germany and Mr. Quisling are doing a fine job of liberating the Norwegians from the aggressions of England"; that the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor was "the proper thing." The Noble-Jones bulletin, *Copperhead Notes,* refers to "General MacArthur's desertion of his troops in the field."

Enough. The point need not be labored. Are these quotations correct? If so, I ask whether you seriously hold that they are mere expressions of "opinion alone." Such words are more aptly described in Judge Learned Hand's notable epigram, "Words are triggers of action." To Oliver Wendell Holmes they were sedition; to Lincoln they sounded more like treason. Such words bring to mind a famous letter to Erastus Corning in 1863. In reply to weasel-worded resolutions "to sustain the cause of the Union" but chiefly to censure Lincoln for unconstitutional arrests, Lincoln pointed to those citizens who "hoped to keep on foot amongst us a most efficient corps of spies, informers, etc," and declared that "he who dissuades one man from volunteering, or induces one soldier to desert, weakens the Union cause as much as he who kills a Union soldier in battle." Lincoln knew the perils of his time.

Biddle knows the present peril. The spies, informers, saboteurs, and their abettors, the Fifth Columns, Shirters, Fascists, Bunds and Nazis, and their dupes, have for years deluged this country so that Hitler might divide and conquer. *Quo usque tandem?* How long shall we endure? I refer you to the Milligan case.

That celebrated decision, rendered by the Supreme Court immediately after the close of the Civil War, is chiefly remembered because it freed Milligan from a death sentence imposed in 1864 by a Military Commission sitting in Indiana. The court, eloquently sustaining civil liberties, held that because there was not actual warfare in Indiana, Milligan was constitutionally entitled to trial in the civil court. Let us recall also, however, that the court pointedly set forth the proper methods of dealing with those who in war time attempt to obstruct war efforts. "If it was dangerous," says the court, "in the distracted condition of affairs, to leave Milligan unrestrained . . . the *law* said arrest him, confine him closely, render him powerless to do further mischief; and then present his case to the grand jury of the district with proofs of his guilt, and if indicted, try him. . . ." The course thus charted is, I submit, precisely that which Biddle follows.

In your protest to the Attorney General you stand on Justice Holmes's famous 1918 opinion in *Schenck* v. *United States.* So do I. Let us look at that case. Writing the Supreme Court's unanimous opinion, that Civil War veteran (he knew war), that great defender of civil liberties, laid down the principle: freedom of speech can be suppressed when it creates "a clear and present danger." Read those words with your eyes open to the world of today. Read them in conjunction with other statements contained in that great opinion. They demonstrate that what Biddle is doing is precisely what Holmes thought lawful and necessary in time of war. Read Holmes's description of the defendant Schenck's circular. Schenck is mild when set beside Noble, Christians, and Jones.

Discussing the inevitable effect of Schenck's circular, Holmes says: "We do not see what effect it could be expected to have upon persons subject to the draft except to obstruct the carrying of it out." Apply that test to the utterances of Christians *et al.* Proof of actual effects such as the "impeaching" of the President by the Noble-Jones mass-meeting was not required by Holmes. Today plenty of such proof must be in Mr. Biddle's hands. The rabble rousers have long been spreading their poison. Holmes points out that "in ordinary times the defendants . . . would have been within their constitutional rights." (Are these ordinary times, Arthur?) He reminds us that it is the "tendency and the intent" that count. (Is there any doubt as to the tendency and intent of the utterances I have quoted?) Holmes cautions us that "the most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting 'fire' in a theater." (Is not that just what Christians, Coughlin, *et al.* are doing in this theater of world war?) Facing grim realities, Holmes summed up the matter: "When a nation is at war, many things that might be said in time of peace are such a hindrance to its effort that their utterance will not be endured so long as men fight . . . no court could regard them as protected by any constitutional right."

Until months after Pearl Harbor Biddle held to the position to which prior to war you and I adhered. But you shut your eyes to the grimmer realities of today; to the fact that this is war; that as never before the danger is present, the danger is clear. Do you forget the tons of Nazi propaganda dumped for a decade into this country? Do you forget Goebbels's boast that conquest of the United States is an "inside job"? Too late Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France learned that words are bullets as well as triggers. Let us not be the victims of too little and too late.

Biddle himself has laid down a sound rule which shows that we may give him our full trust and faith. "Free speech," he said, "ought not to be restricted . . . unless it clearly appears that such speech would cause direct and dangerous interference with the conduct of the war." That is good, sound, patriotic, American horse sense. It is not the credo of the witch hunter; neither is it that of a sleepwalker. As Holmes well put the matter, it is "a question of proximity and degree." Biddle has the facts. He knows, as neither you nor I can fully know, the extent of the danger, its degree, its proximity. Let us stand by him. JAMES N. ROSENBERG

[*Mr. Rosenberg's open letter has been submitted to Arthur Garfield Hays, consul for the American Civil Liberties Union, who will answer it in next week's issue.* – EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Politics of Attack

BY NORMAN ANGELL

FROM every quarter now comes the proclamation of the key principle of victory—offense. We must take the offensive or be defeated. Particularly from Russia do we get the warning that if we remain on the defensive, leaving offense and its initiative to the enemy, we invite the utter destruction of the whole Allied cause.

So be it. But if we are to equal and beat the enemy in the effectiveness of his military offensive, the rapidity and sweep of his strategic initiative, we must equal and beat him in his political offensives too; one is impossible without the other. If we stand upon the political principles we have proclaimed heretofore, we cannot act with the promptitude of an enemy that does not admit neutrality. Recognition of this fact raises the question whether our attitudes, which happen to be militarily disastrous, are in truth the outcome of moral rectitude or moral confusion. In the interest of effective strategy now and effective post-war organization we should face the ethical questions even if we do not entirely answer them.

Recall the facts which have enabled the enemy at almost no military cost whatever to establish himself in vitally important strategic positions from which he can now be dislodged only at immense sacrifice of life. Quite early in the war Britain knew, everyone knew, that Germany would sooner or later, by an advance through the Low Countries and Scandinavia, attempt to outflank the Maginot Line and secure air and submarine bases upon the Atlantic for an attack upon Allied sea communications. The threatened countries were urged, implored, to cooperate with Britain and France in a well-prepared scheme of mutual defense. But the lesser states would have nothing to do with such plans. The very discussion of them, they urged, would imperil their neutrality; any partnership with a foreign state would compromise their national independence. The argument seemed to run that while refusal of Allied proposals would not provoke invasion by Britain or France, participation in them would provoke invasion by Germany. Allied scruples were already working enormously to Germany's advantage in that the very knowledge of German aggressiveness was operating to prevent the building up of any effective resistance to it.

It is true that the Allies were told, as Britain is told by Eire today, that their help would be welcome after the German invasion had begun—but not one moment before. Yet it was quite clear to the least instructed that once invasion had begun, it would be far too late to send effective help. We know the outcome: Norway overrun in a few weeks, Holland in ten days; Denmark conquered by telephone; Belgium crushed in confusion and terror. Allied scrupulousness on the point of neutrality did not save these countries; it helped to destroy them. There is something tragically comic in the fact that the British forces which now, as commandos, raid the Norwegian coast and are hailed in every Norwegian heart as an earnest of deliverance from satanic tyranny would have been fought as enemies if they had preceded the Germans by twenty-four hours, or long enough to take over the harbors the Germans now occupy and to mine and fortify them. Had the forces which now, after disaster, are welcomed with such joy come in time to prevent disaster, they would have been fought by the Norwegians themselves in the name of national right, self-determination, independence, neutrality, freedom. As a result Norway has for the time being lost all rights whatsoever, personal and national alike. It has lost them because like others, including Britain and America, it stood by a certain concept of political right which, if maintained by the nations generally, would make the defense of any right a physical impossibility, a concept which has indeed already put the nations of continental Europe at Hitler's mercy.

The end of the story is not yet. For things may so develop that the whole issue of the war may turn upon the promptitude with which a Dakar, a Tunisia, a Madagascar, a Martinique, a Portuguese or a Spanish island is occupied—or a De Gaulle recognized—and the enemy forestalled. (It was reported recently that at one moment a British force could quite easily have forestalled the Japanese in Thailand, but that the British commander did not dare to move for fear of sharp reproof from the home government, which had been emphatic in its insistence that Britain's record must be kept free of any charges of "aggression.")

The nature of the confusion which is still playing its part in hamstringing Allied offensive strategy is illustrated by a recent editorial comment of the *Saturday Evening Post's* (prior to Pearl Harbor) on a letter of Bernard Shaw's anent the problem of the Irish bases. Shaw felt impelled as an Irishman to testify that England had stuck to its bargain about Irish independence "as no other country in the world would have done." He pointed out that "Mr. de Valera is asking Mr. Churchill to imperil his forty million people for the sake of the mere paper neutrality of four million hostile Irishmen." (Had Shaw been writing after Pearl Harbor he might have added to the forty million imperiled British a couple of hundred million in the Americas, twice that number in China and the Antipodes, a similar number in India.) Ireland, insisted Shaw, could not be made another Switzerland, adding: "Mr. de Valera says those ports belong to Eire, but the day is gone when any race of people can call its land its own. Those ports belong to Europe, to civilization."

To which the *Post* replied:

> If four million Irishmen have no rights that forty million Englishmen are bound to respect, what rights have forty million Englishmen that eighty million Germans are bound to respect? If the day is gone when people may call their land their own, what is England defending, and what is the war about? Thirdly, if this is liberal ethic and liberal thinking, then liberalism of this cult, as we have suspected before, is morally and intellectually bankrupt.

If the Allies, including America, had in fact and in all cases stood by the principle that the *Post* invokes in behalf of Ireland, the Allied cause would already have been lost. It has been expedient to be scrupulous in respecting the neutrality of Eire, despite the cost in ships and food and lives. But we can hardly pretend that there has been quite the same scruple in the case of Iceland, Greenland, Egypt, Syria, Iraq, Iran, or in the pre-war years Panama, or, still earlier, in the case of a long list of British bases stretching from Gibraltar to the Far East.

A few weeks ago an isolationist publication gave to the arguments of the *Saturday Evening Post* their logical extension. It insisted that this war could never be regarded as a war for freedom until Britain was prepared to give back Gibraltar to Spain and "Ireland to the Irish," to evacuate all other territories which it occupies, and completely to dissolve its empire and liberate "all the people living under its yoke," including the people of the dominions. This has been in some quarters a familiar theme. Assume that Britain had some years since become completely converted to that particular type of political morality—as, indeed, a goodly proportion of the British people had become—and had completely dissolved the empire, evacuating Gibraltar and all the other bases. What would have been the result today? There can be no doubt whatever that if the British people had been as moral as all that, or had been moral in that particular fashion, a Nazi *Gauleiter* or a "Vichy" government would now be ruling in Britain, and every British port, every factory, and most of the British fleet would be in Nazi hands; Africa and India would have fallen long since, and their teeming millions would have been made into tools of Nazi world domination.

Have we, then, been saved from that fate, at least for the time being, by sheer political immorality and wickedness? And do the present battle cries of independence and self-determination and national freedom mean that the organization of the general defense of the nations against a new violence, like that which Hitler has launched, must always be subject to the self-determination of a Gibraltar or an Aden—or an Eire? That the defense of civilization as a whole must always give way to the objection a state may raise to the presence of a foreign naval or air base upon its territory? That the one political impulse which must never be overridden and must always be regarded as sacred is the impulse to isolationism? In that case the future is with Hitler—the present Hitler or another—however this war may end.

The obviousness of this truth—that the Hitlers will always be able to pick off their enemies one by one, and the war fail of its prime object, if we accept our present battle cries at their face value—can hardly be regarded as favorable to a dauntless morale. True, we talk of a new League of Nations, the blueprint of which is presumably going to be so dazzling that nations will discard those emotions of nationalist separatism which we still foster, and which at present no one seems to have the courage to challenge even to the extent of suggesting with any bluntness that we cannot possibly hope to render national rights secure until we have recognized and accepted the obligations by which alone the rights can be defended.

The difficulties of cooperation between independent states is not a new story; it is as old as the failures of Greek city states to achieve it. It is obviously one of the most difficult of all the tasks undertaken by men. If human experience anywhere gives any hint of forces which help toward success in that task, we ought to be ready to use those forces. The League of Nations failed to solve the fundamental problem of mutual aid in resistance to aggression; the members feared, and evaded, the responsibilities of collective defense. They preferred neutrality. But the nations of the much-criticized British Commonwealth—into which so large a part of the empire had been resolved—did not fail in this particular, and the fact is only mentioned here because actual events illustrate a political principle that it is vital just now to understand.

Although Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa had an independence which entitled them to be neutral, none of them chose that course. They were active belligerents more than two years before the United States became one. And it is worth while putting bluntly to ourselves the question: What would have happened if the Parliament of Canada, like that of Eire, had voted for neutrality? Would the fact that a "British" nation on this hemisphere decided to remain out of the war have had no effect on the development of American opinion, on President Roosevelt's task and course, on his two years' fight against isolationism? And could Britain have faced the enemy in Europe alone during more than a year if the dominions had repudiated any obligation to come into the fight?

Why did they come in? Why did collective security, which in the case of the members of the League failed so egregiously, succeed in the case of half a dozen nations by no means entirely British, which included important French and Dutch elements? The answer would be too long for a *Nation* article, but a partial explanation is to be found in two facts: Although Britain has laid no statutory obligation on the dominions, it has freely offered them the protection of British power—of the navy, the naval bases, and the coaling stations scattered throughout the world. To accept or benefit by that help obviously involved a corresponding obligation—to give help in return. The obligation has been recognized in the retention by the dominions of a mere symbol, the crown. It was a reminder that the new nations had better hang together if they did not want to be hanged separately by some Hitler or other. Cooperation for security was made a reality by the existence of power at a center, coupled with the recognition that cooperation depended upon the acceptance of reciprocal obligations.

If the United Nations are to fulfil their task, centrally directed power must in this case also be freely offered as the means of security for all those cooperating, in return for their acceptance of the relevant obligations. With the accent on obligation. And of course coercion of those who repudiate the obligation cannot be excluded. No workable human society, no building up of law, has been possible without coercion, a coercion which need not endanger the purposes of the war if we know what we are doing and are not trapped by fallacies similar to those embodied in the *Saturday Evening Post* editorial referred to above.

That passage, with its cocksureness, is worth quoting if only to show how liberalism when applied to the field which now concerns mankind more than any other, the international field, has failed to explain itself to certain very important sections of the public. What has liberalism been doing all these years if the editor of the most widely disseminated magazine in America can consider such an appeal as Shaw's for the fulfilment of obligations indispensable to the defense of any right for anybody, equivalent to the denial of right? Or if it is necessary to explain that anyone who wishes to be sure of calling his land or his property or his soul his own must make his contribution to the apparatus of defense—pay his taxes for police and courts and what not in the domestic field, and fulfil obligations even more onerous still in the too long neglected field of international relations?

Surely it ought not to be necessary at this date to explain that there is a difference between the criminal violence of an individual entering a man's house, killing its owner, and seizing it for the criminal's own evil purposes, between that and the seizure of property under the rule of eminent domain, by virtue of which alone at times the human community can defend itself, can uphold the law which prevents robbery and which alone makes either freedom or order possible.

Laval's Cabinet of Traitors

BY HENRY TORRES AND HAL LEHRMAN

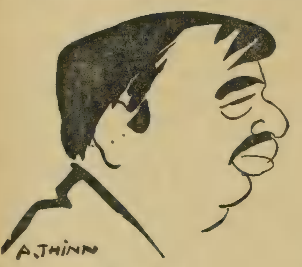
THE political nonentities Pierre Laval has dug out from behind the molding are important not for what they are but for the interests they represent. Individually so obscure that correspondents had to scratch around for a scrap of identifying comment on most of them, the twenty-four assorted ministers, state secretaries, delegates, and commissioners of the new regime form in their constellation the most sinister governmental group in the history of modern France.

That the Cabinet is a sell-out to the Nazis needs no underlining. But the list of the stooges makes two more subtle disclosures. The first is that Laval is not only insuring his own skin by contributing to a Nazi victory but getting the payments on his own insurance. The second is that Pétain and Darlan are as completely under Laval's thumb as Laval is under Hitler's. All the hocus-pocus of the Marshal's supposed contempt for the Auvergnat and the Admiral's hatred of him has been exposed by the magicians themselves.

Laval is an old hand at making money by dealing with the Germans. In 1931, during his first Premiership, he made a famous trip to Berlin with Briand. He spent half his time double-crossing his Foreign Minister and the other half arranging for French investments in the German chemical industry. As Premier, he stuck by his law clients, and one of the best was the great chemical trust of Rhône-Poulenc. But in 1942 Laval has more than chemicals to mix. There is the whole of France's remaining wealth to pillage—and the Banque Worms to help him do it. Pétain allowed this institution to take control of virtually the entire national economy and serve as intermediary for the absorption of France's industries by the Germans. Laval has done even better. He has installed the bank in the Cabinet.

The House of Worms got its start three-quarters of a century ago. It carried coal to the great world ports, grew fat on coastal trade, fatter on shipbuilding. A boon to the republic's commercial prestige, it was the only French firm in its field to give the British serious competition. Yet Hippolyte Worms, the present dean of the house, used to be a passionate Anglophile. He married an English wife—now in London. His daughter's husband is the son of a high official at the British Foreign Office.

In 1937 the House of Worms opened a banking department. The brains behind this enterprise belonged to one Jacques Barnaud, formerly of the Treasury. His lieutenant was a certain Gabriel Leroy-Ladurie. These two developed a considerable attachment for the political dervish Jacques Doriot, who in a single year—1934-35—had gone all the way from Communist to Fascist. Doriot's Parti Populaire Français was stocked mainly with renegades tossed out of respectable trade unions for graft and other peculations. It was properly mystical about labor's rights, in the approved National Socialist manner, and offered a natural investment for nervous money in the days of the People's Front. Barnaud and Leroy-Ladurie did more than just support the P. P. F.; they moved in and took old Worms along with them.



Pierre Laval

After the armistice Doriot set up his collaborationist shop in Paris. So did Barnaud. Already, at Bordeaux, while Reynaud was still in power, Barnaud, in the name of high finance, had been able to put terrific pressure behind Pétain's campaign for surrender. At the same time Leroy-Ladurie had worked on his friend the Countess de Portes, mistress of the Premier. A grateful Pétain made Barnaud Delegate General for French-German Economic Relations. This meant that he was in charge of turning over French properties to the Nazis, on a commission basis. It remained for Laval to raise Barnaud and his job to Cabinet rank.

Leroy-Ladurie has been rewarded by the gift to his brother Jacques of an even juicier plum—the Ministry of Agriculture and Food Supply, where profit possibilities these days are well-nigh astronomical. Jacques was picked for this post by Laval because he was a big landholder and an old-time henchman of Dorgères, the demagogue of the pro-Nazi Peasant Front.

That makes two for the Banque Worms in the new government, and there are two more. Jacques Guérard, also an ex-Treasury man, after being fired from the directorate of the Banque d'Extrême-Orient, entered the Worms establishment as its agent for insurance companies. After an assignment from Darlan arranging bases for the Nazis in Syria, Guérard turned up in Paris as French insurance Führer. He is now a secretary of state "attached to M. Laval." The last of the Worms quartet is Paul Marion, another Doriotist ex-Communist, ex-editor of *l'Humanité,* pre-war errand boy for the bank abroad—especially in Germany—and currently Vichy's Information chief.

With such a crew at his elbow, it is obvious what course Laval will steer in domestic policy. An anarcho-syndicalist lawyer who made millions by backstairs pleading for big-time swindlers, an ex-Socialist whose last Premiership in 1935 cut the standard of living 10 per cent, Laval outdid even himself in his maiden broadcast as Premier under Hitler: "The workers' world has nothing to fear . . . it is socialism that will be installed. Labor will be protected, honored, magnified." To guarantee this, the new State Secretary for Labor is Hubert Lagardelle, publicly acknowledged by Mussolini as his teacher in social philosophy. Lagardelle is another of those former Socialists, disciples of Sorel's "Reflexions sur la violence," who went in one easy glide from preaching the general strike to a swivel chair in the front office of monopoly capital. To please il Duce, France sent this friend of his revolutionary salad days to the Rome embassy, where Attaché Lagardelle had more power than his ambassador. He was Mussolini's undercover man in the Hoare-Laval deal on Ethiopia, and later kept France from forcing a showdown with Italy until the blackshirts were ready with the dagger and France lay dying. This intimate of Matteotti's assassin is now being paraded as the guardian of wages and hours for French workers.

Hangers-on crowd each other in the new government. Typical of these is Raymond Grasset, State Secretary for Health, an old crony from Laval's Puy-de-Dôme bailiwick. Pierre Cathala, the Finance Minister, has held some kind of job in every Laval cabinet. He paid off in a big way once by getting on the Chamber's commission investigating the Stavisky affair and whitewashing his boss. Max Bonnafous, State Secretary for Agriculture, is Adrien Marquet's representative. The neo-socialist fascist mayor of Bordeaux recruited Bonnafous from the local *lycée.* Thanks to such high patronage, the schoolteacher became a prefect in North Africa and in Marseilles, second largest city in the country, without the slightest administrative training. Similarly Georges Hilaire and Robert Bousquet, state secretaries in the Interior Ministry, are two little prefects, aged thirty-four and thirty-three, from the occupied Aube and Marne, where they excelled as bootlickers of the conqueror

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Of the six Ministers, three are all-out Pétain men. Lucien Romier is a doddering ex-journalist who enjoyed a reputation as a debilitated augur in the fashionable columns of *Le Figaro.* Documents found during the war in the private files of the France-Germany Committee prove that Romier was intrusted with suppressing the articles of his colleague Wladimir d'Ormesson, a Catholic patriot who later resigned his Vatican embassy post rather than serve under Vichy. Romier is now "Minister of State Without Portfolio Attached to Marshal Pétain." Joseph Barthélémy, professor at the Paris Law School, told the world in a sensational and highly effective front-page piece for *Le Temps* before Munich that France had no legal obligation to defend Czecho-Slovakia. Barthélémy remains as Minister of Justice. Charles Maurras, arch-Royalist, is not in the Cabinet, probably because he is stone-deaf. But he is adequately represented by Abel Bonnard, leader in the Académie Française of the "Parti des Ducs," for whom a merely moderate reactionary was no better than a Bolshevik. A pre-war writer of essays in super-elegant French lamenting the departed pomp of kings, Bonnard blossomed after the armistice into a furious polemic, shoveling yard after yard of copy into every collaborationist sheet in France. He is now Minister of Education.

The presence of this fossilized triumvirate shows how complete are Pétain's ties to the Laval regime. But the case of Darlan is even more conclusive. The Admiral, no longer in the government, is head of the armed forces and responsible only to the Marshal. Our perennial appeasers are already suggesting that he is therefore the white hope of France. But they ignore the fact that the Secretaries for Navy, Air, and War are all under Laval—and are all Darlan men.

Vice-Admiral Paul Auphan was previously Darlan's naval chief of staff and only last winter was running errands for him in North Africa. (Admiral Charles Platon, another of the Darlan proteges, is now Laval's own secretary.) General Jean Jannekeyn was promoted from colonel and made commander of the air force in Syria by the infamous Henri Dentz, Darlan's Governor General, in time to resist the British–Free French occupation. General Eugene Bridoux was until a fortnight ago Darlan's valet to Laval's jackal Fernand de Brinon, ambassador in Paris, where the General had himself incessantly photographed in full uniform at *Reichswehr* galas.

The last knot of the rope which binds the Marshal, the Admiral, and the new "Chief of Government" is tied by Jacques Benoist-Mechin. He and De Brinon are now secretaries in Laval's personal Cabinet. But Benoist-Mechin, author of a scandalous panegyric to Nazi treatment of French war prisoners, was Pétain's own delegate to the German military. His present post is final proof, if any is still needed, that Laval and the Marshal are two faces of the same counterfeit coin.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

South Africa's Golden Goose

IN MY last article, discussing the war-time utility of the precious metals, I pointed out that gold was still playing an important part in British war finance. Lend-lease has relieved but not ended the strain on Britain's attenuated foreign-exchange resources. Arms contracts predating lend-lease are still being liquidated, and there is an adverse balance of payments with countries outside the sterling area which must be met.

Last year almost one-fifth of a total British war expenditure exceeding $15 billion represented payments abroad which were financed by the realization of foreign resources—gold, dollar balances, and overseas investments. Britain's gold reserves are now largely exhausted; its most salable foreign investments have been sold or mortgaged. Hence for its future needs it must depend to a considerable extent on the newly mined gold of the empire countries within the sterling area, especially of South Africa.

From the point of view of the United States it makes little difference whether goods shipped to Britain are paid for in gold or by a lease-lend debit note. In both cases what we are really receiving is a claim on future British production. Lend-lease agreements provide for the eventual return of equivalent amounts of goods. Gold may seem to some people a more tangible form of payment than a paper obligation, but in actual fact this gold does nothing to increase our wealth—our command over consumable goods—unless at some future date we are prepared to exchange it for foreign commodities and services.

If this were better understood, it might be easier to arrange for pooling the finances of the United Nations, just as their armed services, their production, and their shipping are now being pooled. In that event, the last remaining war-time function of gold—its use as a balancing factor in international payments—would lapse, and, theoretically, the labor and equipment now being devoted to gold-mining could be diverted to more useful forms of production. I say theoretically, because while in most countries gold-mining is a marginal industry which could be closed down without causing more than a limited amount of dislocation and hardship, there are countries where any such step would mean economic catastrophe. The outstanding example is South Africa, which is as compleetly dependent on gold production as Detroit on the manufacture of automobiles. But whereas Detroit with ingenuity and effort can turn to the production of planes, tanks, and guns, the scope for a similar transformation in South Africa is extremely limited.

The South African gold mines afford direct employment to some 50,000 white workers and 300,000 natives and indirect employment to tens of thousands more. In fact, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that most other industries in the country are subsidiary to the mines, while agriculture to a very considerable degree is subsidized by them. This is due to the fact that while the government provides large subventions for the farmers it draws from the gold mines the major part of its revenue. In 1940, it is estimated, direct taxes on gold-mining yielded £28 million, while taxes on income derived from the same source produced £22 million—or together £50 million out of a total revenue of £63 million.

The part played by gold in South Africa's trade balance is equally impressive. In 1941 imports were valued at £100 million; exports, excluding gold, at £41 million. Sales of gold to the Bank of England amounted to £119 million, thus leaving a balance of £60 million which, after allowing for certain "invisible" items, was available for the repatriation of South African foreign indebtedness. In view of this degree of dependency on gold, South Africans insist that drastic curtailment of the industry would be disastrous. It would not be possible, representatives of the mining interests declare, to transfer unskilled native labor to other occupations even if equipment for new war industries could be secured. A big proportion of the white labor force has been released for service in the army. The well-equipped machine-shops maintained by the mines have been partially turned over to war production.

A gradual slowing up in the mines is recognized as inevitable. All work on new properties has been suspended, and development work in producing mines is being curtailed. Only one-third of the £36 million spent on "stores" in 1941 was for imported goods, Certain essential spares and materials must be procured from the United States, but South African mines are not being given any higher priority ratings than American mines, and the shipping shortage provides another handicap.

South African troops have played a notable part in the Ethiopian and Libyan campaigns. Now the Union has assumed major strategic importance since its great naval base at Simonstown is a crucial factor in protecting the remaining sea route to India and the Middle East. The economic strategists of the United Nations must therefore give due weight to the plea that South Africa's foundation industry must be enabled to continue operations if its war effort is not to be short-circuited. It is to be hoped, however, that South Africa will not neglect the present opportunity for greater industrial diversification, particularly the development of base metals. For surely the present crisis spotlights the danger of allowing one's market basket to be filled exclusively with golden goose eggs.

In the Wind

AN EDITORIAL in the April 10 issue of the Charleston, South Carolina, *News-Courier,* praised *The Nation's* position in the recent debate over Indian freedom and expressed particular satisfaction with our indorsement of the British proposal to allow dissatisfied provinces to leave the dominion. At long last, the newspaper claimed, *The Nation,* founded by Abolitionists, had vindicated the Confederacy and the Ordinance of Secession.

TWO NEGROES are on the Atlanta jury that will judge Hiram Evans, former Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, who has been indicted for swindling the state on a construction project.

THE LONDON *New Statesman and Nation* reports that although practically all of its contributors support the war effort and many are in the armed forces, the first of its writers to be killed was a conscientious objector. He was Raymond Alderson, a Quaker who volunteered to drive an ambulance and was killed by enemy fire in Libya.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY has added a kind of Townsendite old-age-pension scheme to its platform and a former Coughlinite, William H. McMasters, to its national committee.

ONE FASCIST GROUP that has been overlooked in most roundups is Pro-America, which operates out of Denver. A speaker at one of its meetings held since Pearl Harbor defended Japan's New Order as a "bulwark against Bolshevism."

A. CLAYTON POWELL, New York Negro minister and a City Councilman, has started a new Negro newspaper, the *People's Voice.* The paper began in an early issue to serialize Richard Wright's "Native Son" but discontinued it because readers found the novel too harrowing.

FRANK HAGUE, Jr., son of Jersey City's mayor, is a judge of the Court of Pardons which is considering the release of Panchelly, Woodworth, and Brown, three union seamen who claim they were framed by the Hague machine.

IF THE GOVERNMENT suppresses *Social Justice,* the Brooklyn *Tablet,* the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran's pro-fascist organ, may publish Coughlin's paper as a special supplement under another name.

GRACE CARLSON, one of the Trotskyites convicted of sedition by the federal government, is running for mayor of St. Paul, Minnesota, while she waits for her case to reach the Supreme Court.

FROM AN EDITORIAL in Hearst's New York *Journal-American* of April 5: "Donald Nelson has said . . . there is a slack in war production." Headline on a news story in the same issue: "Production Goal Met, Says Nelson."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Democracy's Allies in Europe

THE 6TH COLUMN: INSIDE THE NAZI-OCCUPIED COUNTRIES. By Jan Masaryk, Mme Antonina Paderewska-Wilkonska, Stanislaw Stronski, Karin Michaelis, Tor Myklebost, Theodore Broch, Dr. N. A. C. Slotemaker de Bruine, Henri Fast, Prince Jean of Luxembourg and Pierre Dupong, Geneviève Tabouis, Svetislav-Sveta Petrovitch, Sofocles Venizelos. Alliance Book Corporation. $2.50.

UNDERGROUND EUROPE. By Curt Riess. The Dial Press. $3.

PRISONERS OF HOPE: REPORT ON A MISSION. By Howard L. Brooks. L. B. Fischer. $2.75.

EUROPE is not a continent of cowering slaves but a seething battleground where fighting peoples plot to regain the independence they have temporarily lost. Day after day, night after night, unsleeping conspirators carry on their warfare against Hitler, Himmler, the Gestapo, and their traitorous tools. They have learned to expect no mercy, and they have hardened themselves to give none. When one of their number is captured, they know he is tortured and killed. These heroes of the underground movements of the captive countries are the volunteer armies of the United Nations, the allies we cannot afford to forget or neglect.

The three books listed above lift a corner of the curtain that conceals the dark continent of Europe and give us a glimpse of the extraordinary tragedy that is being played out there. On one side we see the arrogance, ruthlessness, and sadism of the self-called master-race, and on the other, the pride, ingenuity, and sacrifice of those who refuse to accept the role of slaves. Here is a drama of the struggle for liberty that literally pierces us with pity and terror. It is the story of a war that is so much more than a mere conflict over national boundary lines that its incidents affect the reader like the chiaroscuro of Dante or the exaltation of Milton.

In a Czech armament plant a German soldier saw a workman pouring soup into a cast. The worker knew it would create a fault in the metal that would make it explode when it became a gun. The soldier rushed to prevent the sabotage. The two men grappled, and both went down into the liquid fire. True, the Czech died—but the steel was spoiled, and there was one less soldier, one less gun for the enemies of his people. Greater love hath no man than this. That struggle silhouetted against, and then consumed by, the blazing inferno is one flash from our contemporary inferno, a vivid moment illuminating the meaning of our struggle.

"The 6th Column" is unfortunately named. It is a report of democracy's fifth column at work in ten countries. The reporters are for the most part men and women familiar with the plans of the unconquered captives in their native lands and continually in touch with them, for communication with their friends in the outside world is maintained with amazing regularity by the leaders of the underground movements. Not all the accounts are written with equal skill, and some are devoted rather to a history of the defeat than to the present struggle against the victors, thus giving the impression that in those countries the underground movements are not active or else that the writer is not informed about them. The most satisfactory accounts are those of Masaryk on Czecho-Slovakia, Myklebost and Broch on Norway, and De Bruine on Holland. While Stronski has given a fair outline of Poland's struggle he has by no means adequately described the amazing organization with which this people is combating the cruelest persecutions being visited upon the captured lands. In spite of its defects, however, the book gives the most complete account of the underground movements that I have yet examined.

Nazi rule follows a well-defined pattern in all these countries. It completely suspends all legal rights, making the population dependent upon the opportunities and whims of the local rulers. It suppresses all freedom of the press. It attacks religious leaders of all faiths. It visits continual oppression upon all universities and students. In these four fields every conceivable kind of personal and social outrage is carried on—theft of personal property, torture of all who display any signs of independence, heavy fines upon communities accused of acts of protest, and vindictive firing upon crowds or buildings selected for punishment. Against these the people maintain a subterranean press, a system of chain letters, secret military organizations, machinery for aiding the concealment and flight of their leaders, continual sabotage, communication with leaders abroad, training for the children and young people in the language and customs of their own people, and vigorous religious protest.

Curt Riess in "Underground Europe" tells stories of individual exploits that illustrate dramatically how the people wage their war. His book should win a wide audience by its human appeal even among those who will understand little of its political import. It makes plain that life in the captive countries moves at two levels, the one that the conquerors see and the hidden one where people talk and act intensely for the things they cherish and have not surrendered. In this underground community all unite to fight the common enemy, but in it also the struggle for future power goes on between the reactionaries who still think of their privileges of yesterday and the liberals who anticipate genuine democracy in the days to come. Riess makes clear at whom our present propaganda should be aimed and how our political warfare should establish contact with those who will help us make the kind of world we want.

"Prisoners of Hope" by the Reverend Howard L. Brooks tells effectively of his experiences in 1941 as a worker with the Unitarian Service Committee furnishing medical care to the concentration camps in France. The Unitarians have performed this service skilfully in conditions of extraordinary delicacy and peril. Mr. Brooks's volume helps to explain their success. It is a book about life under the Vichy regime. It shows how Americans have helped the enemies of Nazism to escape from Europe, paying particular tribute to the courage of Varian Fry, how the Gestapo has penetrated unoccupied France, and how the people express their protest. Above all it shows how Vichy has enslaved every Frenchman and truckled to every Nazi. I recommend it as required reading for the State Department. FRANK KINGDON

How to Attack Japan

VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC: HOW WE MUST DEFEAT JAPAN. By Alexander Kiralfy. The John Day Company. $2.75.

WITHIN the last few weeks American public opinion has turned completely away from the misconception that a defensive war can be other than a losing war, and we now are confronted with the danger that the difficulties of the inevitable alternative will be overlooked. In that connection Alexander Kiralfy's study of the means by which we can hope to achieve victory in the Pacific could not be more timely. The author approaches the problem from a coldly practical point of view, in sharp contrast with the wishful thinking evident in Lieutenant Colonel Kernan's "Defense Will Not Win the War" and in so many articles and speeches advocating an immediate offensive. The will to victory, he points out, is essential but it is not enough. We shall never beat Douhet with Coué.

"Victory in the Pacific" is an excellent combination of encyclopedic erudition and forceful, realistic thinking. Mr. Kiralfy's analysis of the underlying reasons for Japan's yet unbroken chain of conquests is the most exhaustive and convincing that has appeared so far, and is no less convincing or closely reasoned for having been written in the few weeks since Pearl Harbor. A working knowledge of Japanese has aided the author in defining the means by which Tokyo's militarists sought out the chinks in the United Nations' moral and material armor and plunged the sword unerringly at these spots. The only objection to this part of Mr. Kiralfy's work is that he maintains, somewhat laboriously, an analogy between the professional militarist and the surgeon (*isha*). Similarly, in the discussion of military measures there is a rather forced analogy with *shogi*, the Japanese chess.

Before presenting his case for the offensive Mr. Kiralfy seeks to dispel some of the fatal illusions about the global war into which we have been precipitated. The Pacific theater is not—as President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill prematurely decided—a secondary front, but a second primary front. We shall not beat the Japanese by painstakingly breaking off their invasion spearheads at the tip and even more painstakingly driving them back, mile by bloody mile, to Java, to Singapore, to Luzon, to Hainan, to Formosa, and eventually to Japan. We shall gain little, and may even lose, by sporadic raids such as that on the Marshall Islands. We cannot fight under Marquis of Queensberry rules—"Militarists, guided solely by strictly scientific considerations, are fighting against men staggering under a load of inhibitions which include pacifism, defense-mindedness, and war morality . . . they form the trilogy of defeat."

What then shall we do? Mr. Kiralfy describes the Japanese mandated islands in detail, but one could wish for a fuller discussion of the possibility of an offensive westward through the Marshalls. After a nod to the submarine flotillas which have operated with indecisive success on Japan's convoy routes, he turns to the most dazzling of all possibilities, an attack on the enemy homeland. This could come only from the north, and Mr. Kiralfy presupposes the cooperation of the Soviets in providing bases and in making simultaneous attacks from their Maritime Provinces. This supposition may be justified, and indeed the offensive potentialities of these Russian positions may compel Tokyo to strike at them forthwith. If so, it is to be hoped that the United States is prepared to give the necessary aid, not for the defensive, but in the form of counter-attacks even more telling than the raids on Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagoya. And if this should not be so, it is to be hoped that plans for the invasion of Karafuto, Hokkaido, and Honshu are being laid, with due allowance for the fact that Russian bases may be unavailable. In either case, "Victory in the Pacific" is a storehouse of information essential to an understanding of the future campaigns across the international date line. And it is the soundest and most provocative discussion of the alternatives open to the United Nations in that vast theater of war.

GILBERT CANT

Quennell's Byron

BYRON IN ITALY. By Peter Quennell. The Viking Press. $3.50.

"BYRON IN ITALY" is the sequel to Mr. Quennell's admirable "Byron: The Years of Fame"; it spans the time between 1816 and 1823, from the end of Byron's disastrous marriage to his departure for Greece. This is the period of Byron's full poetic maturity, the period of the last canto of "Childe Harold," of "Beppo," of "Cain" and "Manfred," of "The Vision of Judgment," and, most important of all, of "Don Juan." It is also the time of that crisis in Byron's spirit that led him through the liaisons with Clare Claremont, Marianna Segati, and Margarita Cogni, through the sordid and probably perverse Venetian nights, through the torpor of his attendance upon Theresa Guiccioli. For a while he was quiet with Theresa in the placidity and affection of the Palazzo Lanfranchi; but the furies were soon at him again and he fled to the fatal Greek adventure.

It is a hard story to tell. The events are frequently sensational, sometimes brutal, and they can tempt the biographer to forget that this is not a sexual melodrama but a spiritual tragedy. But Mr. Quennell is not to be tempted. He does not assume that Byron's sexual career was unique either in his own day or in ours. He understands the nature of Byron's sensuality, knowing that, in the ordinary meaning of the word, Byron was not a sensual man at all. Byron's sexual urge was as reluctant as it was compelling, and he expected little peace or pleasure from its satisfaction; deep conflicts of impulse made his affairs the symbols or the instruments of other than sexual needs, just as the Greek enterprise served other than political aims.

Mr. Quennell does not labor this insight, and he does not usurp the role of the psychopathologist. He makes his point as the biographer should make it, by the right proportions of his narrative and by the tact of his tone. After the rush and gush of Ethel Colburn Mayne's useful but infatuated biography, and after the grave knowingness of André Maurois's, the quiet worldliness of Mr. Quennell's book comes as a cool relief. In life Byron gave the best of himself to men and women of the world who accepted him without worship, contempt, or astonishment, and in biography he responds in the same way.

But good as Mr. Quennell's book is on all personal matters, it has a serious deficiency. Byron was more than a man of personal life; he was a man of mind, of society, and of history, and unless he is seen so he is not truly seen. And Mr. Quennell is both inadequate and naive in his dealing with history and ideas. His book, through most of its length, does not lead us to remember that Byron was a great and conscious European who suffered as much from his epoch as from himself. Then, having sinned by omission, Mr. Quennell undertakes to make up for it by launching into a sin of commission; as the story draws to a close with Byron preparing to sail for Greece, Mr. Quennell interrupts his narrative to make an elaborate estimate of the romantic movement. He tells us, among other things, that the romantic poets were "continually advancing the charms of extinction against the claims of life," that they were anarchic and distrusted the use of reason, that to them we may trace all the evils of nationalism—"essentially a romantic movement"—and even the theory of Aryan racial superiority. This is, of course, both inaccurate and illogical; and Mr. Quennell is so concerned to blame our present disorders on the romantic poets that he quite forgets the manful struggle they made against the disorder of their own time.

Mr. Quennell's unhappy excursion into political judgment occupies but a relatively small part of his book, and it should not obscure the book's excellent qualities. Nevertheless, it indicates an inadequacy in Mr. Quennell's understanding of Byron which all his personal insight does not redeem.

LIONEL TRILLING

Taxes and Politics

AMERICAN TAXATION: ITS HISTORY AS A SOCIAL FORCE IN DEMOCRACY. By Sidney Ratner. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.50.

IT IS difficult to damn Sidney Ratner's book on American taxation except with faint praise. The author's point of view is firmly grounded in the progressive tradition of writers like Charles A. Beard, Allan Nevins, and Gustavus Myers, to whom he gives full credit in his preface and in voluminous footnotes.

As a text or reference book, the volume should prove widely useful. Perhaps it is unfair to criticize such an extensive and scholarly work from the point of view of the general reader. Yet it is decidedly unsatisfying in a number of important ways.

The title is misleading, because the study deals exclusively with the history of federal taxation. To consider the national tax program without reporting at each stage the complementary effects of state and local taxation is to give a distorted picture of the over-all burden at various income

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levels. State and local taxes are mentioned briefly in a few places, but there is, for example, no mention of the very serious failure of New Deal leaders to undertake the necessary and difficult job of coordinating the present chaotic tax structure.

The distinction between progressive and regressive taxes which is accepted by most liberals is assumed throughout the book, and perhaps no extensive new discussion of the subject is needed. At the same time the desirability of taxing the rich and the undesirability of taxing the poor are not so generally taken for granted that they can be presented without argument. More particularly, it is not entirely fair to examine tax programs of Revolutionary and Civil War days solely from the point of view which prevails in progressive circles today. Taxation must be considered in the light of economic conditions and theories which were general at the time the taxes were levied: the imposition of an income tax during the Civil War was far more radical than it was fifty years later, and the Senators who proposed and supported it deserve relatively greater credit than they are given, even though the measure was modest in its effect on the rich.

During the nineteenth century, at least, the people of the United States as a whole were convinced that the accumulation of capital in the hands of rich men was beneficial, since the country needed capital for the development of its resources. It can reasonably be argued that the great disparities between rich and poor which were allowed to develop as a result of this conviction were deplorable. But in all fairness it is important to distinguish between an era when private fortunes were largely invested in productive enterprises and the present situation, when over-saving has become a real economic menace. Mr. Ratner fails to make that distinction, or to give any full discussion of the economic effects of taxation. His preoccupation with social justice is commendable, but it does not shed very much new light on his subject.

Nevertheless, a history of national politics in America in terms of tax legislation is a worth-while job, and one which the author has accomplished with skill, a readable style, and a great deal of scholarly research. While much of the background is familiar to anyone who has read Beard and Parrington, it is enlivened with many anecdotes and character sketches which are decidedly to the point. It is scarcely the author's fault that arguments about taxes have gone over and over the same ground, and it is amusing to read the comment of the New York *Sun* on the Supreme Court's invalidation of the income tax in 1895: "The wave of socialistic revolution has gone far," said the *Sun*, "but it breaks at the foot of the ultimate bulwark set up for the protection of our liberties. Five to four the court stands like a rock."

In presenting such illuminating details, together with a more serious record of Congressional action on tax bills since the days of the Revolution, Mr. Ratner has performed a real service. Unfortunately, his efforts to present a full historical background for the story of taxes have led him occasionally to make hasty and rather dubious generalizations. He writes, for example: "The Roosevelt Administration, however, had dealt a heavy blow to international economic cooperation in July, 1933, when Roosevelt repudiated the program of the London International Economic Conference

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for currency stabilization because he desired to promote a speedy recovery within the United States through a devaluation of the currency and a rise in domestic prices."

Many economists, especially those with orthodox views about currency, will agree with this statement. But it can be argued with considerable justification that the London Economic Conference was wrecked because the British and French representatives refused to begin serious discussions without an agreement for restoration of the gold standard. Whether the President was right or wrong, his policy at that time does not deserve to be dismissed with a casual sentence.

The book was evidently completed before the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the final chapter, America Faces the Second World War, inevitably fails to cover the tax problems which will arise from the war expenditures now in prospect. By the time the war is over, the value of the whole study will probably be quite purely historical. CHARLES E. NOYES

"How Begot, How Nourished?" I

[This is the first of a series of three commentaries on the writing and publishing of poetry. The second will appear in an early issue.]

DURING a lull in the general uproar a stir and murmur from that corner of the party where the literary editors have their heads together waft a phrase halfway across the room. Did I hear something about "a renaissance of poetry"? In the midst of the loud resuming noise, before we apply too much common sense to analysis of the phrase and deflation of its metaphorical value, even while we remind ourselves that poetry is written with the human hand and that poets are produced by a so far undiscovered dialectical law, in other words, according to God's holy will, it might be interesting to pay a little attention to the publication of poetry, to examine the various means by which it is presented to the reader, the various levels on which, in book form, it engages his attention.

To begin with, we have the reputable established commercial houses. These—some more, some less—bring out books of poetry every season, for one reason or another: for prestige, to balance their list, to have the satisfaction of cashing in on a long shot when a Pulitzer prize winner comes over, or from more creditable motives. All of them complain that they lose money on it; still, one might like to have a look at the accounts, and see whether they drop more on their poets, in any given season, than they throw around on cocktail parties for their novelists or the successful inside-story lasses and lads. Is it only a low and skulking nature that can suspect even houses with lofty names of receiving an occasional discreet subsidy from a poet? And what about that "You-write-us-a-novel, we'll-publish-your-poems" angle? But whatever their peccadillos, these houses are the best bet for the poet who can afford to wait, and not let waiting get him down.

On another level we have recently seen something like a revival of the system of individual patronage, and it is this phenomenon, and its product, that I wish to discuss principally in this first article. Young Walter Chrysler, if I remember correctly, made one or two desultory attempts, some years ago, along these lines; and now we have the much more energetic and systematic efforts of the New Directions Press in Norfolk, Connecticut. The editor, James Laughlin, is—I hope it is not libelous to say—a rich young man whose other assets include a generous heart, a willing ear, and occasional manifestations of rather pretty taste. His munificence has permitted considerable increase both in the quantity and quality of poetry published in the last few years; and his range is not restricted by narrow concepts. His firm will shortly publish, for example, a good-sized anthology of modern poetry from Latin America, the translations taken care of by American poets. He has not only established a series called "The Poet of the Month," but is now bringing out his second annual anthology of the work of five young American poets.

The "Poet of the Month" series may be had at an annual subscription price of $4; I take it this refers to editions bound in paper; board copies are offered singly at a dollar apiece. At hand are five volumes, from the latter part of 1941 and the early part of 1942. Their scope is considerable, as may be seen from what follows: a collection of new translations made from the Palatine anthology by the modern American poet Dudley Fitts; some of the poems from an early book by Rainer Maria Rilke, "The Book of Hours," with the original German facing translations made by another modern American poet, Babette Deutsch; a book of poems by a young Englishman, F. T. Prince; another by a middle-aged American, Malcolm Cowley; and an anthology

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of some three dozen from the original thirteen hundred lyrics left by Robert Herrick.

In presenting translations of forty-nine poems from the Palatine anthology, Mr. Fitts continues the good work begun in a previous edition of a hundred poems from the same source. His method is to suggest the Greek quality of the originals by a simple Doric line, like that of H. D.'s poems. Now and then Mr. Fitts can be caught in an arch act, or a sly one, putting in a word for no good reason, or even an idea, as in the Poem 24, from Philodemus the Epicurean. Sometimes, too, an epigram seems to lose its point, or to have been taken from a rather labored original. One might wish that Mr. Fitts had tried his hand now and then at reproducing the original elegiac meter—his method makes the poems seem, perhaps, a little too austere—or that he had attempted the use of rhymed couplets, in the eighteenth-century manner, to sharpen the point, especially in the satirical epigrams. But the general effect of the collection is that of fine, clean, simple work; and the pages are a delight to look at as well as to read.

The page design of the Rilke book, on the other hand, could hardly have been calculated to produce a more exasperating impression. Each poem, whether in German or English, starts with a heavy bold-face Gothic line with letters somewhat larger than those below; the rest of the German side of the page is printed in italics, in the English alphabet; the English side of the page is in Roman. On both sides of the page one finds, occasionally, single words or phrases set in small Roman capitals. If this does not look quite as phony and messy as it sounds, it still looks phony and messy enough; and this is bad, not only on its own account, but because it contributes to a substantial distortion of our view of Rilke. Rilke did have in him just a little of the phony-precious-pretentious: to present him under a glass which magnifies this aspect alone does much to put off the sensible reader, who comes to learn, later than he should, how much greater Rilke really was, how much more there was to him, how steadfastly he came to grips with, how magnificently transcended, his early limitations. "The Book of Hours" is early work and, good as it is, by no means Rilke's best, for there is considerable mawkishness in the emotion and a tentative quality in the technique. But these poems are interesting, both for themselves and because they show out of what beginning his later art matured. Miss Deutsch's translations are pretty good, though not quite so good as they might have been if she had studied harder to reproduce the sound effects of Rilke, or to understand how much he could drive home with the simple noun, the simple verb, the simple definite article. In a translation appearing on page 19, for instance, she uses five rhymes on the *ee* sound where only two appear in the original sonnet. She is not often guilty of leaving out, but she sometimes does some putting in; or she does not resist hard enough the temptation that comes to translators to add the adjective that the original noun suggested to them; this has the effect of stopping the suggestive power of the original version.

F. T. Prince's poems were published in London in 1938 by Faber and Faber; which means for one thing that T. S. Eliot thinks well of him. He has sent over to this side fourteen poems, nine of them very short, from that collection, and has also added one new poem. For once a new young poet, but good, who does not sound too much like Auden; he does sound a little like Eliot sometimes. He has a fine ear and a nice wit; the tone is elegiac at times, or questioning in an almost feminine manner; but underneath the treble of the interrogation there is affirmation in the bass.

Malcolm Cowley is also indebted to Eliot, both for the title of his collection—"The Dry Season"—and for the manner of some of the poems. His mood, also, is often elegiac, or nostalgic with a sentimental hankering after the good old days described in "Exile's Return." This little book gives the impression that he has turned, for spiritual regeneration, to the writing of poetry.

In the poem Seven, at the end of the central section, and in the two poems of prophetic affirmation that follow, there are signs of serious self-examination, as distinguished from narcissism; and in some poems both in the first and final sections there is an attempt to secure a more basic simplicity. The most interesting poems in the book, I feel, are these, where the writer achieves his effects, as he says, "by making the poems a simple statement of things felt and seen."

The little sheaf of poems by Robert Herrick is neat to look at and will beguile you for a pleasant half-hour. I am curious to know what is meant by one remark in the preface: "It is suspected that he was something of a Propertius during these London years."

Next time I plan to discuss Mr. Laughlin's collection of five young American poets, as well as a somewhat similar group of seven published by the press of James A. Decker.

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ART

Abstract Art

THE sixth annual exhibition of the American Abstract Artists seems to have released a spate of group shows of abstract art. The high-water mark is the Red Cross benefit exhibition "Masters of Abstract Art" inaugurating Helena Rubinstein's New Art Center on Fifth Avenue, which will run until May 15. At the same time A. E. Gallatin is showing a selection of recent acquisitions and loans that will remain on view over the summer at the Gallery of Living Art at New York University, Washington Square; and the Museum of Modern Art is presenting for an indefinite period recent accessions and extended loans to illustrate the origins and development of abstract painting and films. All four exhibitions overlap, but their emphases vary.

The A. A. A. exhibition, which closed on March 23, was the most provocative show of all, not so much because of the

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The PROGRESSIVE—Madison, Wis.

merits of the individual contributors as because many of them were comparatively young and so could tell us most about the probable future of abstract art in this country. Upon this future a lot depends. The abstract is the one contemporary order in which it is least possible to get away with the chic, the imitative, and the merely facile. While the American abstract movement has been no less chained to its origins abroad than the rest of our art, and has produced its own share of pallid, imitative work, abstract artists are as a group more conscious of their shortcomings in this respect and less comfortable about them. They are unwilling to settle for anything less than a first-hand art.

Aside from the collective impression made by the A. A. A. show—which as a feat of hanging alone induced the exhilaration peculiar to well-housed shows of abstract art—certain individual performances made one feel that here was art in movement; new possibilities were being plumbed that burst the confines of the set easel-picture and sculptured piece. Nor did it matter too much whether the results so far were very successful or not. And there are no great successes as yet: a certain authority is lacking, there is a hesitancy even in the work of the older artists—a hesitancy not present, for instance, in the big painting on view by Jean Hélion, a Frenchman, which manages to retrieve its weak, Vermeerish color and inflated design by what I can only call authority or assurance. But there is a beginning, and *beginnings* can be found almost nowhere else in contemporary American art. Among the most promising evidences were the metal constructions of Ibram Lassaw, clean, intense, and full of animation. However, Lassaw sets himself problems that seem at times too easy; which is also the case with Gertrude Greene, whose polychrome bas-reliefs would be more interesting if color were used to define the planes in depth as well as in extension. As for the paintings themselves, the best seemed to me to be those by Hananiah Harari, Giorgio Cavallon, and Esphyr Slobodkina. They had in common a fluidity of shape and color that seemed least to violate the character of their medium, in contrast to the "geometricians," who treat canvas as though it were concrete or plastic. But there is one painter among these latter, Albert Swinden, who shows as much promise perhaps in his single unsuccessful painting as the others in their successful ones.

Many of the artists whose work appeared at the A. A. A. show are also represented at Mr. Gallatin's exhibition. I admire Mr. Gallatin's taste, but sometimes find it too narrow. This may be the reason that his show makes a duller impression, even though there was nothing at the A. A. A. so completely finished as two of the pictures here by Hélion, or one by Mondrian, or the gauzy composition in citrus colors by John Ferren (whose show of more recent work at the Willard Gallery marks a great retrogression from this).

The exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art identifies the origins of the absolutely non-objective in the "suprematism" of the Russian painter, Kasimir Malevitch, "who in 1913 began to base his art upon the square and the circle." The works by Malevitch and his disciple Rodchenko, by Larionov, the Russian "rayonist" (he analyzed the visible into streaks of colored light), and by Umberto Boccioni, the Italian futurist, all have documentary value but are meager in aesthetic results. Going on to the section of the exhibition devoted to the school of Paris, we see that the great abstract and semi-abstract idiom is post-cubist and French, and that in its heyday, 1910-30, it could work through such comparatively minor talents as Le Corbusier-Jeanneret, Villon, and the sturdier Antoine Peusner to produce little masterpieces. Even Mondrian, to judge from the work he did during this period, of which there is an example here done in solid squares of color, was perhaps at his best while still strongly under the influence of post-cubism proper. And if the large and a bit over-aggressive painting by Gorky, an American, is good, it is because he continues the same thing in his own way. And of course there is the splendid still life by Braque and the one by Picasso, which consists of three very good paintings not very successfully put together on a single canvas. Of the rest of the show one can only say, "how interesting." It was certainly worth while to have obtained the examples of sundry other pioneer abstractionists, Wilfred's Lumia compositions and the water-color designs for an abstract film made in 1913 by Leopold Survage, but the practical result—the pleasure to be got from them—is nil.

The "Masters of Abstract Art" is the latest and richest of the four exhibitions, containing as it does works by Picasso, Braque, Arp, Miró, Klee, Van Doesburg and others, which have already taken safe and calm places in the pantheon of art. The finest item is a portable mural painted in 1933 by Miró, who, like the other Spaniards Picasso and Gris, belongs mainly to French painting and is one of the few artists of our day able to cover a large area of space so well that the beholder wishes it even larger. At the sight of the cubist paintings by Gris, Picasso, and Braque, one wonders how it was ever possible to say that cubism is a dry, "intellectualized" art without emotion, for these pictures with their brown tones and vibrating planes communicate the pathos of their moment and place with an eloquence more than equal to that of Apollinaire's poetry. However, the special excellence of this show does not lie in its confirmed masterpiece but in the generally high level of accomplishment shown by the work of the lesser men, both American and foreign. There are plenty of bad things here, but I was more than once surprised to discover how well artists whose work I do not particularly care for could paint in given instances.

It is to be wished that this show had the advantage of more spacious quarters so that one could get more than four feet away from some of the pictures.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

MUSIC

DR. ALFRED EINSTEIN is the musicologist to whose disciplined scholarship we owe the new edition of Köchel's Catalogue and the editions of the resurrected Haydn symphonies that Stiedry performed with the New Friends of Music Orchestra. In "Greatness in Music" (Oxford University Press, $3) he is a scholar writing not for other scholars but for the lay reader; which means, as he puts it, writing with "no long preliminary research, no copious scientific equipment, and no learned annotations," or, as I would put it, giving only the essential train of thought and its necessary factual basis, without all the cluttering, obscuring detail of supporting reasoning and fact that is required in a rigorous presentation for other scholars.

Actually one finds Dr. Einstein on page 126, for example, reaching "the difference between genius and talent, which in music as in other things is not a quantitative but a qualitative difference"; on page 129 describing the difference as "condensation, which is related to brevity but is not identical with it," and which is "a stronger vitalization through musical energy and expression"; and then giving examples. First Telemann and Bach, between whom the difference turns out to be that when Telemann wrote in the French or the Italian style "there was always a residue of imitation," whereas "when Bach wrote a concerto *im italienischen Gusto* it was Bachian or, as has been incorrectly said, German. For it was not his so-called Germanism that determined Bach's style; rather it was Bach's music that determined the German style. A national style is the sum of the individualities of speech that can be drawn from the work of musicians—but sometimes *cannot* be drawn from it; for if Bach is German, then the Wagner of 'Tristan' or 'Parsifal' is definitely not very German. Bach just is Bachian, and Wagner Wagnerian"—all of which may be true, if not very clear, but Dr. Einstein is supposedly discussing condensation.

But on page 130 "the process of condensation becomes very clear when we compare Mozart with his Italian contemporaries. 'Mozart and Cimarosa'—that doesn't go, even if Stendhal believed it did. Berlioz was absolutely right when in an annotation to his memoirs of this corpulent consul at Civitavecchia he said that he 'wrote the most irritating lucubrations on music, for which he fancied he had some feeling.' Mozart had the good fortune—and merit—to have captured . . . some of the best librettos which Italian opera of those days afforded. But not the very best. The very best *opera buffo* librettos . . . were not written by Da Ponte but by Giovanni Battista Casti, his rival, who unfortunately plays about the same role in the history of Italian literature of the eighteenth century as Pietro Aretino did in the sixteenth. He wrote a number of *novelle galanti* which are as salacious as they are witty—but, after all, perhaps more witty than salacious. Byron must have known them and admired them; otherwise we should hardly have his 'Don Juan.' Goethe"—and so on until on page 133 we reach the fact that Casti's "Rè Teodoro," the best libretto of its time, was set to music not by Mozart but by Paesiello, whose opera would be a failure today because "it lacks what we have called 'condensation.' Paesiello said everything in a broader and a more shallow way than Mozart."

Note that the essential line of thought is: "Condensation is the difference between Mozart and his contemporaries. Cimarosa is one example. Paesiello is a second: though he started with a libretto by Casti that was even better than Da Ponte's librettos for Mozart, he produced an opera that was inferior to Mozart's because it lacked condensation." Note that just as Dr. Einstein could not cite the example of Telemann and Bach without bringing in what he thinks about a national German style, so he cannot cite the example of Cimarosa and Mozart without mentioning what he read in Stendhal about Cimarosa, and in Berlioz about "this corpulent consul at Civitavecchia." Note further that from this he goes to Mozart's librettos without a word to indicate that he has moved on from Cimarosa to Paesiello; and that we are left in the dark about the purpose of the comparison of Da Ponte's and Casti's librettos—that is, its relation to the real point, which is the comparison of Mozart's and Paesiello's operas—for two pages in which Dr. Einstein again, having mentioned Casti's librettos, must drag in what he has dug up about Casti, about Pietro Aretino, about the *novelle galanti* which Byron must have known and admired, and so on.

The book, then—for it is all like that—*is* filled with the details that are properly in a book for scholars, but not properly in a book for lay readers. And the reason is that if the book is written informally it is also written pretentiously, and that actually the informality is part of the pretentiousness: Dr. Einstein never lets his lay reader forget that it is a scholar who is writing for him—or rather who is condescending to write for him—out of the riches of his enormous scholarship, his long experience, his vast reading, his profound philosophical meditations. Moreover, writing informally, for our scholar, means writing with his scholar's discipline relaxed below the requirements of even an informal intellectual exercise. Even such an exercise, that is, must have organization, order, form; but Dr. Einstein has taken the informality of the occasion as an excuse for shirking this burdensome obligation to integrate the material of each chapter into a coherent, clearly outlined progression, the four chapters into a unified treatment of the book's subject; he has taken it as an excuse for producing instead the four *causeries* such as are given on the lecture circuit—each with its impressive rather than descriptive title, each playing with the material, and each a confused clutter through which in some instances one can penetrate to outline and direction, and in other instances one cannot.

A number of passages in the book I cannot make head or tail of; some that I understand I don't think much of; others I find richly informative and perceptive; but even with these the book is for me—who approached it with respect for its author and eager anticipation of what I would learn from him about an important and interesting subject—a shocking performance. And the performance being what it is, one can understand and forgive the satisfaction I got from seeing the author, right in the middle of all this pretentiousness, slip on a banana peel—refer, that is, on page 120 to Mozart's "two 'little' symphonies in A major and G minor (Köchel Nos. 200 and 201)," when actually K. 200 is in C major, K. 201 is in A major, and the "little" G minor is K. 183.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Post-War Germany

Dear Sirs: Your issue of April 11 carried an article by Reinhold Niebuhr in which the following statement appeared: "A federated Europe would probably be dominated by Germany." This idea seems to be shared by many people; in fact, they think it so self-evident that it requires no proof. But careful consideration of the problem leads to an entirely different conclusion.

In a divided Europe Germany was the most powerful country. All the curbs imposed upon it in the period between the two wars proved ineffective. If it were not for the participation in this war of the United States, Russia, and England—powers not properly a part of Europe—German domination over the continent would be assured for an entire historical period.

In a European federation, on the other hand, there will be no domination of one nation over others. Differences in the size and strength of the member states need not result in the subordination of the weaker or the smaller. The United States of America affords a living example. The disparity between the Eastern states and the other states of the Union is far greater than that between Germany and other European nations; yet all the states have equal freedom and equal rights. That, of course, does not mean that it will be easy to establish a United States of Europe patterned upon the United States of America. What I wish to emphasize is merely that German domination of a federated Europe is not inevitable.

The natural tendency in Central Europe is toward the decline of German influence rather than its growth. During the past two decades there has been a steady decrease of German elements in the eastern portions of the former German Empire and a corresponding increase of Slavic elements. The anti-Polish policy established in Pomerania by Bismarck some sixty years ago attempted to use force to stop this process, which was already then in evidence, but the results were insignificant. At the same time, within the German Reich, we observe an awakening of national consciousness among the Polish elements in Silesia, which has been separated from other Polish territories for almost 800 years. Similar processes have gone on in other Slavic nations, particularly in the former Hapsburg empire.

Today Hitler attempts to stem this process by a policy of extermination of non-Germans which makes Bismarck's measures pale by comparison. Yet his efforts yield only negligible results (western Poland may be cited as an example). The Germans began political and military action against the other European nations precisely because they were unable to dominate them by peaceful and purely economic means. When the German minority, one-fifth of Europe's population, is deprived of its artificial props, when Prussian power is destroyed and the Junkers and great capitalists are liquidated, the diminution of German influence in Europe will be further accelerated.

In a genuinely democratic federated Europe there will thus be no reason to fear German domination.

GEORGE KAGAN

New York, April 23

America's Danger

Dear Sirs: I would like to thank you for your paragraph on the Victory Program of the Automobile Workers in your issue of April 18. It showed a realization that America is in graver danger than most of us want to admit.

It seems to me that a magazine such as *The Nation* can be very influential in waking up the country to two of its greatest dangers—the smug belief, on the one hand, that somehow everything will turn out all right; and the hysterical desire, on the other hand, to find a scapegoat for our problems. We have got to stop inflation, and the only just way to stop it—the only way, in fact—is to clamp down on war profits of every kind. Labor will have to give up excessive overtime, management will have to forgo excessive profits, landlords will have to keep their rents within reason, and the farmers must realize that this war is not being fought to raise the price of food.

Since human nature has its limits, mere good-will among the people is not enough. There must be national legislation. The danger is that each interest will be so afraid of losing a few fat years that it will put pressure on Congress to do nothing. However, once the American people understand the deadly danger of inflation and defeat rolled into one, I think even the most callous Congressman will decide that his chances of reelection are better if he votes for a firm control.

It is in the creation of a sane and vigorous public opinion that you can do a great deal of good. CHAD WALSH

Ann Arbor, Mich, April 18

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The Shape of Things

WE REJOICE THAT THE UNITED NATIONS have acted in time to forestall a Japanese occupation of Madagascar, the great French island which stands so commandingly astride the sea routes to India and the Middle East. As we go to press, few details are available, but a strong force appears to have landed near Diego Suarez, the well-equipped naval base at the northern tip of the island, and to be advancing against only slight opposition. Reports so far received suggest that the expedition is wholly British. It seems to us unfortunate that arrangements were not made for at least a token American contingent. However, we welcome the strong State Department announcement that the occupation has "the full approval and support of the United States government" and its warning to Vichy to refrain from any form of retaliation. More serious than the lack of direct American participation is the fact that the Free French forces appear to have been left completely out of the operation. Moreover, early reports suggest that the British are planning to carry out a purely military occupation, leaving civil administration in the hands of the Vichy-appointed governor, who is responsible for the recent reign of terror against local supporters of De Gaulle. Such an appeasing gesture to the government of Pierre Laval would be political folly of the first water. It would be a direct invitation to sabotage and espionage in Madagascar and a smack in the face for the Free French movement which would inevitably confuse and dismay millions of Frenchmen just when they need increased moral backing to carry on their bitter fight against collaboration.

*

STANDARD OIL OF NEW JERSEY ISSUED AN angry denial of the charges that a deal with I. G. Farben had stifled the production of synthetic acetic acid in this country, but the denial has only intensified suspicion that the company knew what it was doing in entering into a series of agreements with the Nazi chemical trust. The charges made by Irving Lipkowitz of the Justice Department's anti-trust division were specific and were based on more than a hundred documents submitted to the Senate Patents Committee. These show that Standard Oil dismantled its acetylene plant in 1939, after the outbreak of war, under an agreement negotiated after the war started but predated to the day before the war. Although the Standard Oil Company, after Lipkowitz's testimony before the committee, issued a statement declaring that Lipkowitz had "drawn conclusions not based on the facts," it avoided sending a representative before the committee to deny the charges under oath. Nor did it deny the essential fact—that the company had dismantled its plant under an agreement with the German company.

*

STANDARD OIL HAS BEEN ON THE CARPET for dealing with Axis firms before. It will be recalled that the company put up a feeble defense when Thurman Arnold charged fully a month ago that its agreements with I. G. Farben had hindered synthetic-rubber production in this country, and that it had no reply when Assistant Secretary of State Berle declared that it did not halt sales of gasoline to Nazi airlines in South America until forced to by the State Department's blacklist. So far, however, there has been no prosecution or direct investigation of the Standard Oil Company to find out why it adopted these Axis-favoring policies. It is quite possible that the company officials have been merely innocent victims of a clever Axis design to weaken this country in the event of war. But if their share in the affair has been entirely innocent, they should welcome an investigation and should not shy away from making statements under oath.

*

THERE ARE SIGNS THAT THE POLITICAL truce in Britain is being strained to the breaking-point, not by conflicts between the party machines, but by the growing reluctance of the electors to accept rubber-stamp candidates. The formation of a coalition government at the beginning of the war was accompanied by a standstill agreement between the three major parties—Conservative, Labor, and Liberal. Since then, whenever a Parliamentary vacancy has occurred, the party machines have united in supporting the nominee of whichever party previously held the seat. The practical necessity of such an arrangement is obvious, but it has had also the grave disadvantage of perpetuating a political set-up dating back to 1935 and one increasingly unrepresentative of current opinion. Moreover, it has resulted in most vacancies being filled by elderly party hacks whose chances of election would have been slim if they had had to fight for it. Nevertheless, until recently the independent candidates who offered themselves at many by-elections failed to attract votes. Now in the course of a single day two traditionally Conservative constituencies have been captured by independents of a leftist but not Communist character. These overturns at Rugby and Wallasey follow one at Grantham about a month ago, when the Conservative candidate was defeated by a popular local manufacturer with past Labor affiliations standing as an independent. In all three cases the successful candidates emphasized that they were not against Prime Minister Churchill. On the contrary, they wanted to strengthen his hands for a really all-out effort to win the war and prepare for the peace. Their victories are indicative of political ferments at work in Britain which the party machines, sunk in bureaucratic inertia, can no longer safely ignore.

*

AS A RESULT OF LAST WEEK'S PLEBISCITE IN Canada Prime Minister Mackenzie King is free to ask for legislation imposing conscription for overseas service. Technically, he has of course always had that right. But since he had made a solemn pledge before the last election not to draft men for foreign service, Mr. King had maintained that only the voters could release him from his promise. The pledge was made in the interest of national unity at a time when the loyalty of Quebec was in serious question. The imposition of conscription in World War I had provoked widespread disaffection among the French Canadians of Quebec, and in view of the known fascist sympathies of a section of the population it was feared that the situation would be even worse in this war. While conditions in Quebec have materially improved in the past two years as a result of the passing of the Duplessis government, the plebiscite results indicate that the problem is by no means solved. Although some sections of the province voted yes, Quebec as a whole voted nearly three to one against releasing Mr. King from his pledge. In some districts the negative vote was as high as thirty or forty to one. It is still not clear whether the government will proceed with legislation extending the draft in the face of the Quebec opposition, but the chances are that it will do so after some delay. The overwhelming majority of Canadians have shown that they are determined to win the war at any cost, and although some trouble may be expected, the minority will doubtless go along.

*

THE RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE WORKING committee of the All India Congress Party decreeing that invasion of the country is to be met with non-violent non-cooperation makes it clear that Gandhi, whose influence seemed to be waning, still has extraordinary power over Indian opinion. The motives actuating the Mahatma, in whom the saint and the politician are so bafflingly mixed, are less clear. His insistence on non-violence—of which Nehru and many other Congress leaders have long since become skeptical, to say the least—might be put down to a single-minded dedication to a technique which has been his life work if it were not for his recent anti-British and anti-American utterances. It is true, of course, that non-violence does not mean non-resistance, though it seems a poor method of opposing airplanes and tanks. It is also true that the resolution states that "not to put obstacles in the way of the British forces will often be the only way of demonstrating non-cooperation with the invader," and it reiterates Indian antipathy to Nazism and fascism. In this last fact, and it is a fact, lies the best hope that the Indians, whatever the Congress has decreed, will defend themselves by any means they have at their disposal. We imagine that many good Congress members are taking comfort from the fact that there are both British and American forces in India, and they will undoubtedly continue the preparations for guerrilla warfare and Home Guard defense that are already under way in many sections. Indian bitterness against British rule is deep and understandable. It is hard to believe that this bitterness will be allowed to facilitate the conquest of India by a far more brutal imperialism.

*

DESPITE THE ATTACKS MADE BY SENATORS Byrd and Taft on government publicity agencies, these agencies have on the whole been operated with great efficiency and objectivity. Every newspaperman in Washington knows what a useful role they play in providing necessary information. Most of the publicity men are themselves ex-newspapermen of experience and ability. It is not always possible for an official to deal directly with the press, and much time is saved by routing requests for information through an information officer. Byrd's attack on Lowell Mellett's new United States Information Center reflects a bitter and unfair campaign against Mellett by the Washington *Post*. The purpose of the new center is to make it easier for business men and others to find out where to go in the bureaucratic labyrinths of the capital when they have specific contractual or other matters to discuss. Taft is equally unfair in his attack on Archibald MacLeish, an attack that insists on identifying vigorous criticism of defeatists with their suppression. MacLeish's record and public statements make Taft's talk of "suppression" and "lynch law" ridiculous. If any fault is to be found with government publicity agencies it is that they are often so afraid of the horrid word "propaganda" that they lean too far in the other direction.

*

THAT THE DISLIKE OF THE SPANIARDS FOR their present regime has spread far beyond the Loyalist ranks is a fact on which all serious observers of the Spanish situation agree. Many former Franco supporters have been thrown into the opposition by a growing disappointment in which hunger, Phalangist terrorism, and a too abject submission to Berlin all play a part. The bulk of this new opposition has emerged from a section of the Officers' Corps, for whom the arrogant military pretensions of the Phalanx have become unbearable, and from the ranks of the Monarchists, who have been ruthlessly excluded from any participation in the "reconstruction" of Spain. We are therefore not surprised to hear Monarchist voices suddenly raised against a regime with which they appeared to be entirely identified during the most desperate moments of the Spanish struggle. We do not doubt, either, the enthusiasm with which Don Manuel de Augustín, Marques de Aguiar, has set himself, according to the New York *Times* of May 3, to the task of raising on this continent an army of 150,000 men of Spanish blood to fight against the Nazis and their Spanish puppets—provided only "that certain diplomatic arrangements could be made." We doubt still less that there will be officials in Washington who, should they feel themselves obliged some day to take a position against the Franco regime, would find their bitter duty somehow softened if they could do it by allying themselves with a marquis of genuine reactionary extraction. What we do doubt is that the Spanish people in America are likely to rush to arms under the leadership of a grandee who at best could play the role of a kind of Spanish Eckhardt—admired in certain appeasement circles but without any popular national following of his own.

The Fall of Burma

ANOTHER chapter has been virtually completed in the five-months-old Pacific war. And like all that have gone before, it has ended in tragedy. The fall of Mandalay marks the end of effective resistance in Burma. By seizing Lashio Japan has accomplished the primary object of its campaign. The Burma road has been severed. China has been very nearly isolated from the other United Nations. It is true that an alternative route, a few miles to the north of the old road, has recently been opened, but this too is endangered by the Japanese advance into northern Burma. At best, the new routes planned can carry but a fraction of the supplies that were beginning to move through the Lashio gateway.

In many respects the setback is more serious than any of the United Nations' preceding defeats. The loss of Singapore deprived us of a vital base for a counter-offensive against Japan, but it left us the possibility of continued defense. Java was important both because of its natural riches and as a base for future operations. Burma also is rich in raw materials and has great strategic importance. But the catastrophe of its loss lies in the fact that we are deprived of the ability to arm and supply, except at great cost, one of our principal allies. Unless we somehow restore effective communications, China cannot carry on indefinitely. Ironically enough, it may go down to defeat, after five years of courageous resistance, as a result of the realization of its greatest hope—the entry of the United States and Britain into the war. For it is the failure of the United States and Great Britain to prepare an adequate strategy that has permitted Japan to succeed in its carefully worked-out plan for closing the back door to China.

The immediate cause of the defeat in Burma, as in all other sectors, was the lack of air power. Just why the defenders of Burma should lack planes five months after the start of the Pacific war, when American production has attained really substantial levels, has not been officially explained. It is probable that the answer lies largely in the lack of shipping for the transportation of fighter planes. It also looks as if the United States had been once more outguessed by the Japanese General Staff. At the beginning of the war we were fooled by the attack on Pearl Harbor and rushed to Hawaii reinforcements and supplies that were badly needed in the Philippines, Wake, and Singapore. In the past six weeks we have strained our energies to reinforce Australia, while the main Japanese attack has been directed against Burma. The British have done no better. If we are to judge by press reports, the original British garrison in Burma received no reinforcements of consequence. A few British planes were sent in, but too few to be of value against the impressive Japanese concentration.

The failure of the United Nations to reinforce the defenders of Burma adequately makes it clear that we have not yet achieved anything approaching effective coordination in the Pacific area. The defense of Burma was left almost entirely to the Chinese on the theory that China was chiefly concerned in the outcome. The Chinese fought gallantly enough. But they were never given sufficient air support or the equipment they needed to conquer the Japanese motorized units. This was our responsibility.

Burma is lost. The mistakes that have been made cannot be undone. But it is not too late to save China and India if we make it one of our paramount tasks to furnish enough weapons to the peoples of these countries, regardless of cost or fancied risk to our own bases. If the past five months have taught us anything, it is that the United Nations must act as one if they are to escape complete disaster.

Wages and Inflation

IN HIS message to Congress outlining his anti-inflationary program the President asked for legislation to implement his proposals for additional taxation and for limiting farm prices to 100 per cent of parity. Very pointedly he omitted to ask for any legal curbs on wages, hoping to achieve by administrative action that stabilization of "the remuneration received by individuals for their work" which he included among his seven necessary steps "to keep the cost of living from spiraling upward." More than that, he used his influence to help kill the various bills which sought to shackle trade-union organization and to abolish the forty-hour week.

Because of his unwillingness to crack down on labor and his refusal to institute forthwith a rigid wage ceiling Mr. Roosevelt has been subjected to a tremendous barrage of criticism.

> The real weakness of the program [the New York *Times* declares in a representative editorial] is that it continues to avoid coming directly to grips with the harsh necessities of inflation control. It ignores lamentably the central necessity—a tax program which drains off from the masses of the consumers the excess purchasing power being created by war-time government spending. Instead, it offers the almost wholly irrelevant suggestion of a $25,000 limit on all individual earnings. It continues to lean hopefully upon purely voluntary restraint of wage increases despite the demonstrated weakness of such a course and the inconsistency of putting a ceiling upon the vital cost element—wages—which have so much to do in determining prices.

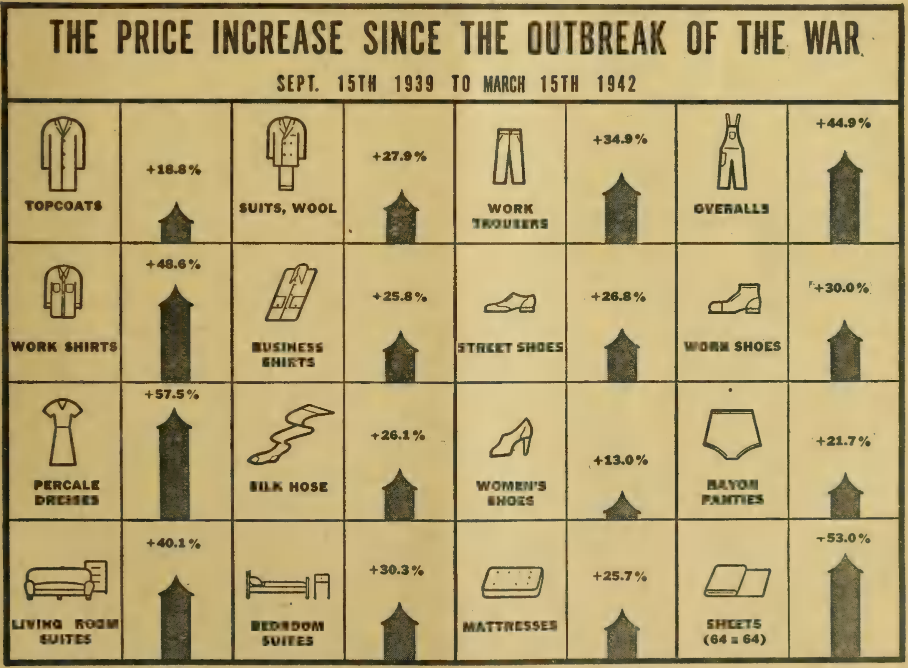
In the course of his message to Congress, and again in his broadcast, the President pointed out that our peace-time standard of living must come down and that we must give up not only luxuries but many creature comforts. Obviously he was not suggesting that only the rich should make sacrifices. In making his taxation proposals, however, he was keeping in mind the sound political principle that when you are asking the mass of the people to forgo butter to provide guns you cannot leave the well-to-do to eat their caviar undisturbed. No matter what laws may be passed and how many teeth they are equipped with, the control of inflation will depend on the consent and cooperation of the majority of our citizens. Lacking this consent, it will be as futile as prohibition, and for this reason, if no other, it is essential that the psychological aspects of the problem should not be neglected.

The Office of Price Administration has estimated that spendable income in the current year will exceed goods and services available for consumption by from $17 billion to $21 billion. This is the famous inflationary gap which must be closed if the pressure of purchasing power is not to force prices through their new ceilings. Undoubtedly the bulk of the increased spendable income will be in the pockets of the workers, but this does not mean that the average family income will be unduly swollen. Millions of unemployed have once again stepped into the ranks of wage-earners in the past year; millions more who were working part time are now bringing home a full week's wage plus overtime payments. A few highly skilled workers are making enough to place them in the middle-income brackets, but average wages certainly do not provide for more than a modest standard of comfort. Douglas aircraft workers, for instance, at the end of 1941 were averaging $44.65 per week, which means of course that the less skilled employees were drawing considerably less than this amount. The pay envelope at General Electric, where a large proportion of the workers are highly skilled, averaged no more than $45.11 last year. In view of the rise in prices which has already taken place—and as the accompanying chart shows, the rise has been particularly steep in the case of articles of working-class consumption such as work shirts and percale dresses—these wages cannot be regarded as extravagant.

Nevertheless, it is true that wages cannot safely be increased and must expect to bear a much heavier burden of taxation if the inflationary gap is to be closed. So far as wages are concerned, the President hopes to achieve a voluntary freezing. His directive to William H. Davis of the War Labor Board calls for stabilization of workers' remuneration "under a flexible policy of balancing the wage structure." This recognizes that an absolutely rigid ceiling on wages cannot be adopted in view of the many anomalies which now exist. For instance, automobile workers, many of whom are now engaged in aircraft construction, are better paid than the regular airplane mechanics. It may be necessary to correct this situation, not only for the sake of abstract justice, but to prevent a drift of workers from the West Coast to Detroit.

Any general increase in wage levels would bring no real benefit to the workers, for it would do nothing to increase the total goods available. We have no doubt that most trade-union leaders recognize this harsh fact, even though they have gone on record as "unalterably opposed to any system of wage-freezing"—to quote Philip Murray. Their situation is complicated by the fact that, with wages fixed, some members may tend to lose interest in the union. But this danger may be avoided if the War Labor Board continues to support maintenance-of-membership agreements in plants where a majority of the workers are now organized. The unions, also, could do much to consolidate their position by putting more effort into the task of education and by developing new ways to safeguard their members' economic interests. The mutual housing scheme supported by the shipyard workers at Camden, New Jersey, is a case in point.

The trade unions have given many proofs of the earnestness of their support for the war effort, and we cannot believe that they will refuse to do their part in fighting inflation. The Administration has stood firmly against coercive measures and taken considerable risks by insisting that labor policy during the war must be developed on a voluntary basis. So far this stand has been triumphantly vindicated; and it would be tragic if any breach between the President and labor were now to open on the question of wages.



Graphic by Pick-S. Source, United States Department of Labor

Axis Spring Maneuvers

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE warring world is experiencing a "lull." Though men are fighting and dying on twenty fronts, no major movements are going on. But a lull is only a phase of the fight; like an interval of sparring in a boxing match, it is used to stall for time or maneuver for position. The maneuvering in progress today is as elaborate and difficult to follow as the most intricate military operation, and equally important.

There is every reason why such moves as Hitler's speech, the Salzburg meeting between Hitler and Mussolini, and rumors of political disturbance in Italy and Spain should be minutely examined by commentators and statesmen. In them lie the clues to actions in the coming months which may determine the final outcome of the war. Unfortunately, clues are not easy to extract from an inspired rumor or the speech of a dictator; the language of politics is enigmatical. As a consequence, a good deal of nonsense has been spoken and written about the goings-on in Axis-controlled Europe—nonsense which reveals a passionate desire for the enemy's collapse rather than a shrewd estimate of his strength.

Hitler's speech was, of course, defensive. It acknowledged the defeat of Nazi plans in the very act of explaining it. It threatened Britain with a blow-for-blow retaliation for the R. A. F. raids but coupled its threat with the suggestion that the empire could only be saved "with Europe"—Hitler's Europe. It promised to destroy "the Bolshevist colossus" but reminded Britain that after the war she would find "her allies stronger than she is herself," a strange prediction that revealed Hitler's fear of defeat through an inverted plea for British support against Russia. In the course of explaining the reasons for the winter retreat in Russia it exposed the necessity of making "hard decisions" in cases "where nerves snapped, discipline broke down, or a sense of duty was lacking." To mention such a necessity at all was to acknowledge the serious nature of the break in morale. But Hitler went much farther. By demanding the Reichstag's ratification of his "right to intervene and take necessary action wherever the existence of our nation demands it," Hitler in effect admitted that demoralization was bound to continue and that he could not count upon even the ruthless organs of Nazi "justice" to act with sufficient brutality and contempt for legal rights.

Hitler led from weakness, not from strength. But only a reckless optimist could take any short-term comfort from this fact. The evidences of growing strain in Germany insure a period in which Hitler will resort to desperate measures rather than accept defeat or delay. If he launches a "peace offensive," as many serious observers expect, it will be aimed not at making peace—he knows well enough that peace now is impossible—but at creating enough division of opinion here and in London, based on fear of increased Russian power after the war, to slow down the war effort. Ironically, in this maneuver his arguments and his hopes are in direct conflict. Only if Russia continues to hold his armies can he threaten the world with the consequences of Bolshevik success; but only in case of Russian collapse can he hope for any faltering in Allied morale.

A peace drive would, at most, serve as a sort of artillery barrage to soften the enemy before the next real attack. It would logically follow the present strategic lull. But only if the anti-Axis world allows itself to be led astray by reports of unrest and imminent collapse in the fascist countries will the tactic be successful.

This doesn't mean that discontent among the war-weary population of Europe is a fiction. It is real and inevitable. The quotations published in *The Nation* two weeks ago from the Nazi official press revealed the unhappiness and anxiety of an army and a people that have endured the horrors of the winter campaign in Russia. The report this week on German man-power shows the lengths to which Hitler must go to keep his war machine supplied. But the only real hope to be found in Hitler's difficulties is a future hope. In the next few months, the months that count most critically, no benefit can be expected from German suffering or German gloom. On the contrary, the nearer Hitler's back comes to the ultimate wall of defeat, the more dangerous and aggressive will be his struggles.

As for the happy evidences of disaffection in Italy and Spain, those, too, should be simultaneously acknowledged and discounted. Count Sforza, the wisest and most liberal of Italian statesmen-in-exile, writing in this issue of *The Nation,* effectively disposes of many hopeful interpretations put on the recent activities of the Italian royal house. Such interpretations are based on old fallacies; it is time the anti-Axis world abandoned its childish preoccupation with the divisions among fascists. No love is lost, certainly, between Mussolini and the royal family—just as no love is lost between Mussolini and Hitler—but these assorted partners in crime will certainly wait to cut each others' throats until they have expended every effort to cut ours.

The Italian people are hungry and miserable, and this condition grows worse. How it will be dealt with is already indicated: more Gestapo agents are moving into Italy "to study the organization of the Italian police"; 350,000 Italian workers will be sent to Germany in the next three months; more Italian troops will be sent to the eastern front; Fascist party leaders who criticize the regime are being liquidated; new loud demands for French territory are published in the press; and Italian prefects are given full powers to stamp out any attempts at resistance. Unrest cannot be ended, but it can be temporarily held in check by a mixture of terror and small measures of distraction and amelioration—a circus or two, a little bit of bread. That the bitter feeling of the mass of Italians will in the end prove a powerful asset to the Allied nations is not to be doubted; but to exaggerate its present effect is to jeopardize its ultimate value. Our future allies are the Italian people and their democratic leaders, not dissident Fascists and members of a royal house that has served as the tyrant's useful tool for twenty long years.

As for Spain, one can only repeat the same warning in louder and more impatient tones. Dope stories straight from the city rooms of American newspapers tell of imminent government upheavals, of the probable exile of Suñer, of fights between army officers and Phalangists. The old friction between the army and the Phalanx has undoubtedly increased. But to hope that this friction will produce a new government commanding popular support or that Franco will himself head a reorganized anti-Axis regime, is to repeat the error committed toward Rome and Vichy. Franco and Suñer may have differences which would insure a break under normal condition. Today the two men and their followers are bound together by the strongest tie that exists: both know that their lives and their power are forfeit if either betrays the other or if their regime betrays Hitler. Once in a position to choose between them, the Spanish people will choose neither. The sufferings of the last five years are sufficient guaranty of that.

Both Feet in the Trough

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 4

CREDIT the House Naval Affairs Committee under Vinson of Georgia with a major share of the price reductions beginning to be offered the government by war contractors. The War Department says it has saved almost $75,000,000 by renegotiating contracts with North American Aviation. Secretary Knox announces that the Sperry Corporation has "readjusted" prices in a way that will save the army and navy $100,000,000. Ernest R. Breech, president of Bendix Aviation, declares his company has made voluntary reductions in the price of aircraft parts and accessories that will save the government an estimated $73,354,000.

Representative Vinson claims that his committee's inquiry into war profits has already saved the government some $400,000,000. This amounts to considerably less than 1 per cent of the total value of war contracts to which the army, navy, and Maritime Commission are committed. If Congress were less niggardly and if Vinson spent less time looking for far-fetched arguments to prove that labor is "profiteering," the committee could push total savings into the billions. But a Congress which could find $110,000 for Dies dishes out a meager $25,000 at a time to the Vinson committee. So far it has spent little more than $40,000, or .01 per cent of the savings effected. Though the Naval Affairs Committee shines by comparison with the House Military Affairs Committee, which has devoted itself wholly to whitewashing big business and smearing the New Deal, Vinson and most of his colleagues have little heart for a thorough inquiry into profits. Their preliminary report, on January 21, was obscure, jumbled, and confusing in its discussion of profits, enthusiastic in its attack on labor. The $10,000,000 increase in the assets of American trade unions since the beginning of the war, about a dollar a member, may seem microscopic beside the billions raked in by capital, but the committee saw it as "tremendous financial gains . . . an astounding picture of concentration of wealth . . . hitherto associated only with industry and finance."

Misplaced eloquence of this kind is not suprising from a committee whose chief counsel is Edmund M. Toland, famous for his work several years ago with the Smith committee's investigation of the Labor Board. The profit questionnaires sent out by the Vinson committee are hardly searching, and the figures disclosed in its report are the figures war contractors themselves gave for their costs and profits. Where the contractor failed to state whether the profit was before or after taxes, the committee generously assumed that it was before taxes. Yet the profits uncovered were often so enormous and the cost accounting so fantastic as to stir Toland's professional zeal as counsel to the point where he seems to annoy some members of the committee. The chairman himself, as coauthor of the Vinson-Trammell Act limiting war profits, is torn between his interest in placing some ceiling on armament costs and his unwillingness to antagonize big business. The latter feeling is usually dominant.

That so timorous an inquiry should begin to frighten arms concerns into "voluntary" price cuts is some indication of the money they must be making on the war program. The figures in the preliminary report, obscure and unintelligible as they were, were shocking enough to lead the President on April 8 to establish a Price Adjustment Board to renegotiate army, navy, and Maritime Commission contracts where the profits seemed exorbitant. This board has been working as quietly and tactfully as a floorwalker who has just caught a duchess in the act of stealing a bottle of perfume. Every effort is made to have the "lift" appear accidental, the restitution voluntary.

More effective than the embarrassed inquiries of the board is the fear of exposure before a Congressional committee. The Vinson questionnaires have begun to worry arms contractors. The arrival of committee investigators stimulates the latent sense of patriotism. North American Aviation was due for a visit from committee accountants. Sperry Corporation made its offer of readjustment exactly three weeks after agents for the Vinson committee began to examine its books; Vinson promises a report within the near future on "the reasonableness of the $100,000,000 saving thus far offered." Bendix began to think of price cuts after its records were subpoenaed by the committee, and its president, Breech, announced the company's reduction offer from the Vinson committee's witness stand on Thursday. Breech testified that the subpoena arrived on April 6. His first letter offering the government a price reduction went out on April 20. Breech denied that he was moved to act by the arrival of the subpoena. "My movement was generated," he explained, "by the general publicity on the subject."

How Bendix Aviation happened to find itself on the griddle before the Vinson committee last Thursday is a mystery whose solution may be found in the friendly relations between Toland and Thurman Arnold and in the peculiar kind of guerrilla warfare the anti-trust "truce" forces Arnold to wage. Bendix Aviation is an important company, an affiliate of General Motors, and the committee has been very hesitant about going after big business. Although it has been investigating war profits for more than a year, it has held only two hearings at which war contractors have been publicly examined. The first was on March 23, the second on last Thursday, April 30. In an appendix to the transcript of the first hearing I came across some documents which indicate how reluctant the committee is to go after the really big profiteers; among them were a number of memoranda from committee investigators to Toland. One gives a list of contractors engaged in making aircraft who hold contracts on which they themselves admit profits in excess of 50 per cent of cost. "It occurred to me," the investigator wrote, "that this list of companies may serve the purpose of indicating contractors who should be investigated." There follow lists of all contracts on which profits of more than 10 per cent were reported.

These lists are as poorly organized as most of the profit releases of the committee, but when put together they show what important witnesses Vinson and his colleagues might have chosen for their first hearing. There were 718 naval-aircraft contracts on which a profit of more than 10 per cent was reported. These contracts were held by 58 companies. Bendix Aviation held the largest number of high-profit contracts, 92 in all. The Aluminum Company of America was next with 25, on which the stated rate of profit ran as high as 95.3 per cent. The highest rate of profit which Bendix admitted was 122 per cent. Glenn L. Martin held 12 high-profit contracts, the highest being 83.6 per cent; Sperry held 13 contracts, the highest 46.1 per cent. Bell Aircraft had a profit of 105.6 per cent; Douglas Aircraft, one of 35.2 per cent. RCA and du Pont and General Electric and Goodyear and Curtiss-Wright also held high-profit contracts. These are all important aircraft contractors, supplying large amounts of materials or finished parts. But the committee, in planning its first hearing, went to the very bottom of its list and picked a company no one had ever heard of before, a company holding one contract, on which it reported a profit of 11.7 per cent. This was Jack and Heintz of Cleveland, which makes a starter for aviation engines.

Jack and Heintz made a great story for the newspapers. No big-business toes were stepped on, and the case was made to appear one of labor profiteering, since a girl secretary was paid $39,365 for a year's work. There were more important aspects of this case that the papers overlooked. The first is that the profit which Jack and Heintz reported as 11.7 per cent turned out to be 100 per cent. If a profit reported as 11.7 per cent turned out to be 100 per cent, what were the real rates of profit of companies which reported 50 and 60 per cent and even, in one case, 141 per cent?

Persons close to the committee explain that Jack and Heintz were chosen for the first hearing because the Navy Department, the FBI, and the Internal Revenue Bureau were at work on the case, and the committee didn't want to be left behind. No one can read the transcript of the Jack and Heintz hearing without feeling that the navy, the FBI, and the Revenue Bureau were completely justified in having a look at the affairs of this company. But why was so much attention paid to this small fry and so little to the much larger contracts and the much higher profits of bigger companies? It is an interesting coincidence that when Jack and Heintz went into the manufacture of starters they were muscling in on one of the most lucrative patent-monopoly pools in America, that presided over by General Motors' Bendix Aviation.

The Jack and Heintz hearing was on March 23. A subpoena was served on Bendix on April 6. The hearing was held on April 30. But the hearing had very little to do with costs, though several inter-office memos disclosed the interesting methods used by Bendix to arrive at its prices. The formula given was "direct labor, plus 300 per cent, plus materials equals commercial cost.

To the commercial-cost figure add 50 per cent for profit, which will give a minimum net selling price. This minimum . . . multiplied by two should equal the list price." Apparently minimum prices were not for the government because another inter-office memo, referring to the Hayes Manufacturing Company, says, "The Air Corps prices, unless under special circumstances, are more than their civilian prices, which is sound."

But the main emphasis of the hearing was on the relationship between Bendix and General Motors, and between Bendix and Siemens of Germany. The material bore all the earmarks of a suppressed anti-trust case. At least one memorandum submitted at Thursday's hearing seems to have been prepared by the Department of Justice. "The aircraft-accessory industry today," this memorandum said, "suffers from a singular lack of sources of supply and is hampered by the pyramiding of production in critical items." This is attributed to a patent pool entered by General Motors and Bendix in 1929, the restrictive effects of which were intensified by an international agreement between Bendix and Siemens in 1937. Breech of Bendix admitted on the stand that, despite the war, this cartel agreement is still in effect. Its results have been to bar the export of certain vital accessories to Canada and Australia, to bring about collaboration between Bendix and the Germans in occupied France, and to limit supply in this country. Inter-office memos introduced in evidence referred to the Germans as "our northern friends," and in the last few minutes of Thursday's hearing a lawyer from Hughes, Hubbard, and Ewing, counsel for Bendix, gave the story away. He rose righteously to explain that Bendix had been under investigation by the Department of Justice for several months but had refused to enter into a consent decree because the department had insisted that certain patents be made available to all aircraft manufacturers.

Inquiry reveals that the case against Bendix has been mysteriously shut off within the department, probably by War and Navy Department pressure. This article is an appeal to Senator Bone and his colleagues of the Patents Committee to take up where the timid Vinson committee left off.

What About Italy?

BY CARLO SFORZA

FASCIST propaganda has been winning silent victories in America, one after another. The first was the miraculous transformation into high priests of "loyal Americanism" of a gang of writers and pseudo-writers who for years have poisoned the minds of 5,000,000 Italians and Italian-Americans; this was followed by the complacent acceptance by American officialdom of these dangerous fellows as allies in the greatest crisis of American history.

Another victory of Fascist propaganda is to be found in the strange success-of-curiosity of a book just published, "Agent in Italy." Serious books about present-day Italy have recently appeared here and in England; yet the only one about which hundreds of "important" people have spoken in glowing terms is a lurid description of an artificial Italy where, among blunderbusses and mandolins, hundreds of thousands of conspirators are said to be ready, etc. Perhaps its naive compiler did not set out to deceive; but this book is designed to spread an optimistic complacency about what "must" happen in Italy, thereby disposing of the necessity to decide, to work, to take risks. Moreover, the book conveys the idea —which the Fascists are very anxious to spread—that it is not necessary to pay any attention to the views of those Italians in exile who have proved through long sacrifice that their love of Italy is only equaled by their devotion to freedom because, according to "Agent in Italy," there is no contact between Italians abroad and Italians in Italy—when the happy truth is that our principal consolation for the life we have accepted as a sacred duty is the constantly growing communication and identity of feelings and ideas between ourselves and the most heroic Italians in the mother-country.

Fascist agents—of whom so many are still at work here and are not only free but respected—probably had less to do with another outstanding success which Mussolini's propaganda has had within the past week. I refer to the dispatch which stirred America with the news that the King, acting independently of the Duce, had at last summoned a Crown Council in Rome to discuss the situation. It gave rise at once to the most absurd conclusions, published at the risk of giving the world the false and humiliating impression that the most powerful of all the democracies was relying, for opposition to the Axis, on Italian institutions which did nothing to hinder Mussolini's criminal plunge into war in June, 1940, though the immense majority of the Italian people were opposed to fighting against France and Britain at the side of the hated German Reich.

On the day the dispatch appeared I was at Hamilton College, but dozens of joyful telephone calls reached me even there. A few (they were not from Italians) expressed the hope that I might fly at once to Rome to help the King in his "daring struggle against fascism!" Three days later disillusion came with Mussolini's visit to Hitler in Salzburg—no halfway meeting this time. From Salzburg Mussolini returned with a solid corps of Gestapo agents. The Duce sends tens of thousands of Italians to be killed in Russia, against the desires and the interests of Italy; Hitler reciprocates by providing him with Gestapo agents to defend his life against Italians—of whom not one, apparently, was interviewed by the author of "Agent in Italy." In Mussolini's eyes the bargain is highly satisfactory.

No hope, then, from Italy?

On the contrary there is hope, more perhaps than from any other invaded country; but it can be turned to account only if a moral atmosphere is created not only in Italy but in the world as a whole. Thanks to the heroism of the Russians, time is, for the present, working for us. But we have not a moment to lose. If it is essential that we open a new military front to aid the Russian resistance, it is just as important to create a moral front. Nothing can be done in Europe without this moral preparation; and that is why nothing could be less constructive than the recent book by a certain lieutenant colonel in which suggestions for an offensive in Italy were mingled with cheap disparaging remarks about the Italian nation.

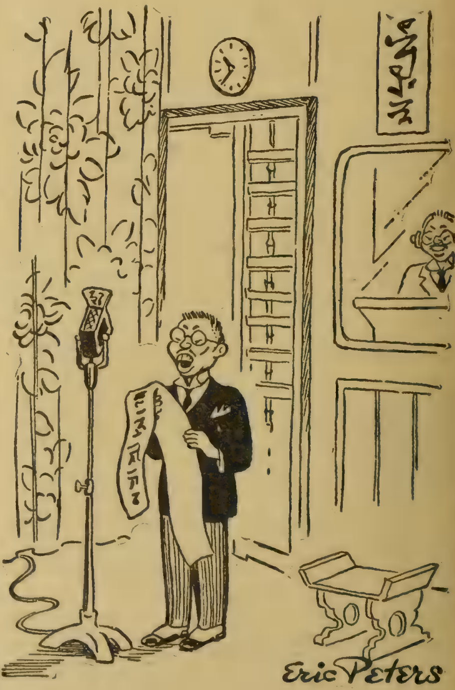
What I have in mind when I speak of a moral offensive is something infinitely more important than radio broadcasts and leaflets citing Garibaldi's love for England and the United States. What is needed is not only appeals but commitments from those democratic leaders on whom Europe's millions rely for deliverance. New proof of this was given to me a few weeks ago, when I received responses solicited from Italians in Italy in broadcasts of mine discussing the Atlantic Charter. "Yes, you may be right," the answers ran. "You are certainly right in believing in Roosevelt's generous and humane intentions. But why are we not told by the chiefs of the democracies what they think about the future of Italy? To raise volunteers, to risk our lives, to risk much more, our honor, we must be sure that we are serving the cause of a free Italy and a free world."

Moreover, what I saw in 1917 in Italy and on the Macedonian front convinces me that what happened once may happen again. Even after so long a lapse of time nothing is more alive in my memory than my arrival on the right bank of the Piave a few days after the breaking of our front at Caporetto by the Austrians and the Germans and my emotion as I watched thousands of soldiers, practically without officers, digging trenches there because—so they told me with a certain "understatement" well known to those familiar with Italy before the days of pompous fascism—"we have to wait for them somewhere; why not here?" Such is the Italian soul which so many centuries have molded. We may seem depressed, dejected, but always a new spring of life, sometimes of heroic action, breaks forth again. But only in response to a moral incentive.

On the Macedonian front I saw an even more symbolic spectacle: the joyous emotion of our people and the perplexity and confusion of the Germans, Hungarians, and Bulgarians when we proclaimed Wilson's Fourteen Points with megaphones and leaflets dropped by airplanes. German and Magyar officers brought to us as prisoners no longer bluffed. Instead they asked humbly, "Is it really true what Wilson says? If it is, there is no longer any reason to fight." And the more daring added, "After all, why should we care about the Kaiser?"

It is a moral offensive along these lines that all Italians, all Europeans, and perhaps some Italians are anxiously waiting for. It is only as the result of such an offensive, more Wilsonian than Wilson, that the unfortunates whom Mussolini and Horthy and the Slovak traitors have sent to the slaughter in Russia will revolt, even though German machine-guns are trained on them.

Such a moral offensive would bring joy to 45,000,000



"The Americans' bombs fell directly on an old ladies' home. In observance of a period of mourning, railroad traffic will be suspended for several weeks."

Italians; and the arms would drop from the hands of the Fascist bandits, as the lances and daggers fell at the feet of the guards at the Holy Sepulcher. Italy, Central Europe, the Balkans are today the Sepulcher. There can be a resurrection but not until the past is put behind us. For miracles we must look to the future.

Everyone knows that Roosevelt considers this a people's war that must end in a people's victory. What will happen in Italy—where nobody believes any longer in fascism—in France, in Spain; what will happen in the hearts of all the martyred masses of Europe, from Norway to Poland to Serbia and Greece, on the day Franklin Roosevelt rises and in the name of the greatest democracy in the world not only affirms the principles of freedom but puts forward a concrete program for achieving it?

Hitler's Slave Legions

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

BY HEINZ SOFFNER

THE Nazi chiefs are struggling desperately to overcome the labor shortage which threatens to slow up their war machine. And at the same time they are trying to complete the enslavement of the working classes throughout Europe in accordance with their long-range plans for the "New Order." A few weeks ago, at a meeting of employment experts in Berlin, Dr. Beisiegel, a department head in the Labor Ministry, presented an ambitious program for a continent-wide labor supply. Full use of Europe's natural resources, he explained, depends upon planned employment of the total European labor force, estimated by him at 255,000,000. He asked that steps be taken at once to utilize "surplus labor" all over Europe and to coordinate all labor-market regulations.

At present Germany is using many different—and partly conflicting—methods to satisfy its growing need of foreign labor. More than a million prisoners of war have been put to work. Contracts with foreign governments—Italy and Spain—provide about a half-million commandeered laborers. German governmental labor exchanges in the occupied countries recruit individuals on the spot. Foreign firms, complete with management and labor force, have been moved to Germany; last February the Labor Ministry transplanted French, Belgian, Dutch, and Danish building companies and French metal-industry factories. Some large private German concerns have recruiting offices of their own in the conquered territories; in neutral countries they rely on advertisements, circular letters, and such. In Sweden the Northern Liaison Organization tries to provide workers for Germany, especially for the building and airplane industries. Forced labor has been introduced in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia; it is cheap and it is a way to deprive those unruly nations of their intelligentsia. In order to make unskilled aliens more useful in Germany the Nazis provide training in numerous centers: in Poland twenty-nine special camps turn out builders and carpenters; in Rotterdam and Amsterdam training schools for metal workers have been established; through a recent agreement with the Bulgarian government the Nazis train young Bulgars for German airplane factories.

Contracts with "voluntary" foreign workers were originally for six months but are now for twelve at least. As soon as a worker from outside is assigned to a job in Germany, the occupation authorities in his home town cancel his ration card and issue him a new card only at his destination. Foreign workers are compelled to send a large part of their wages to their families at home; this also helps to keep down consumption in Germany. Once in a job, the alien worker must stay there. Leaving without permission brings a penalty of imprisonment for as much as ten years. Factory police, close supervision of all aliens in the Reich, and restrictions on travel combine to enforce these regulations. Moreover, every worker, German or alien, has an employment book which is deposited with the employer while the contract lasts. Both employer and labor exchange have to certify orderly discharge in this book, and no employer in Germany or outside may hire a worker without it.

If alien women workers are found to be pregnant, they are sent home immediately, in accordance with an order of the German Labor Ministry dated August 13, 1941. "Exceptions are allowed only if the employer attaches special importance to retaining the woman and is willing to provide accommodations for mother and child."

The Nazis not only use prisoners of war, contrary to international law, directly in war production, but also place them, as well as other non-German workers, in danger areas—especially areas which are regular targets of the R. A. F. At the Nazi-occupied port of Lorient 350 French workers hired by the occupation authorities were killed by bombs in one night last fall. About 3,000 Belgian workers in Germany have already died in R. A. F. attacks. Today a recruiting campaign is under way to procure French workers for the hard-hit German ports of Kiel and Hamburg.

Jews, although in Nazi doctrine they are "unfit for productive work," are being made use of. In Lodz in Poland 80,000 Jewish workers are compelled to manufacture uniforms, boots, shirts, and other supplies for the Nazi army. Jews have been drafted as miners for the Kladno coal mines in Czecho-Slovakia. Throughout the Reich Jewish labor battalions toil on roads, make repairs after air raids, and do similar jobs.

The Nazis boast of granting alien workers the same rights and working conditions that German workers enjoy. Even if this were true, it would still mean a deterioration in the condition of many, since wages and living standards in the Reich, even before the war, were considerably lower than in most countries of Western or Northern Europe. Treatment of the alien workers is somewhat inconsistent owing to the conflict between the Nazi's desire for maximum output and their policy of degrading non-Germans below the master race. Social insurance, in which pre-Hitler Germany was markedly in advance of most European countries, has been extended to all foreign workers and to their families in the occupied countries, and a special department of the Nazi Labor Front, the Office of Labor Mobilization, has been created to take care of them. Recently 15,000 laborers from fourteen European countries were collected in Berlin's Sportpalast to be told by Dr. Ley, head of the Labor Front, that they were "the messengers of the new Europe." At the same time aliens are in many cases segregated in camps or in empty factory buildings and otherwise restricted in their movements. Italian laborers are often rigidly separated from the local German population. Fear of sabotage causes the Nazis to employ Russians only in groups of twenty. Polish workers have to wear a yellow square with a purple *P* on their breasts. By an order of October 1, 1941, the Labor Ministry disregards the provisions of the Juvenile Labor Protection Act for Poles of fourteen to eighteen years. Polish workers have a special tax of 15 per cent deducted from their wages. In their spare time they are confined to limited areas. They are forbidden to enter bars or restaurants. Their religious services must be conducted by German priests. The only "entertainment" they are allowed consists of Nazi propaganda films and war communiqués.

About 4,000,000 non-Germans work for the Nazis today within the pre-war boundaries of the Reich and many more outside these boundaries. In the conquered countries Nazi labor policy has been more circumspect than at home, but its ends have been the same. In Austria, though the country has been part of Greater Germany for four years, the labor situation receives a great deal of attention. Last February, during a campaign to increase industrial output, Gauleiter Baldur von Schirach made a tour of many Vienna factories, conversing affably with the workers and distributing free tickets for the state theater. He tried to sell the Nazi regime to the workers as "socialism" and promised them representation on the production committees to be set up in every war plant.

Wages in the conquered countries are usually "assimilated" to the much lower Reich level by the prevention of wage increases while prices and living costs go rapidly upward. In Luxembourg living costs increased 80 per cent before the end of 1941; wages were permitted to rise nominally 45 per cent, but on the average two-fifths of the pay is deducted for taxes and for levies by the municipality, the Nazi Party, and the Labor Front. In Denmark living costs increased 50 per cent between August, 1939, and August, 1941, while wages rose only 10 to 15 per cent. Wage increases have been forbidden by the Nazis in Norway in spite of 30 per cent higher living costs. Hitler's puppet Bulgarian government decreed this January that annual earnings may exceed the earnings of the preceding year by only 3 per cent. In Poland prices have soared to 500 per cent above the pre-war level, but no wage increase has been authorized; on the contrary, Polish workers receive for a sixty-hour week only 80 per cent of what German workers get for a forty-eight-hour week.

Working hours have been lengthened everywhere. Practically no time limit is set for forced labor in the various "services." Young Norwegians, for instance, conscripted for military construction work in northern Norway, have to toil eighty-seven and one-half hours a week in seven shifts of twelve and one-half hours. Protesting workers are threatened with being sent to penal labor across the Finnish border. For privately employed Norwegians, too, Reich Commissioner Terboven has ordered a ten-hour working day. The skilled French workers in the automobile and airplane factories around Paris refused overtime work during many months but finally yielded when the Nazis began to pay for overtime with canned food, otherwise unobtainable in starving France.

Thus far the Nazis have dealt with the labor organizations in each occupied country separately and discriminatingly, several times changing their tactics. In Denmark they have not interfered officially with the once strong unions, which have nevertheless lost most of their bargaining power and independence. In Norway the unions were tolerated for a time, while unsuccessful attempts were made by the Quislings to gain control. A year after the invasion, however, many union officials were arrested, and last September, when workers' discontent led to a strike in Oslo, two union leaders were shot by a firing squad and many others sentenced to long prison terms. Odd Fossum, one of Quisling's henchmen, was finally set up as head of the Norwegian Federation of Labor.

In Holland many labor leaders were thrown into German concentration camps immediately after the invasion, and Reich Commissioner Seyss-Inquart appointed

H. J. Wonderberg, chief of the labor division in the Dutch Nazi Party, commissioner of the Dutch Federation of Trade Unions. A year later the Christian Trade Unions were also compelled to join the Nazified federation. The result was a mass exodus of union members—only one-third remained in good standing. In reprisal the Nazi administration decreed that after January 1, 1942, unemployment benefits should be paid only through the Nazified unions.

In France the central bodies of the union movement have been dissolved, but local groups and regional federations still exist. On last January 1 the Vichy government promulgated a "labor charter" along the lines of the Italian corporative system, to which both Free and Christian trade unions objected vigorously in a joint manifesto. In the occupied zone a group of labor renegades have promoted a "French Labor Front" on the well-known Nazi pattern.

Evidence that the Nazi industrial war machine is beginning to suffer from a lack of man-power is seen in the successive steps the Nazis have been forced to take to stiffen their labor policy in the occupied countries. Where they expected voluntary cooperation, as in Belgium and Holland, they have been forced to introduce conscription of labor; where they intended to act indirectly, through "natives," as in Czecho-Slovakia, Latvia, and Norway, they have been forced to take over the labor unions completely. Originally preferring to exert merely economic pressure, they are now using more and more terror against restive labor—no fewer than 335 members of the destroyed unions have been murdered in the Bohemian Protectorate since Hitler's hangman, Heydrich, took over there.

The Nazis themselves admit lowered per capita output, but they ascribe it to food deficiency, British air raids, and similar "objective" causes. The French Mining Association reports that the average output of coal has declined 12 per cent since the armistice—but it declined one-third more in the occupied zone, which is still comparatively better fed, than in the unoccupied area. Passive resistance, go-slow methods, applied both in the Reich and in the conquered countries, probably damage the Nazi war effort more than spectacular acts of sabotage. Underground papers, such as *La Libération* in France, *Le Monde du Travail* and *L'Espoir* in Belgium, *Fri Fagbevegelse* in Norway, *Glos* in Poland, support this labor resistance.

The important question is, to what extent will the undeniable discontent and resistance of Europe's vast labor force actively contribute to Hitler's downfall? Wishful thinking about spontaneous uprisings must be discounted; the United Nations must take the initiative in loosening the grip of Hitler's terror upon his unwilling toilers. They must convince the workers of Europe that victory for the United Nations will bring social and economic security, and they must coordinate the underground opposition with military and political action from the outside.

Unconquered Malta

BY EDWIN BONICI

AN EDITOR to whom I talked a few weeks ago about an article on Malta hinted that it might be better to wait until the island fortress was conquered and then write a kind of obituary. I think he is going to wait a long time, and I say this as one who was born and brought up in Malta and knows that the strength of its fortifications is matched only by the toughness of its people. After suffering more than 2,000 raids, after taking the punishment of a greater weight of bombs than has been dropped on any comparable area in the world, the island is still carrying on and still hitting back, not only defensively but offensively.

Long ago Napoleon called Malta "the strongest island in all Europe." In terms of modern warfare it has been described by an Italian admiral as "an unsinkable aircraft carrier permanently anchored on Italy's doorstep." How right he is! And how often has Italy in the past two years felt the sting of the British planes which have hopped over from Malta to harass the airfields and harbors of Sicily and Calabria, and to prey on the convoys carrying reinforcements and supplies to the Axis armies in Libya! But it is not only from the air that the island has hit the enemy hard. Its deep bays provide bases for submarines which carry on constant warfare against Axis warships and merchantmen.

The first Italian attack on Malta came within twenty-four hours of Mussolini's declaration of war in May, 1940. Since then there have been few quiet intervals, and sometimes there have been as many as fifteen alerts in a single day. The Axis fliers have had to pay an enormous price. If they fly low enough to aim their bombs accurately they get caught in murderous ack-ack fire from batteries skilfully concealed all over the island and its small neighbor, Gozo. The concentration of anti-aircraft guns on Malta is perhaps the greatest in the world, and the gunners, many of whom are Maltese volunteers, have through constant practice developed a high degree of skill. Nor are ground defenses the island's only retort against raiders. Spitfires shooting out of underground hangars to give battle thousands of feet above the ground have sent hundreds of enemy machines crashing into the sea. Time and again the Rome and Berlin radios have joyfully announced that Malta was knocked out. The Axis airmen who have to fly over Malta know better; they say the experience is a foretaste of hell.

Just what damage the Axis bombs have caused on Malta is of course a military secret. We know that numerous churches and many of the famous palaces of the old Knights of Malta have been hit, and that thousands of homes and business buildings have been destroyed. Our houses in Malta are built of massive squared stones cut from the local quarries, with floors of cement or sometimes of marble. They are designed to stand for hundreds of years, but solid as they are, they cannot resist high explosives. They do, however, give protection against shell splinters, and since they have no wood in their construction they do not invite incendiary bombs.

No complete figures of casualties among the civilian population, which numbers a little over 250,000, have been published, but the losses are known to be heavy. The worst month of those for which any details are available was September of last year, when 350 persons were killed and 348 injured. In March of this year, when raids rose to a new peak, 230 deaths were reported.

The toll would have been far greater but for the splendid underground shelters. Malta consists of solid rock of a unique character. It is a kind of limestone which is easy to work but turns to granite hardness after exposure to the air. Below ground there is a labyrinth of caves and passages some of which date back to early Christian times. Others were constructed during the Middle Ages, when Malta withstood more than one famous siege by the Turks. These caverns have been enlarged to provide a place of safety for the whole population. Numerous openings make it possible to take cover rapidly and insure good ventilation, and subterranean arms of the sea help to solve the problem of sanitation. Underground, too, are natural bombproof storehouses where reserves of food and munitions can be kept safe from the enemy's destructive fury.

Malta has been a British stronghold since 1800, when the islanders, with the aid of the British fleet, rose against the garrison left there by Napoleon on his way to Egypt two years earlier. It was formally annexed with the consent of the Maltese by the Treaty of Paris in 1814, and since then it has been one of the great bases on which British naval power depends. The advent of the airplane led some people to believe the island had become useless as a fortified base. It is little more than twenty minutes by air from the nearest Italian airfields, and during the Ethiopian crisis Mussolini's propagandists boasted loudly it would be quickly knocked out in the event of war. Some British experts at that time advocated the abandonment of Malta if war broke out. But bolder counsels prevailed, and the modernization of the island's defenses was taken seriously in hand. The plans adopted presupposed of course active French cooperation and a close link with the French stronghold at Bizerte in Tunis. Since France fell, Malta has had to depend on its own resources supplemented by the convoys which fight their way through from Alexandria.

Malta's defenses against air attack have again and again demonstrated their effectiveness. Its defenses against an attack by sea have yet to meet a real test, for the Italian fleet has never ventured within the twenty-mile range of its huge guns. Once, and once only, on July 27, 1941, the Italians attempted to force their way into the harbor of Valetta with a fleet of E-boats escorting eight smaller torpedo-carrying craft. It was an opportunity for which the native gunners of the Royal Malta Artillery had been waiting. A simultaneous intensive bombing attack did not disturb the accuracy of their fire, and in short order every one of the torpedo-carriers was blown out of the water and at least nine E-boats were destroyed.

There have been reports from time to time that the Germans were assembling a huge fleet of troop-carrying planes in Sicily, hoping to capture Malta as they captured Crete. Perhaps they will still attempt this feat, but if they do I fully expect they will experience a costly failure. Malta together with Gozo is only 122 square miles in area and is almost entirely lacking in trees or other natural cover; so there would be little chance for parachutists to descend and organize undisturbed. Probably few of them would land at all, for the troop-carriers would make fine targets for the anti-aircraft gunners, and the men that did reach earth would find themselves tangled in a maze of stoutly held defenses and soon be on their way either to heaven or a prison camp.

To the traveler approaching from the sea Malta looks like a bare rock, but actually a considerable part of the island, and of Gozo as well, is cultivated, mostly in small holdings. Many kinds of fruits and vegetables grow abundantly, and local vineyards supply a fair *vin ordinaire*. The many bays provide good fishing, but the war has interfered with the tuna catch and deprived the islanders of a favorite dish. Most grain has to be imported, as well as meat and butter. So far Malta has not gone hungry, for periodically the convoys have come through, though not without losses, bringing to the besieged fortress not only food but the huge quantities of munitions and gasoline needed for its continued defense. There is little danger of a water shortage such as afflicted Hongkong and Singapore. Possibly the main water system of the island has been damaged, but there are good springs to fall back on, and most houses have big cisterns cut in the rock to collect water from the roofs during the prolonged rainy season.

We Maltese can hardly claim to be a pure race though we like to think we still show a strong strain of the original Phoenician inhabitants. As the family names indicate, people from many Mediterranean countries have at one time or another settled in the island, some seeking sanctuary, some saved from shipwrecks, some just drifting to our shores as men drift to any port of call. During the last century many Italians immigrated and were made welcome. They fitted into the community without difficulty and were contented enough until the Fascist government began systematic agitation among Italians living abroad.

Mussolini has always thought that Malta, so near to Italy and so essential to the control of *mare nostrum*, ought to be part of the Fascist empire even though historically it has never been Italian. During the long regime of the Knights of Malta there was a close connection between the island and the Papal court, and Italian was the legal language. Under the British, Italian long enjoyed equality with English in the courts and schools, but a few years ago Maltese, always the main language of the people, was given legal and educational status. This decision provoked a fierce political contest, one of the island's two leading parties battling for the restoration of Italian. The Fascists naturally made the most of this opportunity to promote their propaganda, and a tense situation continued until the British government decided to suspend the constitution and return the island—first granted self-government in 1919—to the position of a Crown Colony. This step aroused little antagonism among the people, especially since it was accompanied by real efforts to promote economic prosperity and social reform.

On the whole, our relations with the British have been amiable. They have brought us comparative prosperity and given us religious tolerance and legal security. Even the pro-Italian minority was never really anxious to exchange British control for Fascist rule, and after suffering from Italian bombs and witnessing the degraded state of Italy under the heel of the Gestapo, it has joined loyally in defense of the island.

Malta stands and will continue to stand because its people are determined never to surrender. They are responsible for a large part of the island's defenses, and in addition many of them are in the British navy. Thousands of others work in the dockyards and the arsenal, which has trained some of the finest mechanics in the world. They showed their mettle when the aircraft carrier Illustrious limped into Valetta harbor after a tremendous hammering from Axis dive-bombers. Within three days she was patched up and able to sail safely to Alexandria under her own steam.

The heroic resistance of Malta was uniquely recognized a few weeks ago when King George conferred on the whole population of the island the George medal, the highest British award for civilian gallantry. That has been a source of pride and satisfaction to the many Maltese who now live in the United States. And I am certain that my people at home, who have remained so steadfast under fire, will be assured by this sign that they have not been forgotten and that, indeed, the whole world is watching them with admiration.

Indictments Pull the Triggers

AN OPEN ANSWER TO JAMES N. ROSENBERG

DEAR JIM: Your letter to me in last week's *Nation* entitled Words Are Triggers correctly quotes the statements for which Christians, Noble, and Jones have been indicted, and with your usual restraint you even omitted what to me seem to be some of the most vicious of their utterances. The gist of your letter is in your rhetorical question, "I ask you whether you seriously hold that they [these statements] are mere expressions of 'opinion alone.' " Just that. I take instances: "Germany and Mr. Quisling are doing a fine job of liberating the Norwegians from the aggressions of England"; "The Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor was the 'proper thing.' " Let me ask you, Is it or should it be a crime to say that the British are fighting not for freedom but to maintain their empire; that the débâcle in the Far East has been due to the fact that the British have not freed the natives; that the Russian armies—which have put up such a magnificent fight—are interested not in freedom but in communism and the rule of Stalin; that the Russians will come to terms with the Germans whenever they deem it wise?

Yet the tendency and perhaps the purpose of any of the foregoing statements would be to weaken this country's morale, to discourage recruiting, to help the enemy. In the event of indictment because of such statements, a defendant in time of war is certain to be found guilty. In the last war men were convicted for saying that we should have a capital tax, that the war was imperialistic, that the House of Morgan was saved by our entry into the war. In such times all that the government needs is a charge and a defendant. Our patriotic juries with sons in the service are sure to do the rest.

Fortunately, in our law the question of legality of utterances does not depend upon the general tendency or effect of language but upon the question of whether or not there is direct incitement to unlawful act. The line must be drawn here, or you have an end of free speech, which, as Judge Cardozo once remarked, is the "indispensable condition of nearly every other form of freedom."

You refer to the Schenck decision, which merely held that language must be considered in the background of conditions and is punishable if it creates a "clear and present danger" of unlawful conduct. As analyzed in a recent case (*Bridges* v. *United States*), decided the day after the outbreak of this war, "the substantive evil must be extremely serious and the degree of imminence extremely high before utterances can be punished."

I like the little schoolgirl who, when a schoolmate said the Germans would win the war, answered, "Pfui!" The so-called seditious statements for which these men were indicted have now been publicized all over the country. Thus their propaganda, which originally reached a few people, has now, with whatever effect it might have, reached millions. Is it not fair to assume that we are influenced not so much by fear of this propaganda as by a desire to "get" the propagandists? Do I object seriously to these men going to jail? Far from it—but of course that is not the point.

What is the effect of these prosecutions? *The Nation,* with a liberal tradition which has earned it the condemnation of Martin Dies, proposed, and effectively, that the government put *Social Justice* out of business. The *New Masses* is after the Chicago *Tribune* and Colonel McCormick. Numerous complaints have been made against the *Daily News.* Even the *Saturday Evening Post* is under fire. The *New Republic* published a letter in which the writer stated that the theory underlying Catholicism conditions its members toward fascism. Others say that the Jews are likely to turn toward communism. The Irish papers say we are supporting British imperialism. Personally, I particularly dislike the propaganda of Martin Dies, even when it is approved by Hitler and Goebbels. Where would all of this bring us? Different groups have different prejudices. We would all be caviling at one another. The result would be to stir up resentment, hatred, fear, and make issues of matters that are relatively dormant, issues that would divert us from the one effort on which the country as a whole is united—the winning of the war.

At the end of a talk at a forum the other night, one of the audience said that my views were dangerous and that I should be curbed in time of war. I stated that no doubt he and many others in the audience would like to put me in jail. I suggested that if this were done, the people in the audience probably would be about equally divided between my prosecutors and my supporters, that they would become disunited, that their attention would be diverted from the one thing on which they all agree, the necessity of victory.

I believe in the right of free speech, not only as an ideal, but as a practical matter. I believe that democracy works. I believe—and here we may differ—that the rationale of freedom applies particularly in time of stress. Both of us today have one aim—victory over the menace that threatens all freedom. For my part, I think our war effort will be hampered by suppression.

We should not forget that criticism and a free public opinion are essential to promote the best efforts of our leaders. Not only this, but expression relieves emotion. Those who feel strongly in dissent are far less likely to act if they are permitted to talk. It is rare that those who express themselves are dangerous. The greatest harm that results from suppressing a small number of extremists is that you keep millions of reasonable men from expressing themselves. Further, it is better to have open than underground propaganda. Finally, when you let people alone, you do not have the fear, suspicion, and hate that lead to amateur espionage of dinner-table conversations and cause neighbor to watch neighbor. The unity aroused in us by the dastardly Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the German declaration of war may be considerably disrupted if we begin to snipe at one another because of differing views. Of course, under a free system we do not seem to have the unity of a dictatorship nation, but that is only because we have free speech, press, and assemblage.

But you say, let's leave this to Francis Biddle, a man who has the friendship, respect, and admiration of both of us. I am thankful he is the Attorney General. He started out with the statement that the war brought an attack upon the principles of the Bill of Rights. "Every American must remember that the war we wage today is in defense of these principles. It therefore behooves us to guard most zealously these principles at home." You yourself say, "Until months after Pearl Harbor Biddle held to the position to which prior to the war you and I adhered."

But do you have in mind that Biddle is a public official, that our officials are subject to constant pressure, that their natural desire is to promote national unity, and that they may well feel that where there is a tremendous public demand for suppression of vicious opinion—a demand joined in even by reasonable men like yourself—the country is likely to be more unified if they respond, at least to some extent, to that demand? They are likely to start with cases where public opinion seems to be behind them almost unanimously, and gradually, as in the last war, to go farther as the hysteria increases.

Why the fear? The country is united as never before.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Use of Ideals

THE GATES OF AULIS. By Gladys Schmitt. The Dial Press. $2.75.

THE title of this novel is perhaps not accurately descriptive, for the story deals with the legend of Tauris rather than with that of Aulis, with sacrifices escaped rather than with sacrifices consummated; its Orestes and Iphigenia learn to overcome the self-sacrificial impulses which seem to give them strength but which actually serve their weaknesses. Carl Hasselmann, a radical sociologist, is in a perpetual censorious worry about political integrity and therefore cannot act politically. His sister Ellie worships absolute notions of tragedy and morality and therefore cannot paint truly. They are able to follow their proper destinies only when they acknowledge the multitudinous conditions of human nature and admit their right to their own selves and their own happiness.

Miss Schmitt's first novel is serious and ambitious. Its manner heavily obscures its merit, but if you stand well back from it and manage to see through its verbiage and its lumpy lyricism, you cannot help finding it in some ways admirable. For one thing, it is a relief that the author portrays and judges unhappy intellectuals with what the jacket blurb rightly calls "respect and tenderness." But more important is the courageous perception on which the novel is based. "Selflessness" and self-sacrifice are perhaps the two most admired modern virtues, and contemporary novelists have seldom dared to bring them into question. In a world in which virtue seems both uncertain in its nature and rare in its occurrence, it still appears to be indubitably virtuous to consecrate oneself to a cause from which little gain and possibly much hardship are to be expected. The conscience of the literate middle class is obsessed with the ideal of selflessness; to this group morality always presents itself as a reproach for crassness and as a desire to give up everything for art, science, and humanity. It likes to have a quota of dedicated spirits in its life and in its literature, and though it long ago learned to suspect that there are "real reasons" behind, say, religious fervor, it prefers to hold unquestionable the motives of secular dedication.

Yet it is certainly true, as Miss Schmitt sees, that behind much selfless action there lies self-seeking or self-justification or self-destruction. This ambiguity of motive, this *use* of idealism, is perhaps the special modern confusion. The love of humanity generates its own problems and its own vices; the love of truth has its own insensibilities. Often, by hating vice too much, as Burke said, we come to love men too little; and a convenient excuse for loving men too little is to hate the vice of certain men a great deal. To understand this does not, of course, deny the value of dedication; it simply implies that there is an ethics of dedication, that choice of the moral course does not settle the quality of one's morality: there is, as it were, a morality of morality. The nineteenth century understood better than we do how selflessness can be the most effective form of pride, that it can be marked by a cold censoriousness, by a negation and an arrogance which must sooner or later qualify the art or the political action it produces. Hawthorne often dealt with this insight; so did Nietzsche; and Ibsen, having himself announced the claims of the ideal, told us, in "The Wild Duck," how the ideal may be distorted to serve personal wilfulness.

Unfortunately, Miss Schmitt's novel is not up to the importance of her theme. It is impossibly wordy, by which I do not mean merely that it has too many words (though it has) but that the words have an improper part in the creation. We are told that Miss Schmitt has consciously modeled herself on Proust and Mann, but she reminds us of neither of these writers, who are discursive but not wordy; rather, she seems to be in the line of the three most tiresome of modern verbalists, Dorothy Richardson, Waldo Frank, and Thomas Wolfe. These writers hold in common a belief in the power of words to render, by sheer weight of numbers, every possible shade of sensibility. The result of this belief is that their ever-accumulating sentences dissolve the solid world; we have the uncomfortable feeling that they never credit us with knowing what anything is like and that in their insistence on overwhelming us with complete information they are trying in a very aggressive way to substitute their sensibility for the world. Miss Schmitt does not go quite so far, but she goes far enough. She can write sentences as simple and precise as this: "Only in the attic rooms, where maids undressed and stood before imperfect mirrors, were there any patches of light." But most of her narrative moves like this:

> I am going, he thinks, from the place of my unfruitfulness to my rightful station upon the face of the earth. These hills are nothing to me, my haste dismisses them, I go with the purpose and the speed of a planet. Virile, conscious of the miracle of my consciousness, I make a white cleft in the night with my flying face; I take direction with speed and go triumphantly home.

The corrective for such prose is not an ideal of spare, cold economy: the novel is a discursive form, it needs expansiveness and it needs full language. For the bad lyricism of sensibility which Miss Schmitt uses, the corrective is story. Only through plot and action can the novel truly realize an idea. The novelist may be infinitely discursive and expository if, like Henry James, he is always reminding himself to "dramatize, dramatize"; if he subordinates everything to the demands of the dramatic element, he can usually count on the elements of language and sensibility to take care of themselves and to have the right proportion. But a novelist like Miss Schmitt depends upon sensibility to do the work of drama. And from a sensibility as insistent and aggressive as Miss Schmitt's we inevitably try to escape; after a few score pages our eyes learn to skip the passages of high, conscious language—we want to get on with the story. The saving grace of Miss Schmitt's novel is that it has, after all, at least the outline of a good story beneath all its verbiage.

LIONEL TRILLING

The Problem of Japan

GOODBYE JAPAN. By Joseph Newman. L. B. Fischer Publishing Corporation. $2.50.

OUR ENEMY JAPAN. By Wilfrid Fleisher. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

HOW JAPAN PLANS TO WIN. By Kinoaki Matsuo. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

JAPAN: A WORLD PROBLEM. By H. J. Timperley. The John Day Company. $1.75.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of thought has been given to the problem of how to deal with Germany after the war. But thus far we have had little discussion of the equally difficult problem of what to do about Japan. All observers are agreed that Japan is a nation apart. Its history, customs, traditions, and present psychology ill fit it for citizenship in an organized, peaceful world. None of the recent books on Japan have brought out that country's abnormalities more vividly than "Goodbye Japan" by Joseph Newman, who until just before the outbreak of the war served as the correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* in Tokyo. Newman shows how Japan's unique political structure has contributed to control by the militarists, how the principles of aggression have been rooted in Japanese thought for more than 2,600 years, and how the Japanese cleverly concealed their aggressive intentions toward the Western democracies by elaborate entertainment of foreign, particularly American, public figures and by building a façade of brazen deceit with talk about a "new order for securing the lasting peace of the world." He also shows the other side of the picture: how Japan's aggressive policies have already led to a lowering of the people's standard of living and to a sharp increase of tuberculosis, rickets, trachoma, and myopia.

Wilfred Fleisher's brief picture of Japan closely parallels that of his fellow *Herald Tribune* correspondent, but as he was stationed in this country in the months immediately preceding the war he deals at some length with the duplicity of Japan's final "negotiations" with the United States. Both writers make it quite clear that Japan's action in entering the war on the side of the Axis was prompted by indigenous Japanese dreams of imperialism and was not the result of orders from Berlin.

A key to the type of mind which has developed in Japan as a result of its centuries of militarist tradition is provided in Kinoaki Matsuo's remarkable forecast of the American-Japanese war. Matsuo's book was published in Tokyo in 1940, and the text was stolen by Korean agents and translated for publication by Kilsoo K. Haan, a Korean stationed in Washington. It presents a fairly accurate time-table of the Japanese moves in the war, but its military value is secondary to its unwitting disclosures regarding the limited, though shrewd, operation of the Japanese military mind.

Mr. Timperley probes the origins of Japanese militarism much more deeply than any other contemporary writer. He finds that the urge for expansion at the expense of Japan's neighbors antedates by some centuries the Meiji Restoration of 1868. He points out that Japanese pirates have been terrorizing the China Sea since 1260 A.D. and that systematic raids on the coasts of Korea, China, Siam, and the Philippines began in the sixteenth century. There was a period of respite during the two and a half centuries of seclusion under the Tokugawa rule, but the expansionist spirit was revived again in the middle of the nineteenth century under the inspiration of the great nationalist philosopher Shoin Yoshida. In recent years Japanese thinking has fallen more and more under the spell of the sixteenth- and nineteenth-century nationalists. Like the Nazis, the present-day Japanese have acquired a mystical sense of their mission to bring order and truth to the rest of the world by means of the sword.

It is evident that the psychological basis of Japanese aggression will not be destroyed by a military defeat. On the contrary, it is likely to be aggravated. Great care and wisdom, therefore, must be exercised in working out the peace terms for the Pacific. As in the case of an individual, regeneration must come from within; it cannot be imposed from without. But since the democratic forces within Japan are extraordinarily feeble, Mr. Timperley points out that the world will have to insist on certain safeguards to prevent Japan from once more seizing military supremacy in East Asia. China will have to be strengthened by the return of Manchuria, Formosa, and all other territories taken from it by Japan. Korea should be restored to freedom, and the Japanese should be forced to cede the Marshall, Bonin, and other island bases used in the attack on the West.

This, Timperley readily admits, will be a bitter pill for Japan to swallow. But he would "sugarcoat" it by offering Japan free access to raw materials and even some special privileges in China provided Japan introduced a measure of social reform and sought to readjust its distorted, ill-balanced economic system. It is doubtful whether the sugarcoating will be effective, but it should be tried. A basic cure for Japan's international delinquency—and Germany's—probably depends on our ability to create and enforce a genuine system of world law after the war. This cannot be imposed from without but must be built by the cooperative efforts of the people of all countries, including the Japanese. So far no one has even sketched an outline of such a program applicable to the Far East. MAXWELL S. STEWART

American Writing by Negroes

THE NEGRO CARAVAN: WRITINGS BY AMERICAN NEGROES. Selected and Edited by Sterling A. Brown, Arthur P. Davis, and Ulysses Lee. The Dryden Press. $4.25.

BACK in the twenties books about Negroes and by Negroes were welcomed with an uncritical enthusiasm that was as harmful to the writers as it was essentially false because it was based on the assumption, which many of the books exploited, that Negro life was different from white life. The old stereotyped notions of Negro life and character persisted. What the present collection should establish once and for all is the identity of writing by Negroes, in all fields of expression, with American writing in general. Negro writing is from beginning to end part and parcel of American literature in derivation and tendency, in form, content, and intention. Such characteristics as the mingling of deep emotion and humor, the feeling for legend, and the note of defeat and protest are not exclusively Negro, as they are commonly considered to be, but are basic elements of the folk and literary tradition of the country, of already assimilated minorities. Although it would be foolish to deny that the spirituals belong to the Negro, they have their counterparts in the folk culture of white Americans, even as the popularity of swing music, which translates folk feeling into new rhythms, would not be possible if that music were not related to the traditional elements of a larger American culture. The Negro, as a minority, naturally takes on the culture he lives in, while at the same time he influences it.

It is because the editors see the problems of the Negro and the Negro writer as an integral part of American life that this anthology is important in the history of the American Negro. They reject the term "Negro literature" and demand a single standard of criticism. More than 100 of almost 1,100 pages consist of an excellent history and evaluation of all phases of Negro writing. There are poems, short stories, selections from novels, drama, and folk literature, well-chosen examples of biographical writing, and historical, cultural, and personal essays, but I liked best the speeches, pamphlets, and letters, and the social essays. Of these the best pieces were written by past or present members of the faculty of Howard University, with one notable exception—Charles S. Johnson of Fisk.

The caravan makes its way from David Walker's "Appeal" of 1829, Frederick Douglass's "Letter to His Master" of 1848, Booker T. Washington's compromising optimism, and Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association to E. Simms Campbell's "Early Jam" and Richard Wright's "The Ethics of Living Jim Crow." Some of the stages on the way are the plantation, the underground railroad, the Civil War, Reconstruction, the share-cropper, the courts, the ballot box, the school, the union, the "new Negro." This caravan moves; and it succeeds not only in presenting a history of the Negro in his own words but in clarifying the complex pattern of American life. Its value lies in the tremendous vitality it compresses and in the understanding it communicates of a common heritage.

Although Negroes have published more books of poetry than of any other literary form, the poetry section is by far the dreariest stretch of the route. The poets escape from themselves into protest, rhetoric, or decorum; they know what they want to say before they write, and consequently any poetic meaning they might transmit remains caged within them. A good deal of the more recent poetry is merely watered Whitman, the prose catalogue that runs on and on. It does not stand comparison, for instance, with this line from a prose folk tale, "My heart beneath my knees and my knees in some lonesome valley," or this from a folk sermon printed as verse, "Two thousand years have went by on their rusty ankles." I don't mean to suggest that poets should go back to spirituals and folk stuff. Rather, it seems to me that in continuing to draw from already crystallized modes of expression they sometimes try to eke out an emotion they no longer really feel. That is perhaps why some of the lyrics have the ineffectiveness of the words of a song without the music; the naturally lyrical poets still hear a music that does not grow out of the words they write but determines them, thus depriving the words of a direct relationship to the experience. This is equally true of the use of jazz rhythms and of dialect. There is another factor—the Negro writer is liable to be trapped by the very stereotypes he fights against simply because they are still attributed to him by the reading public. Despite the excellence of some of the prose selections, there too the experience of the Negro is not deeply explored. It remains to be written, but first it must be understood. The same lack of self-knowledge and understanding is endemic in American writing as a whole and is especially reflected in the incomplete portrayal of character.

H. P. LAZARUS

The Kernan Thesis

DEFENSE WILL NOT WIN THE WAR. By Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Kernan. Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

A NOTED columnist was saying the other day that two parties seem to be forming in the United States, the parties of defense and attack. On the defense side the isolationists and appeasers, with the goal of a negotiated peace in their minds, are working for a *Sitzkrieg*. Taking advantage of distrust, prejudice, and fear, as well as the natural shrinking from the human cost of war felt by courageous men, the appeasers have made propaganda to which, so far, the advocates of an offensive have not offered an effective reply.

In this state of affairs almost any kind of demand for aggressive action would have value, even though some of its arguments might appear faulty. Lieutenant Colonel Kernan's book is a case in point. Lucidly and persuasively written, it serves as a bracing tonic against the malady of defensism. It marks clearly every blind alley and side path of evasion that might lead to defeat.

The book was written, of course, neither for the soldier nor for the professed student of politics. Since its allusions to military and political history are not more numerous or detailed than is required to persuade the general reader, it might be thought that the book should be discussed at its own avowed level. Yet one feels that it might have been improved as popular instruction. There are even a few dangers in the book, and some of its summaries are misleadingly brief. As the author says, Hitler took full advantage of the weakness of the democracies, of their lack of decision in the matter of offensive action. That indecision sprang from the fact that "in every democracy on earth the paramount object of policy was avoidance of war." The peacefully inclined governments would neither federate nor arm, much less do both. Long ago Machiavelli put the matter succinctly when he wrote that the Roman Empire owed its endurance to its policy of never waiting until war became inevitable, of never waiting until it was attacked. Rome, the adviser of princes pointed out, always went out to meet rebellion against its peace while that rebellion was still feeble and disunited. In 1933-34 the Roman solution, and Lieutenant Colonel Kernan's, one imagines, would have been to invade Germany and overthrow Hitler. The balance-of-power policy prevented such a solution. It is in the brevity, one might say in the crudity, of the truth that a certain danger resides.

That the argument may cause post-war trust to be reposed in mere force is apparent. What is valuable, however, is the author's tracing of the defensive outlook to the circumstances inherent in an unfederated world.

But such an analysis is insufficient, especially when it is followed by the mistaken argument contained in the chapter Mahan Was Wrong. The naval tradition of Britain and the United States is not necessarily connected with the rejection of offensive warfare. It is altogether sound to insist that navies cannot preserve peace or of themselves achieve victory. To the extent that people expect them to do so, trust in sea power is dangerous. It is none the less an extravagance to say that until 1940 it was believed in England that "sea power was sufficient to uphold Western civilization until the end of time." Nor does one feel much force in the chapter entitled The Staff Complex. At one point the author seems to be arguing that the capacity for initiative was lost because true generalship had been crushed by the over-development of staff work. Following Foch, the author opposes *élan* to planning. But surely the staff work of the German army is not meager. It is probably voluminous. The important thing is that its methods are adapted to the technique imposed by modern arms.

The criticism brings me to the principal defect of the book. That it was not merely the desire for peace that gave rise to "defensism" Lieutenant Colonel Kernan repeatedly explains. He says, all too cursorily, that it was the vast human expense of the 1915-18 campaigns that gave rise to defensive theories. The machine-gun had paralyzed movement and made of warfare a ruinous attrition. And when 1918 at last produced a successful offensive, the German surrender was due to exhaustion, the previous collapse of the Balkans, and the arrival of great American armies. With the technique of 1915-18 the offense needed to be three times as strong as the defense. That was the realization that vitiated British and French military thinking. The democratic general staffs stayed in schools and learned nothing. The German staff discovered new methods. The gasoline engine, correctly used, puts offense upon a level with defense. Lieutenant Colonel Kernan dwells much too briefly upon this question of technique. There is no need to add that the author is well aware of this, but it is still true that had he shown, as a page of simple technicalities would have done, that the only real answer to a blitz is another blitz, his case for the offensive would have been even stronger.

The reviewer confesses that he has little patience with the chapter called The Restoration of Strategy. Without a far more extensive survey of the problem, the suggestion that Italy offers the best theater for mounting an invasion cannot convince. Finally, while the author is a democrat, his last chapter, On the Dangers of Warfare by Committee, is likely to be useful to men who are pro-fascist. His references to political plots during the first World War, plots which he seems to think were designed merely to keep offense-minded generals out of command, are altogether too crude. In any case, no one can be more political than your ambitious general. Nor is ability an invariable companion to aggressiveness. What is needed is intelligent political leadership, served by generals who have mastered modern technique.

RALPH BATES

A Disciple of Aristippus

HOUSMAN, 1897-1936. By Grant Richards. With an Introduction by Mrs. E. W. Symons and Appendices by G. B. A. Fletcher and Others. Oxford University Press. $4.

HERE is Alfred Edward Housman as seen, from 1897 to 1936, through the devoted if not unduly penetrating eyes of his publisher, Grant Richards. In addition to his own text Mr. Richards includes an introduction by the poet's younger sister Katharine (Mrs. E. W. Symons), various illustrations, and no fewer than ten appendices.

"I may be able," writes Mrs. Symons, "to set my brother's memory free from erroneous conjectures by a definite statement of the troubles that did nearly wreck his career at its beginning, and did permanently affect his future for both good and ill." These troubles, she thinks, had nothing to do with any heart-breaking love affairs; they were the death of his mother on the poet's twelfth birthday, his disillusion with his early religious teachings, and, principally, his failure, in 1881, in the Final Schools at Oxford. Mrs. Symons has more to say of the effect of this failure than of its cause; she imputes blame to her brother for letting the family down at a time of severe domestic crisis. She does not go so far as to call this failure in itself a perverse act, though she says that her brother "chose to be perverse in many opinions that he expressed," but she does find him guilty of intellectual arrogance, negligence, and slackness. Once mortified, he became obsessed with the determination to retrieve his academic disgrace; and thereafter, whether in penance or inoculation, gave himself to mortification as the pattern of his life. This somewhat oversimplifies Mrs. Symons's thesis, of course: nobody could be quite as grim as this makes him sound, and Mrs. Symons does allude to the feasting, joking, and witty speech of which Alfred was the center. Some of her chance remarks are more provocative than her main address: for instance, her quotation of Aldous Huxley's "excessive repression of the sexual impulses tends . . . to produce an excessive development of pride and ambition," and her own comment that this observation "exactly fits the example in my brother."

The material in the appendices may best be described as various, both as to quality and interest. The "Manilius" dedication is given in the original Latin, followed by, not facing, Edmund Wilson's fine English translation; there are notes on Housman into Greek and Latin, and on Housman as treated by English composers; there are a treatise on Housman as a scholar and several articles of personal recollections (one could wish in these last that the poet's scathing witticisms had been made the subject of definite quotation rather than merely blissful allusion). The dates of Housman's poems are given again; this makes the third time, for they are given in the complete poems published by Holt in 1940 and in Laurence Housman's recollections published in 1938 by Scribner's. Of the approximately seventy pages of appendix material, more than half consists of notes by Professor G. B. A. Fletcher. Some of these, notably those dealing with undoubted and probable reminiscences in Housman's poetry, are interesting; some of them, for example the listing of Housman's words and usages not given in the New English Dictionary, the catalogues of compound epithets and favorite turns and repetitions, and the comparison of the length of Housman's poems with the Odes of Horace and the poems of Catullus, are merely littish scholarship going off the deep end.

Mr. Richards's own text contains a wealth of details and a single argument. The details begin with the publication of "A Shropshire Lad," at the author's expense, in 1896, and go on from there, through the story of the early reviews, through various scholastic, literary, and gastronomic adventures, up to the bequest of the poet's wine cellar to the Family Dining Club in the University of Cambridge and of his literary remains to his brother Laurence, with an account of the mourning, eulogy, and detraction that followed upon his demise. Some of this detail is perhaps more interesting to publishers and/or epicures than to the general reader. (I expect a furious visit from Housman's ghost for that double conjunction; how he would thresh in his grave could he know of such usage!) There is a good deal of repetitiousness in the various notes from Housman dealing with corrections on the proof sheets of "Manilius," in his responses to requests for permissions from anthologists and composers, in the lists of the fancy foods and wines ingested during this or that excursion on the Continent. But the documentation, as such, is impressive; it throws a good deal of light on the visible aspects of Housman's existence.

Mr. Richards's argument, on the other hand, is concerned with the invisible aspects of that existence. He contends that, like the snakes in Ireland, there were no such; he would have done with indecent speculation as to his friend's sexual constitution and indecent examination of his moral character. Mr. Richards apparently believes that the two things are identical. But is this really true? Might one not be a homosexual, overt or repressed, and still conduct one's life with the most upright probity; or be perfectly normal, as the saying goes, and still commit the great refusal, the sin against the Holy Ghost? (And then, of course, one might be normal and good, or perverse and wicked.) Especially when we are dealing with the character of an artist, a character Housman seems never to have admitted to himself save in the most intimate seclusion, in the deepest night when he struck his fist upon the stone, we need to remember that the Muse is not concerned with bourgeois Victorian notions.

The question of the origin of Housman's art aside—though it cannot be left aside entirely—was Housman, as an artist, a failure or a success? This will no doubt sound to Mr. Richards like a shocking question to raise, but it deserves a better answer than any of those vouchsafed by the eulogists Mr. Richards gushes over or the detractors whom he flays. If we judge Housman only by what he did, we must accord him a substantial measure of success. Put in so few words, this may sound like a patronizing, impudent, or presumptuous verdict; I have not space to amplify it here, to discuss the false quality of much of the praise, the grievous omissions in the description of his excellence. I might say, in passing, that I have never been able to share the impression that Housman's tone is pessimistic, despairing, despondent; its clarity lifts his work into brightness and gaiety, in the sense that Yeats spoke of Hamlet as gay.

We come to another question, however: whether Hous-

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man left undone the things he ought to have done, whether he could accept his *Nunc Dimittis* with "the sense of having done the best—the sense which is the real life of the artist, and the absence of which is his death, of having drawn from his intellectual instrument the finest music that nature had hidden in it, of having played it as it should be played." (Curious to find these words of Henry James put in the mouth of a character supposed to bear some resemblance to Stevenson, whom Housman admired, perhaps, beyond necessity!) If we examine Housman in the light of these awful rays of truth, we shall find, I think, that he mortified not only the sinner but also the poet; that he averted disintegration by substituting induration; that, like Niobe, he turned, for his vanity, into the statue of stone he once admired. "One must beware," writes W. H. Auden, apropos of other matters, "lest humility turn into arrogance, as Housman's did." I take it this refers to something more than the superficial arrogance of being standoffish or of whacking the pates of one's fellow-inmates of the asylum at Cambridge.

Nor must Housman's attitude be considered a Stoic one, though many have seen in him an almost perfect exemplar of Stoic principles. He himself knew better; he favored the Epicureans, not because he was a man addicted to pleasures of the palate but because he was a man to whom pleasure was the highest good, pleasure, that is, in the sense of freedom from pain. (But above the Epicureans he favored the Cyrenaics, whose leader, Aristippus, held that true pleasure belongs only to him who is self-controlled and master of himself.) Housman realized how burdensome a gift was inspiration; contrast, in the preface to "Last Poems," "I can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my other book, nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came," with Rilke's sentence, "The moment of inspiration must not be waited for but must be summoned and seized." Housman, in disavowing Stoicism, knew that Stoic principles require much more than a vulgar acceptance of pain; he knew that Stoicism insists on growth, on living in accordance with nature, knowing oneself, having an obligation to develop one's powers to their uttermost limit. This growth he denied himself; his life was painful, but he froze to the pain, and with it froze his art. If, toward the end, he heeded the voice of his daemon more clearly in life, he was by that time all but insensitive to its other demands:

Must I tell again
In the words I know
For the ears of men
The flesh, the blow?

Must I show outright
The bruise in the side,
The halt in the night,
And how death cried?

Must I speak to the lot
Who little bore?
It said, *Why not?*
It said *Once more.*

This, I think, is what Housman resolutely refused to face—not only the repetition of creative agony, but the extension of creative vision; and died impenitent.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Implements of War

THE TOOLS OF WAR. By James R. Newman. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THE present war has produced a large number of writers on military and naval matters who had no particular knowledge of their subject as recently as a year ago. These amateur militarists have contributed a good deal of misinformation, though the best of them have also had an open-mindedness and absence of bias, a faculty for apt and readable writing, and a freshness of viewpoint not often found in the professional military man.

James Newman demonstrates both the good and the bad qualities of the civilian turned military writer. Before he put together the materials for this book he apparently had no connection with military affairs. This lack of background is revealed in numerous misstatements of fact. Most plane carriers, he says, have a capacity of from 75 to 100 planes—actually only American carriers carry so large a complement. The surface tonnage of the largest submarine in the world, Surcouf, is given as 4,300. As a matter of fact, this is the submerged tonnage; the surface weight is less than 3,000 tons. Such errors are of minor importance, but they are comparatively numerous. And occasionally the writer gives glib but historically incorrect explanations of more important matters.

Despite these shortcomings "The Tools of War" is a fine piece of work. The author has traced the evolution of the principal implements used in modern war on land, sea, and in the air. His search for information has led in many directions, and he has compiled an adequate though not exhaustive bibliography. Naturally, he has left out a good deal in the long story of the development of man's weapons, but he has included the most valuable and interesting facts. He has done his best job in showing the growth of air power, his poorest on the evolution of warships. His account of present-day operations is excellent.

Like many civilians he enjoys taking pot shots at military conservatism and the frequent stupidity of military leaders. Here he is on extremely firm ground. The early distrust of such tools as the machine-gun, tank, and airplane shown by professional militarists is notorious. A military improvement usually exists for a generation or even for a century before it is adopted. Still, progress in military matters does occur, and the side having the most imagination and intelligence in its military leadership is generally the victor. An exception might be the last world war, which was decided by exhaustion rather than brains. At that, had the war lasted six months longer, all the fundamentals of the modern blitzkrieg would have been employed. Because military thinking is so extremely slow, Mr. Newman is justly skeptical of scare stories of mysterious and powerful weapons developed exclusively by one side.

Few recent military books have been more readable than "The Tools of War." The style is sure to give the greatest enjoyment to the average reader. Technical terms are either avoided or carefully explained, and numerous illustrations, many of them borrowed from recent issues of *Fortune*, others prepared personally, are of great interest.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

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FILMS

NOW that we have become accustomed to the realism of the talkies, we are apt to find the old silent films absurdly artificial; in most cases it is hard for us to understand how we were ever able to regard them as an imitation of life, or even to effect the necessary suspension of disbelief. Nevertheless, at their best the silent films had an artistic excellence of their own which they owed partly to their limitations. For in order to overcome the handicap of silence their creators developed a technique of miming and of visual suggestion which was lost in the early talking films and has never been wholly recaptured. No one achieved this technique better than Charlie Chaplin, and he probably used it nowhere more effectively than in "The Gold Rush." There is a series of famous scenes in this film, including the fantastically plausible shoe-eating episode and the exquisite dance of the rolls, in which the art of miming is brought to perfection. The most brilliant dialogue could add nothing to their effectiveness. After seventeen years this film has now been reedited by Chaplin and fitted with a running commentary and musical score. The elimination of the captions makes it flow more smoothly, but it is essentially unchanged. It still belongs to the type and has the characteristic merits of the best silent films. The commentary, which is spoken by Chaplin himself, is appropriately unobtrusive. The only thing about it that is at all infelicitous is his habit of referring to himself as "the little fellow." The pathos of the character he has created is striking enough, particularly in this story, not to need to be thus artificially underlined. But this is a minor flaw in what is otherwise a very skilful adaptation of a seventeen-year-old film to contemporary requirements. If there is anybody who needs to be convinced of the genius of Charlie Chaplin, I can only advise him to go to see "The Gold Rush."

Another creator of very good silent films, Robert Flaherty, has recently completed his documentary of "The Land" for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. Like many documentary films it suffers from a certain discursiveness. There are many beautiful shots of scenery and people and machines, but the selection of them seems slightly arbitrary. Nevertheless, the film has its social aim, which is to create awareness of the plight of farm labor in the face of soil wastage and erosion and the competition of the machine. The film indicates that the task of soil conservation is being successfully accomplished, but it has no solution to offer for the problem of the machine. Mr. Flaherty's commentary is adequate to its purpose.

You would have to be very fond of animals to get much enjoyment out of Alexander Korda's version of Kipling's "Jungle Book." There are a few impressive shots in technicolor of a lion and a panther; and Sabu, who impersonates Mowgli, has an effective moment as the wolf boy confronted for the first time with fire. But this is not enough to compensate for an excessively silly story of a hunt for buried treasure, a great deal of painful clowning by a group of

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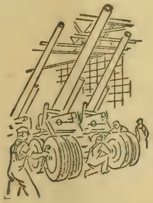

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Hollywood actors who make the least convincing Indians that I ever hope to see, and a general assimilation of Mowgli to Tarzan. For the rest, there are a large forest fire, a parade of elephants, a talking snake, and much scurrying of crowds. All in all, Mr. Korda has spared no expense in dressing up his candidate for the most vulgar film of the year.

The much-heralded "Moontide" presents Jean Gabin in a waterfront setting but is very far from being another "Quai des Brumes." It has four main characters: Gabin himself as a happy-go-lucky dock worker; Ida Lupino as a waif who domesticates him; Thomas Mitchell, giving the best performance in the film, as a vicious weakling who preys upon him; and Claude Rains as a philosophical night watchman thrown in for good measure. Except for the relationship between Gabin and Mitchell, which carries inverted echoes of "Mice and Men," there is nothing interesting about the story. Every move in it is easily predictable, all the way to the happy ending. There is one very impressive scene, where the villain meets his death, but the direction is for the most part derivative and rather pretentious. The main object of the film being apparently to turn M. Gabin into an American box-office attraction, he is made to display an excessive amount of sulky Gallic charm. I think it might have been better to have given him a reasonable opportunity to show how exceedingly well he can act.

Except for the make-up artists who succeed at one point in turning Barbara Stanwyck into quite a plausible centenarian, no one comes out well from "The Great Man's Lady." Miss Stanwyck elopes with pioneer Joel McCrea, becomes estranged from him through a misunderstanding over Brian Donlevy, loses their two children in a flood, and finally gives him up to a second wife in the interest of his career. They meet again only at his deathbed, by which time he has become a Senator and grown a long white beard. The film is supposed to imply something about American womanhood, but whatever the message is, it is not a sufficient excuse for all that everybody, including the audience, has to go through.

P. H. RYE

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to the Men
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RECORDS

SCHNABEL'S March 1939 recital at the Y. M. H. A. led me to speak of the process that had "created so completely and impressively right a shape for Schubert's B flat Sonata," but that, carried further, had "distended the phrases of . . . the slow movement of Schubert's Op. 53 to the point of distortion and overstatement." I mention this because Victor has issued a recording of the Sonata Op. 53 which Schnabel made in Europe a few years ago—a recording, then, which offers not the marvelous performance of the work that was heard in the New Friends of Music series this season, but a performance like the one that was heard at the Y. M. H. A. in 1939. In the opening section of the slow movement Schnabel extends each dotted quarter by an additional quarter, so that the measures are changed from three-quarter to four-quarter; and in lesser degree this pretentious distension is heard not only in other parts of the movement but in the scherzo that follows. The first movement and finale, however, are excellently played; and so take the set (888, $5.78) for what it offers—a partial realization of the superb work; an interesting demonstration of the fact that great artists are not necessarily perfect ones, and sometimes their imperfections are the faults of their great virtues. Take it—and ask Victor to issue the recording of Schnabel's performance of the wonderful B flat Sonata, which was released in England a year or so ago.

Victor's featured orchestral set for April offers a new recording of Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 made by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Set 881, $4.73). Early Sibelius is not Tchaikovsky; it is early Sibelius—which is to say Sibelius without the later refinements of method, idiom, style, orchestration, the later skill in concealing the discontinuities in thought and structure. It is, I hasten to add, quite enjoyable Sibelius—enjoyable in the way that Respighi's "Fountains" and "Pines" are enjoyable. The performance is effective and excellently recorded.

Enjoyable in a different way is Vivaldi's lovely Concerto Grosso Op. 3 No. 11 for strings. It has been available on records in the form of Stokowski's performance of his arrangement for the entire modern orchestra; now it can be had in the more continent orchestral arrangement of Siloti, of which the fine-sounding performance of Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony is excellently recorded (Set 886, $2.63). And some day a conductor may record a performance by the string orchestra for which it was written.

Moderately enjoyable also is Haydn's unfamiliar Symphony No. 96 (Set 885, $3.68)—a minor specimen of the Haydn symphonic form, with an engaging first movement and minuet. Bruno Walter's performance is fair; as recorded the violins are a little shrill, the bass booms a little, and the over-all sound is reverberant, but not confusedly so.

On a single disc (18535, $1.05) is another unfamiliar piece, the section "On the Shores of Sorrento" from Strauss's "Aus Italien"—early and second-rate Strauss, prettily melodious and lush, well played by the Chicago Symphony under Stock, and with the sound of this orchestra recorded in a way that Columbia did not equal in even its best recording, the one of Enesco's Rumanian Rhapsody—to say nothing of its bad recordings, like the one of Schubert's C major Symphony. And on another single disc (18511, $1.05) Victor offers—and you are privileged to reject—William Schuman's Festival Overture, a characteristic piece of tripe, well played by the National Symphony under Kindler, and well recorded.

The beautiful Agnus Dei from Mozart's Mass in C minor is well sung and performed by Les Disciples de Massenet, Marcelle Denya, and the Montreal Festivals Orchestra under the direction of Pelletier, and is excellently recorded (18512, $1.05). On another single disc (18496, $1.05) Bidu Sayao does well with "Deh vieni non tardar" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and "Caro Nome" from Verdi's "Rigoletto." And another (15602, $1.05) offers "Un di felice" and "Parigi o cara" from Verdi's "Traviata," with Gigli as the bawling, sobbing Italian tenor and Caniglia as the tremolo-ridden Italian soprano.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Mr. Rosenberg's Rebuttal

Dear Sirs: Mr. Hays thinks it "rare that those who express themselves are dangerous." So in 1931 thought German friends of mine—believers in democracy—when I asked them about Hitler's propaganda. Two of those friends lately died in a concentration camp. They did not comprehend that words are weapons. Neither, I fear, does the Civil Liberties Union, which thinks that the Biddle prosecutions will only "make issues of matters relatively dormant." Dormant? Is that the word for the tent-caterpillar shirters, fascists, and columns in our midst? Are the Pelleys, McWilliamses, Smiths, Winrods, Moselys, Coughlins, dormant?

To the accepted formula of Justice Holmes that speech may be punished when it creates a "clear and present danger" Mr. Hays would tack on Supreme Court Justice Black's addendum in last December's five-to-four Bridges decision. The danger, Justice Black tells us, must also be "extremely serious," the degree of "imminence extremely high." With this we need not quarrel but need merely remark that this opinion was handed down prior to Bataan, Corregidor, the Atlantic sinkings. Today the danger is not "imminent." It is here.

The Bridges case is not the Supreme Court's last word. That tribunal has again spoken. Only last March the *Chaplinsky* v. *New Hampshire* unanimous opinion (by a bench not noted for unanimity) reminded us that "it is well understood that the right of free speech is not an absolute"; that words which "by their very utterance . . . tend to incite" do not wear a constitutional shield; that "resort to epithets or personal abuse is not . . . opinion." Does the Civil Liberties Union stick to common sense when it regards the shouts of G. W. Christians that the President has a "good neck for a rope," of Noble and Jones that General MacArthur "deserted" his troops, as mere "opinion"? Are not they perfect types of the personal abuse and incitement through reiteration of which Hitler came to power, and by which Quislings betray their countrymen?

I turn again to Lincoln. Bitter as was the Civil War, none will gainsay our present infinitely greater peril. Assailed as violating his oath of office, as destroyer of the Constitution because of his suspension of the Writ of Habeas Corpus, Lincoln boldly chose Independence Day, July 4, 1861, for his immortal message to Congress. He knew the dangers. Boldly he justified his drastic act—the summary arrests "without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law" when men were "dangerous to the public safety." What would the Civil Liberties Union have said in 1861? Biddle by contrast to Lincoln is a Mr. Milquetoast. Does Biddle put out dragnets for wholesale arrests by every United States attorney from Maine to California? Does he suspend the normal steps of the law? No. He takes the "ordinary course" of presentments to grand juries in those cases where his oath of office requires him to act.

"Must a government . . . be too strong for the liberties of its own people or too weak to maintain its own existence?" cried out Lincoln's anguished heart on that Fourth of July, 1861. The tyrant of that dark year, the martyr of 1865, the beloved man who had wiped out the blot of slavery, who had saved the Union and preserved our liberties, lay dead. The war had ended. Lincoln's strong measures were no longer needed. Almost at once with the return of peace the Supreme Court—a majority of whose bench had been appointed by Lincoln himself—nullified the conviction of Milligan by a Lincoln Military Commission, and restored the Writ of Habeas Corpus.

Let the Civil Liberties Union take heart. The Bill of Rights is a tree well rooted. Guarding it from tent caterpillars will not cause it to wither.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG

New York, May 4

A Challenge to Franco

Dear Sirs: In one of your recent issues you expressed some doubts about the wisdom of the President in naming Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes as ambassador to Spain. Those of us who have known Professor Hayes and followed his thinking over the years had no such doubts. In any event your doubts should have been completely resolved by Professor Hayes's forthright declaration of principles on April 25 at the Hotel Plaza in New York City.

Even *The Nation* must be moved to applaud a prospective diplomat who anticipates that he may "be back here in the not far distant future" because his tenure will be dependent, "not on the Spanish government nor to a certain extent on this government but on Hitler." Combined with his ringing challenge to any and all totalitarian governments and his avowed declaration of intention "to expound my faith in the ultimate overwhelming victory of the United Nations," this address casts a scarcely concealed gauntlet at Franco's feet.

More power to the professors of history who assume diplomatic missions. They see clearly, *vide* the late Ambassador Dodd.

HENRY EPSTEIN

Albany, N. Y., April 29

The Laval Disaster

Dear Sirs: The policy of appeasing Vichy, of working with well-known traitors, has led to the third great disaster of our present time. The German aggression was the first; the Japanese the second; and now the Laval disaster.

A country cannot control the seas merely with a large navy and a large air force. It can only control the seas by having bases. Our bases in the Pacific are lost. With the acquisition of the French fleet Hitler will obtain possession of Casablanca, Dakar, Toulon, Bizerte, and Madagascar, and he will control the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean. To imagine that Darlan is not going to play Hitler's game 100 per cent is the height of folly.

Tomorrow our country will be an island surrounded by seas practically in the hands of the enemy. There may be some hope if we stop talking, get rid of our appeasers, and act. These things should be done at once: (1) Take Martinique, which today means a naval battle and the loss of precious ships. Martinique could have been taken without the loss of a man a year ago. (2) Take, or try to take, Madagascar, which would at least delay the action of the Germans and the French there. (3) Try to take Dakar. It will be impossible for De Gaulle to defend the African territories if Dakar remains in the hands of the Germans.

Naturally, there is hope in the Russian situation. But Hitler has covered his back well with the Laval action, and we were caught napping again. Every help must be given to Russia, and a second front must be opened if possible. The chances of landing in France now are very slight. Norway may be better, but here I am guessing.

PETER MARKHAM

New York, April 23

Evacuating American Citizens

Dear Sirs: I was in San Francisco about the second of April and saw large notices that all Japanese aliens and citizens would have to leave on the following Monday. My mind went back to similar notices that I saw posted in Germany some years ago, proclaiming restrictions against the Jews.

Monday came, and my wife and I were asked to help some of the Japanese from their homes to the assembling place on Van Ness Avenue. Our particular concern was a family of nine, grandparents, parents, and children, the youngest a baby a few weeks old. These people had had a little cleaning business, which was being taken over by some friends. The government had provided storage for their car and the personal effects that they could not take with them. When we arrived at the evacuation center we took their bundles out of our car, and the soldiers helped us pile them in a great heap on the sidewalk. The place, a former automobile sales room, was filled with men, women, and children, those who were leaving and their friends who had come to see them off. It was an extremely orderly crowd, the soldiers were very kind, and the social workers saw that all went smoothly. Everyone had a tag with his name and number, and the baggage had tags with corresponding numbers.

ANNA FREUD REPORTS

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My wife busied herself with the children of our little family, and I walked round with a strange feeling that this could not be the America that I had fought for in 1918. And then I saw among the crowd an American Legion cap. Its wearer was pretty discouraged and a little bitter as he told me he had thought his service would entitle him to remain in his home, or at least to have an investigation of his loyalty. One other Legion member the night before had rented a room in a hotel and blown his brains out rather than be evacuated.

This group was sent to a camp that had been hurriedly set up on the grounds of the Santa Anita race track near Los Angeles; they will be evacuated from there as soon as more permanent camps or positions can be found for them. Temporary crowded barracks are not the pleasantest place to live, though the exigencies of war might make this necessary for any of us; and it is a pretty grim job to evacuate our own citizens—students, teachers, nurses, doctors, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Salvation Army workers, lawyers, ministers, and mostly just the simple people who want only a chance to make a modest honest living and, if need be, to serve under our common flag.

Disloyalty doubtless exists among the Japanese Americans as well as among other citizens, but let us not consider the color of a man's skin a test of his loyalty.

FRANK B. DUVENECK

Los Altos, Cal., April 20

Wellesley Summer Institute

Dear Sirs: In spite of everything the Summer Institute for Social Progress at Wellesley has decided to go ahead and hold a one week's session, July 4 to 10, on "What We Can Do to Win the War and Prepare for Peace."

In open-forum sessions and small round tables war and post-war political and economic problems will be discussed under the leadership of such experts as Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to the Secretary of Agriculture, Margaret Bondfield of the British Labor Party, and Henry Simon Bloch, of the staff of the Institute of Military Studies of the University of Chicago.

All interested in the preservation of long-term democratic values are invited to apply for membership regardless of age or previous schooling. For a final program write to me at 22 Oakland Place, Buffalo, New York.

DOROTHY P. HILL, Director

Wellesley, Mass., April 30

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The Shape of Things

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S MASTERLY SPEECH was not only a tonic for the peoples of the United Nations but a major stroke in the war of nerves which Britain has been waging against Hitler with increasing success in the past few months. Answering, in effect, Hitler's recent Reichstag address, the British Prime Minister reminded the Germans that their rulers had deliberately used terror methods in smashing Warsaw, Rotterdam, and Belgrade from the air, and had done their worst to "rub out" Britain. Now that the boot was on the other foot and the R. A. F. in a position to give the Germans an object lesson in aerial warfare, it was a little late, Mr. Churchill said, for Hitler to start whining. He promised that British fliers, soon to be reinforced by American men and machines, would attack systematically the many German cities where vital war industries were established, and he warned civilians in these places that the only way to escape was to abandon the factories and flee into the fields. Mr. Churchill also dealt trenchantly with Hitler's tentative offer to make peace with the West for the sake of a joint crusade against Asia. Again and again he referred with admiration and gratitude to the valiant stand of the Russians, and he emphasized the solidarity between Britain and the U. S. S. R. by warning Hitler that should he in desperation resort to the use of gas on the eastern front, the growing superiority of the R. A. F. would be used to carry gas warfare "on the largest possible scale, far and wide, against military objectives in Germany." It is to be hoped that this threat of retaliation, which it is understood was provoked by accumulating evidence of German preparations for launching gas attacks in Russia, will restrain even the Nazis from attempting this ultimate horror in warfare.

*

THE TONE OF MR. CHURCHILL'S SPEECH WAS buoyant, and there was a welcome absence of the irritable reaction to criticism which has marred some of his recent utterances. While carefully refraining from indorsing demands for a second front, he applauded the aggressive spirit reflected by the popular agitation for bolder action. Two members of his Cabinet, Sir Archibald Sinclair and Anthony Eden, went somewhat farther last week by hinting that the present British air offensive is merely a prelude to an invasion. The former promised that the tempo of R. A. F. onslaughts on Germany would be constantly increased throughout the summer with a view to breaking down German production and morale and hammering the Luftwaffe out of shape. Whether this strategy, together with commando raids on an ever larger scale and the constant threat of a full-fledged expedition against the Continent, will suffice to curtail the effectiveness of the German armies in the east remains to be seen. But at least the much-advertised spring offensive seems to be having difficulty in getting off the mark. A four-day German drive against the key position of Kerch in the eastern Crimea, which seemed to herald the opening of a new campaign, has been beaten back with heavy losses. The chief German offensive operations at present are directed toward securing the rear by wiping out opposition in the occupied lands. But no threats of "implacable violence" backed by mass executions serve to daunt the "V" front. From the North Cape to Mt. Olympus, from St. Nazaire to the Carpathians, the partisans of freedom are waging ruthless war against the Nazis. The tales of sabotage, train wrecking, assassinations, and bombings pour in, and for every victim of the firing squads a dozen volunteers spring forward. Hitler is being given no breathing spell to digest his conquests.

* * *

THE BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA APPEARS TO have ended in a decisive victory for the United Nations. The communiqués issued by both sides make it difficult to know exactly what the outcome was, and as long as the enemy does not know, we can restrain our curiosity; but as there have been no reports of further large-scale landings by Japanese forces, it seems reasonable to suppose that the Japanese foray was indeed set back. This is most encouraging news. For in previous naval encounters the Japanese pressed on to their objectives regardless of losses. From a psychological point of view, the triumph could not have come at a better moment. The fall of Corregidor, coming immediately after the Japanese triumph in Burma, marked the low point for the United Nations' cause in the Pacific war. Symbolically, Corregidor meant even more than Bataan. It had come to be referred to, mistakenly perhaps, as the Gibraltar of the East. As long as it stood, it robbed Japan of the "face" that otherwise was to be derived from the conquest of the Philippines. But for most Americans its symbolic value has in no way been dimmed by its fall after five months of heroic defense. Pearl Harbor and Wake Island may stand for incompetence and unpreparedness, but Bataan and Corregidor will go down in history [illegible] symbols of the courage and determination of American and Filipino troops in the face of overwhelming odds.

BY UNDERTAKING DIRECT NEGOTIATIONS with Admiral Robert, French High Commissioner at Martinique, regarding the effective neutralization of French Caribbean possessions the State Department has neatly sidetracked Pierre Laval. The Vichy Gauleiter is reported to be very much upset by this treatment, and he has instructed his ambassador in Washington to express displeasure. If, as seems probable, Mr. Hull rejects this protest, there is not much Laval can do except break off relations with the United States—a step which he is clearly afraid to take. No official information is yet available regarding the kind of guaranties for which the State Department is asking, but according to Washington reports they may include the leasing to the United States of strategic points in Martinique, which presumably will be occupied by American garrisons, the immobilization of French naval units in the Caribbean, and the requisition of French planes and tankers now at Fort de France. As the New York *Herald Tribune* has pointed out, the concessions made by the Vichy government to Japan in Indo-China provide ample precedents for such steps as these. Remembering that there is a good deal of evidence of Admiral Robert's fascist sympathies, we hope that the State Department will not be too easily satisfied. With Axis submarines roaming the Caribbean we cannot afford to take chances in Martinique and Guadeloupe. There is every indication that the State Department is no longer in the mood to accept mere promises, but it is rather disquieting that its representative in the negotiations should be Samuel Reber, putative father of the phrase "the so-called Free French."

* * *

THE ECLIPSE OF *SOCIAL JUSTICE* IS A TRIUMPH for the orderly processes employed by the Attorney General in proceeding against this fascist mouthpiece. Father Coughlin cannot possibly cry persecution, since every safeguard of the democratic process was put at his disposal. That he decided to go out of business rather than face the government's charges is an interesting indication that he had nothing to say that could not be used against him. We are glad the hearings on the case are continuing, even though the chief defendant has scuttled and run. But why has Coughlin himself not been subpoenaed along with his editor and office boy and personal secretary? We hope his abject surrender has not provided him with any *ex post facto* immunity. He is still the person responsible for whatever seditious words appeared in *Social Justice*.

* * *

REDUCTION IN INCOME-TAX EXEMPTIONS AS proposed by Secretary Morgenthau must be regarded as an integral part of the Administration's anti-inflation program. As we have repeatedly pointed out, inflation can be avoided only if the excess purchasing power generated by the war can be mopped up by increased taxation. The Treasury's original program was not drastic enough for this purpose, and—from the standpoint of practical politics—it is clear that if we are to have additional taxation we must choose between broadening the tax base and levying a general sales tax. Many persons still regard a cut in exemptions as "taxing the little fellow," and it is true that a $300 cut in the exemption for a married couple and a $100 cut in that for each child will place an increased burden on millions of families with moderate incomes. But unlike the sales tax it will not strike at the lowest-income groups, the lowest third in our population, and it will be applied progressively, in accordance with ability to pay. This may be seen in the fact that only $100,000,000 of the $1,100,000,000 which is expected to be obtained through lowering the exemptions will come from new taxpayers, while $1,000,000,000 will come from present taxpayers. Congress will be reluctant to adopt Mr. Morgenthau's suggestion in an election year, but the alternative—a sales tax or inflation—is so obviously worse that we cannot see how any Congressman can face his constituency if he votes against the Treasury's proposals, which have received impressive support from Leon Henderson.

*

A SHOWDOWN ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE War Labor Board was avoided by a close margin last week when President Charles E. Wilson of the General Motors Corporation receded from his original position and accepted the board's ruling on the continuation of previous contract arrangements. A break was imminent when General Motors announced that it was discontinuing double pay for Sunday pending the negotiation of the new contract. While the union had already agreed to waive the double-pay clause in the new agreement, this concession was contingent on a pay increase which would compensate the workers, at least in part, for their loss. The WPB had in effect supported the workers in ruling that the contract should be considered by the board as a whole and that double pay should be continued until the board had a chance to hear the case. In defying the board's order, the General Motors Corporation issued a public statement declaring that the ruling "was based on an ex parte consideration." When members of the WLB pointed out to Mr. Wilson that he was in effect challenging the whole principle of settling war labor issues by mediation, he finally capitulated and admitted that he did not know what an "ex parte hearing" was, but he was satisfied that "nobody was taking an unfair advantage" of anyone else. His capitulation brought to a rather ignominious close a nation-wide press and radio campaign against the WLB which had been started in anticipation of a showdown. But though this campaign, like the earlier drive against the forty-hour week, has been frustrated, the undercover war against organized labor continues unabated.

THE EDUCATION OF UNITED STATES STEEL, spoiled child of American capitalism, proceeds. Its subsidiary, the Federal Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, has accepted the War Labor Board's order to grant the "maintenance-of-membership" clause in the contract it is about to sign with its employees. It has done so, according to its president, L. H. Korndorff, only because of the war emergency. Whatever the motive, Federal's acceptance not only of the much-debated clause but of the authority of the War Labor Board is good news. It increases the prestige of the board, and it is bound to have its effect on other corporations, among them Inland Steel, which expects to be faced with a similar order. The action of Federal must have been particularly disappointing to Clarence B. Randall, vice-president of Inland, who was suggesting, just the other day, a new wrinkle in anti-union technique. His company, he said, might poll its 8,500 stockholders before deciding whether or not to accept maintenance of membership. (We couldn't help wondering whether stockholders had ever been consulted when the salaries of vice-presidents were raised; but that, of course, is an astronomical question about which stockholders could not possibly have an opinion.) Mr. Randall went on to say, among other things, that he was "awfully fed up" with labor's claim to credit for surrendering the right to strike. "They ought to be jailed if they do strike." The prospect of being taken into federal custody for the second time certainly seems to have chastened Mr. Korndorff.

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THE ELECTION OF DR. ALFONSO LOPEZ TO the Presidency of Colombia is good news, contrasting pleasantly with the disquieting reports that continue to emanate from Argentina and Peru. Some people in Washington have found Dr. Lopez a difficult associate to work with, and the proverbial harshness of his criticisms of pan-American policy has even given him a reputation of hostility to the United States. The truth is that he has exercised a justifiable reserve toward those official elements who would like to establish inter-American solidarity on a one-way basis, asking full cooperation from the Latin American countries while avoiding consideration of their economic and political difficulties. As President of Colombia from 1934 to 1938, Dr. Lopez made a good record of progressive statesmanship; it is encouraging that at this critical moment the Colombian people have elected him for a second time. One can rely on his anti-fascist position to produce a more healthy situation in Colombia than exists in Argentina and Peru, where the pro-Axis elements are moving full speed ahead despite official-dinner declarations. At this moment the Argentine government has taken special pains to announce the "warm reception" that is awaiting the Phalangist delegation now on its way to Buenos Aires to

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negotiate a new trade agreement between the fascist mother Spain and her favorite fascist daughter on the River Plate.

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A FREE PRESS IS NEVER MORE NECESSARY than in time of war, and newspapermen on this side of the Atlantic rise to cheer the fight of their British colleagues against gags on the press in the United Kingdom. It is to Britain's credit that these are so few, as it is to the honor of its journalists that they are fighting so courageously against first infringements on their liberty. All sections of the press were represented at a recent Fleet Street meeting which protested against continued suppression of the *Daily Worker,* the threat to halt publication of the critical *Daily Mirror,* and petty restrictions of censorship. The ban on the *Worker* at a time when Russia is Britain's ally was properly described as an anomaly, and a resolution was passed calling for cancelation of Section 2-d of the British Defense Regulations, which empowers the government to silence critical editors. The need to step hard on the genuinely subversive and to act against those publications linked with the enemy is recognized in war time. It depends on an aroused and vigilant public in Britain, as here, to see that this is not made an excuse for gagging publications which are critical of the government.

China Must Be Helped

THE rather surprising success scored by the Chinese forces under General Stilwell in repelling the Japanese unit which had invaded China by way of the Burma road has, for the moment at least, relieved the situation in that area. But in view of the length of the lines of communication, it is doubtful whether Japan ever intended a major invasion of China through its back door. Regardless of the setback at Chefang, the Japanese have achieved the main purpose of their campaign—the closing of China's one practical supply route from the outside world. Barring a major victory which will reopen the route through Lashio and Mandalay, China's plight is desperate. Deprived of all supplies, it might continue its resistance for six months or a year but it could not hope to hold out indefinitely. For while remarkable progress has been made in developing an arms industry in the interior of China, the country is entirely dependent on its allies for artillery, planes, trucks, machinery, and many kinds of medical supplies. Its stocks of these are limited and inadequate and must be replenished.

From statements issued in Washington the American public has obtained the impression that we shall merely have to use other, perhaps less satisfactory, routes in supplying China, and that in any event Chinese genius will surmount the problem. This is a false and dangerous supposition. The Chinese have shown great courage and endurance in opening up their supply routes to the outside world, but there literally is no route to replace the Burma road. Several roads are under construction, but they are long, roundabout, and still far from completion. At best, they will carry only a small fraction of the goods that were beginning to move on the Burma road. And China cannot wait until 1943 or 1944; it must have supplies in 1942.

There is, of course, one remaining overland supply route to a United Nations base. That is the long desert road from Lanchow across Sinkiang to Soviet Turkestan. Although far from being a modern artery of transportation, this is a perfectly feasible route. Before Hitler's attack on Russia, a very considerable amount of Soviet war materials was regularly brought in along this road. Some aid is apparently still reaching China from Russia, but Russia's own needs and transport problems along the Turk-Sib Railway have reduced it to a trickle. Although the distances are tremendous, American supplies could be shipped via Archangel or the Persian Gulf into China along this route. But before such a supply line could be set up, vast technical problems would have to be overcome. Large quantities of transport equipment would have to be shipped to Russia, and technicians sent out to organize traffic on the new route as it was organized on the Burma road.

More feasible for the immediate future is the development of a system of air transportation. By the use of large, modern transport planes almost everything that China needs could be taken in. Heavy equipment could be transported in parts and assembled in China. Already some planes are operating by way of India. A more feasible route would be from Alaska to Siberia and thence over the desert to northwestern China. The organization of such an aerial ferry service would be a tremendous undertaking. As Admiral Yarnell, formerly commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, has pointed out, it would require thousands of our largest planes. In view of the tremendous demand for planes on other fronts, there is grave danger that we shall fail to provide the necessary equipment. Our past record in supplying China is far from reassuring. But in this instance we dare not fail. Keeping China in the war is important not only to the Chinese, who have fought so stubbornly for five years, but to our own war strategy. As long as Russia remains neutral in the Pacific war, China provides the only nearby base from which Japan can be attacked directly. Failure to take advantage of China's tremendous resources and favorable geographic position might prolong the war for years. No cost and no temporary sacrifice at home, such as might arise from the diversion of planes from our domestic transport, should be allowed to stand in the way of all-out aid to the country which has shown us how to fight Japan.

Rubber from the Farm

THANKS to the Gillette committee and its able young counsel, Paul E. Hadlick, the nation has been afforded a glimpse of hitherto unrealized possibilities in the making of synthetic rubber. The Gillette committee is a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, and its assignment is to find uses for farm surpluses in the war-production program. Other investigating committees, notably Senator Truman's, have given us a broader knowledge of the way in which the synthetic-rubber program has lagged behind the needs of the emergency. Gillette's is the first to show us new ways of making the synthetic product. The most important of these is its manufacture from ethyl alcohol, made in turn from surplus corn or wheat.

Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, in his testimony before the Gillette committee, reported that on July 1 our carry-over of wheat alone would be 630,000,000 bushels. This year's crop is expected to bring the total supply to a billion and a half bushels. This is enough for two years' normal supply. "About 80,000,000 bushels of wheat or corn," Secretary Wickard said, "would be required to produce 200,000,000 gallons of alcohol, which in turn could produce 220,000 tons of butadiene. This would make approximately 240,000 tons of synthetic rubber," which would be roughly a third of our military needs during the coming year.

The making of synthetic rubber from grain alcohol would have a second advantage. The lack of shipping to bring molasses from Cuba has left most of the great commercial-alcohol plants of the East idle. These plants normally make alcohol from molasses, as the whiskey distillers normally make it from grain. The commercial-alcohol plants could easily be converted to the use of grain. "Relatively small amounts of copper and steel" would be required. Over and above all war requirements for alcohol, now being met largely from the whiskey distilleries, facilities now idle could handle 200,000,000 gallons of alcohol. Testimony by Simon Neuman, president of Publicker Commercial Alcohol, the one big independent in the business, is authority for the statement that synthetic rubber could be produced in nine months by this method, as compared with the eighteen months or more which will be required to build and begin to operate the new plants called for in the RFC's 800,000-ton program. Rubber made from grain alcohol would require much less in the way of critical materials.

So far the 800,000-ton program worked out by Jesse Jones and the dollar-a-year men in charge for the WPB provides for only one plant to make rubber from alcohol. The company which will operate the plant, Union Carbide and Carbon, makes ethyl alcohol synthetically from petroleum and natural gas, but may make some alcohol from grain as a sop to farm sentiment. The other companies, all linked to Standard Oil, the du Ponts, the Big Four rubber companies, the Mellon interests, and their allies, will make rubber from petroleum. While butadiene can be made directly from ethyl alcohol with little special equipment, the rubber program as now developing will require new petroleum-cracking facilities and new plants to turn butane, a petroleum by-product, into butadiene. This will bring the program into competition with aviation gas and synthetic toluol production, both of which are also dependent on the same sources in petroleum.

Just as Standard Oil and I. G. Farben long divided the world of synthetic oil and chemicals between themselves to restrict competition, so Standard and du Pont and the Mellon interests are determined today to keep the synthetic-rubber program in their own hands. Standard controls United States Industrial Alcohol, one of whose former executives, Fraser Moffet, is "dollar-a-year man" in charge of alcohol at the War Production Board. The commercial-alcohol combine fears the competition of synthetic rubber from grain alcohol. Germany, Poland, and the Soviet Union have all successfully made synthetic rubber from grain or potato alcohol. The Soviets' large synthetic-rubber industry is based on a process of this sort. But unless pressure is applied by the farm bloc and by an informed public opinion we shall go on planning to make our synthetic rubber by the slowest and costliest route—but the one preferred by the allied oil-rubber-alcohol-and-chemical companies. In their thinking monopoly still comes first.

The People's Revolution

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TWO meetings held in New York over the past week-end crystallized, through discussion and plans for action, a good many of the ideas that have been demanding concrete expression in the minds of progressive Americans. One was the second conference of the International Free World Association; the other was the Eastern Regional Conference of the Union for Democratic Action. In these gatherings were to be found a selection of the men and women whose opinions must dominate the waging of the war and the making of the peace if both are to be successful.

The delegates to the Free World meeting included many leaders of the democratic forces of the old and new worlds—Free Frenchmen, free Spaniards, free Hungarians and Austrians and Germans, free Czechs, representatives of China and India, Scandinavians, North and South Americans. Exiles from fighting enemy nations consulted with one another and with representatives of conquered nations and neutrals. They discussed the war and the peace to follow; and in the discussions one heard no discordant theories, no conflicting nationalistic claims. "Free World" is a name that lifts men above the maneuvers of foreign offices and the ambitions of politicians to a level on which the common human demand for mutual protection and individual freedom sounds normal, not fantastic or sentimental. But the delegates knew what they were facing in the struggle to achieve that sort of world; many of them had felt the impact of terror and tyranny on their own bodies, in their own emotions. All of them had experienced the cautious cynicism which so frequently informs the official acts of governments—even those committed to the fight for freedom. All of them knew the immense power of the elements of disruption working, consciously and unconsciously, in the interests of the dictators.

The Union for Democratic Action brought together the same sorts of people, men and women who combine a passionate determination that the war must be won with a belief that it can be won only if it is geared to democratic techniques and aims. The U. D. A. is primarily interested in the American aspects of the struggle, and its members are mostly Americans. With an eye to immediate practical needs, it has organized for action on a nation-wide scale in the coming Congressional elections. The Washington office, headed by Tom Amlie, former Progressive Congressman from Wisconsin, has compiled a handbook on the elections—both issues and men—which is this week published as a supplement to the *New Republic.* The New York office, with Dr. Frank Kingdon in charge, will serve as a campaign headquarters from which information and other sorts of ammunition will be issued to all groups and individuals fighting to put out or keep out of Congress men who oppose the war or try to pervert it into a campaign against democratic victory.

I thought, as I listened to the plans laid at both meetings, how close is the unity that exists among the varied elements fighting this many-sided battle for a free world. Their backgrounds may be as different as Chungking and Des Moines, but their common understanding of the meaning of the fascist drive for world dominion insures general agreement on what must be done to defeat it. They may differ on details, but you don't find them disagreeing on fundamentals—the failure, past and present, of policies of appeasement; the necessity of a powerful responsible labor movement closely integrated into the war effort; the desperate need for continuous, politically informed propaganda emerging from clear-cut war aims to which the common people of all countries can rally. You find them united in demanding "total" methods of warfare—methods which utilize every resource of power, human and mechanical, without regard for peace-time concepts of property rights or privilege. You find them recognizing the wary attitude of the majority of bureaucrats of every rank and country toward militant democrats and a democratic program. Patiently, almost cynically, the anti-fascist elements accept this attitude as inevitable, discussing only the means that can be employed to counter it, to multiply the number of democrats in office, and to strengthen the hands of those already in positions of power.

At the dinner held by the Free World Association on Friday evening a thousand guests heard the Vice-President of the United States deliver a speech which deserved full reproduction in the newspapers next day. Only *PM,* among the New York papers, printed it. It was covered very briefly by the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* in stories emphasizing Mr. Wallace's suggestion that Japan might strike at Alaska and our northwest coast "at a time when German transport planes will be shuttled across from Dakar to furnish leadership and stiffening to a German uprising in Latin America," and his warning that "we must be prepared for the worst kind of fifth-column work in Latin America, much of it operating through the agency of governments [a clear reference to Vichy and particularly Madrid] with which the United States is at present at peace." This was a striking passage, but it was incidental to the point of Mr. Wallace's speech. The Vice-President, in the boldest analysis of the meaning of the war to come from any high official of this country, declared that "the people's revolution is on the march." He made it plain what forces seek to stop that revolution—the fascists and reactionaries, here and abroad, who fear the drive of the common people toward wider education, better control of the tools of production, greater power through their own organizations. The "people's revolution" offers the only real opposition to Hitler's fascist revolution, which from the day of the burning of the books, just nine years ago this week, revealed its inner purpose—to establish universal tyranny on the ashes of free thought and free inquiry.

The people's revolution *is* on the march, and it is the function of such organizations as the Free World Association and the Union for Democratic Action to provide it with leadership and a coherent program—in war and in peace, in America and for the world. These organizations must grow, because they fill a pressing need. The Union for Democratic Action is launching locals in many cities; the Free World Association, already well established as an international body with sections in China and England and Latin America, has announced the formation of an American section which will seek members throughout the United States. I warmly commend both organizations to every reader of *The Nation.* Join them; help spread their ideas and carry forward their programs. They are the natural instruments through which democratic opinion in this country can make itself heard and felt.

Rockefeller's Girl Friday

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 11

MRS. ANNA M. ROSENBERG'S dual employment by the New Deal and the Rockefeller family has long been a subject of gossip and criticism in the capital. The House Appropriations Committee and Louis Stark of the New York *Times* performed a public service when they brought out the facts. Mrs. Rosenberg's entrée to the White House and her well-publicized position as a Presidential adviser are assets she can hardly keep from capitalizing in her private business as public-relations and labor-relations counselor. Her work for the Macy-Bamberger stores and for I. Miller, the shoe dealer, seems politically innocuous, but it is disturbing to have her shuttle between Pocantico Hills and the White House. Standard Oil has entirely too much influence in the New Deal, and Mrs. Rosenberg ought to choose between F. D. R. and Mammon.

The law already prohibits a federal official from practicing as a lawyer before a federal agency. We hope the House Appropriations Committee will keep its promise to write a provision forbidding federal administrative officials to hold jobs outside the government. Mrs. Rosenberg's excuse for the $28,500 she draws from private employment while receiving $7,500 a year as New York regional director of the Social Security Board is a naive one. Mrs. Rosenberg says she took the government job on condition that she be allowed to continue her work as private consultant. A judge might similarly accept a position on the bench on condition that he be allowed to continue to serve several clients as private counsel.

Mrs. Rosenberg's private employment and public influence can hardly be separated. She admits that she has been receiving $6,000 a year from Nelson Rockefeller as his public-relations representative "since long before he became Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs." Mrs. Rosenberg played a major part in making Nelson Rockefeller Coordinator, and after Colonel William J. Donovan became Coordinator of Information, one of his first visitors was Mrs. Rosenberg. Mrs. Rosenberg wanted to be sure that Colonel Donovan did not muscle in on the territory of her boy Nelson. Nelson Rockefeller's high standing in Washington is the best kind of "public relations" for the Standard Oil crowd and the Chase National Bank.

These are not the only complications in Mrs. Rosenberg's dual position. She is a private labor-relations consultant. She is also a powerful New Deal politician. Can she separate the two in specific labor cases? She was powerful enough to help keep Sidney Hillman from becoming head of the new Man Power Commission and to get the job instead for her government boss, Paul McNutt. Mrs. Rosenberg is admittedly an able woman, but is she hired by business and by government only for her ability or for her influence as well? This is the question to which her ambiguous position exposes her.

If the House Appropriations Committee does a thorough job, it will also recognize the quasi-public character of a party's National Committee when that party is in power. Oscar Ewing is still counsel for the Aluminum Company of America and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Obviously the mere fact that he holds that powerful political position must have some influence on the officials with whom he must deal on behalf of Alcoa. The principle involved was recognized when Lawrence ("Chip") Robert had to choose between his private contracting business with government agencies and his position as Democratic national committeeman from Georgia. It is time that this principle was written into law.

Say Thank You to the Power Trust, Adolf. The purpose of the Tydings "economy" campaign has little to do with economy. The anti-New Dealers, unable to abolish the social-reform agencies, seek to destroy them by cutting their appropriations. The outstanding example of this technique is the McKellar amendment to the Independent Offices Appropriation bill passed last week by the Senate. This amendment abolishes the revolving fund the TVA has had since 1935 and forces TVA to turn in its revenue monthly to the Treasury and to go to Congress for any proposed expenditure, no matter how small. Administration Leader Barkley, in his very able speech against the amendment, put the issue nicely. A revolving fund is necessary, Senator Barkley said, "because if utilities set up by the public with their own money are to compete with private utilities, which they have got to do, they must be able to operate and function all the time without interruption." The enemies of TVA do not want it to be able to compete with the private utilities.

Had three Senators changed their vote, the amendment would have been defeated. Credit is due to Minority Leader McNary for declining to play politics with our power supply in time of war. McNary parted company with most of his Republican colleagues to vote against the amendment. It is a pity that Brewster of Maine, who showed so much understanding of the power and aluminum problems in the Truman committee hearings, joined the anti-TVA forces. O'Mahoney and Gillette, who have fought monopoly in other fields, did likewise. Those three votes could have saved the TVA.

The full significance of the McKellar amendment can only be appreciated against the background (1) of our power resources as compared with those of the Axis, (2) of our enlarged need for power, and (3) of the many occasions when the TVA has been forced to act quickly to provide power for war production. The revolving fund made quick action possible.

As Senator Lee pointed out, between 1935 and 1942 Hitler quadrupled the output of electric power in the countries he controls. The production of electricity in Axis Europe today is about 40 per cent above that of our own country. In aluminum and magnesium, the two light metals closely dependent on electric power, German production at the end of 1941 was greater than that of the United States, Britain, and Canada together.

Aluminum and magnesium are not the only war materials whose production requires large amounts of electricity. Shell cases are usually of brass, which is made of electrolytic copper and zinc. Electrolytic refined steels and ferro-alloys are necessary in the making of small arms, artillery, and tanks. Shipbuilding requires ferro-alloys for steel plates and structural shapes, high-grade electric steel for propulsion machinery. Magnesium is needed not only for planes but for incendiary bombs. Power is needed to make phosphorus. TVA must provide part of the power for the synthetic-rubber program.

Senator Norris showed that without a revolving fund for emergencies TVA would not have been able to come to the rescue of the Aluminum Company of America in the fall of 1939 and provide new facilities for the delivery during that fiscal year of an additional 288,000,000 kilowatt-hours of energy. The TVA spent $1,300,000 out of its revolving fund for that purpose. Alcoa paid $1,600,000 for the power. The power made possible the manufacture of 29,000,000 additional pounds of aluminum during the fiscal year 1939-40, the equivalent of 1,500 ten-ton bombers. "I presume those bombers, manned for the most part by American fliers," Senator Norris said, "have been destroying ships, airplanes, and other property of the enemy all over Russia, Europe, and Africa, and all through Asiatic waters. Such a thing would be absolutely impossible if these amendments should be agreed to by the Senate." So the Senate agreed to the amendments. Heil the Power Trust!

Freezing Out the Free French

BY HAL LEHRMAN

THE smoke of battle still hangs thick over Madagascar. Of British initiative, courage, and self-sacrifice there can be no doubt. Seizure of the island, frustrating Japan's designs on a base from which it could have crippled United Nations shipping in the Indian Ocean, deserves a prayer of thanksgiving throughout the democracies. But as the struggle continued, as more and more French and British fell in fratricidal combat before major resistance collapsed, the painful question arose: Need there have been any battle at all?

Being a reporter and not a military strategist, the writer can only set down here, without taking sides, what he has obtained from sources hitherto unimpeachable. It may now for the first time be disclosed, on high Free French authority, that the De Gaullist command in Equatorial Africa had perfected a plan for a bloodless internal uprising in Madagascar, timed to coincide with a three-pronged landing on the defenseless southern and western coasts. A corps of secret agents—former officers and colonists who escaped from the island after the fall of France—was preparing the insurrection. A portable Free French short-wave radio was broadcasting anti-Vichy propaganda under the Governor General's nose. Three battalions of crack African *tirailleurs* were concentrated on the mainland at Durban to back up the revolt with the prestige of an army and a flag.

The uprising and the Free French expedition were prevented from materializing by a lack of transport shipping, according to the De Gaullists. They outlined their needs to Premier Jan Smuts in Capetown and to the British. Smuts was eager for action. He feared that the Japanese, in addition to using Madagascar as a submarine base, would make it a jumping-off place for invasion of the continent. But all he could offer the Free French was a certain number of transport planes. These, with an average capacity of twenty men, were insufficient to fly 3,000 heavily equipped soldiers from their camp on the east coast of South Africa. Only the British, it is said, were in a position to furnish the necessary troop ships, and no favorable reply was received from London.

Confronted with the fact of the direct British assault on Madagascar, the Free French last week were publicly noncommittal and privately shrouded in gloom. While the fighting was going on, General de Gaulle himself had nothing to say. His delegates and aides in Washington and New York emulated his silence. Official disapproval of an ally's course was unthinkable, of course. But in quiet conversations tinged with despair two basic criticisms were advanced. First, the attack had been directed against Diego Suarez, the strongest fortified zone on the entire island. Greater resistance was thereby encouraged, with consequent increased losses for attackers and defenders. Second, Britain's open warfare against a French possession gave Axis propaganda another wedge to thrust between the people of conquered France and their former comrades in arms. The Laval-Pétain regime was able to strike a miserable pose as defender of the French empire against a foreign invader.

The De Gaullists contend, on the other hand, that their own plan would have reduced casualties to an absolute minimum and ruled out any possibility of a bogus Vichy appeal to patriotism. Their "plot" was an adaptation of the technique used in the seizure of Free French Africa, where in an area six times as large as the mother-country and with a population of six million, France was restored to the war and the democracies by a series of brilliant coups d'état. One after another, Chad, the Cameroon, French Congo, and Ubangi-Chari fell away from Vichy through internal maneuvering. Only in Gabun was there serious opposition. Free French dominion in Central Africa gave Britain a strong ally on the flank of its Libyan front and a defense in depth along the most vulnerable stretch of the Capetown-to-Cairo route in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. For the United Nations, Free French Africa cut the time and risk of shipping around the far tip of the continent. Bombers touch De Gaullist territory regularly on their way to the Middle East.

In Madagascar the Free French counted on the overwhelmingly anti-Vichy sentiment of the native Malgache population. They had at their disposal a broadcasting service, Radio Madagascar-Libre, which consisted of a powerful sender mounted on a truck, operating in the style of the outlaw German stations. Among the leaders of the proposed uprising were men who knew the terrain from a lifetime of residence, who had even commanded units of the troops which later fought the British. Four of them were officers who had been found loaded with chains in the brig of a French ship taking them to Marseilles.

The objective of the coup was to have been not the strong naval fortress of Diego Suarez but the capital at Tananarive, a much weaker place than the harbor citadel. As soon as the revolt signal was flashed throughout the island by Radio Madagascar-Libre, De Gaulle's fifth columnists were to make straight for the official broadcasting station, the Governor General's palace, and other key buildings in Tananarive. By concentrated raids they aimed to take over in one night all the main communications and all the administrative centers, in addition to locking up the Vichy officials. Simultaneously, landings were to be made at Majunga at the mouth of the Betsiboka River on the west coast, at Tulear in the southwest, and at Fort Dauphin in the southeast. These debarkation points are virtually without fortifications. The weak Malgache garrisons there would probably be already split by the revolt. Any remaining coastal resistance, it was expected, would be easily brushed aside by the Free French battalion commanders and their black infantry—Sara tribesmen, the toughest fighting breed in Equatorial Africa. Then a swift march northward and eastward by the three columns was to converge on Tananarive. The capital once neutralized, the remnants of the garrison still loyal to Vichy—mostly Senegalese—could be tightly bottled in the Diego Suarez area.

At this moment, the plan indicated, the British fleet might well come up to finish the job, with the least possible damage to the besiegers, the besieged, and popular feeling at home in France. The British could blockade the harbor from the sea, and the Free French could sever its communications by land. Artillery brought from the landing ports would dissuade the garrison from attempting to break out. The fortress could last only as long as its food supplies.

What the Free French wanted above all to avoid was another fiasco such as Dakar or another Anglo-French clash like the naval engagement at Mers-el-Kebir, of which the Darlans and the Doriots are still making capital. Madagascar was no fiasco. The casualty total was whittled down considerably from early estimates. The fact remains, however, that men in French and British uniforms died on a remote African island while a Nazi army stood at ease in France.

There are other Vichy territories still to be rescued from the threat of Axis control—in the Indian Ocean, West Africa, North Africa, and the Caribbean. The State Department's current adroitness in Martinique has, for once, found favor with the Free French, still pale from the Madagascar ordeal. They appreciate the technique of presenting ultimatums gracefully over a conference table instead of at the point of naval guns. They applaud this government's constant reiteration, to the Martinique authorities and the French in France, of our desire to avoid bloodshed. They know that it really doesn't matter how many faces are saved, when lives are saved as well. If the main purpose—quarantine of Martinique against the Axis—should be achieved without a shot, the victory would be complete.

The De Gaullists fervently hope that Madagascar will be the last head-on collision between ancient allies. But their dearest dream of all is the hour when the British, the Free French, the Americans, and all the liberated armies of the enslaved nations land in force on the soil of France. On that battleground, they say, there will be no French soldiers with orders to fire on the invaders. The creatures of Hitler in Vichy will be mute. The only target will be Germans, the goal Berlin.

Keep Them Out!

I. THE REVEREND GERALD L. K. SMITH

Candidate for the Republican Senatorial Nomination in Michigan

BY WILL CHASAN AND VICTOR RIESEL

[*This article begins a series which will deal with the leading defeatists, isolationists, fascists, and assorted reactionaries among the Congressional and Senatorial candidates in the fall elections. The record of each man will be exposed; if he is now in Congress, his votes on major issues will be listed; the political situation in his state or district will be fully examined. Learn the facts about these men. The American people must Keep Them Out!*]

PERHAPS our most dangerous professional defeatist, now that Father Coughlin has been partially silenced, is Gerald L. K. Smith, a big, hook-nosed man whom Huey Long once described as a "better rabble rouser than I am." Smith is national chairman of the Committee of One Million, a catch-all for anti-Semites, isolationists, panacea seekers, and labor baiters; he publishes *The Cross and the Flag*, a monthly magazine that follows the *Social Justice* "line" and may perhaps inherit its circulation; and currently he is seeking the Republican Senatorial nomination in Michigan on the "Coughlin issue" and as an isolationist.

With a platform manner combining the best techniques of Billy Sunday and George M. Cohan, Smith has been selling panaceas and hate causes since 1934, when he abandoned a fashionable church at Shreveport, Louisiana, to team up with Huey Long. He became the leader of the Share-Our-Wealth clubs, which Long saw as a stepping-stone to the White House, and made nation-wide speaking tours for the Kingfish. He credited himself in 1935 with making 20,000 converts a day. Smith tried to seize control of the Long machine after Huey's death, but was thwarted by the guns of rival contenders. On October 1, 1935, he told a press conference at the Hotel New Yorker that he was "in grave danger of assassination," presumably by some ex-associate in Louisiana. Smith likes to repeat this and similar stories to show that he is prepared for martyrdom. He is still convinced that if Long had lived, "there would have been no Roosevelt in this country, and Huey Long would be the absolute dictator." He once told a friend, "I really believe that the American public will at all times stand directly in back of a man like Huey Long. He bamboozled them, he stole for and from them; and now I am in a position not only to employ his tactics but to improve on his technique."

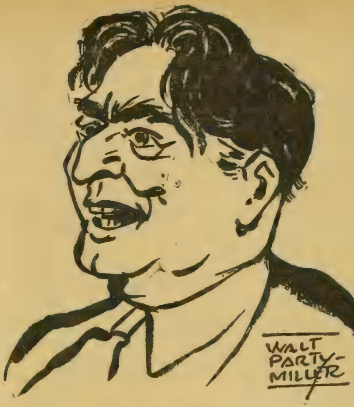
Smith began to organize the Committee of One Million in October, 1936, when it became evident that the Lemke-for-President campaign, in which he had joined with Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend, was going to fizzle. The committee, which derived its name, according to Smith, from the fact that "a million" of his friends had asked him to start it, was launched formally in March, 1937, as a "nationalist front against communism." Its headquarters at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York immediately became a rallying point for anti-Semites and fascists of various hues. Patrick Powers, a member of Smith's original entourage, was friendly with Fritz Kuhn. The Bund leader gave his blessing to the new undertaking, and hundreds of Bundsmen attended committee meetings in New York and Philadelphia.

According to a sworn statement by a former employee, Smith was also aided by Merwin K. Hart, who introduced him to many industrialists. The New York *Times* of June 4, 1937, reported a conference at Carnegie Hall in which both Hart and Smith participated. Among the resolutions passed was one advocating repeal of the capital-gains tax. It's a queer fact that anyone with such radical financial views as "Share-Our-Wealth" Smith should have been invited to this conference. Any sincere meeting of minds between him and Hart, a well-publicized champion of economic orthodoxy, hardly seems possible. William Dudley Pelley, General Moseley, and Allan Zoll also gave Smith a hand, and Father Coughlin, who was an intimate friend, was especially helpful. His followers helped to arrange big meetings for the committee in a number of cities, and the two men appeared together on public platforms and conferred frequently in Detroit and Cleveland. Smith is said to have described Father Coughlin at one time as an egotistical person who would be a nobody without a Roman collar, but apparently their cooperation has been smooth and continuous.

Shortly after the Committee of One Million was started, Smith decided that it might be profitable to combine his anti-communism with a campaign against the C. I. O. He toured the country denouncing John L. Lewis before Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, and private gatherings of industrialists, from whom he solicited funds. His correspondence in 1937-39 contains endless references to his efforts to sell the committee as an antidote to unionism. An undated letter from Detroit contains the line, "Labor hell has broken out here, which is good for us." He met secretly with industrialists in Akron, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and other mass-production centers, at first with only desultory results. He received a number of moderate contributions, but reported that General Motors had reneged on a pledge of $15,000, and that "the big rubber companies absolutely said no in Akron and passed the word down the line." Smith was often broke during this period, as his letters mournfully indicate, but in 1939 his fortunes improved; he began to broadcast weekly over WJR and extended his activities in other fields. A former intimate of Smith's insists that he was enabled to do so by contributions from Henry Ford.

Smith, who once observed that he was a friend of all Roosevelt's foes, has been closely associated with many of our most virulent isolationists. He failed to join America First, but he "admired many of the things it accomplished"—and helped to accomplish some of them in Michigan. In March, 1941, he arranged a meeting for his old friend Senator Gerald P. Nye at which 5,000 Detroiters cheered the usual isolationist shibboleths and shouted, "Impeach the President!" Smith boasts that he is still an isolationist and is sorry that America First, "that great mobilization of Americans," was disbanded. He charges in *The Cross and the Flag,* now being hawked in Detroit streets by former sellers of *Social Justice,* that a "set of highbinders in Washington are trying to sneak us back into the British Empire." He wants Congress to enact a "hoop-of-steel" law to compel the President to bring the fleet back to our shores, withdraw our troops from all foreign theaters of war, and stop shipments of all war materials to our allies until he is willing to "swear under oath that every acre of ground and every human being within the territorial responsibility of the United States is safe from attack, by an actual or a potential foe."

In his campaign for the Republican Senatorial nomination Smith is saying that he is "100 per cent for the war effort," but *The Cross and the Flag* and his propaganda generally are crudely defeatist. A pamphlet setting forth his hoop-of-steel argument enumerates the defeats suffered by the United Nations, pointing out that experts previously had said of each one, "We dare not suppose such a tragedy," and includes such sentences as, "I am told by well-informed patriotic Americans in Washington, D. C., that much bad news is being kept from us because it is feared that it would break the morale of the people." He has continued to address isolationist meetings and was the principal speaker at one sponsored by William G. Grace's Citizens' Committee in Chicago on February 13, where Britain and Russia were booed and the audience had to be reminded to "be careful that only American sentiments are expressed."



Gerald L. K. Smith

From The Cross and the Flag

We recognize the priorities emergency, but because we know something of the background of Leon Henderson, we think that some place in this setup there are certain Marxists who are getting a real thrill out of seeing the great middle class crucified in the name of this emergency. . . . We are bold to assert that the most serious thing about this crucifixion of the middle class is not only the fact that our bureaucrats apparently don't care what happens to these people, but they actually appear to delight in their annihilation.

The remainder of Smith's program is unalloyed demagoguery. He demands $100 a month for every soldier, claiming that it was the Committee of One Million which obtained the increase to $42 a month. He urges Congress to "cut non-defense spending" and at the same time asks for "an honest hearing in the Senate for the Townsend plan." He also demands "tires for everybody." A press release describing the meeting at which Smith announced his candidacy quoted him as saying, "Take the rubber situation away from the bureaucrats, international bankers, and the rubber trust, turn it over to Henry Ford, and I am willing to wager that we'll have tires by New Year's and not later than Easter." Like Coughlin, Smith continually harps on the "international bankers"; he also has become subtly anti-Semitic. Frank Smothers, who covered a recent Smith meeting for the Chicago *Daily News,* reported that "throughout his speech Smith reiterated that what he wanted was a Christian America, nor did the cheering crowd misunderstand his implication regarding the Jewish citizens of America." At other meetings he has implied that any

From The Cross and the Flag

This journal and its editor appreciate the fact that we have real statesmen in Congress. . . . The following are just a few whose words will appear in this journal: United States Senators Reynolds, Nye, Walsh, Taft, Vandenberg, Brooks, Wheeler, and others. Members of the Lower House of Congress: Woodruff, Rankin, Rich, Hoffman, Shafer, Short, Jones, and many others. It is to be regretted that men such as the ones listed here are not in the majority. One of the ideals of this journal is to hope and pray and work for the day when men of this type will constitute a real, effective, vital majority in Congress.

We old-fashioned Americans do not propose to be city-slicked by boondoggling bureaucratic politicians, Communists, British imperialists (the Union Now gang), and a thousand and one other porch climbers, "confidence" men, and "snake oil" salesmen, who are working day and night on conspiracies to compel us to swallow a hundred poison pills in the name of war-time emergencies.

non-Christian is a traitor. He has adopted the slogan "Christ First in America" and would like his followers to believe that he is the American St. Paul.

Smith gives the impression that he is supported by influential Republicans and evidently hopes to become a spokesman for the Republican Party's extreme isolationist wing. He boasted in 1940 of receiving "big money" from Republican interests and said that Ohio and Michigan Republican leaders had sent him to the Philadelphia convention. He told at least one person that he had written its war plank. In his speeches Representatives Clare Hoffman and Roy Woodruff of Michigan, Senator Vandenberg, and a half-dozen other isolationists, including Gerald Nye, Robert Reynolds, and Martin Dies, are frequently mentioned in a chummy fashion and always with praise. Nye and Reynolds wrote laudatory comments for the first issue of *The Cross and the Flag;* Woodruff inserted its leading editorial in the *Congressional Record.* Smith tells his meetings that for "real unity" Nye should be made Secretary of State, Reynolds Secretary of War, David Walsh Secretary of the Navy, and Lindbergh placed in charge of the air force. Smith has been in close touch with isolationist leaders in Congress and undoubtedly expects their support in some form in his Senatorial campaign. He has challenged Wendell Willkie, whom he describes as "a New Deal fifth columnist" in the Republican Party, "to come into the state of Michigan and make a speech against me." His nomination to the United States Senate as a Republican, Smith says truculently, will "be construed as the repudiation of Wendell Willkie's fifth columnism."

Political observers tend to disparage Smith's chances of winning in the G. O. P. primary, but his defeat is by no means certain. He has long had connections with important sections of the Michigan machine, and support from his Congressional friends, if it is forthcoming, could be decisive. Smith probably is counting on some help from Michigan industrialists, whom he has been assiduously courting. His frequent and vehement attacks on Walter Reuther, his sugary references to Ford, and his demand that non-defense spending be cut are part of the process. In addition, Smith knows the political game. His ability to trade with political leaders, deal "reasonably" with seekers of special privilege, and talk the language of the ward bosses almost outwitted the tough manipulators in Louisiana. It is conceivable that the same qualities may succeed in Michigan.

If Smith can capture the Republican nomination he will have a better than fair chance to join his "old friends," Nye and Reynolds, in the Senate. Michigan is almost made to order for his type of appeal. The industrial sections are swarming with poor whites from Kentucky and Tennessee; on Woodward Avenue in Detroit one can hear the drawl of thousands who have abandoned their Southern Main Streets for new jobs at River Rouge and other war plants. The Ku Klux Klan is growing in Michigan; it is playing down its anti-Catholic activities and seeking cooperation with Coughlinite groups. It is reported to have 18,000 members in Detroit, many of them in the automobile plants. The Committee of One Million is growing, too, and an alliance of the three would be formidable. The Sojourner Truth riots revealed the hates which Smith can exploit. Prentiss Brown, the incumbent Senator, has been a consistent New Dealer and will have the support of the Michigan C. I. O., but he is a weak candidate. An upstate Protestant, Brown was almost defeated by a Coughlinite in a 1936 primary fight. His hold has since been strengthened, but the influx of thousands of new voters could easily upset his favorable balance.

Regardless of his fortunes in the Senatorial race, Smith will continue to be a dangerous member of our "führer fringe." He is a thoroughly accomplished demagogue and has more political acumen than most of his fellow-messiahs. His new Coughlinite backing will make him the spokesman for American defeatism, a role that he may fill even more effectively than his predecessor. More important, he appears to have become the focal point of a new alliance between outright fascists and their more subtle and respectable friends in politics and industry. Smith is acutely aware of his position. He wrote in *The Cross and the Flag,* "We expect to be called appeasers, turtles, Copperheads, fascists, anti-Semites, racketeers, fifth columnists, rumor mongers, and even candidates for the Cliveden set." Why not?

Dixie Drive on Labor

BY BERNARD TAPER

THE anti-labor bills promoted by that crusading Southern trio Connally, Smith, and Vinson have at last been shelved, and the nation-wide hysteria that was whipped up in the name of war production but in reality primarily to benefit Southern business and industry is gradually subsiding. The United States has won a respite from organized hate.

During the Battle of the Forty-Hour Week I was traveling through the South, having left San Francisco just as it was beginning, and just as the first casualties of Pearl Harbor were being released from the city hospitals; San Francisco, confronted by that reality, was shocked and sobered.

A shipfitter's helper in one of the San Francisco Bay yards, a young man who had been a museum attendant before taking a vocational course in shipfitting, said to me very seriously, "I want you to write me and tell me about the shipyards on the East Coast. I get a good day's pay here—I can't complain about that—but I want to work a full day for it. Here we don't; the foreman keeps coming around and telling us to go hide out in the hull and kill a little time because the plates aren't ready or because some piece of equipment we need is being used somewhere else." He shrugged. "Maybe that's the way shipbuilding is everywhere. But let me know. I'd like to go to some yard where I can start in the morning and work straight through a whole day."

In the South, further removed from the war and war production, the atmosphere was very different. The emergency was less immediate and could be used as a pretext for hunting witches and making money. And the population of the South was showing the effects of our newspapers' greatest propaganda barrage since the 1936 anti-Roosevelt campaign.

In a fashionable restaurant in Atlanta, Georgia, three women sat at a table near me. One of them took a newspaper clipping out of her handbag. "Have you seen this?" she asked. It was a photograph of an American soldier. "This boy died," she said, "and here's the letter he wrote home the week before he was killed." She read it with emotion. " 'We're going into action, and we need all the equipment we can get. We're ready to fight, we're ready to die. But you have to help us. Please don't allow labor to strike any more, don't let them slow up production any more. What do a few cents matter to them when we're ready to give our lives?' "

There wasn't a dry eye at the table. "I want you to read that tonight at the club," one of the women said. "Yes, dear, you must," said the other. "Just like you read it now."

And the newspapers which had first planted in our soldiers' minds the picture of America as a land torn by strikes, the factories and machines idle, eagerly rebroadcast these prejudices and half-truths.

A welder whom I talked to in Atlanta said, "That's right, we're only working six days a week here. The factories are closed on Sunday."

"How come?"

"There's a law against working on Sunday here. It ain't religious."

Forums on the forty-hour week were held in the washrooms of all the trains. On the Sweetwater-Houston run the fat man said he was a Houston business man. Next to him was a shopkeeper from Spartanburg, South Carolina, who was "just visiting out here in Texas." They addressed themselves to a dark-haired, agreeable-looking sailor, still in the uniform of the Coast Guard though in the process of being transferred to the regular navy. I was shaving.

"They ought to be shot, those strikers," said the Houston business man. "Here are you fellows dying and that goddam labor is layin' down on the job. Ain't that so?"

"Sure," said the sailor.

"They ought to draft them strikers," said the shopkeeper.

"They ought to shoot 'em," said the business man. "Just like sabotoors. That right?"

"Sure," said the sailor, "damn right."

"Now these bills we got in Congress now. Too mild, I say."

This went on. Finally I said, "How many strikes do you think there are now in war industries?"

"Plenty," said the business man.

"Too damn many," said the other.

"But as a matter of fact," I said, "there aren't any strikes of any consequence—there are maybe three hundred men all told out on strike right now."

The men didn't answer, not questioning the facts but not believing them either—not in the way the clubwomen believed the dead soldier. For the newspapers they read had been assiduously working up an anti-labor attitude based on emotion and prejudice. How well the campaign had succeeded was illustrated by the bewilderment of the Baltimore machinist who said to me, "Jesus Christ, I'm working ten hours a day, six days a week, and my wife looks at me like I was a skunk!"

When I spoke of the suggestion to halt inflation by means of cutting down overtime pay, this machinist merely said, "How about deflating some of the fat boys first? I've been lean too long." Though the inflation threat was advanced in the editorial columns as one of the main arguments for the repeal of the forty-hour week, that aspect of the matter was discussed very little; it was too academic for popular consumption in the South.

With one exception all the soldiers and sailors I questioned expressed anti-labor sentiments, not with deep conviction but as if it were expected of them. One air-force private said, "I don't think labor's getting a fair deal in this. I think a workingman should be allowed to make a decent living." Then he looked around to see if this radical statement had been overheard.

Though the instigators of the anti-labor movement attempted to give it the aspect of a popular national uprising, it was very largely a Southern and Southwestern affair, and conservative financial journals now declare that its success would have served the interests not so much of the war industries as of the small, less essential plants typical of the Southern economy. The first editorials urging repeal of the forty-hour week appeared in Oklahoma newspapers, a state containing only 28,000 of the nation's 10,000,000 industrial workers. The campaign got under way in earnest with a circular letter written by Thomas J. Wallner of Nashville, Tennessee, president of the Southern States Industrial Council, which urged Southern employers, Chambers of Commerce, and newspapers to promote mass-meetings and legislation designed to "destroy labor unions."

One such meeting was held in Montgomery, Alabama, on March 30, with about two thousand townspeople present. After a few preliminary remarks attacking labor Colonel George Cleere, former commander of the American Legion of Alabama, read a violently phrased resolution urging Congress to prohibit strikes, restore the open shop, and repeal the forty-hour week. The crowd cheered.

At this point a man in the audience stood up. "I wish to offer a substitute resolution," he said. He pointed out the progress of production, praised labor for voluntarily abstaining from strikes, and urged that "Montgomery, Alabama, stand by the President." This too was received with cheers.

A gray-haired, distinguished-looking man then jumped to his feet. "I consider this resolution incendiary and ill-advised," he shouted. Another man, speaking in a quiet voice, seconded the substitute resolution. When he said, "This country's strength and glory must be free labor, not slave labor," there were cheers again.

An hour-long attempt to work out a compromise failed. "We will now close the meeting," the chairman announced somewhat ruefully. "I urge you all to keep buying defense bonds!" It was obvious that even in the South, haven of prejudice, the anti-labor sentiment was by no means the unanimous mandate that Connally, Smith, and Vinson had claimed.

A Central European Federation

BY MILAN HODZA

IF THIS war is not to end simply by setting the stage for another and even more devastating struggle, the post-war position of Germany must be given central consideration in the formulation of peace plans. The end of "Hitlerism" in itself will not mean the final end of aggressive German nationalism. The continuity of German nationalism is a historical fact, and it must be dealt with as such. How can we guarantee that German aggression shall never again be renewed?

Pacifists may see the means in Germany's disarmament; incorrigible map revisers, in its dismemberment; idealists, in the construction of a worldwide federation which would include Germany as a well-watched member. These are all sound suggestions no doubt, but one thing remains certain: no matter how completely Germany is defeated, it will continue to endanger the security of the world unless the peace to come is protected by measures more far-reaching than any yet tried. We must remember that Germany's armies were thoroughly defeated less than twenty-four years ago, that Germany was disarmed and reduced in territory, and that out of that defeat and post-war turmoil emerged an even more aggressively nationalistic Germany. Whether Germany was represented by Stresemann—"I had to wear the mask of peace"—or by Hitler, Europe has witnessed enough to know the foolishness of presuming that the end of German imperialism will come automatically with military defeat in this war.

In no forceful people's life can there fail to be a nationalistic period. France had to pass through the era of the Bourbons and of Napoleon. Great Britain experienced a similar development from the time of the Spanish wars to Waterloo. When British imperialism had slowed down its violent course, German nationalism was just beginning its career, Bismarck's wars were among its manifestations but were not its climax. That was to come with Wilhelm II's bid for a dominating German position in the world. The bid was defeated—temporarily, at any rate—and German nationalism eventually expressed itself in the animalistic outburst of Hitlerism. This virulent nationalism, even assuming that the present war is indeed to be its climax, cannot be expected to vanish suddenly, and the world will have to reckon with it for many decades to come.

Like any other violent imperialism, it is not likely to bow to measures or decisions unsupported by force. Its impetus will have to be checked by an equivalent force. The philosophy of force, the tradition of force, the idolatry of force can be paralyzed at the source, but only when its exponents are made to realize that another force is able and ready to resist. In the defense of the future peace Central Europe, as the neighbor of Germany, must provide a large part of that counter-force.

The plan of checking Germany by creating a strong Central European bulwark is not new: for a century it was the hope of many political leaders of old Austria—Slavs and Rumanians and even some German Austrians. The necessity for a strong Central Europe which could oppose Germany was what led the Czech historian Palacky to declare that Austria, if it did not exist, would have to be invented. However, the Hapsburgs failed utterly to make of Austria a barrier to Berlin's plans for *Mitteleuropa*. It is true that from 1906 to 1914 the Hapsburg Crown Prince, Franz Ferdinand d'Este, hoped as heir apparent to achieve this aim by new domestic and foreign policies. In the earliest years of my political career as a deputy in the old Hungarian Parliament I was among those who were urging a federalist plan to replace dualist Austria-Hungary, and it was along similar lines that the Crown Prince hoped to strengthen the empire. Those plans failed; the reformers had to leave to the First World War the historic task of liberating the small nations of Central Europe. One of the greatest things accomplished at Versailles was this liberation. But one of the greatest errors committed at Versailles was the failure to strengthen the freedom and security of the new nations by providing for the organic cooperation of all their economic and military forces. Will the United Nations repeat this error after the Second World War?

Central Europe, the area between Germany and Soviet Russia, can be defined in "geopolitical" terms as the basin of six rivers—the Polish Vistula and the middle and lower Danube with its affluents: the Czecho-Slovak Morava and Waag, the Yugoslav Morava, and the Yugoslav-Greek Vardar. Politically it means eight countries—Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Yugoslavia, the population of which, according to the statistics of 1937, was 110,000,000. In passing, it might be pointed out that united they could have mustered nearly 300 divisions for a common defense, but it is too easy—and quite futile—to argue now that Germany would not have dared to launch this war against the genuinely united strength of these eight countries. The fact is that even while the German machine was gobbling up Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland, there was no possibility of pooling Central European resources against a common foe.

Now, however, the pattern of a new Central Europe is emerging from the bloody catastrophe of war. Three months ago the International Labor Conference held in New York and Washington issued a declaration emphasizing the "solidarity" of four Central European countries—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Greece—"in the common struggle for freedom." By some American commentators the proclamation was hailed as foreshadowing a "confederation of these states, each of which will retain its sovereignty," working "as a unit for common political, economic, and social objectives."

The renewed cooperation announced by the Yugoslav and Greek governments-in-exile has already shown progress. The Polish and Czecho-Slovak governments-in-exile, expressing the unanimous sentiment of their respective peoples, published as early as November, 1940, a joint statement pledging "closest cooperation" and have set up committees to discuss the alignment of Czecho-Slovak and Polish foreign and military policies. There is of course a real difference between "unity" and mere "solidarity," but those who desire an effectively united Central Europe can welcome these preliminary steps so long as they are not thought of as limiting the final political reorganization.

The "cooperation" contemplated by the Polish and Czecho-Slovak agreement reminds us of the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente, which were regional pacts limited to particular local interests and which therefore failed to shape a Central European policy. Like many other Central Europeans, I considered the Little Entente not merely a barrier against the threat of Hungarian revisionism but also a stepping-stone toward more effective cooperation in the whole area of Central Europe. We failed, however, to achieve an extension of the Little Entente, and even its regional effectiveness began to evaporate when Hitler's march into the Rhineland in March, 1936, encountered no opposition.

Of course from then on we redoubled our efforts to eliminate the quarrels which divided the Central European nations. It was too late. At the end of 1937 one member of the Little Entente, Rumania—it would be more accurate to say "the Rumanian regime"—lulled itself to sleep with the comfortable theory that it would never be seriously menaced by Germany and that danger could come only from Soviet Russia. Yugoslavia, unfortunately, was then being led by a politician who seriously believed that his country could live on good terms with Germany and even with Italy. Poland—or rather the Polish regime of that period—had long since been going its own way, and had already signed a non-aggression pact with Germany. In fact, in the period of "cooperation," which lasted until very recently, Central Europe had as many policies as it had nations. Germany, on the other hand, had only one policy for Central Europe—to transform it into an arsenal and larder for the totalitarian crusade against democracy.

Facing these facts, we must see that the attempt to renew Central European "cooperation" or "coordination" would obviously be not only foolhardy but impossible. For the security of the democratic world the peace must provide a new system for Central Europe that will be able to guarantee unity of policy and action. That means a federation. Eight sovereign foreign ministers and eight sovereign armies might fail—as they did fail—to align their policies. Let us therefore unite them in order to obtain a new and effective sovereign power.

With respect to the framework of a federated Central Europe, it is clear that federation implies a common government headed by a federal chancellor and consisting of at least four secretaries responsible for foreign affairs, defense, finances, and economy, including international trade. Communications, shipping, civil aviation, and other common interests ought to be intrusted at least in part to the federal administration. A congress, democratically elected or consisting of delegates from democratic national parliaments, would levy taxes and pass legislation affecting the federal departments.

According to the European constitutional custom, an elected federal "head of state" would be required in addition to the chancellor. Those national dynasties which have provided valiant leadership for their people in the time of their greatest ordeal will survive, and republics should accept them as a fact in the same way that kings should accept the republicanism of their federated partners. Political wisdom would further suggest that each state in the federation occupy some outstanding post in the federal government; in addition to the posts already mentioned, there would be judges for the supreme court, commanders for the army, navy, and air force, and ministers without portfolio. In the individual states federal department business should of course be executed by the nationals of those states.*

What precedents for joint action can be found in the recent history of Central Europe? The Hapsburg empire, which is sometimes cited, obviously cannot be confused with a democratic federation of free nations. But the brief history of the independent nations between the First and the Second World War reveals instances of common action—at any rate in the economic field—whose significance ought not to be underrated.

In 1932, in the midst of the worldwide agricultural depression, six Central European governments undertook an official cooperation which resulted in the organization of the Agrarian Bloc of Central Europe. The importance of this bloc can be fully appreciated only if one realizes that on the average not less than 64 per cent of the inhabitants of the eight countries of Central Europe were farmers. The formation of this bloc was not motivated merely by the usual desire of farmers for higher prices. On the contrary, it symbolized an organized and united struggle to obtain minimum living standards for a rural democracy of about 70,000,000 people and to make them effective consumers of industrial products. In the six cooperating nations there was fostered a feeling of solidarity which did not soon lose its intensity.

In fact, it became and continued to be a political factor. At the meeting of the Interparliamentary Conference of Trade in London in September, 1935, my report on the agricultural situation in Central Europe was given with the full support of the six nations who had been members of the Agrarian Bloc. And in the interests of my own country I was able to obtain the construction of a network of preferential treaties with the other five Danubian countries.

There is ample evidence that most of Central Europe's democracy will not hesitate to take the step toward union, that they see clearly its economic advantages. These were well expressed in a recent article in *Free World* by Jan Stanczyk, the Polish labor leader, member of the Polish government-in-exile. Under the title A Federation of Central Europe Mr. Stanczyk wrote that "the inhabitants of Central-Eastern Europe and of the Balkans have been exploited by German industry," and that "in the future they must establish a united economic bloc—not a superficial political coalition—which will make possible their participation in a system of international exchange of goods and services." Most of the Polish leaders, regardless of party affiliation, are taking an attitude which may be considered either directly favorable to the idea of union or at least favorable to the principle of closer links between the nations. In Rumania the only democratic, and therefore the only real, authority is sure to desire participation in a union. In Bulgaria the situation seems to be the same.

Austria's position is peculiar to its own nature. There can be no doubt that Austria possesses many of the special characteristics of a nation. Nevertheless, it has sometimes seemed anxious to merge its identity with that of its northern neighbor. The Austrians reason, with a good deal of truth: "Of course we are too small to be independent; we are also too independent to be merely a district of Germany—not to speak of Nazi Germany. We feel interested in Central Europe, but there is no 'power' in Central Europe, and in so far as it seems to be in the making, it does not seem to have a place for Vienna. The fact is that Austria, and more particularly Vienna, requires an economic position in Central Europe which could compensate to some extent for what it lost twenty-four years ago." There is a valid point in this argument, but the problem is not insoluble. The chief difficulty is that the Austrians may not succeed in reconciling their own conflicting views. If the democratic spirit of a Catholic-Socialist compromise prevails, then Austria can surely become a partner in Central Europe.

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* A more detailed constitutional scheme is proposed by the author in a book recently published in London.

Hungary, because of its imperialist role in the war, cannot be considered fit for entering a federation at present. However, Hungary is still being led, as it has been for centuries, by its traditional ruling class, which means that the peasants and workers are excluded from political influence. The picture will become more hopeful when the Hungarian democracy eventually gains control.

In this connection it is worth while to recall the relationship between nationalism and democracy in Central Europe. In all the Central European nations except Hungary nationalism evolved simultaneously with democratic feeling. The landlords, the big industrialists, and the bureaucracy, enemies of the political liberties of the people, were also the social and racial oppressors. The German upper classes in Austria ruled over the Czechs, the Posnanian Poles, and the southern Slovenes. In Hungary the Magyars ruled over the Slovaks, the Hungarian Rumanians, and the Serbs. In the same way the Turks, at certain periods, were the rulers, social and political and racial, of the Bulgarians, Serbs, and Danubian Rumanians. This identification of the political with the social and racial adversary resulted logically enough in the identification of nationalism with democracy. On the whole, Central European democracy is strengthened by racial emotionalism, and its nationalism is deepened by democratic principles. Hungary is the exception.

In all Central European countries democracy has had to fight hard to survive; in some of them it has at times succumbed. This enhances the democratic value of a Central European federal congress based upon a strictly democratic ballot, for the weak state democracies would be given the numerical and moral support of the democracy of the whole federation.

A federated Central Europe would represent the final development of a regional pact to the highest possible degree of effectiveness. It is the indispensable prerequisite of any larger federation, of a new "world order," which is the hope of all who are concerned for the fate of mankind.

[Other points of view on the post-war reconstruction of Central Europe will be presented in two subsequent articles, one by Rustem Vambery, chairman of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Democratic Hungarians, and the second by Antonin Basch, noted Czech economist now teaching at Brown University.]

In the Wind

ITEMS FROM THE BROADCASTS of "Paul Revere," a Berlin radio commentator on American affairs: Father Divine, whom Roosevelt has jailed, is rousing from his prison cell an army of thousands of Negroes who will fight against the war, Roosevelt, the British, and the Jews. . . . All of America's Chinese are opposed to the war against Japan. . . . New York's St. Patrick's Day parade was a tremendous anti-war, anti-Semitic demonstration. Mayor LaGuardia wanted to stop it but was unable to because the whole New York police force was marching with the Irish.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS of Senator Rufus Holman of Oregon, a Republican isolationist, report that on December 7 when they heard the radio announce the bombing of Pearl Harbor they rushed in to tell the Senator. Holman greeted them by saying that he didn't want to talk politics; he was busy reading. The book in his hands was "Alice in Wonderland."

EARL BROWDER is allowed to receive only one newspaper at his cell in Atlanta Penitentiary. He asked that the *Daily Worker* be sent him, but the authorities would not allow it; his second choice, which he is receiving, was the New York *Herald Tribune.*

DAVID DUBINSKY'S followers in the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union threatened last year to withdraw from the American Labor Party, charging it with Communist domination. The I. L. G. W. U. has now decided to remain in the party, but it will conduct a campaign to wrest control from the Communists.

SOME PRISONERS at a Georgia work camp saw a fellow-convict shot in the back by a guard. In order to get word outside the camp they wrote a note to a local reporter and tied it to the leg of a terrapin. After several days the note reached the reporter, the affair was exposed in the Atlanta *Journal,* and the guard is now standing trial.

BERNARD D'ARCY, Father Coughlin's lawyer and New York distribution manager for *Social Justice,* has closed his Manhattan office and taken one near the building in which the Brooklyn *Tablet* is published. Both the *Tablet* and Gerald L. K. Smith's *The Cross and the Flag* have been mentioned as successors to *Social Justice.*

THE WRITER of a rotogravure-section feature story on Marshal Timoshenko in the Houston *Chronicle* was completely taken in by the joke about the Marshal's Irish ancestry. Under a picture of a peasant hut he wrote: "This is the little house in the village of Furmanka in Bessarabia where Timoshenko was born. His parents, poor peasants, are said to be descended from Tim O'Shenko, who settled in Bessarabia many years ago."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The White Feather

BY JOHN BERRYMAN

Sydney, Australia. Lieutenant Jack Leslie Perry, who lost an eye in action in Syria and was awarded the military cross for gallantry in action, was handed a white feather by a young woman as he walked along the street in civilian clothes. Perry said nothing but dropped his glass eye in the woman's hand.—NEWS ITEM.

Imagine a crowded war-time street
Down Under. See as little as I:
The woman gives him as they meet
Passing, something—a feather. Try
To make out this man who was going by.
The eye stared at the feather.

He could remember sand and sand,
The punishing sun on their guns; he chose
As the men approached the western end
To move to the left. Who would suppose
A lieutenant in civilian clothes?
The feather stared back.

He dropped his glass eye in her hand.
Humiliation or fantasy,
He thought; I have seen too much sand
For judgment or anger. It may be I,
All men deserve the feather's lie.
The eye stared at the feather.

Notes by the Way

SHERWOOD ANDERSON was a "mid-American" D. H. Lawrence. His books, in their day, were hotly defended and as violently attacked because he incited and gave sanction to the powerful, primary impulses of sex and self; in their name he scorned the taboos, social and moral, designed to curb them, and in particular he denounced the searing effects on the "natural man" of our industrial civilization.

Anderson's attitude toward direct experience and his refusal to be bound by the values of the money-grubbing industrial society in which he found himself remain admirable. No one can fail to be charmed by his story, told again in his "Memoirs" (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), of how at the age of forty or so, having decided that writing was his recreation, he walked out on his business and his family. Yet his early books have ceased to be read, and the reason lies in his attitude toward writing itself.

Anderson considered the artist's power of expression a magic gift which absolved its possessor of the ordinary responsibilities of mankind—this is made very clear in the picture of his father in "A Story-Teller's Story" and in the facts of his own history. But his writing gives abundant evidence of a further, fatal assumption that since the gift is magic, control is neither possible nor desirable. He speaks often of the discipline of writing, but his novels and his memoirs are a study in non-discipline; and he is forever disclaiming responsibility for his imagination and its works.

The effects of this sentimental romantic belief in the infallibility and impunity of the creative impulse, this view of expression as a species of automatic writing, are displayed to the full in his final testament. The "Memoirs" contain some interesting sections, notably his account of what he calls the Robin's Egg Renaissance. There are excellent descriptive passages, amusing stories, to prove that his gift was authentic; and his never-ending interest in and good-will toward human beings finds continuous expression. But like his novels the "Memoirs" are long-winded, repetitious, and soft—the unrestrained outpouring of a writer for whom writing had become increasingly a form of self-indulgence.

His short stories—though, significantly, they are better described as sketches—were less subject to the flaws that vitiate the novels. The single imaginative thrust was suited to his talent and to his primitive and essentially lazy conception of art. "The short story," he writes, "is the result of a sudden passion. It is an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard. All of my own short stories have been written at one sitting." Or again, "I am not one who can peck away at a story. It writes itself, as though it used me merely as a medium, or it is n. g."

Fundamentally, though unconsciously, Anderson scorned discipline, order, and idea—that is to say, conscious intellectual control—in art as well as in life. To him impulse and feeling were all that mattered—and his novels and his "Memoirs" are a chaos of impulse and feeling, rendered inert and shapeless because they lack the bones of thought.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Europe's Future

THE FRANCE OF TOMORROW. By Albert Guérard. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

MR. GUERARD'S book should have been entitled "The France of Yesterday and the Europe of Tomorrow." One seeks in vain for his views on the future organization of France; on the other hand, his analysis of the moral, political, and social conditions which determined the fall of France is the most interesting one so far published in the United States; moreover, the author makes an important contribution to the study of the Europe of the future.

Mr. Guérard warns us that his study is not "mechanically objective"; having "thoughts and feelings, he desires to express them, not to suppress them." He does not limit himself to exposing the facts; he evaluates them. He assigns to the reactionary and nationalist bourgeoisie the responsibility for France's role in the events of June, 1940, underlining the faults of the United States and England in the deterioration of the international situation between 1919 and 1939. He shows the responsibility of the French military, not only of Gamelin, but of Pétain and Weygand. He shows above all the responsibility of the right, whose narrow nationalism prevented any entente between German and French democracy before Hitler's rise to power and the organization of collective security after that event. He recalls that the right refused the offer of Léon Blum in 1938 to form a "Sacred Union, as in 1914, embracing rightists as well as Communists," because it was more preoccupied with defending the privileges of the capitalist bourgeoisie against the Popular Front than with defending France against Hitler.

Without doubt, all this is already known to the American public. But the great merit of Mr. Guérard's book is that it shows that the French right for a century and a half had been constantly dominated by a hatred of democracy and of the spirit of the French Revolution. He recalls the historical importance of the Dreyfus affair. He denounces the upper bourgeoisie of France, who, with sadistic joy, seized from the defeat of the French armies the opportunity of destroying the democratic regime and leading the French of 1940 back to the *ancien régime*. He heaps contempt upon Marshal Pétain and his entourage of conscious or unconscious traitors.

All this is the more important in that the author makes the necessary distinction between the French people and the bourgeoisie. One of his most interesting chapters is entitled The Dictatorship of the Middle Class. He shows how a regime founded on inequalities of social conditions and wealth could not be a democracy. On the other hand, his analysis of French governmental institutions is weak. Certainly he is right in not defending the constitution of 1875, which he calls "a monarchical instrument, unwanted by the very men who wrote it." But he passes too quickly from his just criticism of the imperfection of this constitution to wholesale condemnation not only of parliamentarianism but of all representative government. It would seem to me more just to explain the weakness of the French regime by the fact that the constitution of 1875 was not sufficiently democratic. Nothing could be decided in France, either in government or administration, without the consent of the Senate; and the Senate, because of the way it was elected, represented not the people of France but the French bourgeoisie and above all the rural bourgeoisie. This is a very important point, to which American public opinion does not give sufficient attention. The dictatorship of the middle class was exercised by the Senate. The parliamentary democracy condemned by Mr. Guérard was not a true democracy.

This error of analysis impairs the value of all that part of the book which treats of the government of the future. The author's approach to this problem is abstract and general; he speaks for the world as a whole and not for France —which is an error, for a good system of government must adapt itself to the temperament of its people. What Mr. Guérard proposes is the absolute government of a president, that is to say, the American system disembarrassed of Congress but enriched by the exercise of the referendum. Mr. Guérard arrives at a government by experts because he refuses to grant to the people or their representatives the competence necessary to solve the political problems of the hour. There is here, it seems to me, a confusion between the political and the technical aspects of government. It is needless to insist on the dangers of such a conception of democracy. Even if it functioned in a world liberated from capitalism, the regime of Mr. Guérard would end by being either the dictatorship of a president or—more probably—the dictatorship of a bureaucracy, that is to say, precisely in the evil of which Mr. Guérard has denounced the effects. By far the main interest of this part of the book is that it incites the reader to reflect upon and to criticize the solutions which are presented to him.

On the other hand, Mr. Guérard makes an important contribution to the discussion of post-war problems with his examination of the question of "the unity of Europe." Certainly one cannot agree with all of Mr. Guérard's ideas; one must smile at his declaration that "the key to cooperation" is the adoption, by the European peoples, of a common language. But Mr. Guérard is right in raising the question of European organization. There is not, for the future, a French problem or a German problem; there is only a European problem.

The author is the partisan of a "unitary" organization of Europe; I think, on the contrary, that Europe will evolve into a federation, or even a confederation of federations. But I approve without reserve Mr. Guérard's assertion, which he supports with historical proofs, that to reserve for Germany particular treatment in the new organization of Europe would be as contrary to justice as it would be devoid of political sense. Mr. Guérard thinks that it is necessary not only to break German unity and destroy German nationalism but to destroy French unity and nationalism. He hopes that the new Europe will be a vast grouping of provinces and of regions assuring "the liberty and equality of all cultures." And he hopes too that we shall no longer continue to confound true liberty, which is that of the spirit, with that famous economic liberty which seems to him just about as reasonable as the liberty which would allow motorists to disregard traffic laws or gangsters to blackmail their neighbors.

In brief, while I am far from approving all Mr. Guérard's ideas, the general tendency of his book is excellent. It should be read and meditated by all who wish to understand what happened in June, 1940, and to reflect upon what the France and the Europe of tomorrow will be.

PIERRE COT

The Book as Experience

THE PRIVATE READER: SELECTED ARTICLES AND REVIEWS. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

IN THE act of bringing his critical writings together Mr. Van Doren makes plain that he will write criticism no more; from now on he is to be a private reader. This book is more than enough to make one regret—and hope that he will revoke—his decision, for he belongs with a few critics in our time who have written about books with sanity and charm. And writing about books is to be distinguished, as a less frequent and more fruitful thing, from reviewing them. Most reviewers look upon a book as a challenge, when, indeed, it is not merely a chore; and hurry into the judicial robe and, wherever possible, the black cap. But to Mr. Van Doren, to whom criticism is "an art at which luck and love assist," and for whom the critic should "dart in with judgments only when they offer themselves to him naturally," a book is something that lies a good deal closer to life and that, as far as possible, is not to be "immobilized" but liberated. That need for releasing it rather than pinning it down is Mr. Van Doren's last word, as it is perhaps his only formulation, and it helps to explain why his criticism, concerned though much of it is with contemporary books and films that have worn rather badly, has managed to wear very well.

For most modern criticism does not wear well, though there are sharper and subtler and far more provocative critics than Mr. Van Doren. There are perhaps two reasons for this: the assumed nature of criticism and the assumed role of the critic. As for the first, it tends to set up conditions and standards too oppressively—to make them something against which a book is not so much to be measured as into which it must fit. As a result, books acquire—or fail to acquire—significance of one kind or another, but lose their identity. We are told what they represent without half the time being told what they are. As for the critic, he is so anxious to arrive at a judgment that he seldom shares the book with us as an experience. There is no longer, in print at any rate, much appreciation of books; there is only appraisal. It was the virtue of older, more personal, more absorbent critics like Lamb and Hazlitt that they gave us both.

Mr. Van Doren is a good critic in any sense of the word, for he has the ability to say interesting and illuminating things about books. He has also read deeply, so that he can fit any new book he reads into the framework of literature. And one would want to say more of all this were not one more impressed by how Mr. Van Doren can fit what he reads into the framework of life. One always gets the feeling that a man is writing this book, as well as a critic. Most critics are interesting for their ideas, their prejudices, their attitudes; Mr. Van Doren is most interesting because of himself. This is not from his being in the least an autobiographical or in the main a "personal" writer: indeed, he lacks the positive and picturesque qualities of a Lamb or a Hazlitt, though he is closer to them in his approach to books than to most of his contemporaries. Actually he is quiet of voice, economical of gesture. His opinions, like his prose, are cool and dry; he is masculine in his tastes, with no foolish or neurotic sensibilities. From this one gets a sense of wholeness in the man, which is not to be confused with completeness, but which is notable in an age of men with divided minds and split personalities. He has, too, an admirable sense of values; he is, for example, among the not too many critics who are less bothered by dulness than falseness.

Now and then one feels that he stands too much on the sidelines—that he has not busted out about this or that as he might have; that in the troubled life of the past ten years his serenity at times approaches remoteness. Yet one knows that this is never callousness; and one comes to feel at last that his humanitarianism is so instinctive that he has never felt the need, as have some of the rest of us, of emphasizing it. But all this is a result of temperament as well; Mr. Van Doren is no more a crusader than a cynic, no more a revolutionary critic than a fashionable one. That may be why he wears well: he does not speak for any one particular moment.

All this leaves me no space for comment on Mr. Van Doren's specific judgments on books and movies. That one doesn't share some of his enthusiasm or agree with all of his opinions is not of much importance, particularly since all the enthusiasms are healthy and the opinions sane. Mr. Van Doren's best insights are at once simple and profound, as when he remarks of "Leaves of Grass" that for all its strenuous gospel of comradeship, it is "one of the loneliest books ever written." But his most characteristic comments lie closer to wit; let me instance a remark about a certain type of modern poetry: "The appearance of labor is not only preferred; it is praised."

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Mormon Family Portrait

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS. By Virginia Sorensen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THIS novel tells the story of Joseph Smith's Latter-Day Saints during their sojourn in Nauvoo, and ends with the break-up of that community and the beginning of their westward trek in search of a land where they might live unmolested by intolerant neighbors. Mrs. Sorensen, herself a descendant of an old Mormon family and a graduate of Brigham Young University, has presented her people with warm compassion and a sharp sense of personal drama. Instead of treating her material as a historical pageant, she reveals the travail of this determined, often desperate band of believers through the eyes and heart of Mercy Baker, the first wife of the colony who had to accept the ignominy of another wife in her home—a humiliation which weighed even upon her children.

In the dilemma of Mercy and her husband Simon the author has illustrated an ethical problem which must have faced many of the Mormons when the doctrine of polygamy was introduced: Simon, though more than happily married and by no means a libertine, was virtually forced to accept a second wife, in spite of his instinctive repugnance and his fear of wounding Mercy. But the Mormons were told that plural marriage was an inseparable part of their creed—a creed that was more than a theology, that envisaged a total struggle against unhappiness and intellectual poverty. "Man is that he might have joy," Joseph Smith preached to his people, and woman's functions, he clearly implied, were to furnish as much of that joy as possible and to add liberally to the number of God's chosen people. That even the men were actually a hard-mouthed, joyless lot in spite of their theoretical beliefs was due in part to the hardships that constantly attended their lives, in part also to the stern, uncompromising moral sense that they inherited from their Protestant ancestors.

Of the many novels that have the Mormons as a background this seems to me the most intensely dramatic and the most satisfyingly written. Mrs. Sorensen's prose is sharp and distinguished, often poetic without being pretentious. Her instinctive sympathy with the spiritual and physical yearnings of the Saints, who thrived on adversity and refused to yield a single inch in their doctrines or practices in the face of mobs or legal coercion, produces a stirring tale of quiet heroism.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

The Genius of Spain

VIRGIN SPAIN: THE DRAMA OF A GREAT PEOPLE. By Waldo Frank. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.50.

AT LONG last some intelligent officials at Washington have sent Waldo Frank, upon the urgent request of distinguished Hispano-Americans, to Argentina and adjacent countries to convey to our neighbors the significance of our commitment to defeat Hitler and his satellites. Needless to say, Latin America as a whole, despite the official adherence of its many governments to diplomatic protocols, does not see eye to eye with us in this formidable task. There is a good deal of evidence that thus far we have failed to convince Argentinians and Chileans—and not only them—of our solemn determination to destroy the Fascist hydra threatening our way of life. All the millions we have spent on the propagation of Spanish in this country have not produced among our intellectuals a half-dozen capable of speaking the idiom of Latin America. To speak to Latin Americans the mechanics of Portuguese and Spanish does not suffice. Waldo Frank, who is about to make a tour of lectures and contacts which in reality may be regarded as a continuation of his brilliant tour of 1929, is perhaps the American best equipped to show them that they and we can create and maintain a spiritual solidarity, in spite of the many differences that appear to keep us apart.

If we ask how Waldo Frank achieves the authority to represent us in Hispano-America, we find the answer in his "Virgin Spain," originally published in 1926 and now reissued. The illustrious Mexican poet and critic, Alfonso Reyes, in the new introduction to the book reveals how Waldo Frank, fired by a missionary zeal to make a spiritual entity of the Americas, felt the need to see Spain before completing his vision of an integrated American world. "Having understood that what mattered to America was less what it is than what it can be, he sought in Spain the virginal pulse of the will toward the future, the dynamic love, never exhausted by her historical mishaps, of Spain's transcendent aspiration."

"Virgin Spain" has appealed to Spaniards and their American cousins as no other book among the many written about Spain. Some of its meatier sections were published in Ortega's *Revista de Occidente.* The books of Gauthier, Havelock Ellis, Borrow, have perhaps greater aesthetic values than "Virgin Spain," but none of them probe so deeply into the very being of Spain or call forth such unquestioning acceptance. León Felípe, the Spanish poet now living in Mexico, transmuted the difficult language of Frank into sonorous Castilian prose. Frank in Spanish becomes immediately lucid and communicable.

But "Virgin Spain" was intended for the people of the United States, and here the response has been disappointing. Its purpose was somewhat like that which made possible Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel and Chartres." To unravel the motives and moods that went into the composition of "Virgin Spain" would be to produce a long essay on the cultural currents in this country from 1910 to 1930. Suffice it to say here that dissatisfaction with the cultural level in this country, dim apprehension about the future, and nervous yearning for spiritual cohesiveness of a higher order were some of the disturbing factors that drove many of our creative artists into exile and made writers search far and wide for the secrets of the greater peoples. As far back as 1919 Waldo Frank formulated the need: "The problem is rather to lift America into self-knowledge that shall be luminous so that she may shine, vibrant so that she may be articulate."

Frank went to Spain, then, to seek the meaning of American civilization, for in Spain during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had taken place a political and cultural experiment which, if understood in all its implications, would throw a flood of light upon the American scene with its groping and embryonic attempts to create a much-needed spiritual unity. This hunger for unity is the key to the book. The reader would do well to start with Chapter VII, The Will of the Catholic Kings. Besides embodying the essence of the book, it may open new vistas upon what is occurring today. Once the book is mastered, one can readily see that "Virgin Spain" is as monistic as its author's philosophy. Its greatness and perhaps its weakness are traceable to the ambitious perspective from which Frank views the complex and recalcitrant world that is Spain. Everything—sky, scene, the psyche of the Spaniard, dances, paintings, the bull fight, monuments, politics, literature—is submitted

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to the fascinating concept of unity from which they emerged. Frank's thesis is that Spain is the result of innumerable racial strains—Celt, Iberic, Roman, Phoenician, Copt, Arab, Berber, Jew, Visigoth—which the miraculous matrix of the land and its history has reduced to an imposing whole. But the vicissitudes of time and space effected only an ethnic unity, which the clashes of culture have obscured. Spain was the first country in the history of modern Europe to use the weapons of dogma and organized force, church and state, to create an ideological unity that anticipated in more than one sense the blueprints of Nazi totalitarianism. The mastermind of the scheme was Isabel, the Catholic who in her mystical obsession instinctively invented or rediscovered the modern weapons to cow dissidents—the institution of torture or the Inquisition, expulsion of minorities, foreign wars of expansion, and propaganda. Her mad design was fed by the fires of a passion that spared neither friend nor foe. Lest there be a precipitous inference that Isabel's plan was identical with Hitler's, it must be pointed out that Isabel submitted her scheme to the universalism of the church, a universalism which in practice allowed for the assimilation of Jew and Moor.

Sober restraint becomes impossible for the critic who is sympathetic to "Virgin Spain." For enthusiastic response is inevitable once the key to the book is discovered, and any annoying quirks of style or composition are forgotten in the contemplation of the author's unerring grasp of a whole civilization as willed unity. One is forced to share the balanced judgment of Spanish and Hispano-American critics who, knowing their Spain, say that Frank's book is an arresting achievement in the art of understanding a complex and baffling culture like that of Spain. Avoiding details which might blur the contour of the vision, the book has not aged since its first appearance. The Awakening Passion, the only really new section that Frank has added to the architecture of his book, stresses the thesis that Spain achieved a unity which locked its energies, immobilizing it for centuries, and that when in its somnolence it felt the impact of the successful West, the disturbance of equilibrium produced the bloodiest civil war on record. M. J. BENARDETE

The Struggle for Islam

MEDITERRANEAN FRONT. By Alan Moorehead. Whittlesey House. $2.75.

A GREAT many inadequate pages have been written about the war in the Middle East. Most of the writers have depended on the music and romance of such names as Bagdad, Tyre, Cyrene, Thermopylae, and Damascus. They have failed to present the great war going on from Italy to India, and from the Balkan Peninsula and the Black Sea to Central Africa. Alan Moorehead seems to this reviewer to be the first journalist who has realized that this is not a number of isolated micro-wars but one vast struggle for the control of Islam.

The German invasion of Greece, like the preceding Italian invasion, was part of the great battle still seesawing back and forth between the Nile Valley and Tripoli. The German feint at Syria and Iraq in the spring of 1941 was likewise intended to weaken the British on the northern coast of Africa.

It was perhaps the greatest British blunder of this war—from a realistic military point of view—to go to the aid of Greece, for the sixty thousand men shattered in Greece would have been enough in all probability to enable the English to go on to Tripoli, and if they had arrived on the border of Tunis while Weygand was still in command in French Africa, Allied forces might now have stretched around the entire coast line of the African continent.

Moorehead points out also the vast ill luck which has followed General Sir Archibald Wavell. In every campaign in this war in which he has been engaged, political considerations have forced him to agree to throw away the fruits of victory just as they were ripening, or, as in the Far East, to fight a campaign under conditions of colonial politics and jealousies which made victory impossible. Concerning the decision to go to the help of Greece, Moorehead says:

> Neither Wavell in Cairo nor the War Cabinet in London alone was competent to decide. So Mr. Eden and Sir John Dill got in an aeroplane and flew to Cairo to thrash it out. They talked to Wavell, Cunninghame, Longmore. They flew to Ankara and sounded out Sarajoglou and the Turks; they went on down to Athens. Then they came back to Cairo well pleased with what they had seen and heard. General Smuts flew up from South Africa to give his advice. Little by little the opinion grew that we could risk this adventure, that we could organize another and better Gallipoli in the Balkans. It was not one man's opinion. It was certainly not Wavell's, but Wavell naturally was the man who would have to carry out the job.

And as always, in the background of these decisions (as in the recent negotiations with India) the English faced the necessity of pleasing American public opinion. "And finally America and the world could not fail to be impressed if we honored our pledge of help to the Greeks."

This book shows the Ethiopian campaign in its proper perspective in the battle of the Middle East. It was in fact prolonged only as a delaying action on the part of the Italians to try to keep as many British troops as possible from being freed for use in the western desert and Syria.

Like most keen observers who have been in parts of the world controlled by the Vichy government, Moorehead realizes the complete and basic pro-Axis feelings of most of the minions of the senile Marshal. In our dealings with Admiral Robert in the West Indies and with the Pétain regime in North Africa and Madagascar we have been all too apt to forget the Vichy brand of German perfidy as practiced in Indo-China, in French North Africa when supplies were sent to General Rommell in Libya, and in Syria by the Naziphile French administration.

Moorehead, who saw the British in action in the Middle East, as this reviewer did to a very much smaller extent, must be impatient with the childish anti-British whispering campaign in this country. He shows great admiration for the men and the leaders who barred the Axis from Islam, and looking back on it all, he would say with General Wavell, "We have had some setbacks, some successes." May American troops and generals acquit themselves as well in the months which lie ahead. PETER STEVENS

IN BRIEF

INTIMATE VIRGINIANA: A CENTURY OF MAURY TRAVELS BY LAND AND SEA. Edited by Anne Fontaine Maury. Richmond: The Dietz Press. $3.50.

The first Maury in this book was a schoolmate of Madison, Monroe, and Jefferson, and a friend of Washington, who sent him to be United States consul in Liverpool in 1786. From then until now the family which produced the first naval oceanographer has sailed, written, and corresponded with famous people. The letters and diaries printed here include some from Jefferson, Madison, and others outside the family, as well as family papers. This volume is not for general readers, except Virginians, but historians and biographers will find it worth delving into for historical sidelights on the nineteenth century from Jefferson's day to Reconstruction.

DIRECTIONS IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. By Philo M. Buck, Jr. Oxford University Press. $3.

The author disarms criticism to some extent by declaring that he has not set out to pick future immortals but the most typical representatives of contemporary families of ideas in literature. Even on this principle, each man would have his own candidates. Mr. Buck's are Santayana, Hauptmann, Pirandello, Gide, Proust, O'Neill, Tagore, Aldous Huxley, Hitler, Sholokov, T. S. Eliot, Romains, Mann. It is an important subject; the author has read widely and intelligently; and the book is well written. Curiously enough, it is not very stimulating. It is a little too leisurely and not very profound. It keeps on the safe side of its subject, so to speak. In short, it is academic.

THE GREEK POLITICAL EXPERIENCE: STUDIES IN HONOR OF WILLIAM KELLY PRENTICE. Princeton University Press. $3.

This distinguished volume by fourteen classical scholars has been planned with a central theme rather than assembled in the usual miscellaneous fashion of seventieth-birthday tributes. In readable style it reviews Greek political evolution from early monarchy through democracy and the career of Alexander, with special chapters on tyranny, the ideal states of Plato and Aristotle, and other pertinent matters.

JAMES MADISON: THE VIRGINIA REVOLUTIONIST. By Irving Brant. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.50.

James Madison, the "Father of the Constitution," lived for eighty-five years and filled the highest offices in the country. The present volume, the first of three projected, is a study of his formative years at home, at Princeton, and as a guiding spirit of the Revolution in Virginia. It closes with Madison's departure for Philadelphia in 1780 to enter the Continental Congress. In a leisurely style, with full documentation not only of Madison but of his place and time, Mr. Brant has produced a study resembling those of the old-fashioned genealogical biographers in its detailed approach but informed by up-to-date scholarship and balanced judgment.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Amazing Amazon. By Rose and Bob Brown. Modern Age. $3.

American Destiny: A Faith for America. By A. Powell Davies. Beacon Press. $1.50.

Go Down, Moses, and Other Stories. By William Faulkner, Random House. $2.50.

In Search of Sanity. By Andrew Shirra Gibb. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

Marriage and Family Life. By Gladys Hoagland Groves. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

Mr. Pan. By Emily Hahn. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Gracious Majesty. By Laurence Housman. Scribner's. $3.

Robert Alexander, Maryland Loyalist. By Jane Bassett Johnson. Putnam's. $2.50.

The Nature of Literature: Its Relation to Science, Language, and Human Experience. By Thomas Clark Pollock. Princeton. $3.

Raphael. Phaidon Edition. Oxford. $3.50.

Social Control Through Law. By Roscoe Pound. Yale. $2.

The Government of Labor Relations in Sweden. By James J. Robbins. North Carolina. $3.50.

New Trade Winds for the Seven Seas. By Alaric J. Roberts. J. F. Rowny Press. Santa Barbara. $2.75.

The New Order in Poland. By Simon Segal. Knopf. $3.

Criminology: An Attempt at a Synthetic Interpretation with a Cultural Emphasis. By Donald R. Taft. Macmillan. $4.50.

The Status System of a Modern Community. By W. Lloyd Warner and Paul S. Lunt. Yale. $3.

The Song of Bernadette. By Franz Werfel. Viking. $3.

In Alaskan Waters. By Alfred Wolfe. Caxton. $3.

The Pennsylvania Germans. Edited by Ralph Wood. Princeton. $3.

The Catholic Pattern. By Thomas F. Woodlock. Simon and Schuster. $2.

DANCE

Flamenco, Spanish, and Spanish-American

CARMEN AMAYA is the real thing; she is pure gipsy, with tempestuous black hair, a red gash of a mouth, and a scrawny body that has the resilience and speed of an alley cat. Her art is *flamenco*—that ecstatic, tragic music and dance of the Andalusian gipsies. Composed of Eastern and indigenous Spanish elements, its strange resolution of tenderness and harshness, passion and subtlety is expressed in a tonal scale ranging from deep guttural notes to a thin, high-pitched wail. At once traditional and improvised, it is Dionysian in contrast to the Apollonian classic dance of Spain. In the latter fire and ice are balanced in a firm discipline. In *flamenco* they merge in a self-destructive ecstasy.

There is a bitter beauty about Carmen's slightest gesture. Her quality, like that of a dervish dancer, is one of abandonment to an inner impulse wholly identified with a traditional dance. Despite her fierce, positive gestures, she has no volition. She not only hypnotizes her audience, she is herself hypnotized. Her every gesture is a proclamation of living flesh and blood, of the personal-eternal. Her feet bite into the ground like small, quick animals driven by a devouring hunger. The supple back sweeps into low-arched turns, snapping back from the long, uncoiling gesture with sudden, impatient arrogance. Arms, legs, and torso are living fuel heaped in climax after climax on a fire that burns with unrelenting brilliance until the dance is over and the lights go out. This is the dance straight and hot from the bowels; as it is felt in the blood, not only of Carmen, but of the ancient gipsy race to which she belongs. *Flamenco* is as foreign to us in tradition as any art can be. Yet the intense emotions it arouses are familiar and profoundly stirring.

I only hope that Carmen does not become an "artiste." Unfortunately her manager apparently feels otherwise—which may explain the inclusion on recent programs of material so unsuited to her talents as El Amor Brujo. But even here Carmen's barbaric splendor and extraordinarily eloquent gesture emerge only slightly tarnished. Her most successful offerings, however, are the brief, characteristic ones—Ay! Que Tu, the Alegrias, and Fiesta in Seville. There is no point in grooming Amaya to be a

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second Argentina. What she is more than suffices. Even tricked up in the phony *flamenco* of a manager's dream, she is great stuff. But Carmen straight is better still.

Juan Martínez, who appeared in the Revue Iberica at the Theresa Kaufmann Auditorium of the Y. M. H. A. several weeks ago, although not in a class with Amaya, is a fine *flamenco* dancer. His style is incisive, his footwork sometimes brilliant, and his whole manner disdainfully impetuous, as it should be. Only when he takes a curtain call does his terpsichorean ferocity disappear in a shy, gentle smile and faintly self-deprecatory gesture. It seems to me that he would make a far better partner for Amaya than Antonio Triana, with whom she occasionally dances. Triana's over-slick technique and all-occasion grin have transformed the Spanish *zapateado* into a kind of Broadway tap. Sofia Novoa, who contributed several very beautiful Spanish songs to the program, sang with a poised, intimate charm, and effortless graciousness.

In a series of performances at the Shubert Theater some weeks ago, Argentinita presented her varied and extensive program of Spanish dances. And she has now, with great fidelity and artistry, added several Latin American numbers to her repertoire. The Viejitos, or Little Old Men, is as close to the original as any theatricalized folk material can be. The music and costumes are authentic, and although the choreography of the indigenous Mexican dance has been modified for recital purposes, its quality and general pattern are largely retained. Argentinita is a pleasant dancer in the somewhat restrained, classic style. A conscious and accomplished artist, she is smooth and subtle, and has an unassuming elegance. But she unfortunately lacks the glamour without which the Spanish dance is not quite Spanish, and though her programs offer enjoyment they provide no excitement.

To return to *flamenco,* if you feel that way about it, you should hear Villarino, an excellent Spanish guitarist and singer. He does a few numbers at the Casita in the Village, and turns up occasionally on small recital programs. I heard him a few weeks ago at one of the Coffee Concerts at the Museum of Modern Art, where he was the only noteworthy artist on an otherwise dull patchwork program of mediocrities—one of those pretentiously intimate affairs. He plays with feeling and restraint, and he knows the popular music of Spain.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

RECORDS

VICTOR'S April list offers one of Bach's finest works, the Sonata No. 3 for violin and clavier, played on the violin and piano by Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin (Set 887, $2.63). The long, sustained lines of the phrases of the opening Adagio are broken by the swells, the lilts, the rhythmic unsteadiness of Yehudi's playing—to say nothing of his lapse into *sotto voce* near the end; and his pace in the third movement Adagio is too fast for its proper effect. The two Allegros he plays more satisfactorily; and the mere physical sound of his tone is better—more compact and sweet—than it has been.

For those whose love for Brahms's chamber music I do not share there is the set (883, $4.73) of his Trio Op. 8—an early work with late revisions. Artur Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Feuermann play very well together; and the sound of their performance on the records is excellent, except for some rattles—even with a heavy Astatic pickup—on two of the sides.

Of Brahms there are also two rarely heard songs for alto, viola obbligato, and piano: "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Geistliches Wiegenlied," sung by Marian Anderson, with Primrose playing viola and Rupp at the piano (Set 882, $2.63). "Geistliches Wiegenlied" is a setting of the Lope de Vega poem in the Geibel-Heyse "Spanish Song Book" that is the text of Hugo Wolf's wonderful song "Die ihr schwebet"; but in striking contrast to the agitation of the Wolf song is the quiet of Brahms's lullaby—a quite charming adaptation of an old Christmas song. "Gestillte Sehnsucht" I find less interesting. Both are beautifully sung, played, and recorded.

Weber's Sonata No. 1, the least interesting of his piano sonatas, is played by Arrau with admirable musical style and a brilliant technique that manifests itself mostly in the unobtrusiveness with which it disposes of the difficulties of the work. The recorded sound is good, except for rattles on the fourth side.

Victor's February sets of Walton's Violin Concerto, Shostakovitch's Sixth Symphony, and Liszt's Mephisto Waltz still have not arrived; and I am hoping that I won't have to judge these orchestral recordings by their reproduction on the phonographs in record stores.

Of Columbia's April releases I have received the new recording of Brahms's Second Symphony made by Weingartner with the London Philharmonic (Set 493, $5.78). This performance, like Beecham's in the older Columbia set, offers the straightforward statement of the work that I consider most effective—except for a departure from the Weingartner steadiness of pace, in the first part of the slow movement, that is so unusual for him that it strikes the ear. As for other differences, Weingartner's more deliberate pace is better for the first movement; Beecham's less headlong one is better for the last; and his performance has the characteristic Beecham sharpness of contour and accent. The sound of the Beecham performance on the records is clear, with good balance between treble and bass; that of the Weingartner is, of course, richer, smoother, and more spacious, but with the balance tipped markedly toward the bass.

I have also received Columbia's April set (495, $3.68) of the arrangement for symphony orchestra that Jerome Kern made of his "Show Boat" music for Rodzinski, who performs it with his Cleveland Orchestra. If it is all right to play a string of waltzes by Strauss at a symphony concert it is all right to play a string of equally engaging tunes from "Show Boat"; and then there is no need to justify it, as the accompanying notes do, by verbal distinctions without factual differences—no need, that is, to contend that when the tunes are strung together in the order in which they occur with the stage action, and the sequence is called a scenario and is scored for symphony orchestra, then the result is not a potpourri but a summary of the story in musical language and "a new form dictated by the elaborate resources of a symphony orchestra." (There is need, rather, of giving the story for those who, like myself, happen not to have seen either the stage or the screen version.) The performance is excellent; the recording is Columbia's best achievement—as beautiful in sound as the one of Mahler's First, but without its rattles or break-ups.

The Hargail Recorder Music Publishers have issued a set of two 10-inch discs ($2.63)—one (MW101) with five little English duets for alto recorders, the other (MW102) with a Sonata by Schickhardt for alto recorders and harpsichord. Those who play the recorder themselves may get more enjoyment from the music than I do, and will want to know that it seems to be played well by Alfred Mann and Anton Winkler (recorders) and Edith Weiss-Mann (harpsichord).

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

It's Time to Get Tough

Dear Sirs: I want to commend your attitude on the suppression of the anti-democratic pamphlets, magazines, and speeches of our fascists, whose primary aim is not freedom of speech and press to improve our democratic form of government but freedom to destroy it. As you said in your able rebuttal of Roger Baldwin's fear, we are fighting a war to survive, and liberties must be curtailed in order that we may use all our energies for winning the war; peace-time privileges and licenses must go by the board along with the slogan "business as usual."

It is lamentable that many of our educators and intellectuals, such as Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Robert Hutchins, Norman Thomas, Senator La Follette, Oswald Garrison Villard, and others, have so feared the effects of a war upon our economy that they became blind to the actual facts confronting us, and could imagine that pompous pronouncements would dissipate the danger of war. Such men have proved incapable of being true leaders of the liberal elements of our country. In my opinion, the acts of such bankrupt liberals have retarded our preparation for this war as effectively as the acts of a person in the pay of our enemies could have done. Possibly these men now see the error of their ways, but in my judgment they failed to serve properly during a critical period and thus defaulted on their obligations.

It is high time for us to get "tough" and do those things which are essential for winning this war, regardless of our peace-time rights.

DAVID WEINTRAUB

Houston, Tex., May 8

Attention Roger Baldwin

Dear Sirs: I have sent the following letter to the American Civil Liberties Union to explain why I am not renewing my membership.

> I cannot support your attacks on the methods employed by the Administration in banning *Social Justice.* I can appreciate your contention that a government that acts against a dangerous minority today can likewise act against a defenseless minority tomorrow, and that any action taken must be one in which the minority's civil rights will be protected by the courts. *But* if the fascists got into power, all your impartial policies would be knocked into a cocked hat; as a matter of fact the Civil Liberties Union would be the first to feel the ax because its purposes and methods are dangerous to the functioning of the totalitarian state. Wake up, Mr. Baldwin, not to your moral responsibilities, which you bend backward in upholding—but to the stark realism of the present. Do not make the mistake of trying to save the withered tip of a small branch of the tree of liberty, when it is being attacked at the roots.

ALAN N. BROWN

Detroit, Mich., April 28

Mr. Bates Answers His Critic

Dear Sirs: Mr. Taylor's right to disagree with the military analysis contained in my article What's Right with Britain is indisputable. But he should not simplify his case by attributing to me views which are not expressed in that article and which I certainly do not hold. In his letter in your issue of April 25 he writes, "Mr. Bates believes that the 130 divisions in England, in addition to the Home Guard, must remain there for home protection." In astonishment I quote my own words, that "while the Britain of 1942, I believe, will have so far passed the mark of defense that it might open a new front, it cannot risk an engagement with the total German forces not occupied in Russia." That, surely, is explicit enough. Later Mr. Taylor says, "While an attack in the West may not, indeed, be possible at this time, Mr. Bates's figures tend to indicate the contrary." Exactly, they were intended to indicate the contrary, and define the limit of expectation. I confess surprise at Mr. Taylor's apparently wavering faith in his doctrine.

I shall not attempt to answer such unsupported assertions as "This tonnage ratio [of two and one-half tons of shipping per man for a Continental invasion] is obviously incorrect" except to say that the error is not obvious and that Mr. Taylor's daring, while admirable, does not provide ships. Nor, by the way, did I argue that Britain's tonnage lack was an insuperable bar to all aggressive action.

And I must protest against Mr. Taylor's distortion of my argument when he writes, "Instead of using the British army for the purpose of attack on the Continent—with American reinforcements—Mr. Bates recommends that additional forces be sent to Libya and Suez." I recommend nothing of the sort. Nor should I care to argue, as my critic appears to do, that the Mediterranean regions and the Continent may be considered alternative battlefields.

Permit me to summarize my views thus:

1. Britain's tremendous achievement, secured at staggering cost, is that it has passed the mark of adequate defense.

2. I believe that Britain has sufficient aggressive power to open, not a second front, for that exists and is preventing Hitler from throwing the whole of his army against Russia, but a new front, perhaps a plurality of them. These new fronts would need vast reinforcements later in order to administer the final blow.

3. I reject all arguments based merely on the belief that we must win victory in 1942 or never. They imply that the Soviets will collapse this summer unless the United Nations can engage the entirety of the German army not occupied in resisting the Red Army.

4. It is the consequence partly of geographic facts and partly of political ones over which the Churchill government has had no control that the greater part of the land fighting now falls to the Soviet Union. Therefore the other United Nations should guarantee recompense to Russia and aid in the post-war reconstruction of that country.

RALPH BATES

New York, May 4

"The Human Understanding Perplexes Itself"

Dear Sirs: Jacques Barzun's unhelpful review of I. A. Richards's twin books on April 25 provokes comment on several counts; but not because it is provocative. Mr. Barzun shows as little inclination to argument as the readers to whom he says the new "Republic" will not appeal. We might well enough borrow his own words to state his attitude to "How to Read a Page." "The way of arguing can hardly be made attractive to those who do not already feel some liking for the enterprise."

What does call for consideration is the position Mr. Barzun takes *between* the books he speaks of and those who might read them with profit. Easy reading of his complaints may leave the impression: (1) that only a man "aglow with pedagogical earnestness" would think everyone should read Plato; (2) that "How to Read a Page" was meant to be an easy book to read, and failed; (3) that Richards himself can't write, never mind read; that he has "no ear," inner or outer or both; (4) that he is furthermore a pedant.

Views on whether Plato has or has not "said the last word" on any subject may be arrived at only through reading him. Mr. Richards would like more people to do so, and thinks his text may help. Mr. Barzun replies that the "lowbrow" will have a taste only for familiar ideas, never mind the vocabulary, and then refers to "Plato's Spartan regime, with class barriers," etc. Is he indulging himself in this little historical cliché to keep people from learning anything from Plato direct, and must we assume that a liking for new ideas and argument in writing cannot be started in those who haven't it already?

It seems strange that, in commenting upon hardness in reading, Mr. Barzun does not allude to what is said about it in "How to Read a Page." For instance: "It is the hard sentences and paragraphs which can do us good, as readers; our mental gums need strengthening. But the hardness must be of the right sort. . . ." "There is a common saying that what is written with difficulty is read with ease and another of the opposite effect. These seem as misleading as any such sayings."

And again, this time a sympathetic anticipation of Mr. Barzun's perplexities: "Most of the remedies, in fact, for feared obscurity are worse than the disease, and my explanations may well be harder to understand than the passage I am elucidating. No matter. It is the exercise in attending to its own doings which strengthens the reading mind."

The pronouncement on Mr. Richards's own style is perhaps not worth a comment. Mr. Barzun quite evidently sees no distinction between precision in the use of words and the pedantry of "correct usage." His reference to Butler as supplying the *definitive* reasons for contemporary speech-modes in translation without saying what they are is warning enough of this.

And as to "Francis of Verulam's Great Instauration," the best-known edition (Bohn, 1864) gives the book that title. There was no pedantry in quoting from it; only a reminder that the age which realized Bacon's dream thought of "mighty Verulam" so. "Francis of Verulam thought thus, and such is the method which he determined within himself, and which he thought

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it concerned the living and posterity to know," its opening reads, and the first statement of "The Announcement" that follows sounds a timely warning worth adding to Mr. Richards's own quotations: "The human understanding perplexes itself, or makes not a sober and advantageous use of the real helps within its reach, whence manifold ignorance and inconvenience arise."

CHRISTINE M. GIBSON

Cambridge, Mass., May 6

Bombard Dies Now!

Dear Sirs: You are absolutely correct in saying about Martin Dies, "If the Texan is to be stopped, laborites and liberals will have to organize now, not wait until a few weeks before his request for a new appropriation comes up next year." Citizens who wish to forestall the wasteful and obstructionist activities of Dies might be organized into units to be known as the "Martin Bombers"—the idea being to bombard both Dies and Congress with criticism of Dies's work. HAROLD J. JONAS

New York, May 7

End Divided Allegiance!

Dear Sirs: I am addressing the following petition to the Secretary of State at Washington:

I respectfully petition that in the treaty of peace which will end the present war the United States shall demand, in lieu of such indemnities as it may be undesirable to insist on, universal recognition of the validity of naturalization.

We have too long acquiesced in the contention of certain powers—eminent among which have been Italy and, in very recent years, Germany—that allegiance to them had an inalienable quality, so that their former citizens or subjects, when they had been duly and in good faith naturalized as Americans, nevertheless remained subject to all the obligations and liabilities of their former allegiance. The coming treaty of peace will be a good time to end this scandal.

Some action for this purpose is demanded not only by the interests and self-respect of the United States but by consideration for the rights of man; for it is a right of man to choose his own political association, subject to the assent of those with whom he desires to associate himself, but not necessarily depending on the assent of those from whom he desires to dissociate himself.

When we permit American citizens to be held inescapably bound to the service of a foreign power whose allegiance they have voluntarily renounced, we are acquiescing in a form of slavery for United States citizens.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., April 25

Broadcast by an Old I.W.W.

Dear Sirs: I am a patient at the State Tuberculosis Sanitarium at Salem, Ore. (R 5, Box 28). I have been here for six months and expect to remain indefinitely. I am an ex-member of the I. W. W. and would like to hear from some of my old friends and acquaintances. Would you oblige me by inserting this in your letter columns? I have no other way of broadcasting the fact that I am confined here.

KENNETH C. MACLENNAN

Salem, Ore., May 5

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The Shape of Things

BY ITS ENVELOPING MOVEMENT AROUND Kharkov the Red Army has seized the initiative in the opening round of the 1942 Battle of Russia. Although it is not easy to follow the course of the fighting from the meager Russian communiqués, Marshal Timoshenko appears to have adopted the favorite German strategy of driving wedges into the enemy lines with the immediate objective of forcing evacuation of Kharkov, which the Reichswehr fortified strongly during the winter. If this aim is achieved, the Russians will regain control of the vital network of railroads which center in this city and will imperil the whole system of German communications with the Crimea and the eastern Ukraine. Thus the local and as yet incomplete success of the German-Rumanian forces at Kerch would be nullified. The Germans have acknowledged both the importance of the Kharkov battle and the strength of the Russian drive by throwing in large tank forces, but Moscow claims that all counter-attacks have been repulsed. On the rest of the vast Russian front comparative inactivity continues, but it can hardly be long before the huge opposing armies clash all along the line. Last summer Hitler was able to push forward in Russia with little concern for his rear in Western Europe. This year he cannot neglect the menacing possibility of a United Nations invasion—a possibility which looms larger with the arrival of new and fully equipped American contingents in Northern Ireland. When and where the blow will fall is information Berlin would dearly love to receive. For the present we must content ourselves with Sir Stafford Cripps's assurance that "the time is at hand when we must prepare ourselves to take the offensive in the decisive stages of the war."

✱

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMEN WHO HAVE BEEN interned in Germany and are now being repatriated have cabled from Lisbon much detailed information of conditions in the Third Reich as it braces itself for a supreme effort to conquer Russia. Their reports tend to confirm the findings of Fritz Sternberg, who in an article on page 595 analyzes the causes of the increasing economic strain to which Germany is being subjected. A reduction in rations, shortage of clothing, and the suppression of the last amenities of life have served to depress the Germans and to warn them that the third year of this war may prove uncomfortably similar to 1917, when every victory only served to bring defeat nearer. A correspondent of the New York *Times* writing from Stockholm points out that in 1940 the Nazi propaganda slogan was "We have won." In 1941 it changed to "We will win"; and now there is yet a third—"We must win." There have been two major causes for this new mood with its undertones of desperation—the entry of America into the war and the toll of the Russian winter campaign. Louis P. Lochner, former Associated Press correspondent in Berlin, declares that the Germans were dumbfounded when Hitler, reversing his previous political strategy, declared war on the United States. They are not impressed by the constant propaganda efforts to depreciate America's capacity to wage war. They know what happened last time, and they have a shivering respect for American resources and mechanical skill. But if the Germans are gloomy they are not defeated, nor are they ripe for revolt, as the returning correspondents do well to remind us. The economic squeeze from which they are now suffering may already be reducing fighting efficiency. But only a resounding defeat of the still immensely strong Reichswehr can bring about a collapse.

*

EVEN IN ITALY, WHERE CONDITIONS ARE FAR more desperate and where the whole population is deeply conscious of the fact that Italy has lost the war no matter what its outcome, there is no sign of general revolt, according to returning correspondents. The foundations of fascism have been almost eaten away by the corruption and inefficiency of the Fascists, but the building is being shored up by the German army and police, and until they are forced to withdraw, its final disintegration is likely to be postponed. Herbert L. Matthews reports that the Germans are everywhere in Italy. They make no effort to hide their contempt for the Italians, and the Italians repay them with intense hatred. The wealth piled up by the party big-wigs and the industrialists, who have always cooperated with the regime, is a further cause of bitterness. Mussolini, Mr. Matthews reports, is less hated than despised as a fool who made a bad guess when he jumped into the war. Even his "victory" over France has turned out to be hollow, for it is clear that his boss Hitler has no intention of disturbing Vichy by awarding Italy the prizes of Corsica, Tunisia, and Nice.

*

NEWS FROM THE BURMA FRONT IS STILL confused. But although the Chinese continue to hold up the Japanese advance in certain sectors, it is evident that the enemy has succeeded in consolidating his hold over the greater part of the country as well as over most of the strategic centers on the Chinese side of the border. Now that the British have completely evacuated Burma, correspondents attached to their forces have been permitted to send dispatches explaining the defeat. They attribute the disaster chiefly to the refusal of the Colonial Government to permit the Chinese to enter Burma until the fate of Rangoon was sealed. Other factors were the failure to send air reinforcements until the Japanese had completely gained the upper hand, the diversion of two Australian divisions intended for Burma to Australia, and panic among the native population. It is possible that the lack of air support was due to conditions which could not be remedied. But mismanagement clearly underlay the other factors contributing to the defeat. The Chinese were not admitted because an unfavorable reaction from the Burmese was feared. Yet there is no evidence that the Burmese population actually resented the Chinese when they did come. As in Malaya, Britain's errors were those of an unregenerate colonial power. No effort was made to mobilize the Burmese for their own defense, or apparently even to train them in air-raid precautions. Unfortunately it is the Chinese, who bear no blame for the disaster, who must pay the heaviest price for the loss of Burma.

*

NEWS FROM THE SHIPPING FRONT WAS GOOD this past week. Shipbuilding from January 1 to May 10 was fully up to schedule, according to a report submitted to the President by Admiral Land, war-shipping chief. The United States, Admiral Land declares, has been building ships "faster than ever before in the history of the world." But although it looks as if the President's seemingly impossible quota of 8,000,000 tons of merchant shipping would be reached this year, recent sinkings have been so heavy that this will not be enough. So far this year 191 United Nations merchant vessels have been sunk, while only 120 new vessels have been put into service in this country. And if offensives are to be developed in Europe and the Pacific, the need for ships will be greatly increased. As if in answer to the need, the Maritime Commission has announced that on Friday, May 22, National Maritime Day, thirty new ships will be launched, making a total of fifty this month. A further optimistic note is added by the agreement that has just been reached at the National Shipbuilding Stabilization Conference fixing the basic wage for skilled mechanics in the shipyards of the entire country at $1.20 an hour, an increase of 7 per cent over the previous wage. This will eliminate threatened difficulties due to wage differentials. The workers not only accepted what, in many cases, was a smaller wage increase than was provided in their union contracts, but agreed to take the increase in war bonds. May we suggest that the owners of the shipyards, who are known to be making good profits, take a hint from their workers and agree to invest all earnings above a fixed minimum in bonds?

HOW ACTING PRESIDENT CASTILLO OF Argentina is carrying out his program of "neutrality" has been freshly demonstrated through information from Buenos Aires about the recent activities of the Argentine Nationalist Party. Like the puppet statesmen of Europe, Señor Castillo undoubtedly thought that solemn assurances of non-partisanship in the conflict, followed by a few amiable concessions to the United Nations in questions of minor importance, were sufficient to cover a pro-Axis policy. But if there was still anybody who felt tempted to trust the Argentine "Gauleiter" when last December he proclaimed, always in the name of neutrality, a state of siege, his unscrupulous behavior during the March elections could not deceive the silliest appeaser. While the Radical and Socialist candidates were not permitted, under the emergency decrees, to make the slightest reference to foreign policy, the Argentine Nationalist Party indulged in scandalous and open agitation in favor of the Axis powers. It was not surprising, therefore, once the elections were over, to see the Nationalists, whom the Congressional Committee of Investigation had denounced as a Nazi organization, become the masters of the streets. Their meetings and demonstrations and the Hitlerite performances of their leader, Manuel Fresco, the powerful former Governor of the Province of Buenos Aires, have all the flavor of the days that, in Europe, preceded the coming to power of fascist regimes.

* * *

ODELL WALLER IS A NEGRO SHARE-CROPPER of Pittsylvania County, Virginia, who shot his landlord after an argument over the division of crops. Although Waller pleaded that he had acted in self-defense, he was found guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced to death. The evidence surrounding the shooting itself is confused and contradictory, and it is not impossible that the killing was premeditated. The fact is, however, that no recent case has served so well to highlight the evils of the poll-tax system. Charged with a crime for which he might have to die, Waller was denied the fundamental American right of trial by a jury of his peers. Since only voters are eligible for jury duty, and only those who pay the poll tax may vote, not one of the talesmen shared Waller's social and economic status. More than half of the men on the jury that was finally chosen were landlords who rented to tenants like Waller. Under the circumstances the Workers' Defense League decided that the Waller case was an excellent opportunity not only to help a man get a fair trial but also to test the constitutionality of the poll tax. Two years of litigation have brought the case to the Supreme Court, which is now for the second time being petitioned to review the evidence. Governor Darden of Virginia has humanely stayed Waller's execution until June 19 in order to give his lawyers more time. A review of the case by the court would be more than a simple act of justice to the condemned man; it would be a reassurance to the Negro population, which has been embittered by discrimination in the war effort and such episodes as the Sojourner Truth riots, that the country which asks them to fight is trying to give them a fairer deal.

* * *

TWO "LIBERAL" PATENT DECISIONS HANDED down by the Supreme Court in the Masonite and Univis Lens cases only serve to underscore the need for enacting S 2491, the new Bone-La Follette-O'Mahoney patents bill. The court's decisions will make it difficult, if not impossible, to use patents to enforce resale prices. But the court sidestepped the government's plea that it overrule the old General Electric decision granting a limited monopoly to patent holders and chose not to decide the question of whether a patent holder had the right to suppress his patent. The Bone-La Follette-O'Mahoney bill goes much farther than the War Patents bill previously introduced by the same Senators. It is designed to prevent the use of patents to fix prices and to prevent the suppression of patents. Unfortunately, the section on suppression leaves too much discretion in the hands of the Commissioner of Patents and too many loopholes for clever lawyers. The new bill is an improvement on the old one, but what we still need is a measure for compulsory licensing of all patents at reasonable royalty rates to be determined by an administrative body. Nothing less will end the evils of patent monopolies.

* * *

WOMEN WILL BE TAKEN INTO THE ARMY for the first time in history as a result of the passage of Representative Edith Nourse Rogers's bill setting up a Women's Auxiliary Army Corps of 150,000 volunteers. The first step in the organization of the corps was taken with the appointment of Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby as director, with the rank of major. For the moment it is intended that the women shall perform only such noncombatant services as typing, cooking, baking, and clerical work, but it is probable that the range of these activities will be constantly expanded. In Britain women are serving in ground crews for the R. A. F. and, in some instances, are actually operating anti-aircraft guns. In Russia and China women are performing technical duties close to the front. The WAAC is a start in the right direction, but it is evident that we shall have to make far greater use of women before we can even begin to talk of total warfare. Registration of women is being violently opposed by certain church groups as endangering the "sanctity of the American home." Yet it is certain that an Axis victory would destroy all that is most worth conserving in American life—including the home.

The Rationing Muddle

IN CONTRAST to sugar rationing, gasoline rationing in the Eastern states has not been accepted gracefully by the general public. But it is folly to accuse the man on the street of lack of patriotism or failure to recognize the seriousness of the war because he is disgruntled by the way the gasoline shortage has been handled. If he feels there is something wrong with the rationing scheme, it is probably because the plan has been badly worked out or because the government has done a bad job of popular education.

As a matter of fact, in both these respects the job was bungled in Washington. Even government officials who are responsible for the system adopted admit that serious and needless mistakes have been made. The bungling started last summer when a temporary shortage in transport facilities was exaggerated, and the public, instead of receiving full information and being asked to cooperate, was lectured on the enormity of "jackrabbit starting." This approach caused resentment, which grew when it became clear that the shortage could have been minimized by the mobilization of tank cars. Then came the conflicting stories this spring regarding the severity of the proposed rationing system. This time Secretary Ickes gave a relatively optimistic picture of the gasoline situation, while an unnamed OPA spokesman frightened people by intimating that everyone would have to get along on two and one-half gallons a week.

Thus the gasoline rationing program had two strikes called against it before it was announced. But as it proved to be more liberal than people had expected, it might have been accepted without difficulty if it had not contained several serious technical weaknesses. The most important of these was the failure to put gasoline use clearly on a need basis. People were not asked whether they *had to* use their car in going to work or whether they *had to* use their car in business, but whether they *did* use their car for these purposes. The result was confusion mixed with a considerable amount of bitterness. Many persons who accepted A cards because they did not have to use their cars for business were bitter when they found that some of their neighbors, who could equally well switch to other forms of transportation, had asked for and received B or even X cards. Feeling was particularly bitter in the country because no gasoline was allowed to enable a family to make a weekly or semiweekly shopping trip, though it might be allowed to obtain feed for cattle or chickens.

Some of these difficulties could have been avoided if the OPA had sent out more precise instructions; others, if car owners had been compelled to prove need before obtaining a B or X card. Even now it is probable that much unnecessary use of cars could be prevented by a public listing of all holders of B and X cards, as suggested by the President, coupled with action compelling all cars to carry a letter on their windshields showing the ration classification of their owners. This would bring public opinion to bear on offenders, and the presence of a car with an X or a B at a seashore resort or sporting event could then automatically become a matter for investigation.

Another serious technical weakness in the scheme may be found in the failure to provide any check on the gasoline dealer. As the plan stands, there is no way of knowing definitely whether a gasoline dealer is actually limiting his sales to the three gallons per unit specified by the OPA. Each filling station is limited in the amount of gasoline that it may obtain, but there is no real check on the dealer who fills up the tanks of favored customers. In contrast, the dealer in sugar must deliver coupons for every pound of sugar he gets from the wholesaler, and the wholesaler must produce coupons in getting his supplies from the refiner. There is also reason to question the advisability of allowing the unrestricted purchase of gasoline after rationing had been announced. Fortunately, gasoline is difficult to hoard, but even so a considerable number of people appear to have filled all their available containers in the week before May 15. Hoarding cannot be stopped either by OPA injunctions or by calling it unpatriotic. It can best be circumvented by clamping down restrictions without advance notice.

The worst aspect of the gasoline muddle is its effect on the whole rationing and price-control program. The public has been unnecessarily antagonized, and it is in no mood to accept further restrictions even though these are very much in the interest of the ordinary man. Little effort has been made to tell the average person in simple comprehensible language the reasons why rationing is necessary, or why it has been done in the way that it has. He has not been told why, for example, rationing is necessary in the Eastern states and not in western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. Above all, he has not been made to feel that in inaugurating a rationing program the government is acting in his interest as an ordinary consumer.

This, of course, is a failure in public relations and a serious one. The root of the difficulty is a misconception of rationing that lies deep in popular thinking. We did not have rationing in this country in the last war, and most people have associated it with privation and bread lines. Actually, of course, it is intended to forestall these things. It is a device to prevent the well-to-do from hoarding unlimited amounts of scarce articles while the average person goes without. Essentially, it is democratic and fair. Everyone, rich or poor, commoner or official, is placed on the same footing. We can be very sure that if we did not have a system of rationing for tires, gasoline, and sugar the public would very soon be demanding it. But this is precisely where the OPA has blundered. It has not given the public a chance to demand rationing because it has not told it the facts or permitted it to experience, even mildly, the results of scarcity where there is no rationing.

The President himself is partially responsible for this mistake in emphasis. His latest fireside talk was skilfully designed to kindle the fires of patriotism in the American people and to prepare them for sacrifices. But in listing rationing along with higher taxes, stabilization of wages, and sacrificial bond-buying as part of a seven-point program for controlling inflation, the public was given the impression that rationing was simply another hardship that would have to be borne stoically. Similarly, price control—designed solely to protect consumers against the hardships of inflation—was received as if it were something to be endured for the sake of the boys abroad. This interpretation has been encouraged by the anti-Roosevelt press; but Mr. Roosevelt failed to counter it with the skill that is at his command.

Undoubtedly, the public must be prepared to accept sacrifices for the sake of the war effort. These sacrifices will probably be greater than any but a few anticipate at this time. But no great campaign is necessary to prepare people to accept these hardships. By and large, they will accept anything asked of them if they are sure of two points: (1) that it is necessary; (2) that they are not being called upon to make larger sacrifices than their neighbors. The gasoline program has been mismanaged on both counts. Fortunately, it is a temporary program designed only to last to July 1. The six weeks remaining before the creation of a permanent system should allow ample time to remedy the defects and to permit a really good job to be done in telling the public why these drastic steps are being taken. The success of the war effort, in so far as it is dependent on morale, rests to a considerable extent on the skill with which government handles these two tasks.

"Post-War" Planning—Dollar-a-Year Style

WE ARE beginning to pay a heavy price for leaving the mobilization of industry in the hands of business men. In a series of behind-the-scenes decisions the War Production Board has abandoned or curtailed one plan after another for the expansion of industrial capacity. Because we lack the steel to build new steel plants, plans to expand steel capacity by some 15,000,000 tons have been reduced to less than 5,000,000. The new policy is to sacrifice expansion of facilities for making both materials and arms to the immediate need for more steel and copper and other metals to meet the President's huge production quotas for planes, ships, and tanks. The new policy is the fruit of necessity, not strategy, and may mean even greater shortages in 1944 and 1945. But it will please the steel and machine-tool industries, both of which have fought expansion as a menace to monopolistic combinations and "stable prices."

The successful rear-guard action fought by the steel interests against expansion makes it more necessary than ever to put the mobilization of industry in independent hands. Rationalization of the steel industry along the lines of the Murray plan would increase ultimate output. The copper industry is still operating at far less than capacity, and labor's suggestions for increasing its production are still being ignored. In the durable-goods industries drastic reorganization of the WPB's structure is even more necessary. For if we are to build no more new plants for planes and tanks and fewer new ways for ships, it is all the more essential to have complete conversion of civilian durable-goods facilities, to spread orders to small business, and to use new short-cut methods in production, notably in shipbuilding. Though the facts are being kept as secret as possible to shield business from criticism, insiders at the WPB are beginning to realize that conversion is far from achieved. Most of the "war goods" now coming from the automobile, radio, and other civilian industries are normal products and parts on order for the army, navy, and lease-lend.

An exception to the new policy will be plants for making synthetic rubber, explosives, and high-octane gas. Here there is need for breaking the hold of the great oil, chemical, alcohol, and rubber combines on the program in order to cut down its cost in materials and time. The petroleum process for making synthetic rubber seems to be the most roundabout and the most costly in steel and other materials; yet the RFC and the WPB are still fighting against production from alcohol to be made in turn from surplus grain. Were independent men put in charge of these programs and representatives of big business reduced to their proper role as consultants, much time and precious material could be saved. A similar shake-up and a similar new approach are needed to reorganize the railroads for war. Business-as-usual practices in railroading continue with little check, and as a result the building of unnecessary new freight cars is eating up much valuable steel plate and using railroad-equipment shops which should be at work on our lagging tank program. Railroad-equipment shops are ideally suited for tank production, but a major part of their output is still freight cars. New freight cars would be unnecessary if wasteful duplication and competition in railroad service were eliminated.

Another corollary of the new policy is to concentrate making of replacement parts for the civilian durable-goods industries in one or two plants for the duration. Here commercial rivalries and a desire to protect well-advertised brand names are obstacles to productive efficiency. The WPB has just taken its first tentative step toward concentration in the tiny domestic cook-stove industry, but in the meantime valuable materials are still being chewed up for replacement parts in automobile, radio, and other plants. Steel's opposition to expansion, like automobile and radio reluctance to embark on complete conversion, reflects industry's concern with a kind of "post-war planning." Too many business men who are more worried about their competitive position after the war than about winning the war occupy too many of the key positions on the War Production Board.

McCormick's Gas Attack

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

TO BE attacked by the Chicago *Tribune* and its satellite, the Washington *Times-Herald,* is an honor; to be lied about by them is routine. When the *Tribune* calls an organization or a person Communist, one can assume that it—or he, or she—is pro-war, pro-democratic, and probably pro-Administration. So the Union for Democratic Action and the *New Republic* and the editor of *The Nation,* who share this label in a recent blast published by the *Tribune* and the *Times-Herald,* can congratulate themselves on their record and their common enemy. In a small way it is like having one's books burned by the Nazis.

The occasion of the attack was the appearance of the excellent supplement to the *New Republic* on the coming Congressional elections, prepared in the Washington office of the Union for Democratic Action. The supplement summarized the position on all major issues of the present Congress, man by man, showing clearly the obstructionism of a large proportion of the Republicans. In this summary the votes and words of those Representatives and Senators dearest to the isolationist hearts of Pattersons and McCormicks alike shone out with intense luminosity. To dim the glaring effect the *Tribune* sought to smear the organization and the journal which prepared and published the facts. The writer made the McCormick honor roll only as an official of the U. D. A. but was treated to a rather special dose of lies. The technique is one the Nazis have used from the beginning of their fight for power. It has been made familiar in this country by Mr. Dies and his henchman, Mr. Matthews. You call your opponent a Communist knowing well he is nothing of the sort. That tends to discredit him among those who know little about him and scares off persons who might otherwise be persuaded by his arguments to join his side. And by extension, the false label attached to your opponent gradually fastens itself to the man or party he supports; so when Mr. Dies calls some New Dealer a Communist, the attack is indirectly aimed at the New Deal itself and through it at the President.

The charge that *The Nation* follows the Communist line answers itself; the charge that the Union for Democratic Action or its officers have any connection with Communist or "front" organizations is categorically untrue. The question that immediately presents itself is the question raised by every similar smear. At whom or what is the Chicago *Tribune* aiming? In this case the answer is easy. The isolationists see the handwriting on the walls of next November's election booths. And the words written there echo the title of *The Nation's* series of stories about Quisling candidates: Keep Them Out! The *Tribune* isn't interested in attacking Communists, real or imaginary. It is interested in electing to Congress those Representatives and Senators—like Day and Brooks in Illinois—who can be counted upon to work for a limited, nationalist war instead of the total war to which this nation is committed, and to prepare the way for an isolationist peace. That is the policy of the Pattersons and McCormicks and of the men whose record is set down in the U. D. A. report. To pack Congress with those men is a necessity if the policy is to be translated into action. Such is the aim of the *Tribune's* gas attack.

But the lies directed by these newspapers at *The Nation* and its editor and the *New Republic* and the U. D. A. are relatively unimportant. The disturbing aspect of the attack is the inclusion of an alleged report on the U. D. A. taken from the files of the State Department. This scurrilous document is described by I. F. Stone in his Washington letter on the next page. Its publication raises a question that calls for an immediate answer from the highest officials of the department: How did this collection of false statements get into the department files, and, once there, how did it get out? Mr. Stone quotes the department's information chief as saying that "anything" might be in the files; and this of course is true. But if the report were merely the unsolicited outpouring of some crank, how did it come into the possession of a Chicago *Tribune* reporter—a man who, incidentally, has been the medium of at least one other major leak? Casual crank letters in department files are seldom, I should think, turned over to newspaper men to be used in attacks on private citizens and organizations. And why, even if this document was a serious item in the State Department's dossier on "communistic activities," should it have been put at the disposal of newspapers which devote their major efforts to attacking and obstructing the policy supposedly made and administered in that department?

The Chicago *Tribune* in another column spoke slightingly of the "*Life-Time-Fortune* axis." Far more interesting than an "axis" discovered within a single publishing house would be an alliance between Administration officials, small or large, and private anti-Administration interests. Is there a McCormick-Patterson-State Department axis? The answer can only come from Washington.

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Washington Notes

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 18

SOME time ago a minor official at the State Department who is supposed to be in charge of anti-Nazi work of some sort dropped dark hints to a friend of mine about "the most dangerous man in America." This tantalizingly sinister creature, when his name was finally coaxed from the State Department sleuth, turned out to be Frank Kingdon, the clergyman who is president of the Union for Democratic Action. The conversation took place shortly after Kingdon and other officials of the U. D. A. had had the temerity to criticize the department's attitude toward the "so-called" Free French. It may comfort the Free French to know that they are held in no greater odium by some State Department officials than are the free Americans.

On Saturday the Chicago *Tribune* and the Washington *Times-Herald* ran an attack on the U. D. A., the *New Republic* supplement on Congress, Freda Kirchwey, and *The Nation. The Nation* was described as a "proletarian organ which closely follows the Communist Party line." The Chicago *Tribune* story reprinted a report which purported to come from the files of the State Department. It described the U. D. A. as "an aggregation of persons whose chief claim to public attention is their long record of affiliation with the front organizations of the Communist Party." In addition to Miss Kirchwey and Dr. Kingdon, the report named Reinhold Niebuhr and A. Philip Randolph among the reds, a classification that must puzzle the *Daily Worker*.

"Even more sinister than the past records of the Union's members," the supposed State Department report continues, "is the objective of the group." And what is the sinister purpose of the group? "That objective may be summarized briefly," the document says, "as the utilization of America's war crisis for the purpose of effecting what the Union believes to be a program of social gains." There are people who might bring the same indictment against the Four Freedoms. It would surprise no one to learn that some of those people are in the State Department.

Chesly Manly, who wrote the Chicago *Tribune* story, insisted that the report is in the "communistic activities" file at the State Department. Michael J. McDermott, chief of the department's Division of Current Information, said that he was unable to find any trace of such a document in the department but hesitated to issue a denial until he was sure. McDermott suggested that "anything" might be "in the files" of the State Department. I am inclined to agree with him, though in a somewhat different sense. It would be interesting to know how Manly obtained the document and the extent to which State Department officials cooperate with the appeasement press.

New Dealers, have greeted with approval and relief the President's courageous action in commuting Earl Browder's sentence. Communist influence remains at a low ebb among the liberal and left intellectuals of the Administration, and the party is unlikely ever to recover the influence it exercised in the days of the Popular Front, but Browder's continued imprisonment weighed on the New Deal's conscience. Few here denied, in private, that he was sent to jail for his views on the war, that the charges against him were tenuous, the sentence excessive. It is hoped that there will be a pardon after the fall elections and that the petty and spiteful deportation proceedings against Mrs. Browder will be dropped. With the Browder case out of the way, there remains only the prosecution of the Trotskyites in Minneapolis to haunt our speeches about free government.

Praise is due Administration Leader Barkley for his successful fight in the Senate to eliminate a provision from the Independent Offices Appropriation bill which would have had the effect of discharging Goodwin Watson from the Federal Communications Commission. Senator Barkley's appeal to his colleagues on the Watson case was in the best tradition of the United States Senate. Senator Barkley attacked the appropriations provision as an interference with an executive function, as in the nature of a bill of attainder, and as an interference with free expression at a time when we are "raising an army of five or six or seven million men . . . to fight to preserve the right of free speech in this country, the right of men to think and to express their thoughts." One of the accusations against Dr. Watson is that he once visited the Soviet Union, a fact regarded in some quarters as evidence of what the Japanese call "dangerous thoughts." "I visited Russia in 1930," Senator Barkley said, "and I found some things in Russia which I commended, and I did it publicly when I returned. That did not mean I favored the Russian system or that I believed in communism. . . . I think what is happening now on the eastern front is a tribute to some of the improvements the Russian government has made among the Russian people." Senators Lucas of Illinois, Murdock of Utah, Danaher of Connecticut, Hill of Alabama, Murray of Montana, Mead of New York, and Pepper of Florida deserve honorable mention for the able support they gave Senator Barkley during the debate.

I note that Patent No. 2,281,613, a process for speeding the production of synthetic Buna rubber, has been granted to Heinz Wollthan of Marl-Drewer and Wilhelm Becker of Cologne-Mulheim, Germany, and assigned to Jasco, Inc., "a Louisiana corporation." Jasco was organized jointly by I. G. Farben and Standard Oil in 1930 to hold certain patents, including those for making Buna rubber. "After the outbreak of the present World War," the Department of Justice charged in its anti-trust suit against Standard, "Standard and I. G. entered into negotiations to avoid having the Jasco patents, including the Buna patents, seized by the countries with which Germany was at war." The patents were assigned to Jasco "subject to reversion to I. G. under suitable conditions," presumably after the war was over and the patents could no longer be seized. Apparently the United States Patent Office is still issuing to Germans new patents which are then in turn assigned to Jasco.

Presumably this new patent, like other Buna patents, will be made available to other American companies properly introduced to Jesse Jones by Standard Oil. I call attention to it because the new suit filed by the government against the international dyestuffs trust discloses how easily and quickly the Germans came back into control of our dyestuffs industry after the last war, thanks to the complacency of the Alien Property Custodian, the connivance of the Chemical Foundation, and the cooperation of the du Pont interests. The materials which go into dyestuffs also go into munitions, and this international trust tended to restrict our potential preparedness for war. The German government before 1914 as before 1939 was well aware of the way in which monopolistic tendencies in other countries could be harnessed to the chariot of German imperialism. This new rubber patent granted Germans and assigned to Jasco may indicate that the old partnership is still at work, despite the war.

Europe's Underground Press

BY MICHAEL DE CAPITE

A FEW minutes after Congress declared war against Germany and Italy, WRUL in Boston, WGY in Schenectady, and BBC in London flashed the word to the occupied countries by short-wave radio. In Italy the illegal station Voce Libera heard it; in Yugoslavia, Station Sumadija; in Czecho-Slovakia, Nazdar; in Poland, Chief; in Holland, Flitspult; in Norway, Frihets Sender; in Germany, the Freedom stations. These powerful illegal radios rebroadcast the news to hundreds of mobile stations throughout the Continent. Special editions of newspapers, pamphlets, news sheets, letters, and slogans soon flooded the countryside. Simultaneously demonstrations against the Axis occurred in Belgrade, Prague, Amsterdam, Paris, Warsaw, Oslo, and Brussels.

That people separated by hundreds of miles and subjected to the world's most unremitting propaganda were able to receive this tremendous piece of news unadulterated by Nazi distortions and to react to it simultaneously was due to the underground press. Having started, often, merely as a streamer-slogan, this press now ranges from mimeographed handbills to standardized publications with excellent make-up and typography, and has become a vigorous Continental organ covering every important news event and reaching into every corner of European life.

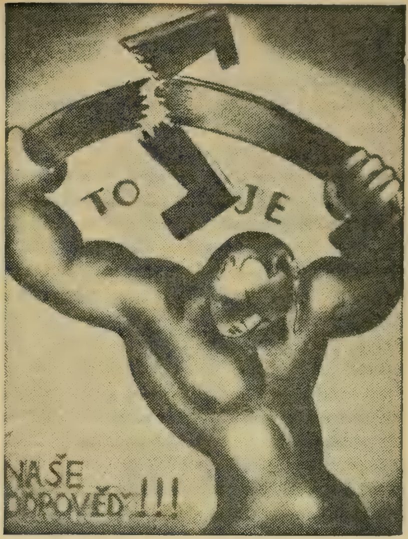
From the underground press the Allies obtain strategic information, military and civilian, that could not be obtained in any other way. To British and Russian agents it gives facts about new war plants and those destroyed by sabotage or bombing, about the construction of airfields, labor conditions, and the effect of slow-down movements on production. Its most important function, however, is to strengthen morale and keep alive the hope of deliverance from Nazi domination. Sabotage methods are discussed in it; active resistance is urged; passive resistance is praised; German propaganda is analyzed and refuted; names of Quislings are printed, together with those of German leaders selected for a day of reckoning. It carries on a war of nerves by methods as persistent and effective as any of the schemes devised by the Germans themselves.

Two and one-half months after the capitulation of the Belgian army a copy of *La Libre Belgique* was laid on the German commandant's desk in Brussels. Printed and written by experienced newspapermen, *La Libre Belgique* of World War II, despite German efforts, soon expanded into three editions, with 3,000 copies reaching 100,000 readers. Moreover, today it has fifty-one imitators and competitors. Every group in society—labor, white-collar workers, the church—has its voice. Each keeps up a constant barrage of complaints about the slim rations allowed by the Germans. With respect to outside events, the papers simply ignore German claims and publish the latest news as received from London. So-called German superiority is a subject for puns; Belgians, like the French, know how to use irony. Léon Degrelle, the Belgian fascist leader, is mercilessly lampooned.

The first articulate resistance in France, after the collapse, occurred five weeks after the surrender of Paris. Using a child's toy printing-press, Paul Simon, a soldier of World War I, printed fifty copies of *Valmy,* France's first underground paper. Simon and his comrades raided German offices for ink and were surreptitiously given supplies by printing establishments. Stenographers and typists in the big business offices duplicated the copies, often with the tacit consent of their employers. One organization made and distributed 10,000 copies in this manner. Voluntary gifts from teachers, clergymen, and workers paid the costs. With the acquisition of a stencil and roller, Simon was able to produce 2,000 copies monthly. On July 14, Bastille Day, a special edition on blue paper with white and red stripes was printed in a regular printing shop. In November, 1941, Simon got word that the Gestapo was on his trail, and he escaped to England.

Pantagruel, a weekly issued in Paris, neatly printed on thin paper the size of typewriter sheets, gave first proof to the outside world of an active De Gaulle movement in France. It was circulated like a catalogue: names were chosen at random from the directory and the paper was sent through the mail. More pretentious is *La Voix de Paris,* a printed monthly magazine, circulated by hand, which concentrates on the motives of Vichy officials. Others, like *Le Feu,* a pamphlet, preach the second revolution. *Resistance* regularly mimeographs sections of "Mein Kampf" side by side with Darlan's speeches. In the north *La Voix du Nord* exhorts workers to stop working during air raids—this means a considerable slow-down in production, for the R. A. F. is constantly on the wing over northern France. Some twenty-five papers and pamphlets circulate in both zones of France, and in addition one-page cartoons and posters regularly deluge meeting places, cafes, and subway stations.

In Yugoslavia the democratic parties had perfected an efficient clandestine press during the dictatorship of 1931 to 1937. Presses and editors worked in well-concealed caves and forest hideouts. Demands were systematically sent to the Regent Prince Paul or circulated in pamphlet or poster form in all sections of the country. Croats received and sent out news through their farm and dairy cooperatives. Consequently, when war broke out, organizations were already set up with equipment and supplies to carry on the underground war. Yellow and green pamphlets—the color trademark of the press—were printed on very thin paper, folded innumerable times, and slipped in a sleeve or passed from the palm of a hand. Everybody from peasants to waiters distributed them. Information from Dr. Petrovich's broadcast over WRUL was printed and passed on within a week. Today with General Mihailovich's army controlling 20,000 square miles of central and western Serbia, the press publishes regular battle communiqués in the Serbian, Slovene, and Croat languages, with the date line—Unoccupied Serbia.

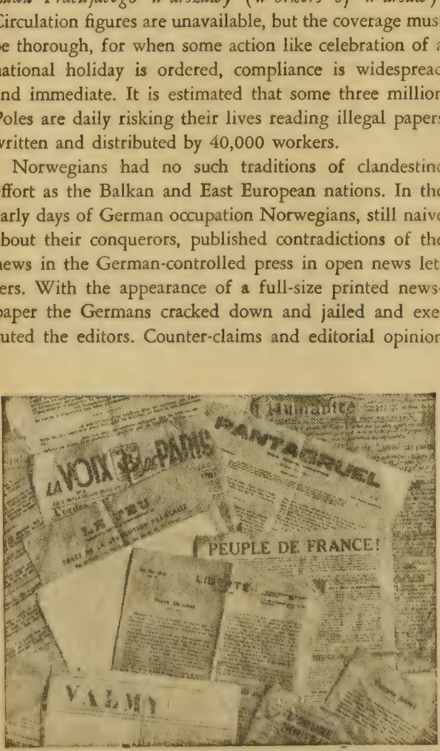


On January 23 last Josef Skalda, a former Czech legionnaire, was charged with high treason for editing the underground paper *V Boj* (*In Battle*) and was executed in Prague. On January 24 a special edition of *V Boj* denounced the German courts for high treason to Czecho-Slovakia. This mimeographed sheet of eight and one-half by eleven inches was the first underground paper to appear in Europe, in the summer of 1939. Old members of the Mafie—the Bohemian secret organization of Austro-Hungarian days—revived their tradition and together with the Sokols, a Czech national society, went to work underground. To supplement the information in *V Boj* they started thousands of chain letters in all parts of the country.

Since tens of thousands of censors would be necessary to supervise the mails in Czecho-Slovakia, chain letters are a comparatively safe means of disseminating news. The addressee of each letter must copy it ten times and send it to ten friends. The powerful secret radio Nazdar and fifteen mobile transmitters are the principal news source for the letters; and broadcasts to London indicate that the truth about the war reaches every village in occupied Czecho-Slovakia. Also the recent uprising of guerrillas in eastern Slovakia was first made known to the world through the region's underground press.

In Poland, as German suppression has grown, as starvation has increased, so have the bitterness of resistance and the papers that express it. The latest reports reaching official headquarters say that 200 papers, pamphlets, and news sheets of all sizes and descriptions are circulating in Poland alone. The Polish underground press is the most extensive in Europe; its papers cross frontiers into White Russia, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, and Scandinavia. A few are full-size eight-column papers, competently printed. Pictures are regularly published, some papers performing incredible feats like printing pictures of Churchill and Sikorski together and of Polish units in recent actions in Libya. The labor and democratic press is today the most powerful. *Wolnosc* (*Liberty*), printed and distributed by Polish Socialist groups and Jewish clubs, has emphasized the federation of Poles and Czechs. *Tribuna Ludow* (*Tribune of the People*) constantly asserts that the restoration of Poland is only possible with the general restoration of a democratic Europe. *Wies i Miasto* (*Village and Town*) discusses a "new deal" for peasants, workers, and farmers. The breaking down of the ghetto walls and the intermingling of Jews and Poles for a new Poland are stressed in the weekly Jewish underground paper *Do Ludu Pracujacego Warszawy* (*Workers of Warsaw*). Circulation figures are unavailable, but the coverage must be thorough, for when some action like celebration of a national holiday is ordered, compliance is widespread and immediate. It is estimated that some three million Poles are daily risking their lives reading illegal papers written and distributed by 40,000 workers.

Norwegians had no such traditions of clandestine effort as the Balkan and East European nations. In the early days of German occupation Norwegians, still naive about their conquerors, published contradictions of the news in the German-controlled press in open news letters. With the appearance of a full-size printed newspaper the Germans cracked down and jailed and executed the editors. Counter-claims and editorial opinion went underground for the first time in Norway's history. News letters and papers, often of from six to fourteen pages, stenciled on paper eight and one-half by eleven inches, were written by men who wanted to say something—farmers, workers, intellectuals. About 700 copies of each paper were passed from friend to friend. Some were mailed in open envelopes bearing the insignia of a Quisling organization. Continued circulation was achieved by the simple expedient of printing "east" or "north" at the top. Thus one copy would be mailed and remailed eastward or northward through Norway. Papers from Oslo have been found in isolated northern hamlets, ragged and smudged from much use.



Later an Oslo librarian who with the permission of the German authorities was collecting illegal papers for "scientific" study organized the editors in a group known as the Union of the Free Press. The new union set an editorial standard for all papers and directed the publication of news and resolutions. Some twenty of these combination news sheets and news letters are now being published in Oslo. Their effectiveness can be gauged by the following incident: Last summer Quisling arranged to speak at an open-air mass-meeting to be held in Oslo on July 4. Two days before the event the illegal press published a small squib suggesting that Norwegians come to the central park and lay flowers on the statue of Abraham Lincoln. Some 1,200 persons heard Quisling; more than 5,000 placed flowers on Lincoln's statue.

Despite the severity of reprisals—compositors, editors, and distributors sign their own death warrants when they take up work in the illegal press—between 350 and 400 underground papers are now issued regularly in the European countries. In Germany itself there are a dozen illegal leaflets. Even in Luxembourg, where the German authorities have called the people "stone-faced" because of their passive resistance, hand-printed pamphlets are distributed weekly carrying resistance slogans and sabotage suggestions. They are signed Ligue des Visages de Pierre (League of the Stone Faces). In Holland *Vrij Nederland* (*Free Netherlands*), a mimeographed news sheet distributed by hand and through the mail, chiefly pokes fun at German methods and superior airs.

The Nazis' efforts to keep people in the occupied countries from listening to Allied broadcasts by the threat of severe penalties and confiscation of radios have increased the importance of the underground press as a reliable purveyor of news. During the past year an extensive exchange of illegal papers has grown up among the various countries. Papers cross and crisscross Europe, often finding their way into Germany and Italy. They are a formidable barrier to Germanization, Nazi ideology, and collaboration efforts, and serve as a constant reminder to the enslaved millions that resistance is alive and that men are still willing to print and read the truth. Moreover, many of the papers are now discussing post-war problems and federations, thus laying a foundation for future understanding. For example, the once tragically divided French working classes are now being brought together in a unified program for cooperation and resistance.

As the war lengthens, as suffering increases, nationalistic differences are breaking down more and more into the realization that democracy, mutual aid, and cooperation are essentials for any future peaceful Europe. This is the basic principle of Europe's underground press.

Germany Feels the Pinch

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

IN THE third year of the war Germany's economic position is beginning to resemble strongly its position in the third year of World War I, when belts had to be drawn ever tighter and war weariness began to set in. From September, 1939, to June, 1941, when the Russian campaign started, state expenditures rose sharply, but without reducing the consumption of the German people to any considerable extent. In a biennial report entitled "Germany's Economic Situation at the Turn of 1938-39" the semi-official Reichskreditgesellschaft estimated that at that time the total public revenue from taxation, duties, contributions, and borrowing was 35.8 billion marks. The article continued:

> If this sum is considered in relation to the 1938 national income of about 76 billion marks, the government share runs to about 47.1 per cent. This share has steadily risen during the past few years. It shows the remarkable degree of regulation of revenue and consumption within the German economy.

Since then the expenditures of the German government have more than doubled. In the second year of World War II, from September 1, 1940, to September 1, 1941, they ran to about 75 billion marks, of which some 55 billion were for purely military expenses and the remaining 20 billion for other government costs. Frequent mention of these increased expenditures is found in the press, and without an analysis of the methods by which they were achieved one might conclude that they were made possible only by a corresponding reduction in consumption—that the slogan "Guns or Butter" was becoming an ever sharper reality. Actually the doubling of government expenditures has been achieved with relatively small further cuts in consumption.

In contrast to Britain and the United States, production in Germany has not been increased during the war, since unemployment had previously been virtually wiped out. Yet despite the stabilization of production the national income of Greater Germany has risen sharply, thanks to the increase in territory. How great has this rise been?

According to the London *Economist* of August 23, 1941:

> The official estimate for 1938 amounted to 79.7 billion marks for Germany proper, against 72.6 billion in 1937. The national income of Greater Germany—the Reich plus Austria—was estimated at 88 billion marks in 1938. Meanwhile a number of territories have been incorporated into the Reich, and the total income of those territories is unknown. A very speculative estimate of the total national income of Greater Germany would be 95 to 98 billion marks in 1939 and 98 to 105 billion in 1940.

The *Bulletin of International News* estimates the German income for 1940 still higher, about 120 billion marks. I regard this figure as too high and would myself estimate German national income at 90 to 95 billion marks in 1939-40 and at 110 billion marks in the second year of the war, 1940-41. It should be noted, however, that this increase in national income from 78 to 110 billion marks took place without the aid of the tribute, euphemistically described as occupation costs, from the conquered nations—France, Belgium, the Scandinavian countries, etc.; the 110 billion marks represents the national income of Germany plus Austria, plus Czecho-Slovakia, plus Alsace-Lorraine, plus parts of Poland.

If we now ask how the financing of the increased government expenditures—from 35 to 75 billion marks—was achieved, we find that a good third of the increase was made possible by contributions from the countries incorporated into Germany. Another third was financed at home by so-called "disinvestments"—reduced inventories, lower depreciation reserves, and a decline in new investments. A bare third only—12 billion marks—was covered by a reduction in consumption.

The Russo-German war brought decisive changes; not only did it cost innumerable lives but it greatly increased the hardships of the home front. Even before the current offensives started, the Economic General Staff reminded the German people in no uncertain terms that the nation was in the second half of the third year of war—it reduced the food rations by almost one-fifth.

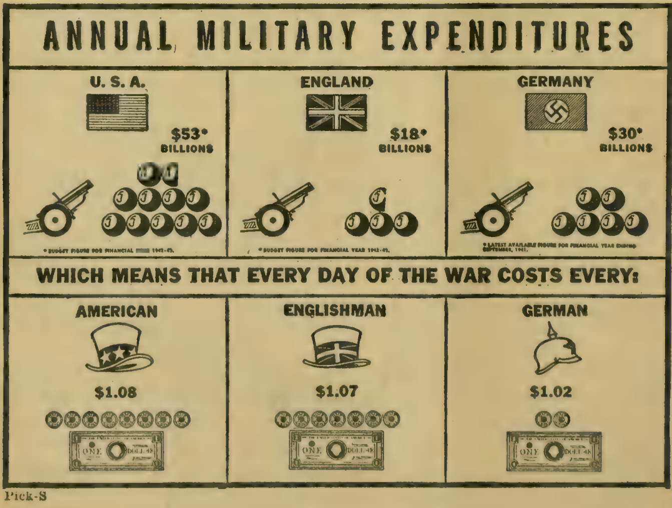
Was this merely a temporary, preventive measure, or was it necessitated by a chronic condition?

In 1940, when Germany was waging war against France, the German army numbered from six to six and a half million men. Today it must far exceed this figure, for occupation armies have to be kept in all European countries, and, furthermore, the Russian successes during the winter made it necessary to employ on the eastern front far greater armies than were used against France. Consequently we may assume that more than nine million Germans are bearing arms. This fact contributes in two ways to the shrinkage of the food supply of the German population: a soldier needs more food than a civilian; and agricultural production must decline if the army takes its able-bodied men. During the campaign against France agricultural workers could still be furloughed for the harvest. During the Russian campaign, however, the situation has been too grave for large-scale furloughs. In addition, the reduced quantity of food available for civilian consumption must be stretched to feed more people. Because of the new millions drafted from industry to the army, the Economic General Staff has been forced to bring in foreign workers from all over Europe, and even slaves must be fed.

Already during the first two years of the war Germany could not feed its population from its own soil, and only considerable food imports from various European countries prevented a rapid deterioration of the food situation. Let us examine Germany's sources of food imports today. The Balkan states used to have large agricultural surpluses and exported a large part of their foodstuffs. From Hungary and Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria, food was sent to Germany. But today guerrilla warfare rages throughout Yugoslavia, and the destruction caused by the fighting is so great that almost nothing can be exported. Hungary and Rumania are themselves involved in the fighting against Russia and must maintain their own armies. And since in these countries most conscripts are peasants, agricultural production there as well as in Bulgaria is declining. In the last few months Hungary and Rumania—the granaries of Europe—have themselves been forced to introduce bread-rationing cards.

As for supplies from Soviet Russia, hardly anything to speak of has so far reached Germany. Some 90 per cent of the Soviet agriculture is organized in collective farms. Before their retreat the Russians either destroyed the agricultural machinery in the invaded regions or transported it to the rear, and most of the workers qualified to handle this machinery were evacuated. If some tractors were left behind, the Germans could make little use of them: agricultural machinery in the German-occupied parts of Russia used almost eight million tons of oil before the war; today Germany has hardly enough oil for its army. Even German reports admit that the loot from Soviet Russia was nil, just as in 1918.

Is France in a position to send food to Germany? The answer again is no. In the period immediately after the victory over France, the German food situation improved somewhat, since the major part of the German army of occupation was supported locally and thus did not represent a drain on German food supplies. Furthermore, France had vast food stocks which were sent to Germany after the conquest. But that was long ago. Today, in the third year of war, not only have the invading rats stripped the French larder but French agricultural production has declined steeply. France harvested 15 per cent less wheat in 1941 than before the war, and other grain crops and potatoes were 20 per cent smaller.



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Food has become scarcer in Germany just as German production also, for the first time, is showing retrogressive tendencies. The decisive cause is the shortage of man-power. The millions of casualties, the millions that have been freshly drafted, cannot be fully replaced by foreign labor. An additional reason may be found in the transport and coal stringency all Europe is experiencing. Furthermore, millions of Germans lack sufficient clothing because of the extraordinary needs of the army during the Russian winter.

The mood in Germany, therefore, is none too good now. The *Schwarze Korps* charges (as reported in the New York *Times* of April 12) that the people still lack the right war spirit. Only grudgingly and with a sense of heavy sacrifice do they consent to go without things that are really unnecessary. It asks them to cease giving presents—not because there are no presents to buy, but because Germans should convince themselves that they do not want to buy anything while the war is on. Similarly, they must avoid unnecessary rail journeys —not because there is a ban on travel, but because a patriotic German does not want to travel at this time. And it should be a point of honor to wear old, worn-out clothes.

Thus Germany's entire economy today resembles more and more that of the third year of the First World War. Everything depends on how the next phase of the Russian war turns out. If the Nazis succeed in obtaining decisive military victories, these will compensate for all difficulties at home. If, however, the Soviets are able to hold out till fall, the resemblance between this third year of war and the third year of World War I will become striking, and the way will be paved for Hitler's collapse.

Meeting Mr. Saito

BY IDA TREAT

THE French in Tahiti never worried much about the Japanese. "We have nothing here to tempt them," Papeete officials told me in 1935. There were no deep-channeled harbors in the Society, Leeward, or Tuamotu Islands, and no mineral deposits except the Makatea phosphates. No Japanese had ever settled in the region. Wasn't that proof that it lacked strategic value? "If the Japs had designs on this part of the Pacific, they would be here now," people said.

In the French island of New Caledonia feeling was a little different. New Caledonia had rich nickel mines and a sizable Japanese colony of fishermen and market gardeners. And in Noumea something happened that made me think of Mr. Saito. I had met Mr. Saito in Paris, in the period when the attitude of the League of Nations toward the invasion of Manchuria was still a matter for conjecture. I had stopped at the Coupole one day on my way from the laboratory to wait for P——, who had promised to call for me after the session of the Chamber. We were to dine in the Quarter before he went on to his newspaper. Having found a seat on the terrace, I glanced up and saw a Chinese student I knew slightly—Chen by name—seated at a nearby table with a yellow-skinned gentleman in a dark business suit and horn-rimmed spectacles. When I nodded, Chen rose and came toward me, followed by his companion.

"My friend is anxious to meet you." He presented the spectacled gentleman. "Mr. Saito, professor of anthropology at the University of Tokyo."

"Not anthropology, pa-le-on-tol-o-gy," his friend corrected in staccato syllables, displaying a rectangle of teeth. Then he ducked so low that I saw the crisp upstanding hair on his flattened occipitals.

As he straightened up, it seemed to me I had seen his face before. It was only an impression and I gave no particular thought to it. Later on, when I mentioned it to Chen, he suggested that probably all Orientals looked alike to me. Had I known many Japanese? No, to the best of my knowledge, Mr. Saito was the first.

I found it a little odd that Chen should have Japanese friends. Apparently he too felt it needed some explanation, for he announced that Mr. Saito was not in sympathy with his government. He was a pure scientist, Chen said. That accounted for his desire to meet me. Our field was the same. Mr. Saito was a big man in Japanese science, he explained. I said I was only a little scientist myself, and I knew nothing of Japanese science.

Mr. Saito said politely it was a common failing. Indeed, that was the very reason he had come to Europe. We of the East and West should know each other better. Only the union of the world's brains could bring about world harmony.

At that point P——'s arrival cut short the conversation. I thought him a shade curt with the two Easterners. I reproached him with it afterward.

"That Chen—why isn't he in China?" he asked.

I quoted Chen: war must not submerge all culture; China's brains must be preserved for peace.

"Let the coolies do the fighting," P—— said rudely.

I mentioned Mr. Saito at the laboratory next day. Professor Boule looked perplexed.

"Saito—Saito—I don't recall the name. Must be a new man. Oh, well, we'll be seeing him here one of these days."

I knew what he meant. The world clan of paleontologists is relatively small, and the Paris laboratory was a Mecca for them all.

Mr. Saito did not come to the laboratory. But a few days after our meeting Chen telephoned. His friend Professor Saito, he said, wished to entertain me at dinner. He had discovered a Japanese restaurant and would enjoy introducing me to his native food. I would honor him, he hoped. It would be a modest way of furthering the intellectual cooperation we had spoken about.

Then as an afterthought Chen added: If the honorable Deputy were also free for dinner, Mr. Saito would be delighted. Very much delighted.

The honorable Deputy, when consulted, declined with thanks. He had no time, and no interest in either Chen or his friend. If the man was really a scientist, there was no reason for his, P——'s, presence. If he was not, all the more reason not to go.

"What do you mean by 'really a scientist'?"

P—— quoted his Russian friends about the Japanese at the Far Eastern Institute at Moscow—how authentic Marxist students of long standing were always turning out to be imperial intelligence officers.

"Your scientist probably wants to know about Indo-China and what the government here is going to do about Manchuria."

If Mr. Saito was disappointed that I came alone to dinner, nothing in his manner showed it. His French seemed more meager than at the Coupole. He had trouble understanding my learned conversation on Japanese science (I had been reading up on the subject in preparation for the dinner).

It was my first Japanese meal, but even I could see that it was mediocre. It consisted chiefly of fish, raw and cooked, and it recalled all too vividly the beach at low tide. There was octopus, raw octopus—with horrible rows of little suckers like hostile eyes. Mr. Saito apologized for the dinner. It distressed him to give me so poor a notion of Japanese cookery. He said he hoped to make up for it some day soon.

The second invitation came a week later. Like the first, Chen delivered it over the telephone. This time I was less cordial. I was still recovering from the octopus. I tried to convey as much to Chen.

"This dinner will be different," Chen promised. Then he went on about how depressed Mr. Saito was. He had his heart set on another dinner. It was a point of honor.

I was firm. I hated to wound Mr. Saito's honor, but I simply could not put up with any more raw fish in a Japanese restaurant.

Chen assured me there would be no fish. "It will not be a restaurant. Mr. Saito will prepare it all himself."

"Where does he plan to do it?"

Chen's laugh made the receiver tinkle. "At your house, Madame. Where else?"

It was logical, though not expected. "And when does Mr. Saito—plan to entertain me?"

"Tonight. If you are busy, tomorrow, the next day—"

I had visions of Chen on the telephone for weeks to come. "Very well, tomorrow then." I know I sounded ungracious. Was there anything I should order for the dinner? No, Mr. Saito would attend to everything.

When I told P—— about the dinner, he was more than superior. "Do you suppose for a second it is you they're after?"

I said stiffly that there had been no question of him.

"No? They probably take it for granted I'll be there."

Promptly at seven the next evening the guests arrived. Chen carried a briefcase which I presumed contained the dinner. Apparently it was not to be a big one. Mr. Saito was delighted to discover a Morocco table in the living-room. We could sit on the floor in true Japanese style. Before the portrait of the master of the house he bowed. "A noble face," he said. That was the only time P—— was mentioned.

I sat down in the living-room to wait. The gentlemen had invited me to leave the kitchen. They said they required nothing but a chafing-dish and a large iron pot.

Then Chen appeared in the doorway. "Have you a cabbage?" He seemed surprised I could not produce it instantly—anything as simple as a cabbage. I called Maria, the cook, from the back room where she had retired with her supper and sent her downstairs for one.

While she was gone, Chen came again, to ask for onions. Mr. Saito needed half a dozen onions. And one turnip. A grated turnip was essential. I found onions in the vegetable bin but no turnips. When Maria returned with the cabbage I sent her down again.

For a time there were sounds of cutting and grating from the kitchen. Then Chen appeared again.

"The meat?" he said.

"Meat, what meat?"

"The meat for the dinner." Where was it? Meat was essential. Beef.

I consulted Maria, who declared it could not be done. The market was closed. Why had not the Messieurs said beforehand what they wanted? She eyed them both wrathfully. I asked her, was the *charcuterie* still open? The *charcutier* sold pork. Would pork do? I asked the cooks. Chen consulted with Mr. Saito. Mr. Saito said beef would be better. I sent Maria for the pork.

At half-past eight we sat down to dinner. The chafing-dish stood in the center of the table flanked by two bottles, a bowl of rice, and a little mound of grated turnip. Mr. Saito removed the lid of the chafing-dish. There was the pork in a steaming nest of cabbage and onions. Mr. Saito sugared it liberally and sprinkled it with fish sauce from one of the bottles before serving.

"Good Japanese *sukiyaki*," he beamed.

The taste was curious but an improvement on raw fish. Chen and Mr. Saito fell to with appetite. The second bottle contained rice wine, heady and hot. In the course of the evening my two guests drank it all. Chen, whose round face glistened with beads of sweat, asked for a hot towel, "China fashion." As I rose to get it, I stumbled over something. Mr. Saito had removed his shoes.

Chen talked and talked. Mr. Saito sat bolt upright, his feet tucked under him like a cat on a cushion, but his lids drooped behind the thick-lensed spectacles. Once or twice I thought he was asleep. Then I would see his eyes, like bright bits of black enamel, fixed on something just behind me. I did not realize at first what he was looking at. The clock. It was an amusing toy of brass and crystal. Was that what interested him, or what?

At eleven P—— telephoned from the paper. "They sound harmless," he conceded when I told him of the dinner. "Ring me when they go. I'll not leave here before 12:30, when the paper goes to bed."

My guests still sat contentedly on their cushions and gave no signs of leaving. Chen took up the monologue on the subject of house-furnishings that the telephone had interrupted. There was no repose in Western houses, he said. They were "anarchic," filled with a clutter of things. In the East every object had its place and reason; fitted into a pattern, practical or aesthetic.

Mr. Saito came suddenly to life. Pointing to the portrait that hung behind the clock he asked, "That picture—why is it there?"

I said there were several reasons: first, it was my mother-in-law; second, it was a very good Besnard; third, there was no other place to hang it.

Mr. Saito said something in Japanese to Chen. "He says if it stays there, all the other pictures should go and most of the furniture," Chen translated. "Then your room would be in good taste."

The clock tinkled midnight. After another half-hour I hinted that the last Métro would soon be leaving the city gate. To no effect. Mr. Saito still eyed the clock. Definitely, they were waiting.

At one the telephone buzzed angrily. "What is this pleasantry? A siege?" P—— demanded. "I'm coming now and if I find them there—."

I walked slowly to the living-room. "Gentlemen, I must ask you to excuse me. My mother-in-law has met with an accident. We are leaving for the south."

It sounded feeble. Chen looked at Mr. Saito. Mr. Saito looked at me. I turned to Chen. "My husband is so sorry to miss you. You see, he goes directly to the station."

A silence. Mr. Saito rose slowly from his cushion. He showed his rectangle of teeth. "A most unhappy circumstance," he said in excellent French. The siege was lifted.

When the door closed behind the visitors I drew a long breath. For now I knew I had seen Mr. Saito before and where. It came to me suddenly as he was making his farewell bows in the entry. Two years before, a French engineer had come to the laboratory with a proposal to fit out a scientific expedition to the Gobi Desert. He said he had the necessary backing. He lacked only the technical staff. The younger staff members had been much excited over the plan, but it had fallen through because of difficulties over Russian visas. The engineer wanted to take trucks with ten-ton trailers into Inner Mongolia. (Our traffic expert at the museum said the idea was preposterous. "Ten-ton trailers—they would be as much trouble as a cannon.")

One evening three of us were invited to the engineer's house to discuss the scientific possibilities of the expedition. In the entry we exchanged bows with an Oriental visitor who was leaving. We spoke of it later as we speculated about who the probable backers of the expedition had been. Was the Oriental gentleman Mr. Saito? As he bowed his farewells in the entry of my flat in Paris, I was convinced of it.

After that second dinner I saw no more of Mr. Saito. Chen also disappeared. I heard he had finished his doctorate and returned to China. I even heard he was very active in the pro-Japanese faction of the Nanking government. Four years passed. One July day in 1935, after a year in the South Seas, I took passage on a French ship from Noumea to Marseilles, by way of Australia.

The ship carried few passengers—a sprinkling of French and two Orientals; Japanese, the mate said when he joined me on deck after we cast off. The passengers lined the rail looking back at the drab town with its galvanized iron roofs and the peeled hills behind it. The Japanese stood by themselves on the forward end of the deck—two little men in neatly belted trench coats, each holding a camera. As the ship sidled away from the shore, the shutters clicked industriously.

"What do you suppose they are taking?" I asked the mate.

"Nothing very scenic, I'd say." Then his gaze sharpened. He left me abruptly and strolled forward. "I might have known it," he said when he returned. "Do you know what they are taking? The landing marks."

"Can't you confiscate the film?"

He shrugged. "This isn't Japan and we are not at war."

As the ship swung about and got under way, the Japanese left the rail and came toward us. One of them wore horn-rimmed spectacles. His eyes, behind the thick lenses, were flakes of black enamel. He looked through and beyond me. There was no sign of recognition. The men passed and turned into the companionway.

"Ever seen that fellow?" The mate was eyeing me curiously.

"I don't know. At first I thought—"

When I went below I stopped at the purser's office. "Could I see the passenger list?" I asked.

"Just a minute. I'm making a correction. He wrote carefully and blotted. "Here you are."

I glanced down the list. The names I sought were at the bottom: Messrs. Tonaki and Schiocho; profession, commercial travelers; destination, Sydney. The second name showed traces of erasure.

"Was this the name you changed?" I asked the purser.

He nodded. "The agent got it wrong. The passenger just came in to correct it. Why?"

"Oh, I'm just curious— It wasn't Saito, by any chance, the name you changed?"

"Something like that," said the purser.

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War and Public Power

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Bonneville, Oregon, May 15

AIRPLANES are the key to victory. President Roosevelt has asked for 60,000 war planes this year, 125,000 in 1943. The United Nations have not lost a battle front which could not have been made impregnable with enough planes. Millions of people all over the world base their hopes for freedom on American airplane production. "If our planes could drop a thousand bombs tomorrow on the munitions factories of Tokyo and Osaka," said Senator Elbert D. Thomas of Utah, "we could save the lives of 50,000 American soldiers and sailors."

Aluminum is the key to airplanes—and the public power projects built by the New Deal against bitter opposition are the key to aluminum. Without the Tennessee Valley Authority and the great dams on the Columbia River, American airplane production, the hope of civilized mankind, would be in a sad state. Attainment of the President's goals would be impossible.

William L. Batt, chairman of the requirements committee of the War Production Board, recently told the New York *Times* that the expanded aluminum program of the United States would be 2,100,000,000 pounds a year. This amount, he said, not only will be enough to produce the number of planes the President wants, but "will be far beyond the reach of anything the Axis powers, together with all the occupied countries, can even contemplate." Censorship rules forbid publication of specific locations of aluminum plants and their individual output, but the Power Division of the Department of the Interior has announced aluminum production by regions. The figures are highly significant and should particularly impress the utility companies and their confederates who have fought so long against the power program of the Roosevelt Administration. They reveal that *approximately 48 per cent of the aluminum production of the nation, this year and in the years ahead, will be directly and entirely due to federal power projects in the Tennessee Valley, the Columbia River Basin, and the state of California.*

The wisdom and foresight of the President in this matter may be illuminatingly contrasted with the position of the utility companies by recalling two published statements. As long ago as 1934, when army engineers were grappling for the first time with the wild rapids of the Columbia Gorge, the President stood at Bonneville and said, "We are creating power, more power, and I always believe in the old saying of 'more power to you.' I do not believe that you can have enough power for a long time to come." As late as 1939 E. Hofer and Sons, a propaganda agency subsidized by private utilities all over the country, declared, "It becomes more and more apparent that Bonneville Dam is an enormously costly white elephant. It isn't selling enough power to keep even a small stand-by plant busy. So the public-ownership experiment is leaving in its wake plenty of headaches."

Today the only headache is caused by the rush to set up additional generators in the Bonneville penstock chutes so that new aluminum plants on the Columbia's banks can begin production. The Bonneville Power Administration is listed as a vital war agency. Generating equipment for both Bonneville and Grand Coulee has been given full priority. Yet Representative Francis D. Culkin of New York once asserted, "In the region of Grand Coulee, that colossal imposition on the American people, there is no one to sell the power to except coyotes and jack rabbits."

These creatures peer timidly from their lairs now as thousands of workmen hurry construction of Grand Coulee's second twenty-story power-house. The WPB is searching everywhere for generators and turbines to shove into service at Grand Coulee. John C. Page, Commissioner of Reclamation, has just announced that a single installation at the great dam will net 125,000,000 pounds of aluminum for the war effort. Production Board officials plan to transfer aluminum factories from the East because of the immense amount of electricity available at Grand Coulee, which is the biggest source of water power on earth. Copper and steel priorities are cheerfully granted for 220,000-volt transmission lines across the Pacific Northwest uplands.

Not long ago Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and the TVA had to struggle in Congress for their continued existence. In 1940 Representative Walter M. Pierce of Oregon pleaded with his colleagues, "The day is past when we can abandon Grand Coulee. Millions upon millions have been invested. It is a great undertaking and it must be completed." Representatives Jenkins of Ohio, Rich of Pennsylvania, Hoffman of Michigan, and other tories tried desperately during the same year to whittle down appropriations for the TVA. In the month that Norway fell Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon sought a third Columbia River power and navigation project, but the Senate turned down his bill, thirty-six to thirty-three. The increased river transportation that would have been made possible by this dam would have helped ease the burden on the Pacific Coast's railroads.

By the end of this year, according to Representative Pierce, power generated by the Columbia River will be turning out almost 600,000,000 pounds of aluminum, or more than was produced in the whole United States less than two years ago. Moreover, kilowatts from Bonneville operate the Portland shipyards, which Donald Nelson has called the most efficient in the country. In our expanded aluminum program, Representative Homer Angell of Portland has announced, more than 30 per cent of the 2,100,000,000-pound annual production prophesied by Mr. Batt will be the output of factories built near Bonneville and Grand Coulee. The power companies which opposed the New Deal program, and still oppose it, have not said how they would have taken care of the country's war needs had they succeeded in blocking the TVA and the Columbia Basin projects.

A roll of honor should list the men who kept these vast undertakings under construction while an anvil chorus was referring to them as white elephants and shocking wastes of the people's money. First and foremost comes the President, who had the vision to make use of unemployed workers to harness the rivers of the nation. Beside him stands Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, who made his first speech for public power in 1912, three decades ago. The TVA is his monument. Most of the dams in the West were built with the authorization of Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, who insisted on their completion at a time when Charles W. Kellogg, president of the Edison Electric Institute, was ridiculing the notion of a power shortage.

Senators Homer T. Bone of Washington, Charles L. McNary of Oregon, Lister Hill of Alabama, and Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin have been Norris's main allies in the upper branch of Congress. The torch has been carried for the government's power projects in the House of Representatives by John E. Rankin of Mississippi, Walter M. Pierce and Homer Angell of Oregon, Charles H. Leavy, Knute Hill, John M. Coffee, Martin F. Smith, and Warren G. Magnuson of Washington, Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, and Compton I. White of Idaho. It may be significant that most of these men voted against continued appropriations for the Dies committee. Happily, the President has just appointed Mr. Leavy, one of the ablest advocates of public power, a federal judge in the Northwest.

The St. Lawrence seaway and power project is still an issue on Capitol Hill. William S. Knudsen, Donald M. Nelson, and other business leaders have joined the New Dealers in urging its immediate construction. The best basis for a decision on the St. Lawrence undertaking is to consider what would be the condition of our war effort today had the country followed the advice of the opponents of Bonneville, Grand Coulee, and the TVA.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

It's Smart to Be Thrifty

OUR national income might be compared to a reservoir which is being filled up by freshets from the mountains of war expenditure more rapidly than it can be drained by the existing outlets. Two of these outlets—"taxes" and "savings"—have lately been enlarged, but not sufficiently to compensate for the fact that the third—"consumable goods"—has become seriously clogged. The result has been to weaken the containing walls of prices in this third channel, despite Leon Henderson's price-fixing cement, and they are in danger of being washed out by the rising pressure of income unless it can be relieved by a further drastic enlargement of the other two channels.

The Treasury's latest addendum to its 1943 tax program proposes a lowering of income-tax exemption limits which would make possible the siphoning off of another billion dollars or so; but this isn't very impressive in relation to an estimated excess flow into the reservoir of around $17 billion. Moreover, Congress seems hesitant to vote levies as steep as the Treasury advocates, and the final tax bill may well fall between $2 billion and $3 billion short of the amount for which Mr. Morgenthau has asked. This means still greater dependence on the savings conduit, for the enlargement of which the government has decided to depend on voluntary effort. Consequently a great responsibility is being placed on the self-discipline of all income receivers, and they will have to practice the art of thrift as never before.

Not unnaturally, there is a tendency under present conditions to measure savings mainly in terms of war bonds bought. There may, however, be purchases of bonds which do not represent real current savings—the only kind that are of value in keeping the volume of purchasing power within bounds. For instance, if a man sells an existing investment or draws upon a long-standing savings account to buy bonds, he is not making any sacrifice of his immediate spending capacity and not making a contribution to the checking of inflation. From the standpoint of national economy he is merely engaging in a bookkeeping transaction.

On the other hand, there are many kinds of genuinely useful saving, involving actual abstention from expenditure, which do not involve the direct purchase of government bonds. Many workers, now enjoying steady and comparatively well-paid employment for the first time in years, rightly feel that the first call on their incomes, after meeting daily expenses, must be the reduction of their debts. Hundreds of thousands of home-owners are catching up on arrears in their mortgage payments. The Home Owners' Loan Corporation, which at one time seemed likely to end up with a loss of one billion dollars or so on the properties it had refinanced, now finds that 95 per cent of its accounts are either paid up to date or less than three months in arrears. Many home-owners are even beginning to pull ahead of their contractual obligations. Undoubtedly, insurance companies, banks, and other large holders of mortgages are enjoying the same experience. Clearance of debt in this way is good personal economy, and for the purpose of checking inflation it is just as useful as buying war bonds.

Another form of saving, practiced by a surprising number of people, is as much reprobated by the upright and orthodox as the repayment of debt is praised. The man who regularly tucks a tenspot into an old teapot or under his mattress may be a fool but he is not a menace. By registering distrust of savings banks and paper claims to wealth he is depriving himself of the opportunity of earning interest, but after all, what he hoards he doesn't spend, and thus he is contributing his mite to the restriction of purchasing power.

A more respectable and sensible form of real saving is the purchase of insurance, and nobody need feel unpatriotic because he decides to take out a new policy instead of purchasing bonds. Actually his money is likely to flow into the Treasury, for government bonds are the chief form of investment open to the insurance companies, and the recent long-term 2½ per cent issue was specially designed to meet their requirements.

It is clear, then, that the actual purchase of war bonds is not the only way to exercise a thrifty patriotism. The main thing is for every citizen to refrain from spending as much of his current income as possible. Nevertheless, war bonds ought to attract a very large volume of savings, for they certainly constitute a convenient and extremely attractive form of investment. The yield on the Series E bonds, which are intended for small investors, is 2.9 per cent if they are held to maturity—a very generous return for the best security in the world. The voluntary payroll-deduction plan, which is being taken up by millions of wage and salary earners with the enthusiastic assistance of many trade unions, provides a relatively painless method of saving.

Prior to Pearl Harbor, defense-bond purchases were only around $300 million a month. The country responded to the Jap bombs by jumping this figure to $1 billion in December, and the same pace was maintained in January and February. March, the income-tax month, saw a sad falling off, and April was also a relatively slow period. The Treasury has set quotas of $600 million for May, $800 million for June, and $1 billion a month thereafter. These figures are by no means impossible of attainment if we bear in mind that it is smart as well as patriotic to be thrifty. Those who try to spend now all they earn will be buying in a poorly stocked market; those who save up for the end of the war will be rewarded by the opportunity to buy many new and exciting products.

In the Wind

ALL THE FORCES of the French underground movement, according to a confidential report now circulating in New York, have been moving toward consolidation, but negotiations are temporarily at a standstill. Apparently the reason for this is that one of the three large movements, Libération Nationale (the others are Libération and Liberté) is suspected of having connections with Vichy. The report says that French anti-fascists do not regard Libération Nationale as a German trap, but they do think that it is the instrument of some Vichy officials who are now convinced that the United Nations are going to win. These men have associated themselves with the underground in order that their future will be secure—win, lose, or draw.

ALTHOUGH INTERNAL WARFARE in the American Newspaper Guild has come to an end, a new issue is dividing the left and right wings. Left-wing units have frequently in the last few months passed resolutions approving editorials in their employer's publication. This is a new departure for the Guild, which has always held that a publisher's policies were no concern of the union. It is felt by opponents of the new policy that it may cause trouble in the future if the left wing again abandons unity.

IN ITS FIRST COMMENT on the campaign against defeatist newspapers *Editor and Publisher* has taken its stand with McCormick, Patterson, and Hearst. The issue of May 9 characterizes the campaign as part of the Communist Party line.

CIVIL SERVICE APPLICANTS in Illinois must answer this question in the form sheets: "Are you a member of any organization which advocates the *reformation* or overthrow of the existing form of representative government in the United States? . . . If answer is 'yes,' name the organization." (Our italics.)

AT THE EDITORIAL OFFICES of *Yank,* the new servicemen's paper, a debate over policy is going on. Some editors believe that the paper, apart from providing news and entertainment, should devote itself entirely to building up an aggressive morale; others believe that it should also explain the political and economic issues behind the war.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

The Dominance of Air Power

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER. By Major Alexander P. de Seversky. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

GREAT military books are rare. In the years since the death of that twisted genius Homer Lea, the United States has probably not produced a single first-class volume on the theory of war. Prior to that, one would have to go back to the time of Mahan to find an American work on war winning universal acclaim. In view of this fact the appearance of "Victory Through Air Power" is important, for there can be no doubt that it is a major contribution to the philosophy of conflict. It is very possible that it will do for air power what the writings of Mahan did for sea power or those of Clausewitz for military strategy.

Major de Seversky believes that the strategic position of the United States has already changed as a result of the improvement in air power. Instead of being the nation in the world most immune to attack we are rapidly becoming, with our concentrated industrial civilization, the most vulnerable. The increasing range of aviation is making large-scale air attacks more and more likely, and this method of waging war can win victories regardless of our military and naval strength, which does not by itself offer any way to stop bombers. This prospect should not, however, cause panic, since with our resources and technical skill we can be the first to develop long-range air power and to use it.

Major de Seversky boldly claims for the plane today what Mahan claimed for the warship sixty years ago—that it is dominant in modern war. He backs this view by a careful and exhaustive interpretation of the war from the angle of air power. Sea power, he finds, is unable to approach within bombing range of shore bases sustaining real air power without committing suicide. As effective bomber range increases, the domain of the warship shrinks toward an inevitable vanishing-point.

Immediately prior to the war the author had an excellent opportunity for evaluating foreign air power as well as our own. His observation that America is making all the blunders made by Europe before it seems to be well sustained. Our high service officials still do not conceive of air power in terms of a separate long-range striking force, the use which Major de Seversky considers of greater importance than mere cooperation with the army or navy. Obsolete models are still being produced in quantities. Officially inspired propaganda and the typically American habit of boasting have kept the low quality of many American planes from becoming common knowledge. Peace practices in business and government have continued in a period of war, when their cumulative effect is fully as serious as treason. Because most of the men in power at the present moment were responsible for these blunders, progress continues to be slow.

Little is said about our naval aviation,. though Major de Seversky indirectly pays it a compliment; but using personal examples in order not to involve others, he gives enough instances of military stupidity in the handling of Army Air Corps affairs to make any observer wonder if the management of a peanut wagon would not be more nearly commensurate to the capacities of the men who in the past have guided—and in some instances still guide—the aerial destinies of the United States. In the Army Air Corps the best brains do not reach the top, and airmen urging reform or any change which upsets the comfortable inefficiency of bureaucracy suffer the fate of General Mitchell. On repeated occasions Major de Seversky, in private life head of the Republic Aviation Corporation, has urged such reforms as greater fire power, interchangeable and more powerful engines, light bomb racks for pursuit planes so they could be converted to bombers in case of need, and many others. In every case he met a stubborn wall of opposition which did not wish to have the practicability of new ideas proved to it. The lack of fast fighter and pursuit planes with range sufficient to reach the scene of hostilities under their own power was more responsible than any other factor for the loss of the war in eastern Asia. Yet De Seversky offered such a plane to the War Department four years ago and even proved its range at company expense. The Air Corps for three years refused to look at it, and then accepted it recently without explaining to the American public that their losses in the Far East had not been caused by an act of God but by the stupidity of men still occupying positions of responsibility. During these pre-war years Congress had little idea of the actual status of American air power because high officials of the Air Corps lied repeatedly about it. The inevitable result was that we were completely surprised by the success of known German methods and are now timidly copying German tactics when we should be developing more effective ones of our own.

Like most reformers Major de Seversky has a remedy for the unsatisfactory conditions he reveals. Such naval and military aviation as is needed by the older services in their routine tasks should be integrated with them and be directly under the command of navy and army officers. But the bulk of American planes should be placed in a separate department under the command of air officers who possess a genuine vision of aerial strategy and whose minds are not clamped in the strait-jacket of obsolete concepts.

Seen through the eyes of air power, the whole outlook of the war changes. Instead of fighting Japan from a distance of ten or twelve thousand miles, a necessity if we continue our present strategy, we should use Alaska and the Aleutians as a base for attacks by long-range planes, which we must instantly start producing in large numbers; we shall thus cut our communication lines to a fourth of their present length.

It is easy to pick minor flaws in "Victory Through Air Power." Some of Major de Seversky's interpretations of war events are highly questionable. While risking naval vessels near air bases is foolish—as it would be to send them into mine fields—it is not necessarily fatal. Otherwise, how explain the British success in provisioning Malta? In pronouncing future sea power obsolete and future air power invincible

Major de Seversky is running considerable risk of being proved wrong by history. Every new weapon that has changed war has made enormous progress in its earlier development and been pronounced invincible, then has become less effective as new defenses have been found. Sea power has not yet answered the aerial torpedo, but that does not mean that it will not be able to do so. If long-range bombers are to be guarded by long-range pursuits in conducting distant raids, then defending aircraft of similar size, not needing to carry so large a load of gasoline, will still have the advantage in speed, armament, or numbers. In short, Major de Seversky has viewed the long-range plane as an all-powerful offensive weapon without visualizing possible answers. He feels that the failure of the Luftwaffe over England does not invalidate his theories since it was the result of mistakes made by the Germans. The R. A. F. is now trying an all-out offensive over Western Europe, but there are as yet no signs that the results will be more impressive.

While many specific statements of this book may be questioned, an open-minded reader is obliged to conclude that the author is more nearly right than wrong in his views. Regardless of what the future may bring, and it is reasonable to assume that aviation will progress, the airplane has been of enormous importance in this war. It has been vital as a part of the army-navy-air force team and has shown great power as an independent striking weapon. It has certainly limited naval power in many ways. There can be no question that our own land-based aviation has been held back by its enforced relation to the army, though the blame for lack of working harmony is more evenly distributed than one would believe after reading this book. While one need not have absolute faith that the war can be won by air power alone, no sane person can deny that planes of longer range will be of definite advantage to a power so deprived of bases close to the scene of hostilities as the United States. Finally, there can be no doubt that an understanding of modern air power has been seriously lacking among our brass hats or that a thorough house-cleaning among service bureaucrats is long overdue.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

The Steel of Victory

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD. By Vladimir Pozner. Modern Age Books. $2.50.

WHETHER Vladimir Pozner, who was born in Paris in 1905 and graduated from the Sorbonne, was chauffeur to his French military superiors over four or forty thousand miles—the front of the dust jacket offers the first figure while the back gives the second—of the refugee-choked roads of France is neither here nor there. Nor does it matter that the title of the book and the jacket design are awkward enough to put one off, or that the first twelve and a quarter pages are out of place where they stand. What is of importance is that Pozner has written a book which in denying nothing and refuting nothing, in apparently seeking no explanations and exonerating or blaming no person or act, establishes on every page two generations and their country in the almost casual, almost accidental, but unmistakably exciting accents of truth.

From the dust jacket can also be learned that Pozner has contributed to *Harper's*, *Town and Country*, *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *American Mercury*, the *Forum*, as well as to most of the leading periodicals of Europe. What the nature of these contributions was I do not know, but having read "The Edge of the Sword" I do know that I want to miss nothing that Pozner writes from now on. The quality of truth is alone a rare enough thing, but when this truth is set down by a gifted and subtle stylist we are getting very close to the best that literature can give. I have read the book with satisfaction and with love—with satisfaction because the various themes of the plot make good and moving reading, and with love for the author's clarity of vision, and for the people of whom he writes.

There is Caillol, whom we meet driving "an army truck loaded with scrap iron, all its lights out, burrowing its way through the dark." Caillol has been active in workers' organizations before the war, and his record follows him still. During the days of the débâcle in May, 1940, with the Citroën factories being struck, Orly in flames, Paris bombed, we have:

> "That you, Caillol?" said the non-commissioned officer without ceasing to write. . . . "The captain wants to see you in his office."
>
> "What does he want of me?"
>
> Bissières looked up. . . . "He didn't tell me, and I would not think of asking him."
>
> . . . Bissières knew perfectly well what was wanted of Caillol. . . . The plain-clothes man had added, "All you have to do is to say the word. We'll come and pick him up anywhere you say."

Thus begins Caillol's plot, and it proceeds through the book with grace, suspense, and deliberation, moving with and among the other themes in a manner not unlike Pozner's description of the music of Bach:

> The melodic air . . . had divided, and two melodies, alike and different, pursued each other, now soft, now loud, overlapped, blended, split apart again, reflecting each other, became four, rapid without haste, without effort, like a double row of poplar trees reflected in the water of a canal. . . .

Fiercely, and with a sort of angry sorrow because I can no longer see and hear them—no longer being in France and having temporarily closed Pozner's book—I love the three men of the French tank crew, Moustier, Mirabelle, and Vandervenne, and the blind, blundering, and easily symbolic wanderings of that undaunted tank. The character of Colonel Carvin, the French military *homme d'honneur* fleeing with Caillol as chauffeur and four cases of fine wines as cargo, is profoundly and brilliantly done, and their story as magnificent a chapter of social comment as I have ever read. But Pozner is far too great an artist to mar by argument his own masterly effects. He has made manifest in this book a world of recognizably altering social values, but with the same naturalness, the same human contradictions and confusions with which such a world is actually brought into being. No point is forced, no climax reached except apparently fortuitously. The reader is reading fiction, in the sense that "War and Peace" and "The House of the Dead" are fiction, and at the same time he is comprehending how the foundaions of revolution are laid. The reader is reading fiction, and he responds with delight to incident after related incident—he loves the bridge blowers, the man in the straw hat and the alpaca jacket, and the search for the Battle of the Loire. He loves Caillol's gravity, his courage, and his perfectly tempered tenderness; he will remember for a long time the faces of Jacqueline, Fernand, and Ernestine; he will be implicated with those soldiers who desperately try to make up stories about a war that has been nothing but a retreat to them because an old soldier gives them wine and asks them where they fought and what they saw.

These are characters—all of them—who never passed through the rue de la Huchette; they never had any part to play in such an account of warfare and of a people and its cause as "A Thousand Shall Fall." For Pozner is neither a literary nor a military tourist; he belonged to a country and a people whose words are those he ends his book on: "From *your* scrap, *we* shall forge the steel of victory."

KAY BOYLE

Facing East and West

RUSSIA AND JAPAN. By Maurice Hindus. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

MAURICE HINDUS always writes with passionate conviction, and in this, his twelfth book, he permits his passions and certainties to divert his attention so far from the main thesis of his work that the volume might better have been named "Russia, Japan, and Germany." Granting that any detailed discussion of the probabilities and probable outcome of a war between Russia and Japan must give ample consideration to the position of the Soviets in relation to Nazi Germany, this phase of the Russian-Japanese problem does not justify crowding the relations between Moscow and Tokyo into the background.

The heading for the last chapter of the book is The Battle unto Death, and a mighty fine chapter it is. But Japan is not mentioned from the middle of page 240 until near the bottom of page 253. There the author remembers the title of his work, devotes the two final paragraphs to the Russo-Japanese situation, and concludes abruptly on page 254.

Having correctly prophesied that Germany and Russia would go to war in spite of their non-aggression pact of 1939, Mr. Hindus then flouted the opinions of the military experts and boldly declared that Hitler could not conquer the Soviets. Now he predicts that Russia and Japan must engage in formal hostilities, and soon.

Japan, so runs the argument, cannot achieve its ambitions in Asia without pushing Russia out of its way, "with all the violence that it can muster," any more than Hitler can realize his aims without crushing the Soviets. The existing neutrality pact which Moscow and Japan negotiated in April of last year is the Far Eastern equivalent of the Hitler-Stalin treaty of 1939—and just as valueless and insubstantial. The fundamental antagonism of the two nations remains unaltered. The sound argument is put forth that Japan may never again have the chance of challenging Russia while Soviet armies are at the same time engaged in a life-and-death struggle on a European front, and that, moreover, Japan must attack soon as a measure of insurance against a possible Soviet victory over Hitler's Reich.

Even a decisive victory for Japan over the sea powers it is now fighting would not give it real security, the author argues, so long as "Russia sprawls all along Japan's doorstep and is in command of a mighty land army, a substantial fleet of submarines, a powerful air force, an immense hinterland that is in process of feverish industrialization."

Mr. Hindus successfully crams into several chapters much information about the industrialization of Siberia that is real news. And it is important and heartening news, particularly in these days when the German armies may achieve large-scale victories at several points along the winding and vital Russian front. Knowledge of the vast extent of the present industrial resources of Siberia must necessarily minimize the importance of regional German victories and the damage of a probable extension of bombing to factory centers west of the Ural Mountains. The rapid rise of a new steel civilization in Siberia is held up as one of the basic reasons why Japan will feel that an attempt must be made to defeat Russia decisively no matter what the cost.

Even a synchronized German-Japanese onslaught can never bring about the decisive defeat of the Soviets, Mr. Hindus declares, and justifies this declaration as follows:

> If Germany ever throws the Russian armies across the Volga, or clears them out of Europe, and if Japan, driving from the east, pushes them beyond Lake Baikal, Russia will have been horribly devastated, profusely bled, but she will, I must repeat, still have a mighty industry and a mighty agriculture in the Urals, in central Siberia, in central Asia. Including the Arctic, she will still sprawl over a territory larger than all of Europe. She will also have an army of millions. With her enormous man-power she will be continually training new millions; and since the war with Germany Siberia has been her chief training ground.

Not in the army, in industry, in finance, in government, or in agriculture is Russia today under the leadership of amateurs, it is argued, and the record of Soviet resistance against the Germans since last June has demolished the old notion that Russians lack organizing ability. All three of the Five-Year plans, Mr. Hindus believes, were inspired not by economic or political considerations but by the sage conviction that the Soviets would surely be attacked by Germany and Japan. The Russian people, he says, were led into paying an inordinate cost for industrialization, but this cost has been more than justified, for the success of the Five-Year plans alone has made it possible for the Soviets to put up the superb fight for existence which has so thrilled their friends and confounded their foes for the last eleven months.

There is little validity in any counter-argument based upon the fact that Japan's military leaders must know all or most of the facts about Russia's strength which are set forth in this book, and that such knowledge will surely deter them from attempting the impossible. Japan and Russia must fight, and Japan will open the hostilities because it is under the history-old compulsion of all aggressive conquerors. It must use the profits of each accomplished conquest to finance new efforts at expansion, for if it tries to stand still and keep what it has gained by violence, its enemies will surely accomplish its defeat and ruin.

HALLETT ABEND

The Great Villager

VERDI: THE MAN IN HIS LETTERS. Edited with a Preface by Franz Werfel. L. B. Fischer. $3.50.

ONE might write a score of essays on the material in this absorbing volume, which presents an altogether fascinating portrait of that rarest sort of man, the normal genius. But two themes impose themselves, and it happens that they enable one to assess the man at his true worth—Verdi and Wagner, Verdi and Shakespeare. In his day Verdi met and, one dares say, vanquished a great adversary, the Wagnerian music drama. So far as opera was concerned, it was a contest between Italy and Germany; in another sense it was a contest between man and the symphonic orchestra grown tyrannous. Verdi saw it that way. In a jovial letter to Mascheroni, written in the warm, triumphant days of "Falstaff," he mocks at the "modernists."

> I am busy now putting the touches on an opera in twelve acts plus a prologue. . . . Every act has an introduction in which all the violins, violas, celli, and double-basses play a melody in octaves, not like those in "Traviata," "Rigoletto," and so on, but a modern melody, one of those lovely ones that have no beginning and no end. . . . I have no time to explain to you how all the singers will furnish the accompaniment.

To Verdi, as these letters prove, the opera was the characters. The swollen importance of the orchestra was, as he said, yet another invasion of the baroque, one that must submerge true drama. In his middle years of success he will not forgo sharp impact and sudden poignancy for the sake of an architectural fabric; he must succeed with the direct lyrical stroke, as later with the passionate *arioso* phrases of "Otello" he will make profounder revelations than Wagner ever hoped to make.

For that persistence he has been called a reactionary, a "mandolinist." He was for a while the butt of the Wagnerian journalists. Yet the development of Wagner from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal," through the barbarity of "The Flying Dutchman" and the boredom of "Tannhäuser" and much of the Ring," to the pinnacle of "Die Meistersinger," is not more striking than that of the man who moved from "Oberto" through "Aïda" and "Macbeth" to the sheer truth of "Otello." And "Falstaff," second only to "Figaro" in its kind, was a far more wholesome, not to say musically delightful, conclusion than "Parsifal." Even "Macbeth," composed at the time of "Tannhäuser," is musically and dramatically more advanced than that stuffed piece of romantic medievalism.

All his life Verdi was aiming at a more human drama. His attitude to Shakespeare shows that. Nothing in this volume is more interesting than his constant preoccupation with the poet. In a letter to Escudier he writes, "I may not have rendered "Macbeth" well, but that I do not know, do not understand and feel Shakespeare, no, by heavens, no!" The opera may not be the "Macbeth" Anglo-Saxons hear after three centuries of criticism, but I should have said that Verdi understood Shakespeare as an Elizabethan understood him. "There are three roles in this opera," the composer writes, and the third is "the Chorus of Witches, uncouth and garrulous in the first act, sublime and prophetic in the third." That, surely, was the Globe Theater opinion. What is not in Verdi is what Shakespeare alone in his age possessed, that awareness of mockery in the tragedy of human fate expressed in the speech:

> Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day . . .

Of that disturbing experience the witches were the theatrical symbol.

Tschaikowsky once said of "Aïda" that it showed not only a weakening of lyric power but a surrender to Wagnerism! He was nearer the mark when he declared that the poor taste of the Italian audience hampered Verdi. The Italian would have rejected this with indignation, though various letters disclose that he wrote "Otello" and "Falstaff" for the ideal theater of his own mind rather than for any concrete opera house. But even here one must note that the choice of "Othello" was logical and absolutely in the line of his development. Of all the Shakespearean tragedies it is the one that has fewest overtones. Evil is a man, not a supernatural force; the drama is wholly psychological, and a handkerchief will serve to unloose disaster. For years Verdi had worked with Cammarano on the libretto of "King Lear." It is not hard to see why he never composed music for it. In "Otello," for which Boito had given him a fine libretto, the aging Verdi, in whom age was worldly wisdom grown compassionate and whose sense of drama had as its instrument a new musical technique, wrote his finest work. Then, having revivified opera, this old man grew mellow, as Shakespeare of "The Tempest" did, and gave us "Falstaff."

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At eighty-seven years he dropped a collar stud and in crawling under the bed for it suffered a stroke, from which he died. Otherwise we might have had "Lear," and "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" too. Comparing the tremendous impact of "Otello" and the subtlety of the "Falstaff" score one may believe that even "Lear" would have been a great work. There are no Verdi manifestos and no polemical pamphlets, but the utmost in drama lay along the line of his development. Turn over his scores or read these letters for the proof. RALPH BATES

How Begot, How Nourished? II

[This is the second of a series of commentaries. The third will appear soon.]

MR. LAUGHLIN'S scheme of presenting five young poets in one book must have, in their minds, advantages to compensate for the disadvantage of looking uncomfortably crowded, and also a little comical, like five people in one bed. In addition to the poems, each poet was asked to submit a brief statement concerning poetry in general and/or his own in particular. This kind of invitation is more apt to elicit sententiousness than sense, and while some of the remarks here made are interesting, they are not in general very illuminating. Neither Mr. Schubert nor Mr. Shapiro writes very clear prose; Mr. Mills has rather evaded the issue by casting his statement in the form of a poem; Miss McGahey is unconsciously amusing in the contrast her article affords between her own laconic observations and the effusions of the local maestro whom she quotes in almost double the number of her own words; Mr. Goodman is downright disagreeable. None of the poets seem to have spent any too much time in thinking about how poetry should sound; it might, in future editions, be a good idea to drop the whole business. Another suggestion: instead of photostated fair copies of poems in longhand, might it not be more interesting to reproduce an actual manuscript, with the corrections, erasures, marginalia, and so on?

In his poetry as well as in his prose Paul Goodman pushes his stuff in your face so aggressively that one is put unduly on the defensive. If it matters, I couldn't read his verse play at all; I mean I did read it, but you know what I mean; and the only poem in which I could take any pleasure was the curious little number about "the lordly Hudson hardly flowing." This is not in Mr. Goodman's usual voice, but softer; and while softness is not always a virtue in poetry, stridency is usually a vice.

Jeanne McGahey's verse play contains some clean writing and some fine images, but on the whole I didn't like it much either. This business about old men, villagers, witches, hunchbacks, travelers, wells, and shepherds, especially coming from the West Coast, brings back only too familiarly all that arty little-theater atmosphere of San Francisco, its murmurs and pretensions, its affections and mutual admirations: God save us all! I doubt whether even the genius of Yeats justifies trying this sort of poem. With Miss McGahey's lyrics the going is pleasanter; her landscapes, whether rural or urban, are sharply seen and sensitively felt.

The work of Clark Mills is by far the most satisfactory

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in this collection. Mr. Mills seems to be a prodigal writer, willing to try his hand at various measures, and possessed of the energy to develop and sustain sequences. It looks as if he might always produce more than he will eventually care to keep, especially when he has learned to curb his unconscious imitations and label his conscious ones. He shows that he has read, understood, and been moved by good literature, and not only in one language—Yeats, Rilke, Auden, Rimbaud. The advance of technology has made the bomb as inevitable in modern poetry as God was in the works of Robert Browning, but Mr. Mills is sensible on the subject. Mr. Mills's work shows careful study of sight and sound; and this is repaid in richness of effect. I wish him a book of poems all to himself; but not in too much of a hurry: let it age, it will be all the better.

David Schubert's poems are more somber in tone, less rich and warm in sound and image than those of Mr. Mills, and sometimes a little violent in manner. The world he depicts is rather dreary; the biographical note speaks of his having had a not very easy time, "homeless from the age of fifteen, supporting himself by selling newspapers, working as bus boy, soda jerker, waiter, farm hand, various other jobs." One does not wish for a poet a cushioned existence; nor is there any self-pity in Mr. Schubert's work: it is too honest for that. But honesty and accuracy are not enough—I am not meaning to suggest that Mr. Schubert is a drab realist, as the phrase used to run, either. He himself knows what more is necessary: "This exquisite lilt, this dance of sound, must be married to a responsible intelligence before there can occur the poem. Naturally, they are one: meaning and music, metaphor and thought." Mr. Schubert's poems are not yet lilting or dancing; the fragments of metaphor and music and meaning jolt like gondolas being shunted around the switching-yard. There is needed more fusion, more ease. In addition to his own work Mr. Schubert has included some translations from Baudelaire.

Karl Shapiro's progress has taken him around a good deal: he has not been satisfied with what he saw from his front porch, or with much of anything else for that matter. His visits have touched upon the emporium and the drugstore, the midnight show and the honky-tonk, the necropolis and the hospital, Druid Hill Park, the University of Virginia, Scyros (you'd never know the place), Hollywood, Washington Cathedral, and other points of interest around the nation's capital, where "Roosevelt lunched on ballots yesterday/and Archibald performed the minuet." Mr. Shapiro's attitude is not always reverent; he likes to be perverse, in a normal youthful way; his genius is most happily exercised in response to the satirical impulse. His line is firm and not devious, and if Auden's voice cries intermittently in his pages, like the cuckoo in a leafy dell, oh, well, we ought to be getting used to that by this time.

That takes care of Mr. Laughlin's recent output. The Colt Press in San Francisco has also promised a poetry series, and the first number is at hand. This is a collection by Don Stanford called "New England Earth, and Other Poems." The title will fool you badly if you are led by it to expect something in the Paul Engle or Robert P. Tristram Coffin manner. Mr. Stanford does not by any means belong to the of-the-corn-corny school; rather he is an elegant literary writer whose work is calculated (the word must be used advisedly) to attract the attention of his peers. That he has succeeded is evident from a foreword by Yvor Winters; this conveys the impression both of a solo turn in a California mutual-admiration choir and of an apostolic benediction. Poetry, I suppose, can mean all things to all men; to find a poem cited in praise because its detail "escapes the formulary throughout by virtue chiefly of an almost formulary, yet finely managed, hyperbole"—need I say that this is both pedantic and ridiculous? Moreover, in the nice details of the line either Mr. Winters's ear is not so acute as he pretends or else he is being too polite to call attention to flaws; would a really exquisite writer say, for instance, "To you who"; rhyme "dignity" and "tranquillity," and "the year—the ear"; make "fire" and "fear" and "desire" into "fi-yer," "fee-er," and "desiyer"; put down one minute "an hundred" (fancy) and a few lines later "a hallowed" (plain)?

Without the send-off Mr. Stanford's poems would receive a different kind of attention: then they could be read, simply and purely, for what they are; and some of them are very pure and simple and nice. As it is, you feel neglectful if you do not read them with one eye cocked to catch their relation to Collins, Dryden, Donne, Herrick, Rochester, and Vaughan; but maybe that is the way Mr. Stanford wants it.

"See this air, how empty it is of angels!" cries the voice of another young poet, Winfield Townley Scott, in the first line of the collection called "Wind the Clock," published by the press of James A. Decker. If the New Directions and Colt houses have something of the angelic about them, that of Mr. Decker might be described as semi-angelic, or an angel on a shoestring. His firm in Prairie City, Illinois, calls itself "poetry publishers": at hand are Mr. Scott's collection and an anthology of "Seven New Poets." The books are shoddy in appearance: coarse paper, undistinguished typography, and rather tacky binding. Still, it is silly to kick about the quality of the page when the quality of the poetry is as fresh and readable as that of Mr. Scott's work. In the course of his search for angels this author has gone around by himself a good deal, and observed himself in a manner that is level-headed, humorous, and sensitive, "as much for pleasure as necessity," as he remarks about one of his acts of micturition. I like him better in this vein, where he calls himself "I," than when he disguises himself, in rather thin irony, as Festus Prufrock Traman, or somebody. He has also observed other people: the poet Robinson, the dancer Argentina, refugee professors on the campus at Brown, an old boy getting booted out of O'Ryan's bar, Fatty Doran from grade school, another kid in the second grade. How the young, even more than the old, like to remember the days when they were younger!

The term "young" in Mr. Decker's series of new poets is somewhat more elastic than in the New Directions series; here the age limit is forty, and I suspect there might, even at that, be a little cheating. The writers included are Tom Boggs, Marshall Schacht, John Ciardi, Robert Clairmont, Minna Gellert, E. L. Mayo, and Lucy Kent. I know a good many words that might be applied to this collection of verse but will utter only one—a firm and gentle No.

Next time: *miscellanea* and *curiosa,* but not *erotica;* with, perhaps, a few reflections. **ROLFE HUMPHRIES**

FILMS

NO ONE who is interested in serious films should overlook Paul Strand's "Native Land." It can be described, I suppose, as a propaganda film, though it is not the sort of propaganda that one expects to be shown at the present time. There is, indeed, a reference at the very end to the American people's need to defend their liberties against their foreign enemies, but the main theme is the workers' struggle against native oppressors. The bulk of the film consists of the reenactment of a series of scenes from the social history of the thirties, beginning with the murder of a farmer for his political activities and ending with the massacre of the steel workers by the Chicago police. Of the intervening episodes the most elaborate is an account of the breaking of a union through the introduction of a spy; the most terrifying, the account of an outrage by the Ku Klux Klan. No doubt it can be justly argued that the selection of these scenes reveals political bias, and that the film does not give a wholly fair impression of the fortunes of American labor during the past decade. But the point is that the events it describes did happen and could happen again; and it is good for this to be made known. Moreover, whatever one may think of its political implications, the film is eminently well worth seeing for aesthetic reasons. It has its defects: there are moments when it is sentimental; the distinction between the good and the evil is rather too simply drawn; and it is inevitably episodic in spite of the continuity provided by Paul Robeson's commentary. Nevertheless, the direction, the photography, and the acting make it as moving as anything I have seen for a long time. The creation of suspense is particularly well handled.

Suspense used to be Mr. Hitchcock's forte. But though he makes great efforts he conspicuously fails to achieve it in "Saboteur." The film tells the story of a young factory worker who is unjustly suspected of sabotage and who, instead of sensibly trying to clear himself and secure the arrest of the real culprit by telling his story to the police, sets out to catch him single-handed. This leads to a series of chases which carry the actors right across the United States. Sometimes the hero is shown chasing the villains; sometimes the villains chase the hero; sometimes both are being chased by the police; and at times the hero's girl is in on it too. It all ends at the Statue of Liberty, with the saboteur hurtling to his death. One scene, in which two of the gang of saboteurs who are driving in a car with the hero start singing a Tschaikowsky concerto, recalls the excellent Hitchcock of "The Thirty-nine Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes"; but as a whole the film is wild without being exciting. Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane as the hero and heroine do no more than perform their function of portraying ordinary people, and the best acting comes from the villains, especially Norman Lloyd.

"This Above All" is an inaccurate but still reverent version of Eric Knight's successful novel, with Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine in the leading parts. Both of them act well, though the part of a class-conscious Yorkshireman is not ideal for Mr. Power. The film is very long, for the most part very solemn, and rather boring. It does, however, succeed at times in recreating the atmosphere of England during the period of the raids; and it partly fulfils what was presumably the author's purpose of bringing to light some of the social issues which have been sharpened by the war.

P. H. RYE

MUSIC

WHAT it has meant for Marian Anderson's development as an artist to have a musician like Franz Rupp working with her during the past two seasons was revealed, at her May 10 Carnegie Hall recital, in her subtly inflected phrasing of Schubert's "Suleika" and of the concluding passage of his "Jüngling und der Tod"; and these were merely the outstanding examples of what was evident in everything she did. In addition the voice itself, which seemed to be better used, sounded better: there was no constriction, no forcing; there was, then, only as much power as could be achieved with ease; and if this was not enough for Schubert's "Allmacht" or for Carnegie Hall it was more agreeable to the ear. Not that the new ease restored to the voice what the former constriction and forcing had taken from it; but while the upper range lacked the richness and warmth that were to be heard in the lower range, it was clear, steady, free of the terrific tremolo of two years ago. One thing is clear: the reduced physical proportions of the singing and its new

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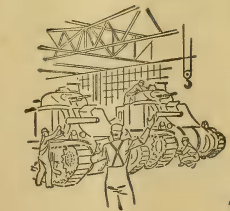

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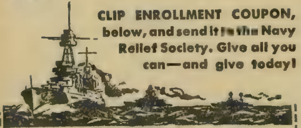

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musical subtlety call for the intimacy of a small hall and for programs of the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Wolf that Miss Anderson is now able to sing so beautifully.

Another thing that is clear is that Rupp, one of the finest musicians I know of, should not be heard only as an accompanist. A superb ensemble artist, he should be heard in chamber music; and his recital two years ago revealed a solo pianist who needed only the occasions for continued exercise of his capacities to become outstanding.

The first New York season of Eugene Loring's Dance Players was concerned almost entirely with Loring's own works. Two had already been seen: "Billy the Kid," originally produced by the Ballet Caravan and later presented by the Ballet Theater; and "City Portrait," also produced by the Ballet Caravan. To these were now added "Harlequin for President," which the Ballet Caravan had produced but—for good reasons, it turned out—had not brought to New York; and the new "Man from Midian" and "Prairie." In "Billy the Kid" Loring, Aaron Copland, and Jared French had created a masterpiece; in none of the others that I saw (I missed "Prairie") had Loring had as good collaborators, or had he himself been able to achieve anything like the strikingly original, witty, and touching choreography of "Billy." "City Portrait," to poor music by Henry Brant, had fine moments; but the humor of "Harlequin," to music of Scarlatti, was embarrassing; and what I saw of "The Man from Midian" was as bad in its serious way, with no discoverable relation to Stefan Wolpe's atrocious music.

Lew Christensen's "Jinx" had an interesting idea that was worked out ineffectively on the stage, with music by Benjamin Britten in which noisy facility covered pointlessness.

The two records of the 1933 Fletcher Henderson Orchestra in Decca's Gems of Jazz Volume 4 are worth getting: 18253 for Coleman Hawkins's fine solo in "It's the Talk of the Town," and good solos by Horace Henderson and Henry Allen in "Nagasaki"; 18254 for another and longer Hawkins solo in his most agitatedly florid and complex style in "I've Got to Sing a Torch Song." As for recent jazz records, Earl Hines does some of his brilliant and intricate playing against a large-band background in "The Earl" (Bluebird 11432); Louis Armstrong plays well against such a background in "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" (Decca 4140); the engaging Mel Powell and the Goodman trombonist make the Benny Goodman Orchestra's "A String of Pearls (Okeh 6590) enjoyable for half the side, up to the moment when Goodman himself begins to zigzag in imitation of the playing he used to do; and the Golden Gate Quartet sings "Didn't It Rain" and "He Never Said a Mumblin' Word" (Okeh 6529). And as for "King Joe" (Okeh 6475), a blues about Joe Louis written by Richard Wright, composed by Count Basie, and sung with the Basie Orchestra by Paul Robeson—I have been made uncomfortable by what I have felt to be the phonyness of this piece of synthetic folk-expression; and I have found that others were affected by it in the same way.

"The Jazz Record Book" (Smith & Durrell, $3.50) begins with a description of jazz and a history of its development; and in accordance with this historical progression it then lists recorded performances and the performers who recorded them, and gives descriptive and critical comment. The authors are Charles Edward Smith, Frederic Ramsey, Jr., William Russell, and Charles Payne Rogers, of whom Smith, Ramsey, and Russell were important members of the group who produced the book "Jazz Men," in which the nostalgia for the New Orleans brothels was heavy and the lyricism of expression unreadable. In the present book they are more sober, more factual, and more informative; but their minds and prose styles are cloudy; and for an account of the nature and development of jazz I would take Wilder Hobson's "American Jazz Music," the one first-rate piece of appreciative writing on the subject—as distinguished from Winthrop Sargeant's technical study of it—that I know.

The same cloudiness manifests itself in the second part of the book in undiscriminating inclusion and omission of recorded performances, in equally undiscriminating comments, and in ways of listing band personnels that often are difficult to follow and thus lessen the usefulness of what is to me the only valuable part of the book.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

The Conflict in Anderson

Dear Sirs: Permit me all respectfully to say that Sherwood Anderson's beautiful volume of "Memoirs," which Margaret Marshall finds "a chaos of impulse and feeling," "inert and shapeless," and "lacking the bones of thought," appears to me to be a very orderly book. I feel that while the style rambles and digresses, it does so in accordance with the author's intention, and that the formal arrangement of the material is methodical, contributing to the clear illustration of the subject and the force of its expression.

This subject, which is prefigured in the preface, is the conflict between the opportunist and the idealist comprised in the individuality of Sherwood Anderson. The one governed his early manhood and his business relations; the other asserted itself in the form of a sickness with his way of life and began gaining the upper hand as soon as he commenced writing. A morality developed within Anderson: the morality of the artist; a truthfulness to his feeling, a devotion to truth as expressed in art. For a time the two "personalities" ran in harness while Anderson allowed the opportunist to control the writing of the advertisements through which he made his living, the idealist his literary work. But business grew more and more distasteful; temporarily he was enabled to drop it entirely through the commercial success of his books. That success dwindled; there was a temptation to write for the market. But Anderson chose "not to sell out his inner life" and faced poverty in old age with equanimity.

That is his "success story": in itself it suggests that he felt a universal order and stability; for it presents an almost typical instance of the regular and recurrent emergence and entelechy of the artist. And the whole mass of the material pushes forward as to a climax to The Sound of the Stream—the chapter which at the conclusion of the fifth of the six "books" of the "Memoirs" recounts the event of the final decision "not to sell out." Against the background of the American hour and place and the family situation which sharpened Anderson's desire for material success, Book I exhibits the emergence of the two natures and foreshadows the "sickness" in Book II. Book II exhibits the temporary dominance of opportunism, the crucial moments which broke its hold—the crash of the marriage built on the opportunist self and the emergence of the artist's morality. A Robin's Egg Renaissance shows the temporary adjustment of the two selves; Book IV—the book of peregrinations—the efforts to escape entirely from business and the crash of another marriage. The final unity begins at the end of this book—harmony with environment, with a wife, and with art. What is most extraordinary of course is the wonderfully warm and tender feeling with which Anderson, as usual, expresses his subject: it makes me think of him as a sort of Schubert or Van Gogh of prose.

PAUL ROSENFELD

New York, May 15

"Total" War-Bond Buying

Dear Sirs: The general executive board of Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers recently voted unanimously to institute a 10 per cent industry-wide payroll-deduction plan for the purchase of $4,000,000 in war bonds annually by all of its 20,000 members. This plan will remain in effect for the duration of the war or as long as the national crisis continues.

In commenting on Local 3's action Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., business manager of the union, said: "If our government is to receive the billions of dollars which it requires to achieve victory over the Axis powers, there must be an end to haphazard, individual effort in the purchase of war bonds. This is war and all the people must participate in an orderly, organized manner. I hope that other unions and other industries will follow the action of Local 3."

Local 3 intends to use its influence in the labor movement to induce other unions to exert total effort in the purchase of war bonds.

CHARLES YALE HARRISON

New York, May 11

The Position of the A. C. L. U.

Dear Sirs: The letter-debate published recently in *The Nation* between James N. Rosenberg and Arthur Garfield Hays on the sedition prosecutions instituted by the Department of Justice has apparently created an impression that the American Civil Liberties Union is participating in the defense of the indicted men.

That is not the fact. No action whatever has been taken except to urge the Attorney General to adhere to the "clear and present danger" test laid down by the Supreme Court in World War I; and to raise the question whether the utterances of the particular crackpots (and others) indicted constitute any real danger to the conduct of the war. The Civil Liberties Union, in accordance with its customary procedure, will examine each indictment to determine whether any participation or protest is justified by the "clear and present danger" test.

Mr. Hays was arguing a general case, without committing the Union to any specific action. As Attorney General Biddle has stated, the responsibility of determining what utterances are seditious is "terrific"—for the American Civil Liberties Union as well as for the Department of Justice.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
Chairman, Board of Directors,
American Civil Liberties Union

New York, May 15

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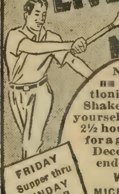

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The Shape of Things

DESPITE THE ADVENT OF PIERRE LAVAL, full collaboration between Vichy France and the Axis is proving a slow growth. The underground resistance of French patriots is spreading in direct proportion to the intensity of the terror tactics designed to stamp it out. For all his tremendous paper power the Chief of Government can do nothing to quell it. Nor has he felt strong enough to implement his threats against Britain because of its seizure of Madagascar. Still less dare he outrage public opinion by any move toward a rupture with the United States; so that he has to acquiesce in the Martinique negotiations. Unfortunately, the State Department still fails to grasp the basic weakness of Laval's position—the total absence of popular French support for his policy—and so allows the Martinique discussions to drag on instead of insisting on immediate compliance with its demands. Meanwhile Berlin is engaging in a new maneuver which at first sight would appear an attempt to torpedo Laval but could be cunningly designed to build him up. By Hitler's kind permission the Italians have revived their agitation for "Tunis, Corsica, and Nice." Berlin knows quite well that the whole structure of the Vichy regime would collapse if these territories were ceded to Mussolini, for not even the most fascist-minded French officers would stomach such a surrender. But after allowing the agitation to be worked up to impressive proportions Hitler can either call it off in return for a quid pro quo such as the French fleet or simply as a mark of favor to Laval, who could then be hailed as the savior of the French empire. An alternative theory is that the Nazis have realized that collaboration cannot be effected with the aid of any bought French leader, even Laval, and are therefore preparing to occupy the whole country.

*

THE WIND OF OPTIMISM WHICH DURING the past few weeks has filled the air waves and press columns with intimations of early victory sprang up as the result of a half-fortuitous combination of events. British raids over German-held Europe have assumed ever greater proportions and destructive force; the successful Russian drive against Kharkov tempted people to minimize the Nazi offensive in the Crimea; stories of hunger and political unrest in Italy and Germany created hopes of early Axis collapse; and various official reports, such as the recent army-navy war review, presented a picture of encouraging progress in American preparations. No one of these stories by itself was untrue; together they tended to distort a total picture which is dark, if not desperate. And so it was extremely wise of the President and Secretary Hull to issue warnings against over-optimism and to urge the press to use restraint in dealing with local or day-to-day successes. The loss of Burma and the growing threat to China, the German push toward the Caucasus, the destructive submarine war in our own coastal waters against Allied shipping—these are factors of greater immediate moment than all the omens of victory listed above.

* * *

IT IS NO WONDER THAT THE BRITISH demand for a new front is swelling into a movement of ominous proportions—the sort of movement that drove Chamberlain, against his desire, to threaten war when Hitler moved into Prague; the sort of movement that threw him out of office when Norway fell. Public opinion cannot plan strategy, but it can often create major policy—especially in England. The tremendous demonstrations in London last Sunday, organized partly by the Communists and partly by Beaverbrook's *Daily Express,* amounted to a popular mandate for a European offensive. The bitter fact, stated clearly by Mr. del Vayo on page 618 of this issue, is that Russia's position is extremely perilous and that time is running short. The stories from Berne and Stockholm, and even from Moscow and Kuibyshev, have concealed rather than exposed the fact. Only by ignoring these dispatches, which are inspired by propaganda or a dearth of real news, and concentrating on the terse communiqués of the Soviet command can one get an accurate if partial picture. Russia is in danger of defeat or a disastrous setback within the next three months. Its situation calls for a strategy which subordinates caution and even complete preparation to daring and speed. Indications that the Allied command has been preparing to send an expedition to some point on the Continent have multiplied in recent weeks. But popular pressure behind such a move is of untold value. It tends to silence the timid and put added energy into the efforts of those in charge of operations. For lack of the eager, aggressive spirit shown at the meetings in Trafalgar Square, Malaya and Burma were lost. It may have asserted itself in time to save the Red Army.

* * *

REICH MARSHAL GOERING HAS GIVEN THE most revealing account of the horrors suffered by the German army during the winter campaign in Russia. In a speech obviously intended to key up the home front for more sacrifices he described the hardships borne by the troops—the appalling cold, the breakdown in communications causing scarcity of food and supplies, the constant harassing by the Soviet guerrillas. He hinted that morale had cracked, declaring that only the strength and genius of Hitler had proved equal to the crisis. Then he painted the portrait of a tender-hearted Führer forced to adopt the harshest of measures in order to prevent the line from giving way. Is this an allusion to the suppression of mutinies, to drastic purges among the officers? Göring seems to have made little attempt to console the Germans for their winter losses by promising quick summer victories. On the contrary, he talked in terms of prolonged war and new trials to be endured. He complained that the weather had been very unkind, not only in Russia but at home. Last year's harvest was a poor one, and an exceptionally bad winter—the third in succession—had prevented the germination of crops sown last fall. From other sources it has been learned that there is now a serious shortage of potatoes—the mainstay of the German diet—owing to the freezing during the winter of a large part of the reserve stocks. Every effort is being made to spur the farmers to produce more, but they are handicapped by shortage of labor. Rumors that there are to be further reductions in German meat rations have been encouraged by the granting of a "leave of absence" to Walter Darre, veteran Nazi Minister of Food and Agriculture. These rumors have been officially denied, but there is reason to suppose that Darre has been selected as the scapegoat for the failure of Nazi food policies.

* * *

WITH MEXICO'S ENTRY INTO THE WAR THE United Nations have won an ally whose opposition to fascist aggression, from Ethiopia to Spain, has been admirably consistent. And the United States has won more than an ally, for Mexico, once in the war, no longer offers opportunities to the Axis for fifth-column activities dangerous both to itself and to the United States. The situation had become especially alarming since our own declaration of war. In the measure to which the Camacho government increased its support of the United States and strengthened the defense of the country, Axis agitators in Mexico intensified their activities. They enjoyed the invaluable support of the Sinarquistas and the Spanish Phalanx. The government attempted to counteract their influence by arresting several undesirable aliens, among them Edwald Bork, director of the German Bank and the Nazi party chief for all Mexico. These agents were supposed to leave the country at once, but their departure was several times delayed, and private information from Mexico revealed that every sort of influence was being exerted to prevent their deportation. Business firms on the United States blacklist also continued to do business—both commercial and political. A declaration of war will give the Camacho government

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a free hand in dealing with these Nazi invaders, not to mention the 4,860 Japanese who, according to the latest official Mexican figures, have in recent years established themselves along the coast. No less important are the contributions a country so rich in raw materials, notably in metals, can render to the war effort of the United Nations, and the effect its war declaration will have on other Latin American republics, especially democratic Chile, where Mexico has always exercised a great influence on account of its progressive social policy.

*

THE SUBMARINE PERIL ALONG OUR COAST is increasing in magnitude despite the additional measures recently taken by the navy and coast guard to protect shipping. Unfortunately, it is not generally realized in this country how important our own Atlantic front is for the war as a whole. That the enemy considers it of vital importance may be seen from the tremendous efforts he is making to keep up the campaign on this side of the Atlantic. We would not suggest for a moment that the navy is not doing all it can, but the government has not been as vigorous as it might have been in enlisting public support in combating the peril. Much valuable time was lost in enforcing the dimout in New York and along the Southern coast. Not much emphasis has been given to the navy's request that private owners turn over their small boats to aid in the anti-submarine campaign. Walter Lippmann has issued a dramatic and timely appeal to our civilian seamen—yachtsmen, fishermen, and tugboat captains—to fight as guerrillas against the enemy that has invaded our territorial waters. The navy would doubtless oppose the idea of amateurs operating independently against the U-boat menace, but there is much that could be done under the navy's direction. And if unorthodox methods will help, as they helped at Dunkirk, let us by all means use them.

*

AS USUAL THE TAX PROGRAM WORKED OUT by the House Ways and Means Committee has proved to be far less satisfactory than that proposed by the Treasury's tax experts. The committee's bill frankly shifts the tax burden away from the well-to-do. Forgotten is the $25,000 ceiling asked for by the President in his recent message to Congress. Instead, a person having an income of $1,000,000 is allowed to keep $157,000. Families with incomes of $10,000—the Congressional level—escape with a tax of only $2,064 under the committee bill as compared with the $2,549 asked for by the Treasury. The increase for the $10,000-a-year man over this year's tax amounts to a little more than 50 per cent. It is even less for the higher brackets. In contrast, a married man with an income of $2,000 will pay more than three times as much under the committee's bill as he now pays, or $152 as compared with $42, while an unmarried person earning $20 a week will be taxed approximately $90. An unmarried person earning $700 a year—less than $14 a week—will pay a tax of $32 under the committee plan as compared with $16 under the Treasury's proposals. Although the House committee has substantially raised the tax on single persons in the lower brackets, revenue derived by this increase by no means offsets that lost by the reduction of the burden on the well-to-do. It is estimated that the yield of the bill as it stands will fall short of the Treasury's estimates by nearly $2,000,000,000. Although no action has yet been taken in that direction, there is grave danger that Congress will seek to make up this deficiency by a sales tax that will again fall chiefly on the lower income groups.

*

THE ADMINISTRATION'S POLICY ON WAGES became somewhat clearer last week when the President openly opposed the granting of voluntary wage increases by three West Coast aircraft corporations. The action was taken on the ground that the proposed increase would unsettle wage scales throughout the industry and might contribute to general labor unrest. A few days earlier William H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor Board, indicated that some method might be worked out for keeping low wages approximately in line with rising living costs. The two statements of policy are, of course, not at all inconsistent. Wage increases cannot be ruled out entirely during the emergency, but they should be linked to need and changes in living costs and not to any one company's ability to increase its remuneration. It is possible that as the shortage of skilled workers becomes more acute some minor adjustments will have to be made in order to assure an adequate supply of trained men. But it is important that all changes be subject to orderly review and not left to the whim of the employers. To date the War Labor Board has handled all requests for wage increases, but its authority is limited to settling disputes that arise through collective bargaining. There is need for a new wage board such as has been recommended by an inter-departmental committee to take responsibility where the NWLB lacks power. A clear-cut statement of government policy by such a board would probably do much to allay the fears of organized labor and help put an end to the reactionaries' demand for a freezing of all wages.

*

IN ASKING THE SENATE TO CONFIRM THE nomination of Thomas F. Meaney to a federal judgeship, the President has again gone out of his way to meet the wishes of Boss Hague of Jersey City. Meaney is more than an ally of the Hague machine; he is such an uncomplaining stooge that he resigned his own job several years ago because that was the only way to make a place for the Mayor's son, Frank, Jr. Young Hague, who aspired to be a lawyer, had been thrown out of several colleges and was obviously immune to the higher learning. His father, for once referring to the law, discovered an ancient statute that permitted "lay judges" to sit on the state Court of Errors and Appeals. Deciding that this was the job for Junior, the Mayor obtained Meaney's resignation and told him to bide his time until a suitable opening appeared. When there was a vacancy on the New Jersey District Court, Hague and his man in the Senate, William Smathers, prevailed upon the President to nominate Meaney without even considering other candidates. If the President does not withdraw Meaney's name, the Senate ought to reject it. Any one of Governor Edison's candidates would be better.

Will China Be Next?

JAPAN has been quick to take advantage of the isolation of China as a result of the cutting of the Burma road. For the first time since 1938 it has launched a number of simultaneous drives against Chiang Kai-shek's major bases. The drive through Burma into the province of Yunnan appears to have been stopped, for the time being at least, by effective Chinese resistance and the approach of the rainy season. But in Chekiang, where the Chinese have retained a rich coastal region not far from the southern islands of Japan, the enemy has made considerable progress in a four-pronged drive that may have as its ultimate objective a link with the Japanese forces to the west in Nanchang. Another enemy force, said to number at least 25,000, has landed near the important port city of Foochow, just south of the Chekiang border. There are also reports of a new drive against Changsha, scene of at least three previous Japanese disasters. Minor operations are reported in southern Shansi, where the Japanese have likewise encountered difficulties in the past.

The progress of these drives is somewhat obscure as we go to press. So far the Chinese appear to be holding their own in the defense of Foochow, although the Japanese have effected a number of landings in the vicinity of the city. In Chekiang the situation is grave. It seems likely that the important city of Kinhwa, the temporary provincial capital, has already fallen to the invader. Capture of this city alone would justify whatever price the Japanese have paid in making the offensive in this region.

It is possible that the drives in Chekiang and around Foochow are primarily to locate and destroy any air bases that the United Nations might be planning to use for attacks upon Japan. This would seem the most logical explanation of the extraordinarily heavy air attacks upon this region during the past month. It is reported from Chungking that the enemy has made twenty-two raids there since April 18, employing a total of no fewer than 554 planes. One city, Kian in central Kiangsi, has suffered thirteen raids, the heaviest of which was carried out by forty-three planes. Since Kian itself is a relatively unimportant town, it must be assumed that the Japanese believe it to be an actual or potential base for air operations against Tokyo. But even if the immediate objective of Chekiang operations is the elimination of air bases, the drive is a serious threat to China's survival. Not only is Chekiang a rich province in its own right, but it has served for the past four years as one of the principal routes by which supplies have reached Free China. The Japanese naval blockade has never been very effective. By the payment of a sort of illegal tax to the naval patrols the Chinese have been able to import substantial quantities of goods, including many Japanese products, through the free Chinese ports that dot the Chekiang and Fukien coastline. The closing of these ports of entry after the barring of the Burma road would be an extremely serious blow to Chungking. If, in addition, the Japanese were able to capture Changsha and open north-south communications along the Canton-Hankow railway and east-west communications along the railway that runs from Hangchow to Changsha, China's plight would be desperate.

The gravity of the situation is emphasized by an urgent call for help from a Chinese official spokesman. The Chinese are not cry-babies. They have fought this war without very much aid from outside. But until now they have always had assurance that some supplies would reach them. During the first four years of the war the Russians maintained a steady, though inadequate, flow of planes, trucks, and light guns. For the past twelve months American supplies have been rolling in by way of the Burma road. And many needed articles have trickled in through the southern ports. Now that all these avenues are virtually closed, the Chinese naturally are anxious. They look to the United States with its vast capacity for building transport planes as their one hope of survival. Military secrecy prevents us, of course, from knowing what steps are being taken in Washington, but past experience leads us to fear that help may be delayed until it is too late.

It is possible that Japan can be defeated even if China goes down. But the loss to the United Nations of from three to four million experienced soldiers who would drive the Japanese into the sea if they were given arms could not fail to prolong the war for many months. It might even necessitate the raising and sending of an equivalent American army to the Far East. Great sacrifices may be necessary to deliver to China while there is yet time the modest minimum of goods it must have in order to carry on. But nowhere else in the world today are supplies more bitterly needed, and in no other place are they likely to be used more effectively.

The Walsh Case

ON APRIL 30 Gustave Beekman was convicted in County Judge Leibowitz's Brooklyn court on a harge of operating a house of male prostitution. His premises in Pacific Street, Brooklyn, had been raided on March 14 by city detectives and Naval Intelligence officers after having been under surveillance for six weeks by three federal agencies, whose attention had been attracted to the place by the many members of the armed forces visiting it. After the jury's verdict Beekman was told by Judge Leibowitz that the length of his sentence would depend on the extent to which he cooperated with the authorities—a procedure which may be undesirable but is certainly hallowed by custom in our criminal courts.

As a result Beekman signed an affidavit parts of which were published on May 1 by the New York *Post*. This document gave full and unprintable details about orgies which took place at the Pacific Street house, named two Germans who were in the habit of bringing soldiers and sailors there and questioning them closely about ship movements and so forth, and referred at some length to a United States Senator who was alleged to be a frequent visitor. In its story the *Post* withheld the name of this man, together with many other particulars, in order not to interfere with official investigations said to be in progress. Not unnaturally, however, even though other newspapers left the matter severely alone, rumors began to spread, and the name of the Senator supposed to be involved was soon widely known.

On May 6 the New York *Post* stated that the man named by Beekman and other witnesses in the course of official investigations was David I. Walsh, senior Senator from Massachusetts, chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, and a prominent member of the isolationist bloc. Declaring that the evidence suggested that the Senator had visited the Pacific Street house since America entered the war, the newspaper urged editorially that a full investigation should be undertaken by the Senate. Informed of the accusation, Senator Walsh said: "It's a diabolical lie. . . . I have never in my life been in such a place."

In Washington no official cognizance was taken of the charges until May 20, when Majority Leader Barkley told the Senate that he had received an FBI report from Attorney General Biddle which completely exonerated Walsh. While he did not read the report to his colleagues, he summarized some parts of it in his speech. In the course of their investigations, it appeared, FBI officers had interrogated Beekman, who recanted his original sworn statement and admitted that the man he had identified as Walsh was another elderly New Englander, not from Massachusetts, who was about the same weight and age as the Senator but otherwise completely unlike him. Other witnesses also agreed that this unnamed man was a visitor to Pacific Street on the dates Walsh had been said to be there, and in an interview with FBI investigators the man himself admitted the fact. Senator Barkley made no suggestions for further action, but after his statement four isolationist Senators—Clark of Missouri, Tobey, Wheeler, and Nye—took the floor and denounced the *Post,* its attorney Morris Ernst, and Judge Leibowitz in unmeasured terms. Senator Clark said that there had been a "filthy conspiracy to smear a member of this body" and suggested that "the old hussy who runs the New York *Post*" should be summoned to the bar of the Senate together with Judge Leibowitz, who "must have been a party" to subornation of perjury. Similar accusations were made by the other Senators, with Nye contributing a dark hint about the existence of a secret society devoted to the collection of information for the purpose of smearing individual members of the Upper House.

The only real support for these proposals for a Senate inquiry has come from the New York *Post* itself, which has asserted that the FBI report was a flagrant piece of whitewashing and has demanded the right to be heard on the charges made against it by Senator Clark and his friends. In support of its stand the *Post* has published a third affidavit by Beekman stating that his recantation was made after hours of high-pressure questioning by FBI agents and reasserting his identification of Walsh as a frequenter of his establishment. Clearly Beekman is an unsatisfactory witness for either side of the case, but in our view the unpublished report of the Justice Department does not wholly dispose of the matter. If Senator Walsh has indeed been vindicated, then the New York *Post* has been guilty of an atrocious libel and should be indicted before the Senate or some other court. But it, too, has a right to be heard in its own defense and to be given an opportunity to disprove the very grave charges of conspiracy which have been hurled against it.

There is a point of public interest, also, which ought not to be overlooked. So summary an attempt to bury an unpleasant affair may involve the sidetracking of a full and open investigation of the house in Pacific Street. The statement that Nazi agents were habitués of this place has not been denied, and, in fact, two of those named have been interned at Ellis Island. But if their activities have been correctly described, they should not merely be locked up but should be brought to trial. Let us not forget that the exploitation of sexual irregularities has been a favored Nazi method of gathering information and organizing fifth columns. We cannot afford to encourage such methods by covering up a case in order to protect someone whose name, justly or unjustly, has been brought into it. *The Nation* strongly supports the *Post's* demand for a full and public inquiry.

Russia in Danger

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

EVERYBODY foresaw that there was nothing to be complacent about. It was clear that as soon as the Battle of Russia renewed its violence the general uneasiness over the outcome would be reflected in an intensification of the pressure for a second front. That is what has happened, and the last debate in the Commons and the demonstrations in Trafalgar Square again have revealed England leading the movement in favor of an invasion of Europe.

The worst thing that could happen would be to have the demand for a second front become a political issue or degenerate into a cause of bitterness and suspicion. The question should not involve any consideration whatever except the interests of victory. Not even one's attitude toward the Soviet Union should be permitted to play a role in this debate. And to suspect anyone who doubts the advisability of opening a second front of defeatism or appeasement would be equally stupid and groundless. In Spain one found the best military chiefs insisting, as was their duty, on the difficulties of a proposed military operation and afterward, when the government had decided to carry it out, welcoming the decision with relief. It would be disheartening if any group should repeat the spectacle of abusing today the people who tomorrow will again be eligible for praise.

In addition, anyone who has sat in the supreme council during a war has observed the natural irritation produced in those who bear direct responsibility for the conduct of operations by advice from outsiders on when and where and how they should attack. In this particular case, the irritation must be even greater, because those who are on the inside must have the sensation of controlling an overwhelming industrial power that assures them in the near future indisputable superiority in the air, on land, and on the sea. Those people who are in the secret, who hold or believe they hold all the elements of judgment in their hands, surely anticipate with confident joy the moment when the portentous war machine now in process of construction will begin to crush under its wheels the German motorized divisions. Only imagine the day when all the fighting resources of the United Nations are mobilized for the terrific assault! For every plane of the Axis, ten of ours; for every tank, twenty; and all that splendid war material at the service both of the young expeditionary armies and of the men trained during two years of struggle in hurling the Nazis back. It is then that the Russians will receive compensation for having "held the line" until the hour struck for the invasion of Europe.

"Hold the line" becomes thus the supreme appeal addressed to an ally who in the eyes of the anti-Hitler world embodies the will to resist. And that would be all very well if "hold the line" were not offset by a terrifying alternative—the possibility that that line may break under the strain of its prolonged effort.

As the Battle of Russia develops, the opening of a second front seems, more and more, the only means of helping an army whose survival is acknowledged to be essential to the winning of the war. The clamor for an early invasion of Europe springs out of the double conviction that neither the heaviest bombardment of the German bases in France and Northern Europe or of Germany itself—of Berlin, even if it could be entirely destroyed—nor the sending of war material to Russia in the greatest possible quantities can save the Red Army if the German drive gathers the impetus that must be expected. In the opinion of people with the most authoritative knowledge of the eastern front, even if every plane and every tank that comes from an American assembly line were to be sent to Russia, the problem would not be solved in the few weeks or months available.

The only way out is a new front in Europe opened, as has been suggested in these columns, in one country or two or four, with armies attacking wherever an attack can be launched, not checked by the barriers of artificial neutralities or by the advices of a diplomacy which, since the beginning of the war, has not yet been able to register a single success.

Of course, a risk and eventually a great risk must be run. But not even the most unfortunate outcome of an attempted debarkation in Europe would lead to the loss of the war, while the smashing of Russia might well do just that.

And just what is meant by a "failure" of an attempted invasion? Nobody could expect an expeditionary army to cross Europe in a triumphant blitz and make a junction with the Russians. In the present phase of the war it would be enough if a second front forced the Germans to withdraw a considerable number of troops from the east, upset the Nazi plan of attack, and disturbed the distribution of forces which, to the last best battalion, have been sent against Russia. This would be sufficient to achieve the main objective—to prevent a great Russian defeat. It is thus that the problem must be visualized: the opening of a second front could never lead to a total disaster; the loss of Russia would be the greatest disaster that could overwhelm the United Nations.

Let us assume that, before this article is published, the last German focus of resistance in Kharkov has fallen into Russian hands. That would be a piece of excellent news. Timoshenko's successful offensive in the Ukraine is greatly to the credit of a general who, with MacArthur, shares the honors for the most aggressive strategy on the Allied side and whose armies appear to be in the same excellent condition as in December and January. But just as during the winter the Russian effort, though it saved Moscow and Leningrad, failed to dislodge the Germans from the key positions that provide the basis for the next offensive, so now a success in the Ukraine—even the capture of Kharkov—would not remove the terrible threat that hangs over the oil fields of the Caucasus.

Nobody wants to minimize the importance of the fight around Kharkov even from the point of view of its effect on the German attempt to push into the Caucasus. The Ukraine has always offered the most precious booty to be won through the conquest of Russia. Not only on account of its agricultural treasures but also for its production of steel, pig iron, iron ore, coal, and manganese and its powerful industries, the Ukraine has seemed to Hitler worth the greatest sacrifices. But if ten years ago the loss of the Ukraine would certainly have brought to Russia irreparable disaster, the immense program of industrialization, particularly in the fabrication of war materials, in the Urals and Kuznetz has today secured for the Russian armies a considerable supply of arms and munitions, which can be supplemented with the planes and tanks that are coming from abroad.

On the other hand, the loss of the Caucasus would be a blow from which the Red Army could hardly recover. Upon the oil of Baku depends not only the maintenance of Russia's motorized divisions, of its planes and its tanks, but of the mechanized farm equipment which produces the food for its soldiers and its heroic civil population. A serious cut in the oil supply would reduce the wonderful Russian armies to a vast conglomerate of guerrilla forces, fantastic in numbers but without adequate means to fight a machine like the German army. The war would be indefinitely prolonged and the possibility of opening an effective second front somewhere else reduced to mere sentimental speculation.

Nor is it possible to comfort oneself with the idea that the courageous scorched-earth policy practiced in the Ukraine could be equally well applied to the Caucasus. First, in the view of German experts, the oil wells, even if they were thoroughly wrecked, could eventually be restored to use. And even if they were to be rendered entirely useless for the invading army, their loss to Russia would be no less catastrophic.

It is for the oil of Baku that Hitler strikes. This is not a revelation of today. Allied experts foresaw it months ago. To immobilize the Soviet armies, to destroy the value of the war material America sends to Russia by turning tanks and planes into dead machines, and at the same time to seize the fuel Germany needs to prolong the war—that is Hitler's double objective. It is around the oil wells of Azerbaijan that the fate of Russia and the world may be decided.

What to Do About Rubber?

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, May 25

AXIS Prisoner. Modern war is war on wheels, and the wheels have rubber tires. Rubber is the first great victory of the Axis in the field of basic war materials. Japan now controls areas which produced more than 90 per cent of the world's rubber supply in 1940. In rubber we and our allies have become have-not powers.

How Much Rubber Do We Have? The Truman committee's report on the rubber situation, which will be released before this appears in print, says Leon Henderson testified that the United Nations "started the year 1942 with a total of 693,000 tons." That is less than our own consumption of rubber last year. Henderson testified that by May of 1943 the United Nations will have run entirely out of crude rubber.

Why Have We Not a Bigger Stockpile? The reasons are: (1) We were confident of our ability to hold Far Eastern rubber-producing areas. (2) The British-Dutch rubber cartel was reluctant to permit increased production. Jesse Jones, according to the Truman committee report, had a great deal of trouble in prevailing on the cartel to permit a greater rubber output. "Even . . . with Dunkirk behind them," the report says, "the British and Dutch objected to relaxing the quota." Like many of our own big business men, these rubber magnates were more concerned with control of post-war markets than with victory: "They . . . feared that if the emergency failed to materialize, excess stocks of rubber in the United States would enable the United States to control market prices." (3) By 1941 rubber output was at 100 per cent of capacity, but shipments lagged because of "business-as-usual" practices in transportation: each of the allies sought to keep as large rubber shipments as possible for its own bottoms; "a great many ships made the lengthy trip to the Atlantic coast of the United States instead of going to West Coast ports, where they could have unloaded and returned for new cargoes"; much shipping space was wasted on non-strategic materials. (4) Purchase of rubber for the government stockpile was in the hands of a committee of six, made up of one representative from each of the Big Five rubber companies, with the head of the Rubber Manufacturers' Association as chairman. They took care of themselves and their rubber needs first. (5) "Despite all efforts to increase the flow of rubber into the government stockpile," the Truman committee reports, "there was no substantial increment in the spring of 1941. . . . This was due to the unprecedented sky-rocketing of consumption by the public for non-defense purposes, principally automobiles, through 1941, culminating in the all-time high rate of over 900,000 tons per year during the second quarter of 1941."

Basic Trouble. The difficulty here, as in most sectors of war production, was explained to the Truman committee by a witness who has given little indication in the past of radical views. He was being questioned about the price paid for natural rubber. It cost 7 cents a pound to grow rubber on the better plantations of the East, 12 cents on the submarginal plantations. Our government was paying 18 to 20 cents a pound, yet finding it hard to get increased production. "We were continually after them," the witness said. "We did not complain about the price because it appeared to us that if we were going to get the rubber, we had better give them a price that would stimulate them and encourage them to get it out, because they were not governmental—they were private people, and they are no different from people in this country. They all want to make a profit." The witness was Jesse Jones.

How Much Synthetic Rubber Do We Have? In the form of proposals on paper, 800,000 tons. In existence: 20,000 tons of du Pont neoprene capacity and 10,000 tons of capacity at Goodrich. Both represent private enterprise. The former, however, is a specialty rubber which does not fit into the tire-producing program. Under construction: four government-financed plants of 10,000 tons capacity each, which Jesse Jones says will yield 15,000 tons each. Construction of the first began in May 1941; of the last, in February, 1942. We are told that the synthetic-rubber program will produce 350,000 tons in 1943, but the Truman committee, after examining the contracts and their completion dates, is dubious.

Suggestions. Several interesting suggestions for meeting the rubber crisis are put forward in the Truman report. The committee seems to think that military specifications for rubber could stand an overhauling. "The best information available in this country," the committee says, "is that the German army was built and has been rolling on less than 200,000 tons of rubber a year. The English have not used any quantities of rubber comparable to those our army is now seeking. . . . It may be that many military specifications are too high in view of the concededly short life of military equipment when it is engaged in battle." The committee thinks that to date the military have "been content to require the elimination of rubber for civilian use and have acted on the assumption that what rubber they need will be available." Some changes have begun to be made, but the committee seems to think more economy in the use of rubber by the military is possible.

Our Biggest Stockpile. "There are 1,000,000 tons of rubber on the wheels of motor vehicles in this country—the biggest stockpile in the world," the committee reports. "Every day that 'driving as usual' continues, 600 tons of rubber are lost." In the writer's opinion it would be wise to ration gasoline all over the country as a rubber-conserving measure, and to make the rationing regulations stricter than they are at present.

Junk Coordinator Needed. One source of rubber, as of steel, is the scrap-heap. In rubber, as in steel, the junk-man entrepreneur is unsatisfactory. We need to organize the junk business under a federal authority. Our present facilities for reclaiming rubber can handle 350,000 tons a year. Last year only enough scrap was collected for 275,000 tons. "In the junk heaps of America," the committee reports, "is hidden a greater wealth of vital rubber than our enemies could assemble from all sources available to them today. Estimates of the total amount of scrap rubber in this country vary from 500,000 to 10,000,000 tons." Let's get it out of the junk pile.

New Sources of Butadiene. Of the 800,000-ton synthetic-rubber program, 700,000 tons is for the rubber known as Buna-S. This is made from an intermediate material called butadiene, which can be made from oil or alcohol. Plants for turning the butadiene into Buna-S, the committee reports, "can be erected in a relatively short period and would require relatively small amounts of high-priority strategic materials, but to date we have expected to obtain nearly all of the butadiene through catalytic cracking of butanes which are obtained from petroleum." New cracking plants must be erected, and these require a longer time for construction and call for "large quantities of high-priority materials which are equally important in other essential war industries." Two new possibilities for the production of butadiene from petroleum are touched upon by the committee. "Some of the technical sources consulted by the committee have indicated that it is possible to obtain large quantities of butadiene speedily by converting vapor-phase thermal cracking plants now in existence." Another possibility "now being investigated by the Office of the Petroleum Coordinator" is the utilization of some small refineries which will be forced to shut down as a result of the gasoline-rationing program. These "could be converted to production of butadiene from excess gasoline of other refineries." The objection to these methods is their cost. "Cost," of course, means money cost. Both represent savings in time and materials.

This article on rubber will be continued next week.

The Pope's Neutrality

BY G. A. BORGESE

ROMA LOCUTA, Rome has spoken, and her counsel is a negotiated peace.

> We make a warm, fatherly appeal to statesmen [so broadcast the Pope on May 13] that they may not let any occasion pass that may open up to the nations the road to an honest peace of justice and moderation, to a peace arising from a free and fruitful agreement, even if it should not correspond in all points to their aspirations. . . . The destruction wrought by the war among the nations on the material and spiritual plane is all the time accumulating to such an extent that it calls for every effort to prevent its increase by bringing the conflict to a speedy end.

We have heard similar words on many occasions from many lips. As late as April 20 we read: "We real Americans think it no crime to pray for peace. The sooner peace comes, the better for all of us, unless the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity who was crucified was a subversive when he prayed for peace." These words, however, in the last issue of *Social Justice,* bore the mark of Father Coughlin—whom few judge worthy of speaking in behalf of Christ as the Prince of Peace—while a warning pronounced by the Pope carries enormous weight with hundreds of millions, inside and outside his church, who are prepared to consider him the highest moral authority on earth.

There can be no argument against the desirability of peace—of speedy peace if possible. War as a supremely delightful adventure, as a parade of energy, as a triumph of self-expression, we leave to Nazi-Fascism and its drunken philosophers. No democrat—if modern democracy is, as we know, the offspring of Jewish prophecy and Christian hope—disagrees for a moment with Pius XII when he recalls with dismay the broken families, the ruins piling up, a spectacle of blood and grief unequaled in the past and surpassable, probably, only by what is still to come.

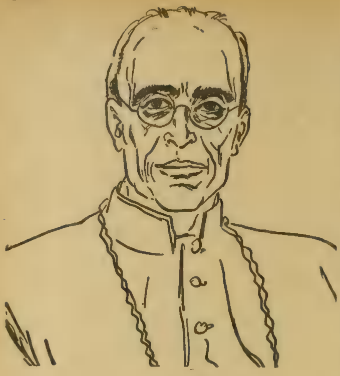
In this attitude toward war in general there is an unfailing coincidence between the permanent trends of the Catholic church and those of modern democracy. It is even such an attitude that accounts, partly at least, for whatever half-heartedness or lack of initiative may be found in the democratic conduct of the war. War, for Western civilization, ceased long since to be enjoyable or smart. It is accepted as a grim necessity, as a cruel duty; and even the exultation of victory, when victory comes, is not without mourning.

From this point of agreement, however, the two roads divide. A misunderstanding widens between the democracies and the Roman church, not indeed with respect to war in general, but with respect to this war or this cycle of wars. At least since 1914 we have been teaching ourselves and others that our purpose in the fight is of an ideal, even religious nature. Two generations have grown up in the concept that we have been fighting the last or the next to last war, with final victory appearing as the demolition of all hatred and slaughter, the world safe for democracy, the Four Freedoms granted to everybody everywhere. It is this conviction that, while it deprives the war of its brutal glamor, of the Homeric "joy of battle," provides the combatants with an indispensable faith, weakens the objections of the conscientious objector, even purifies to some extent those war-mongers and prophets, women and aged, who, absent from actual battle, yet deem the battle to be necessary and holy.

The attitude of the church, or of its supreme spokesman, in this respect is different. It is noncommittal and aloof. We surely do not deny that democracy has its evils. We contend, however, that our enemy is Evil. But the Pope distributes equally blame and prayer. He is above the battle, a distressed and unheeded umpire. "Now," said he on May 13, "we take the opportunity to speak once again a word of peace, and we speak that word in the *full consciousness of our absolute impartiality toward all the belligerents,* and with equal affection for all peoples without exception."

To many in our world the consciousness of such a radical disagreement between ourselves and the most influential of the Christian churches is all but unbearable. The hope that this church might finally speak openly in behalf of our cause has persevered even against evidence. Hence the unusual mission of Myron Taylor to Rome; hence so many tireless endeavors of so many political rulers and intellectual leaders. Imaginative minds have even conceived the possibility that the Pope might consent to be rescued by us from his "captivity" among the Fascists—with the obvious implication that a papal flight to a refuge abroad, even if asylum were sought in a neutral country, would mean a condemnation of Fascism and a full indorsement of our purpose.

Not only against the horror of a protracted war but also against the error of such desires has Pius XII raised his voice. The broadcast of May 13 is a declaration of neutrality absolute. It is not the first, to be sure. It is, however, the most univocal, if neutrality can be univocal, that he has pronounced so far.



Pius XII

Many, it is to be hoped, will now become aware that the "captivity" of the Pope, much more than physical in Fascist Italy, is moral and doctrinal under the systematic command of his allegiances and responsibilities. Those in the Western world who so fervently want the Pope to cast his lot with liberal democracy have forgotten the words of Metternich, a wise man who said that he could imagine everything except a liberal pope. The Syllabus had not yet been published in Metternich's time. The Syllabus in its eightieth and final article, which follows the condemnation of religious freedom, anathematizes whosoever holds that the Roman pontiff "could and ought to reconcile himself with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." The stern verdict has not yet been repealed by pope or council. Nor has the genealogy of the revolutions of the common man—as outlined, for example, by Vice-President Wallace, on May 8, from the America of 1775 to the Russia of 1917—ever been legitimized by the Roman church. Common men, in the papal allocution of May 13, are not urged to be "free under God" as we want them to be. They most strictly are asked to be "obedient to those who command them *and* to God" (italics mine).

On the other hand, no doubt is admissible about the contrast, basic by nature, between the Christian substance of the Catholic faith and the doctrines of Fascism and Nazism. It is sheerly inconceivable that any pope could ever agree with them *ex cathedra.* Racialism, nationalism, deification of the state have been repeatedly disowned, *ex cathedra.* Thus error is here and error is there. Evil and sin face sin and evil. We in the democratic world like to think that ours is a crusade, a holy fight, that God is with us. The Pope does not think so; nor does he think the other way. He does not seek asylum on the questionably neutral shores of Eire or Portugal. Spiritual neutrality and world-wide pity, equally extended to all who suffer for their "love of country," whatever the country is, are his chosen refuge.

Yet a question arises. Is it hypothetically admissible that of two "evils" of such relevance neither is lesser? And should the Christian Pope finally judge that a judgment between evils is mandatory, would he give his preference to Fascism and Nazism in so far as they countenance the principle of totalitarian authority which is doctrinally inherent in the Roman church? Or would he concede that democracy is the lesser evil in so far as it upholds certain fundamentals of Christian ethics and Christian hope which are paramount to the Catholic faith? The answer remains hidden.

All of us, however, have been brought up in the belief that there is a difference, that there must be a difference, between the shrewd ambiguity of pagan oracles and the decisions of Christian frankness. We have been taught that our communication must be "Yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." The evasion that no choice between evils is legitimate, and that any evil is equally condemnable regardless of its size and features, would not give peace to many souls in the waging of such a war. For all of us have heard that the infallibility claimed by the Christian Pope refers to all things of "faith and morals," and the immense majority of the human race feel that all moral values are at stake in this war.

Thus the neutrality of an institution that for nearly two thousand years has specialized in the supreme business of discriminating between moral values may imply for many, Catholic or not, some kind of desertion. Many, by the gesture of the Pope, may be reminded of the gesture of Pilate. And the "impartiality" of his attitude may result in an addition to the confusion.

But let us admit for one moment that the principle of impartiality between evils is logically and ethically tenable. Let us grant that he who stands for absolute goodness is not bound to choose between relative evils. He soars above the conflict. He shuns all commitments.

If, however, the Pope declines to take sides with either democracy—let alone revolution and socialism—or Nazism, this is because he considers himself the warden of a superior truth and justice which transcend *ab aeterno* the errors of both sides. This truth and justice should suggest the terms of an "equitable" and "honest" agreement designed to stop the destruction and massacre. Indeed, the Pontiff avers, implicitly and explicitly, that such terms are thinkable. They can be found; they exist somewhere. They certainly exist in his mind. Yet he comes to the sad conclusion that it would be inopportune to make them specifically and technically known since "in the present state of affairs the formulation of specific proposals of a just and equitable peace would not have any well-founded probability of success." Inopportuneness thereby becomes a synonym for the danger of diplomatic failure. The prestige of the Curia would suffer from the lack of success. "Indeed," said the Pope in a helpless mood, "every time that one speaks a word of peace one runs the risk of offending one or the other side."

Is is impious or disrespectful to wonder whether a preoccupation of this kind is not too worldly? There are risks that must be run if opportunity is not to become a synonym for opportunism. In a Catholic epic novel with which Pius XII is certainly familiar a saintly bishop and cardinal, intrepid defender of the common man, says that "to suffer for the cause of justice is our victory."

Specific proposals from such an uplifted place as the Papal See might illumine many minds. They might also provide many a doubting Thomas with a touchstone to test the good and ill will of the contending parties. But openness in proclaiming neutrality and mystery in regard to specific proposals do not make for justice or peace. The Pope himself is aware—and how could he not be?—of the present military situation. "One side," he says, "bases its security on the results obtained; the other rests its hopes on future battles." But if a movement in favor of an immediate negotiated peace should start in the wake of the papal admonishment—while no concrete papal advices have been imparted as to the terms of such a peace—and if such a movement should achieve a preliminary success, it is clear enough that the Axis would negotiate on the basis of its "results obtained," while the United Nations would not even be allowed to offer in opposition their hopes of "future battles." The odds would not be "honest."

Independent thinkers and a number of orthodox believers as well are disturbed by a neutral intervention which, were it successful, would, however involuntarily, play into the hands of the Axis. It is not easy to believe that Cardinal Faulhaber listened with undivided consent to the papal broadcast. But progressive or democratic Catholics in Germany, or for that matter in any other part of the world where they need not fear tyrant or police, have not yet risen to the restoration of that medieval freedom which allowed the medieval layman or churchman to criticize and openly oppose the policy of the official church.

No institution will go changeless through the "infuriate tragedy," as the Pope calls it, of this era. The time may not be far off when the democrats within the church will make their voice unmistakably clear.

The Long Road to Victory

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

SINCE 1939 the United Nations have lost to the Nazis Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Poland, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, France, Yugoslavia, Greece, Crete, and a large part of Russia. Since December 7, 1941, the United States, tacitly regarded as the Allied champion in the Pacific and the indicated antagonist of Japan, has suffered defeat at Pearl Harbor and lost Wake, Guam, and the Philippines; the Japanese have also seized Malaya with Singapore, the Dutch Indies, parts of the Solomon Islands and New Guinea, the Andaman Islands, and all the valuable areas of Burma.

On the other side of the ledger are the conquest of Italian East Africa by British Empire troops and two purely negative victories scored by the United Nations between 1940 and 1942, when the R. A. F. saved Britain and the Red Army stopped Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union. To date not a single major victory has been chalked up to the credit of the United States, though small American forces have repeatedly given good accounts of themselves.

Nor do these facts give a misleading impression. Our losses have been as strategically serious as they have been extensive. Japan's conquests have enormously increased its military potential and at the same time have injured our economy and made even final victory extremely doubtful. Germany is striking now for strategic raw-material areas, possession of which would, in the opinion of expert military critics, put it beyond any reasonable likelihood of defeat. The needed American offensive in Europe is being put off by a submarine offensive which has been sinking ships faster than new ships can be built, depleting a tonnage already only 50 per cent adequate to present commitments.

This unpalatable review is a necessary foreword to any discussion of a strategy of victory, for only if we face the situation with all its disasters and base plans upon realities rather than wishful thinking shall we have a chance for ultimate success. We are fighting a war on two major fronts against opponents who up to the present have far excelled us in preparedness, understanding of the requirements of war, and generalship. They are today in a much better position to launch major offensives than we are. To win, we must not only achieve greater production but demonstrate better military qualities than the Axis.

Yet the requirements for victory are not complex. First, the United Nations must have an unconquerable will to win; then they must have the weapons to implement this determination effectively, the shipping to bring men and equipment into effective use in chosen sectors, and the military brains to direct these forces wisely.

Specifically, we must eliminate from all posts of power and responsibility officials content with mere lip-service as well as all demonstrated incompetents. Business as usual, politics as usual, labor as usual must go "for the duration." The spirit of willingness to sacrifice all for victory is an indispensable prerequisite for achieving that victory. The people of the United States have repeatedly demonstrated their understanding of this necessity to a greater extent than have their politicians. Every poll of public opinion has revealed Americans as clamoring to make sacrifices far beyond anything political leaders would dare suggest. Yet dollar-a-year men with minds attuned to the desires of business continue to delay progress in our production program. Government propaganda announces that the manufacture of such things as radios and typewriters is to stop and then permits it to continue. Men like Admiral Adolphus Andrews, under whose jurisdiction the Normandie fires occurred, receive promotion. Our production front has been enormously strengthened, but we are not yet doing everything possible or as much as the situation demands.

The number of planes, men, and ships now needed to win is comparative and probably cannot be set down in black and white. Nevertheless, the survey made by the Joint Board of the War and Navy Departments less than a year ago is of some value. An army of 7,000,000 men, greatly increased naval strength, an air force of sufficient size to permit 7,000 bombers to be used against Germany, and 18,000,000 tons of additional shipping were reported as necessary. Two unforeseen factors have since changed this picture. The first was the utter failure of both British and Americans to gauge correctly the caliber of Japan, with the consequent disasters in the Pacific. The second is the unexpectedly strong defense by Russia. The two may or may not balance, but they certainly change our requirements for carrying on a war.

As regards the army the change may be a favorable one. No great numbers of troops have been used by Japan in its push southward, and the American land forces that can be profitably employed in a primarily aerial and naval struggle are also limited. In Europe the formidable stand of the Red Army has entirely changed the complexion of the war. If an American-British offensive on the Continent can be undertaken while the Soviets are still engaging the attention of 90 per cent of Hitler's forces, nothing approaching the 5,000,000 men in 215 divisions contemplated by last year's plan will be necessary.

But if the changes of the last year have reduced the size of the armies we shall need, they have been sparing nowhere else. The burdens on shipping have been enormously increased by the need of supplying expeditionary forces in the southern Pacific. At the same time the German submarine offensive in our own waters, successful largely because of diversion of most of our sea power to the Pacific, has greatly reduced the available merchant tonnage in either ocean. We are desperately short of cargo ships, of oilers, and of their naval escorts. Our shipping program has meanwhile climbed to 23,000,000 tons in two years. It is now behind schedule and even if realized may not be adequate. Unofficial estimates of new ships needed run as high as 30,000,000 tons.

Japanese successes have of course increased the need of planes, though in this field production has gone up so rapidly that long-term prospects are rosy and the immediate future looks only less so. Greater emphasis upon certain types, such as long-range bombers and pursuit planes, is obviously needed. Our air program can very conceivably be the difference between defeat and victory. Aviation men who have maintained that air power alone or air power supported by naval and land strength can win wars have a splendid opportunity at hand to prove their words. In Western Europe the British now have a decisive superiority over the Luftwaffe and with our aid are rapidly adding to it. The development of British aviation has placed emphasis upon air power as an independent striking weapon rather than as an aid to sea or air forces. Less than a year ago the intelligence officers of our Army Air Corps expressed the minority view that a military invasion of Europe would not be practicable within the next three years, but they added that if an air offensive over Germany succeeded, a military invasion might not be necessary.

In the days before Pearl Harbor many persons believed that some other factor than supreme military-naval-air power would defeat Germany. Blockade, shortages of vital materials, internal division, propaganda, and fifth-column work, each had its champions. Now the public sees more clearly that such measures cannot destroy a Germany that is militarily triumphant. They have their use, however, as supplementary lines of attack. The United States has been scandalously negligent in not seeing the possibilities in such non-military offensives. Before our entrance into the war we actually supplied Germany with needed fats, via Finland. We have been disastrously slow in acting upon blacklists, breaking up defense-hindering monopolies, freezing Axis assets. Our raw-materials program has been an administrative mess, and departmental delays and disputes have robbed measures of economic warfare of much of their effectiveness.

All things considered, it looks as if the only way to throw Germany out of the war will be to beat it decisively on the field of battle. Since it would be the height of folly to expect Russia to accomplish this task alone, an Allied expeditionary force, largely American, is indicated. But invasion of the Continent cannot be attempted without overwhelming air superiority and is hardly feasible until German submarine sinkings have been brought under control. We are at present well on the way to gaining the necessary air superiority. The adoption of convoys along our coasts as soon as more destroyers and other escort types of ships have been completed should take care of the submarine situation, though not at once. Balancing these reasons for caution are the enormous advantages to be gained by striking—even with a smaller force—while the Soviet Union is absorbing all the punches that Germany can put over. If Russia should be defeated and rendered militarily impotent while we are preparing, an Allied offensive would have to start in regions remote from the center of German power and be undertaken in great force in order to stand a chance of success. Should Russian resistance continue on a large scale until the middle of 1943, formerly regarded as the earliest date on which a great American army could be ready, with the requisite shipping, Germany's chances of victory would probably have already vanished even if its vital oil supplies were not yet exhausted.

All this has been written without regard to Japan, which has shown it must be very much a factor in our calculations. Japan's project of a Greater East Asia predated the dreams of Hitler, and there seems to be no reason for the often-expressed view that the defeat of Germany will as a corollary involve the collapse of Japan. Another common error in popular thinking is the view that what has been lost may later be regained. It is true that this might happen, but the cost of reconquering territories against an alert and prepared defender is almost certain to be several times as great as that of defending them in the first place.

Any expectation of starving out Japan by distant blockade is foolish. Its situation with regard to raw materials is probably not serious save for iron, where gains by conquest have certainly not replaced loss of imports from Britain and America. In a long war this lack might well be serious. No one has suggested a weakness in Japanese morale or any likelihood of success for fifth-column or propaganda offensives. Japan will hardly surrender before it has been soundly thrashed on land and sea and in the air. Even then an invasion of its homeland might well be necessary.

There are two main schools of thought about the best means of winning in the Pacific. The air-minded group believe that Japan could be ruined by bombardment of vulnerable points on the Japanese mainland from the air. They liken this to smashing the head of an octopus in preference to dealing with its tentacles one by one. Such a plan has in its favor the great vulnerability of the Japanese target and the low probable cost in lives and material. Its practicability, however, is doubtful. We have not enough long-range bombers to attempt frequent large-scale attacks from the Aleutians, nor are our carrier-based planes equal to the land-based defenders they would encounter. The use of Russian bases, however, would change the entire picture. The raids already carried out have probably been from secret bases on the Chinese coast; here the difficulty is to accumulate enough gasoline and other supplies for frequent strong attacks.

Older plans for knocking out Japan use naval force primarily but include close air and land support. A naval force can reach Japan by following a northern route from Alaska along the chain of the Aleutian and Kurile islands and Sakhalin; by threading the Japanese-mandated islands of the central Pacific with the Philippines or Formosa as the main objective; or by taking the southern route now being used by our Australian convoys. The first is the shortest; the last by far the longest. The northern route threatens few interests really vital to Japan in its earlier stages; taking the southern route would require us to attack a long series of shock absorbers, Japan's earlier conquests, before we could strike at the enemy in his homeland. We are already committed but not confined to use of the Australian route. All involve heavy risks of failure. But in our favor is the fact that Japan has now dispersed its forces so widely that it cannot possibly be strong everywhere.

Whatever route is taken, the technique of the attack will be much the same. Since American bases are too distant to permit direct and effective blows, advanced stations will have to be seized, garrisoned, fortified, and, if possible, converted into air bases. Both sea and air superiority is necessary to success, and no advance can safely be undertaken without firmly established base facilities. Ordinarily regarded as slow, this type of campaign can be very rapid, as Japan's lightning thrusts southward revealed, if it is conducted with sufficient force.

By choosing the southern route we were able to use British possessions in the southern Pacific as our stepping-stones westward. At the time Japan was too busy with more important campaigns elsewhere to interfere with this process, though it has repeatedly made weak gestures at New Guinea and the islands directly east. The advanced stations of the opponents have now become so close that they offer a threat to each other's supply lines, abnormally long for both powers. Since Japan closed its southward campaign, sniping tactics by submarines and planes have favored the United States, though hardly to an extent likely to cripple future Japanese efforts. To date no major action has taken place, but preliminary skirmishes and reinforcement of advanced positions are a sign that the main naval battle of this war may not be far off.

In what has become a truly global war we should guard carefully against dispersion of our efforts against non-vital objectives. We now have forces stationed in every continent, many serving no very vital purpose and not strong enough to beat back heavy attack. The military principle of concentration of effort calls for the use of all available forces on the crucial front. In what is essentially a war for survival we cannot afford to continue making mistakes.

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Keep Them Out!

II. MARTIN L. SWEENEY OF OHIO

Candidate for a Democratic Congressional Nomination

BY WILL CHASAN AND VICTOR RIESEL

NO CONGRESSMAN has been more deeply involved in efforts to obstruct our war program than Martin L. Sweeney, the bumptious Ohio isolationist and anti-New Deal Democrat whom the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* described shortly before Pearl Harbor as "one of Hitler's little helpers in the Congress of the United States." "If Sweeney's views had prevailed," the *Plain Dealer* said, "Hitler by this time would have won the war, and this country would be unprepared to resist Nazi aggression in the Western Hemisphere."

The statement is not editorial hyperbole. A key member of the Fish-Nye-Wheeler bloc, Sweeney voted against repeal of the arms embargo, against the Selective Service Act, against the Lend-Lease Act, against lend-lease appropriations, and against extension of the draft period. His extreme criticism of the draft, which he characterized as "the methods of a Hitler," caused Representative Vincent to denounce him on the floor of the House.

Throughout the foreign-policy debate Sweeney was one of the New Deal's noisiest and most intemperate opponents. Typical of his behavior was an outburst on March 20, 1940, in which he advised James Cromwell, then the United States Minister to Canada, "to get the hell out of this republic." What had incensed him was a statement by Cromwell that Germany "frankly and openly seeks to destroy the institutions and social and economic order on which the United States is founded." He viewed this as an "affront to our established neutrality affecting all the warring powers in Europe," and demanded Cromwell's immediate recall. Last summer, in a particularly heated speech, he warned Roosevelt that history would regard him as an "abject failure and a leader whom generations yet unborn will look upon with disdain and contempt." Later he read into the *Congressional Record* an article which said, among other things, "To make it appear to the thoughtless that it is our war, Voltaire's counsel, 'Lie, lie, lie, and some of it will stick,' has had the floor; hence we have had nothing but the false in premise, the illogical in conclusion—an atrocious mass of the ridiculous and the deceitful."

A violent Anglophobe, Sweeney often rose in Congress to denounce Great Britain, which he represented before Pearl Harbor as a more dangerous enemy than the Axis. In a speech last August he asked, "How long will the Congress supinely submit to the influence of British plotters?" and suggested that the song God Bless America be paraphrased to read, God Save America from British Rule. Together with Fish and Wheeler he persistently criticized the Dies committee for its failure to investigate British propaganda, and he spoke of the British as the "fifth column in our midst." He opposed the official reception for King George and Queen Elizabeth during their visit here, calling them "advance agents for a new world war," and interrupted Congress with sneering anti-British remarks, some of which might easily have originated in Berlin propaganda broadcasts. He inserted in the *Congressional Record* many anti-British editorials and articles from Irish newspapers, including one in which the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies was described as "more dangerous to the well-being of America than the Fifth Column or the Trojan Horse." In 1939, for the benefit, perhaps, of those of his followers who lacked short-wave receiving sets, he delivered a long harangue against Britain at a German Day meeting in Ohio.

Sweeney's isolationist activities included serving as vice-chairman for Ohio on the Make Europe Pay War Debts Committee, organized by the late Senator Lundeen to campaign against aid to Britain and France. Lundeen was linked with Nazi propagandists, and the idea of the committee is said to have been suggested to him by the Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck. Sweeney has called this a smear by the "same sort of rabble who convicted and crucified Jesus Christ," but the evidence against Lundeen is irrefutable.

Prescott Dennett, the committee's treasurer, operated the Columbia Press Service, in which Viereck also had a hand. The Columbia Press Service sent out the release that announced Sweeney's affiliation with the committee. It quoted him as saying that he planned to "cooperate energetically" with Senator Lundeen, and Lundeen was reported as saying that Sweeney was a "valuable addition to our forces" and that it was upon men like him "that our nation must depend for its protection against the schemes and stratagems of foreign agents and manipulators."

Examination of the *Congressional Record* shows that Sweeney, as protector of the nation against foreign agents, disseminated quantities of pro-Axis literature. On August 13, 1940, for example, he inserted a shoddily written arti-

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cle by a Colonel Ashby Williams which unqualifiedly indorsed the fascist *Lebensraum* theory. A brief quotation will indicate the substance of the article, which was specifically approved by Sweeney in his introductory remarks as an antidote for the "fog and hysteria created by the war-mongers."

> The single obstacle to the evolutionary process by which Germany and Italy would normally have acquired more land in order to support their people is Imperial England with her far-flung possessions. . . . Nazism and fascism are not ideologies, because there are no ideologies in government, but merely forms of political or-organization. . . .

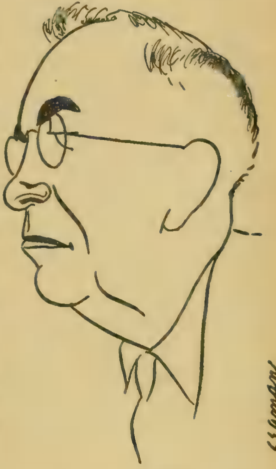
Sweeney has also said in various articles and speeches:

> Our danger is not from some man-made dictator across the sea; our danger is from the subversive groups within the country.
>
> The war is only beneficial to the world trade grabbers and the international bankers who furnish its sinews.
>
> We are permitting aid to go to the communistic Russia and Red Joe Stalin, who killed 20,000,000 people by the cruel process of starvation in the Ukraine.

Much of this Axis-line propaganda came from the Make Europe Pay War Debts Committee, *Social Justice,* and the *Gaelic American,* the last a pro-Coughlin periodical, whose editor, Michael O'Reilly, was also on the war-debts committee. The rest was improvised by Sweeney or taken from such sources as Dr. Giselher Wirsing's "The 100 Families That Rule the Empire," a book published by the pro-Nazi Flanders Hall Company, another of Viereck's interests. Sweeney quoted this book directly in a speech over the NBC network and used the material on numerous other occasions.

Sweeney was not only associated with the Make Europe Pay Committee but served on the executive committee of Hamilton Fish's Keep America Out of Foreign Wars, spoke for America First, and worked with the Coughlinite Mothers of the United States, which in the Cleveland area has considerable strength. The Cleveland "Mothers," who are now an important part of his political organization, have been cooperating with Gerald L. K. Smith's Committee of One Million. The Cleveland *News,* in an editorial entitled The New Mother Racket, has charged flatly that they are anti-Semitic. Reports of their meetings indicate that they are also frenetically anti-British and anti-Roosevelt. At one meeting last June Sweeney told them, "They're getting ready to intern you in concentration camps" as soon as the United States enters the war. The "they" referred to President Roosevelt, whom the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, another speaker, denounced as "the self-appointed dictator of the Western Hemisphere."

Although Sweeney has brought libel actions against Pearson and Allen, the United Features Syndicate, and individual newspapers for a Merry-Go-Round column in which he was described as a Father Coughlin spokesman and inferentially as an anti-Semite, both allegations seem supported by substantial evidence. Newspaper files reveal that as far back as 1933 he was extolling Father Coughlin as the "great crusader of the air," and Cleveland political reporters recall that for several years he organized National Union for Social Justice clubs and arranged mass listening parties for Coughlin's radio speeches. He was temporary chairman at the Coughlinite convention in Cleveland in 1936, and in the same year headed a Social Justice Congressional slate, predicting that Father Coughlin would send seventy-five Representatives to the House. He joined the Smith-Townsend-Coughlin coalition behind Lemke, supported the inflationary Frazier-Lemke bill, defended the Townsend plan against economic criticism and the Townsend movement against charges of racketeering, and upheld Father Coughlin, his program, and his right to be in politics.

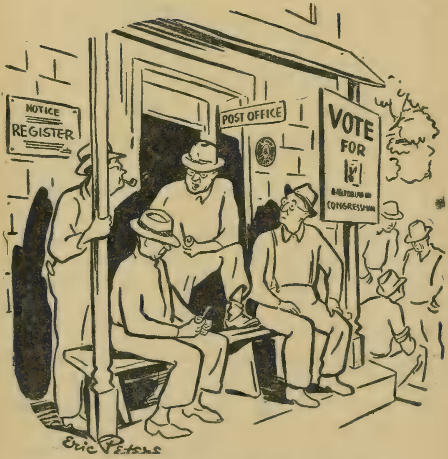


Sweeney of Ohio

Further evidence of the fact that he is a Coughlin spokesman can be seen in *Social Justice's* flattering references to him. Before its seditious utterances caused it to be banned from the mails, the paper frequently expressed its pleasure at Sweeney's views. "The American public," it observed after the conscription fight, "will graciously remember that it was a Democrat—an anti-New Deal Democrat in the person of Representative Martin Sweeney of Ohio—who, careless of patronage and Presidential pump-handling, defied not only Franklin D. Roosevelt but the unseen war bosses whose war-will he [Roosevelt] has supinely followed for more than four years."

Sweeney has denied being an anti-Semite, possibly because his Congressional district, the Twentieth, has a significant Jewish vote. His suit against the columnists Pearson and Allen is based mainly on their allegation that he opposed on anti-Semitic grounds the appointment of a Jewish lawyer to a federal judgeship in Cleveland. Although he has been able to establish that the charge of anti-Semitism may be construed as libel, he has failed to persuade the courts that he never in his life "entertained an anti-Semitic feeling." His actions against newspapers carrying the controversial column have been thrown out in more than twenty courts, and in at least one a jury ruled that the Merry-Go-Round charges were true.

However, the ability of Pearson and Allen to support their charges legally seems almost irrelevant. The truth or falsity of their assertion that Sweeney opposed the appointment of a Jewish lawyer and remarked that "damned Harvard Jews have taken over the capital" is less important than the fact that Sweeney's closest political connections are with groups and individuals who unmistakably represent religious and political bigotry. At numerous Coughlinite meetings, for example, both Sweeney and the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, Coughlin's Eastern representative, have denounced "international war-mongers," and the audience knowingly has jeered at the Jews.



"It Ain't Only Who His Friends Is; It's Who His Enemies Ain't!"

Sweeney, according to a Cleveland political reporter, "has been raising hell in Cleveland and Ohio politics since a year or two after he attained his majority." He began his career some thirty-five years ago by becoming a Democratic ward leader, and worked his way up through the machine to a Municipal Court judgeship, to which he was elected in 1923 despite opposition from the local Bar Association. As a judge he began to denounce prohibition as "a crazy law enacted by fanatics," and this line reelected him in 1929. Two years later, although Anti-Saloon Leaguers demanded his defeat, the thirsty voters of the Twentieth Congressional District sent him to Congress. Almost immediately he began to reach out for power in the local Democratic machine. In 1932, after his return from the Democratic National Convention—where he had voted for Roosevelt although he had pledged himself both to Al Smith and to former Governor George White of Ohio—he began to organize Roosevelt clubs in competition with W. B. Gongwer, the Democratic boss, who threatened to "read him out of politics." Sweeney ran against the Gongwer candidate in the mayoralty primaries in 1933, was defeated, and thereupon threw his strength to Harry L. Davis, leader of the powerful Cleveland Republican organization. Davis was elected and rewarded Sweeney by allotting a number of political plums to his followers. This was the beginning of a series of political deals through which Sweeney, at various times, has sought to dominate Cleveland politics.

In 1933 Sweeney campaigned for the mayoralty nomination as the "original Roosevelt man in Cleveland." Part of his campaign propaganda was a parody that went, "Put on your Sweeney bonnet with NRA upon it." He continued to support Roosevelt until 1936, when he followed Coughlin into the Lemke coalition.

In Cleveland politics, with the aid of Coughlin and Townsend groups, he continued to maneuver for power, but always unsuccessfully. He was on the losing side in a fight for Democratic leadership in 1938; he lost again in 1940 when he tried to capture the county chairmanship. In 1941 he again sought the Democratic mayoralty nomination, attempting to turn the primaries into "an unofficial war referendum." His candidacy was indorsed by Senator Nye, and his most energetic support came from the United Mothers, whose officials appeared with him at every meeting. Fearing, however, that attacks on New Deal foreign policy might not prove sufficiently alluring, Sweeney combined his isolationism with an ardent defense of "bingo," which periodically has been banned by Cleveland administrations. He gave free bingo games at his campaign rallies, inviting the police to arrest him, and used as one of his campaign songs the parody, "Bring Back My Bingo to Me." Nevertheless, his meetings were poorly attended, and he was snowed under by a two-to-one vote.

Sweeney has been able to stay in Congress largely because the Twentieth is a district which votes the Democratic ticket regardless of candidates or issues, and he has been able consistently to win the Democratic nomination. This year he has two opponents and may win again unless one of them drops out. An earnest fight against him by County Chairman Ray Miller could end his political career, but Sweeney cagily has been trying to buy Miller's support by urging him to run for governor. Miller tried unsuccessfully to defeat Sweeney in 1940, but the isolationist has been losing ground ever since, and political observers agree that the coming election will provide an excellent opportunity to oust him.

Inflation Under Price Control

BY HAROLD MAGER

THOSE who take comfort in the fact that the recent freezing of prices has staved off a disastrous inflation have still to learn that prices can no more be controlled by legislative fiat than planes and tanks can be built by invocation and prayer. The merit of price regulation lies in its affirmation of public policy, not in its ability to lay the specter which stalks the land. For it fails to reach the root causes of the inflationary crisis, and it creates, moreover, a host of new problems.

It is commonly believed that inflation, with its destruction of consumer purchasing power, is always characterized by a price rise. This is a serious misconception. The United States experienced a vigorous inflation under stable prices back in the palmy twenties, when prices failed to fall with declining costs owing to monopolistic price controls and the injection of new money and credit into the economic system. Today, with price regulation in force, we are confronted with a somewhat analogous situation. If prices remain the same while product deterioration sets in, is this not tantamount to a price rise?

The general preoccupation with rising prices has resulted in neglect of this aspect of inflation, an aspect which is destined to become more sinister as the Administration succeeds in stabilizing the price structure. Yet product deterioration has been going on for some time. Consumers have been getting less for their money not only because prices have been on the rise but because even where prices have not risen the quantity or quality of the goods has been reduced. Cakes and loaves of bread are smaller; cotton shirts have a large admixture of rayon; many packaged foods have lessened content; some soft drinks have lost their zip. With the general imposition of price regulation the trend will undoubtedly gain momentum, though inasmuch as the limits of product debasement are hardly comparable with the limits of currency debasement, it is unlikely to assume a runaway character. However, the process should not have to develop into a catastrophe before we take alarm.

Interestingly enough, the price-regulation order contained no provision covering product deterioration. This may have been because the problem is infinitely more delicate and complex than price control itself, or because the authorities recognized that the diversion of materials to more essential uses might compel the employment of substitutes. There is some evidence, however, that the Office of Price Administration is becoming increasingly alive to the possibility of such a disguised inflation. In an interpretation of the price regulations made public on May 14, Price Administrator Leon Henderson declared that if the quantity of a product offered in a unit were reduced, the price would have to be reduced proportionately, but there has been no word on the subject of quality deterioration. The order does prohibit, however, a variety of practices that sellers would undoubtedly have employed to keep within the letter of the law while violating its spirit. Section 2 provides that "no seller shall change his customary allowances, discounts, or other price differentials unless such change results in a lower price"; and that "no seller shall require any purchaser . . . to pay a larger proportion of transportation costs incurred in the delivery or supply of any commodity or service than the seller required purchasers of the same class to pay during March, 1942." These provisions suggest that a direct assault on product deterioration is considered an administrative impossibility.

If the refusal to undertake the impossible is a sign of the realism of the OPA, it is none the less an implied indictment of price control as a means of combating inflation. Generals have saved themselves from disaster by withdrawing in the face of a superior adversary, but no general in that situation has been able to claim a victory. Mr. Henderson is in much the same situation.

To many people the present price regulation is proof that Mr. Henderson has been won over to the views of Bernard Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board and member of the Price-Fixing Committee in World War I, who has strongly advocated a universal price ceiling. In his "Taking the Profits Out of War" and in testimony before the War Policies Commission and the House Committee on Military Affairs, Mr. Baruch has stated that his ceiling was intended to cover "every price in the whole national pattern," including "rents, wages, interest rates, commissions, fees—in short, the price for every item and service in commerce." These sweeping proposals, of which Mr. Henderson has always been rightly skeptical, have achieved only partial realization in the OPA scheme.

Hailed as a venture in direct, complete control of the price structure, the price-regulation order applies actually only to a circumscribed area, and in important fields is compelled to rely on indirect controls. Real property, for example, has always constituted a convenient avenue of escape for "hot money" during inflation; but no attempt has been made to set a ceiling on the price of real estate. (To some extent, of course, real-estate prices can be controlled indirectly through rent limitations.) From an administrative standpoint the wisdom of this policy is manifest: the price authority will be spared the headache of trying to determine whether the "price" of an acre of land is the cost to the owner, the recent price of adjacent land, the asking price, the offering price, or a multiple of a smaller unit. The OPA's control of contract work—painting, carpentry, electrical repair—is also indirect. The lack of standardization in such services probably rules out any venture in direct control.

The two most important factors in the price rise—wages and agricultural prices—are not made subject to regulation. The standardization of farm products would make control of their prices a relatively simple matter, but the political power of the farm bloc has been great enough to exempt agricultural prices from the operations of the Emergency Price Control Act until they have attained 110 per cent of parity. If the broad advance in farm prices is allowed to continue, it will play havoc with any attempt to stabilize the cost-of-living index. According to the Department of Commerce, the index of prices received by farmers advanced from 88 in August, 1939, to 143 in December, 1941 (1909-14=100). These figures should not be confused—though the base period is the same—with parity prices; their significance is as a measure of the inflationary crisis.

No realistic attempt to come to grips with the problem of inflation should ignore the dominant share of the national income received by wage- and salary-earners, approximately 70 per cent in 1941. But this does not imply that the solution lies in wage control. In fact, the stabilization of wages and salaries at prevailing levels—if this were the only method resorted to—would be no bar to inflation at all. There would still remain the problem of siphoning off the more than $17 billion in excess purchasing power that will be created this year. Mr. Henderson himself admitted this in the addendum to his price-regulation order when he declared that "there can be no effective price control while at the same time there is so large an amount of excess purchasing power." At best, wage control could only prevent the situation from degenerating completely by prohibiting competitive bidding among employers for the services of labor in short supply.

It is doubtful, moreover, whether the OPA could successfully police the wage structure. Official wage control leads to a wilderness of theoretical and administrative brambles. Is the wage fixed for the individual or for the service he performs? Is no higher pay per hour, per day, or per week allowed? Would promotion violate the wage order? How would a disguised increase in pay through lighter duties or free lunches be handled?

That price control is likely to create more problems than it solves seems an inescapable conclusion. Sooner or later we shall have to tackle the basic factor in the price rise, the failure to achieve that redistribution of expenditures which corresponds to the planned redistribution of real resources. If this end is to be reached, our main reliance must be on fiscal policy, not on price control.

Unless through taxation and borrowing private income is converted to public use in the same measure that private production has already been converted to public use, price control must break down by virtue of its inability to withstand the accumulating pressure exerted by private expenditures far in excess of the available supply of goods. In that case, if general rationing is not resorted to, the short supply of goods will be quickly taken off the market on the principle of "first come, first served"—a result as haphazard and inequitable as inflation itself; product deterioration, as in the last war, will set in as a result of the creation of a sellers' market in which all prices tend to press against the ceiling; and black markets will spring up where people will be able to buy what they have the money to pay for. It will be inflation under price control.

In the Wind

THE BEDAUX COMPANY, which has devised many new speed-up and stretch-out schemes for industry, is under new management and has reformed. Its founder, Charles Bedaux, has not been heard from since the fall of France, and may be either working for the Nazis or their prisoner. Under Albert Ramond, who is now running the company, new efficiency methods are sold to the unions and the labor-management committees before they are instituted.

ISOLATIONISTS are trying to capture the leadership of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri is their candidate for president, and a whole slate of isolationist candidates for other offices has been made up.

CHRISTIAN FRONT meetings have ceased throughout the country—at least under the auspices of the Front itself or other known pro-Nazi groups. In New York, however, the Coughlinites are using all sorts of new dodges. A recent meeting at which the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, Coughlin's Eastern leader, spoke was held under the aegis of the "Graphic Arts Anchor Club."

A DAMAGE SUIT against the state of Virginia has been filed by Howard Carwile, a share-cropper leader. Carwile, a patient in a state tuberculosis sanitarium, claims that he has lost his eyesight because of negligence and mistreatment by doctors who opposed his organizing activities.

ONE OF THE MAINSTAYS of the Brooklyn *Tablet,* which is inheriting much of the circulation of *Social Justice,* is the regular two columns of advertising which the City of New York buys for official notices. Although the *Tablet* is sectarian, it has borough-wide circulation, and therefore Mayor LaGuardia selected it as one of two papers to carry city notices. He is now being asked to withdraw this support.

A GROUP of California school teachers are under fire from patriotic organizations because they have urged their students to send old magazines and books to Japanese internment camps in Owens Valley.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Russia at War

MOSCOW WAR DIARY. By Alexander Werth. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

NOT because politics is given disproportionate place in this brilliantly written diary, but because an author's opinions invariably color his reporting, it is important to summarize Mr. Werth's distinctly personal and sometimes curious views concerning Soviet history. He believes the principal factor in Soviet evolution has been fear of war. "Probably Stalin knew from the outset that his job was to prepare Russia for a German invasion." Stalin "knew that an internationalist Russia could stand up to it less well than a national Russia." It follows that the revolutionary opposition had to be removed if a war industry was to be built up. Again, in Mr. Werth's words, "there were the Old Bolsheviks. To show them up as traitors to Russia before liquidating them was essential if their liquidation was to be accepted by the mass of the Russian people." Further, Mr. Werth says that if Stalin "had called upon the Russian people to 'defend Marxism' the result might have been much less unanimous." In his opinion, therefore, Stalin's effort, so far as Russia was concerned, was to blend two ideas that the original revolution had regarded as incompatible, Marxism and nationalism. Thus Mr. Werth accepts the Trotskyist description of Stalinism and, indeed, quite frankly labels the 1917-29 epoch Trotskyist. He freely expresses his contempt for the Communist parties outside Russia and in no sense is a fellow-traveler, since he is very happy to believe, for no clearly stated reason, that Stalin has abandoned world revolution.

The validity of Mr. Werth's views need not be debated. The advantages they give him are enormous, however. Since he warmly approves of these changes and is not interested in revolution, he is never troubled by intellectual doubts. The result is a book scrupulously honest in its reporting of facts and entirely free from special pleading. The author's sophisticated acceptance of the present regime and his passionate anti-Nazism set him free to enjoy Moscow life, and his enjoyment reawakens his love for the country of his birth. That love is simple and exuberant and very moving; the reader is constantly refreshed by the naturalness of Mr. Werth's reactions. "Moscow War Diary," like all war books, is often grim, but I have read no other war book about any country which gives such exhilarating, brilliantly imaged descriptions of a people and their cities and landscapes.

"Moscow War Diary" helps one to estimate the temper of the Soviet war effort. It would seem that the regime has provided a sound emotional nexus, in which party members and non-members alike have their place. It is utter folly to say that the war effort is being run by the G. P. U. So searching are Mr. Werth's inquiries that one may almost read, as it were, the recipe for compounding stern, even ruthless discipline with natural emotion. For instance, he gives a good deal of space to summarizing a striking article on Red Army training written by General Krassilnikov. The new disciplinary statutes introduced in October, 1940, are, the author says, completely ruthless. He quotes the General thus: "Present-day warfare requires such enormous moral tension that only the most firmly disciplined troops can face it. . . . That is why such drastic steps have had to be taken toward the final liquidation of the pseudo-democratic traditions in the army." Pseudo-democratic is perhaps a harsh word to use in description of a tradition that was the life-blood of such an incomparable force as the International Brigade; yet I believe that the general experience with non-ideological troops confirms Krassilnikov. Of the spirit of the troops the author met there can be no doubt. It was exemplary.

So it is with the propaganda to sustain civilian morale, which would appear to be composed of equal parts of incitement to hatred based on patriotism and appeals to defend the status quo for its future promise. The campaign is waged in every medium—cinema, theater, opera, newspaper, radio, and itinerant, al fresco satirical shows of hard-hitting three-minute skits. In these the reach is for the belly laugh and the yell of rage. On a higher level the opera, playing Tschaikowsky to an enraptured throng, awakens pride in Russian culture. Old propaganda plays have been adapted to the new occasion. In one of them, which contrasts a good and a bad collective farm, a character exclaims that there is nothing so annoying as an invasion just when one is putting the roof on one's new hut. The remark brought a storm of cheers, as did the love poetry of Juliet delivered by a peasant-girl character rehearsing her Shakespearean part for a performance at the collective.

Recently Stalin made an excellent speech distinguishing between the Nazi Party and the German people. He may well have been addressing his own subchiefs. Mr. Werth attended two exhibitions of war films. An Englishman present objected to the "snarling" tone used toward German prisoners, the author dissenting.

> They were very ferocious—slapstick and Wild West—but ferocious for all that. . . . A group of Russian soldiers eating sandwiches are seen taking charge of a German airman. The hungry Hun looks enviously at their sandwiches. "No bread, no ham for you, my lad," one of them remarks, munching away. . . . It's a little different from the happy prisoners' camps, pictures of which are dropped on the German trenches.

Similarly the author, who insists Stalin has solved the Russian minorities question, approves the expulsion from their homes of the Volga German community of several hundred thousand people.

Mr. Werth closes his book with speculations about the Soviets' place in the post-war world. A tired and devastated Russia "will not be interested in world revolutions; she hasn't been for years," he says. The Soviets will be ready to collaborate with Britain and other powers. In a passage of extraordinary ferocity Mr. Werth insists that Russia and Britain should be, and will be, ready to deal sternly with Germany. Apparently Mr. Losovsky's statement that it would be good to execute the entire S. S. and the Nazi Party, some 300,000 people, was meant to be taken seriously. Moscow's pan-Slav propaganda may or may not be effective, but the small Slav countries will be eager to enter a security bloc with the Soviets, and this will contribute to world peace, the author believes. One may take or leave these speculations, but there is no denying the colorfulness, the vigor, and the breadth of interest of this excited and exciting book.

RALPH BATES

The McCaslins of Mississippi

GO DOWN, MOSES, AND OTHER STORIES. By William Faulkner. Random House. $2.50.

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S latest volume is brought out as a collection of stories, but six of the seven stories deal with a single theme, the relation of the Mississippi McCaslins to the Negroes about them, and they have a coherence strong enough to constitute, if not exactly a novel, then at least a narrative which begins, develops, and concludes. The seventh and alien story, Pantaloon in Black, is inferior both in conception and in execution; why it was placed in the midst of the others is hard to understand, for it diminishes their coherence. But conceivably Mr. Faulkner intended it to do just that, wishing to exempt the collection from being taken for a novel and judged as such. Yet it is only as an integrated work that the group of McCaslin stories can be read.

Mr. Faulkner's literary mannerisms are somewhat less obtrusive than they have been, but they are still dominant in his writing, and to me they are faults. For one thing, I find tiresome Mr. Faulkner's reliance on the method of memory to tell his stories. No doubt we can accept what so many Southern novelists imply, that in the South a continuous acute awareness of regional, local, and family history is one of the conditions of thought. But the prose in which Mr. Faulkner renders this element of his stories is, to me, most irritating; it drones so lyrically on its way, so intentionally losing its syntax in its long sentences, so full of self-pity expressed through somniloquism or ventriloquism. Then, too, while I am sure that prose fiction may make great demands on our attention, it ought not to make these demands arbitrarily, and there is no reason why Mr. Faulkner cannot settle to whom the pronoun "he" refers. Mr. Faulkner's new book is worth effort but not, I think, the kind of effort which I found necessary: I had to read it twice to get clear not only the finer shades of meaning but the simple primary intentions, and I had to construct an elaborate genealogical table to understand the family connections.

These considerations aside, Mr. Faulkner's book is in many ways admirable. The six McCaslin stories are temperate and passionate, and they suggest more convincingly than anything I have read the complex tragedy of the South's racial dilemma. The first of the stories is set in 1856; it is the humorous tale of the chase after the runaway Tomey's Turl—it takes a certain effort to make sure that this is a slave, not a dog—of how old Buck McCaslin is trapped into marriage by Miss Sophonisba Beauchamp and her brother Hubert (rightfully the Earl of Warwick), and of the poker game that is played for Tomey's Turl; the humor is abated when we learn that Turl is half-brother to one of the poker players. The last story is set in 1940; its central figure is the Negro murderer Samuel Worsham Beauchamp, descendant of Tomey's Turl and related to the McCaslins through more lines than one.

The best of the book does not deal directly with the Negro fate but with the spiritual condition of the white men who have that fate at their disposal. The Edmonds branch of the McCaslin family—there are three generations of Edmonds, but Mr. Faulkner likes to telescope the generations and all the Edmondses are really the same person: this does not exactly make for clarity—represents the traditional South; Isaac McCaslin, who is by way of being the hero of the narrative, represents the way of regeneration. The Edmondses are shown as being far from bad; in their relation to their Negroes they are often generous, never brutal, scarcely even irresponsible; but they accept their tradition and act upon their superiority and their rights, and the result is tragedy and degeneration both for the Negroes and for themselves. The effects are not always immediate and obvious; one of the best passages in the book, and one of the most crucial, is that in which, as a boy, Carothers Edmonds asserts his superiority over his Negro foster-brother and then, seeking later to repent, finds the tie irrevocably broken and his foster-family, though wonderfully cordial, stonily implacable; and this failure of love which Edmonds's tradition imposed upon him seems to affect his whole life.

As against the tradition which arrests the dignity of possession and the family, Isaac McCaslin sets the dignity of freedom and the unpossessable wilderness. The experience by which his moral sensibility is developed is a kind of compendium of the best American romantic and transcendental feeling. Cooper, Thoreau, and Melville are all comprised in what he learns from Sam Fathers, the Chickasaw Indian (but he was enough of a Negro to be glad to die), from the humility and discipline of hunting, from the quest after a great bear, a kind of forest cousin to Moby Dick, from the mysterious wilderness itself. So taught, he can no longer continue in the tradition to which he is born; at great and lasting cost to himself he surrenders his ancestral farm to the Edmonds branch.

It will of course be obvious that so personal and romantic a resolution as Ike McCaslin's is not being offered by Mr. Faulkner as a "solution" to the racial problem of the South; nor, in representing that problem through the sexual and blood relations of Negro and white, is he offering a comprehensive description of the problem in all its literalness. (Though here I should like to suggest that Mr. Faulkner may be hinting that the Southern problem, in so far as it is cultural, is to be found crystallized in its sexual attitudes: it is certainly worth remarking of this book that white women are singularly absent from it and are scarcely mentioned, that all the significant relations are between men, and that Isaac McCaslin is the only man who loves a woman.) But the romantic and transcendental resolution and the blood and sexual ties are useful fictional symbols to represent the urgency and the iniquity of the literal fact. They suggest that its depth and its complication go beyond what committees and commissions can conceive, beyond even the most liberal "understanding" and the most humanitarian "sympathy." Mr. Faulkner not only states this in the course of his book; he himself provides the proof: the story Pantaloon in Black is conceived in "understanding" and "sympathy," like every other lynching story we have ever read, and when it is set beside the McCaslin stories with their complicated insights it appears not only inadequate but merely formal, almost insincere. LIONEL TRILLING

Report on the South

BELOW THE POTOMAC: A BOOK ABOUT THE NEW SOUTH. By Virginius Dabney. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.

A BETTER subtitle for this book would be "A Newspaperman's Report on the South." Essentially that is what it is—and this is not meant in a deprecatory sense. It is good to be offered a calm, matter-of-fact appraisal of the South as it is today, particularly since we have quite recently had excellent impressionistic studies—Jonathan Daniels's "A Southerner Discovers the South," for one—and the late W. J. Cash's searching inquiry into "The Mind of the South." Virginius Dabney's book was written for those who seek current information about Southern progress, and it does a good job of providing just that. Were it not for that always misleading and involving phrase, "The New South," which Henry Grady first used in 1886, Mr. Dabney would have spared himself and his readers a labored first chapter which successfully and, it is to be hoped, unnecessarily proves that the "Old South" was neither a large-scale model of Uncle Tom's Cabin nor an aromatic compound of magnolia and mint julep.

That out of the way, Mr. Dabney proceeds vigorously to an examination of the Southern scene. In Southern politics he finds much that liberals everywhere, including Mr. Dabney, would like to see cut out from the body politic; even if the two suggestions made in "Below the Potomac"—abolition of the poll tax and the regeneration of the two-party system—would not immediately make Norrises out of the South's tawdry display of a Reynolds and a Dies and a Smith, they would at least constitute a step in the right direction. On the question of civil liberties, Mr. Dabney turns in a verdict that can be summarized as "better, with more improvement desired, and more on the way." He throws some light on the explosive problem of the Southern Negro by discussing such recent occurrences as the Supreme Court decision on graduate-school facilities for Negroes. Here in particular Mr. Dabney's study of the issues involved can be recommended to the Northern liberal.

In short, "Below the Potomac" is the product of a native son who wants to see the South come abreast of the times and, in Maury Maverick's phrase, "join the United States." In the slow but inevitable disappearance of sectional animosities and in the economic advances of recent years Mr. Dabney sees grounds for believing that this will not be too long in coming, even though he instinctively distrusts the apparently simple and generally logical programs pushed by reformers who too frequently do not understand the nature of the backwardness out of which they earnestly wish to drag the

Mary McCarthy,
AUTHOR OF
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South. So Mr. Dabney, in discussing the New Deal's work in the South, which by and large he indorses, finds reason to regret that so much of the experimenting blundered even while the greater part of the work outdid the effects of decades of unenlightenment and poverty.

This ought not to surprise anybody, and it probably won't, if we except those whose convictions are too firm for facts to move. If there is a specific recommendation to be made for future reference, it might be this: that we stop talking about *the* South, which is now, after all, only a handy geographical abstraction that has very often turned out to be extremely unhandy in attempts to help the South assume its rightful place in the nation. Everyone who has set out to "do something" about the South, the New Dealers included, has invariably proceeded on the assumption that the similarities to be found among its component parts were more significant than the differences. If this reviewer has read Mr. Dabney correctly, one conclusion that should be drawn from "Below the Potomac" is that it might be time to try that theory in reverse. WILLIAM JAY GOLD

The Great Steal

OUR LANDED HERITAGE: THE PUBLIC DOMAIN 1776-1936. By Roy M. Robbins. Princeton University Press. $5.

WHEN President Roosevelt on February 5, 1935, withdrew all public lands from private entry, his act marked the end of the frontier, whose passing historians had been heralding for over forty years. It also marked the end of one of the most discreditable chapters in American history—the spoliation of the public domain. With a wealth of documentation Dr. Robbins has chronicled this phase of our history from 1776 to 1936. Unlike other historians of the public domain, he has patiently related the development of public-land policies to contemporary events and thereby made his work a notable improvement over prior books on the same subject. All the pertinent historical facts about the public domain are probably collected in this volume, including the history, background, and main provisions of every Congressional act and executive order relating to the public lands. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Robbins has compiled a source book rather than written a history. Here is a wealth of information in search of an author with a thesis, or, if not a thesis, then at least a few leading ideas which would serve as a frame of reference for the mountainous accumulation of factual material.

The only thing of general significance that Dr. Robbins apparently sees in this long story of theft, chicanery, and fraud is that once upon a time we, the people of the United States, owned the most magnificent public domain on the face of the earth and now, in 1942, our inheritance is but a fragment of what it should rightly be. Far from reading any historical meaning into this state of affairs, or relating it to the rise of American capitalism. Dr. Robbins is content to note the fact itself. He divides the history of the Great Steal into four periods: from 1780 to 1850 the individual pioneer was the chief looter; from 1850 to 1862 the corporation, organized for plunder, was the pickpocket; from 1862 to 1901 the great industrial empires organized the pilfering on a more grandiose scale; and from 1901 to 1935 the government, suffering a few qualms, undertook to conserve what remained of the public lands. Having recited the facts of spoliation, Dr. Robbins abruptly ends his narrative, leaving the reader to inquire, I fear, "So what?"

Unquestionably there is something to be said for the technique of letting the facts speak for themselves, but when morosely pursued through 441 pages the technique seriously militates against the interest, readability, and significance of the story itself. As an example of how facts are noted but their significance ignored, consider one item. For years we have been nurtured on the idea that at one time America was a land of homesteads, that the homestead principle was a cornerstone of our agricultural policy. Yet what are the facts? The first homestead act was passed in 1862, by which time the bulk of the best farm lands had already passed into private ownership. Not only was the homestead principle established late in the history of the public domain, but it was subject to almost universal abuse in actual practice. Furthermore, its stupid application to the arid lands of the West brought into production lands that should have remained unplowed, thereby luring tens of thousands of settlers to subsequent economic ruin in the Dakotas, Montana, and Nebraska. Here is a phase of land policy which has a direct bearing upon current agricultural migration, upon the problem of soil erosion, upon the consolidation of farm units, but these aspects of the matter are not even mentioned.

From 1776 to 1936 our public-land policies were, in fact, one continuing fiasco, with blunders and stupidities endlessly repeated. Even when the government in moments of penitence tried to correct some of its past mistakes, the very amendments designed for this purpose were generally used by predatory interests to tighten their control over the public domain. Our acquisitive society, it would seem, was bent upon complete spoliation—of farm lands, of mineral lands, of timber lands—with the government apparently powerless to hold back the invaders. When it was realized, for example, that the railroads, in many cases, had not built the roads for which grants had been made, the government was never completely successful in recapturing title to the grants; with few exceptions the railroads continued to retain title to lands which, in effect, they had stolen from the public. By the time the conservation program of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot was put into effect, most of the damage had already been done, and conservation of the remaining resources actually aided the lumber companies to tighten their monopolistic control over the timber lands.

There is no doubt that the material so laboriously collected by Dr. Robbins is the stuff of which an exciting history might have been written. A little indignation, a little social insight, a passion for ideas as such might have pulled the loose ends together into a coherent pattern. In part, also, Dr. Robbins, by merely reciting instance after instance of fraud and theft, seems to accept the past in a rather apologetic way, jotting down the misdeeds of past years much as a clerk might make entries in a ledger. Actually the treatment of the public domain—the thefts, misuse, and undemocratic distribution—profoundly influenced the growth of American capitalism. It made possible the swift expropriation of thousands of small farmers; it accelerated the concentration of important timber and mineral resources in corporate ownership; it was responsible for the anomalous spectacle of land monopolies in frontier states. And by the same token it weakened the base of American democracy just at the time when there was great need of forces capable of imposing some restraint upon industrial power.

Today we have just begun to realize the vast reconstruction that must be undertaken to overcome the ravages worked in our landed heritage by an unfettered indulgence of the profit motive. Today there is a dawning realization that all land must be regarded as a public resource. There is, moreover, as Dr. Robbins points out, some indication that, through the purchase of submarginal lands and the acquisition of tax-delinquent lands, a considerable portion of the old public domain may once again come into government ownership—unfortunately, much as junk drifts back to the original manufacturer. In formulating the land policies of tomorrow, thanks to the research of Dr. Robbins, there can be no excuse for repeating the catastrophic blunders of the past. CAREY MC WILLIAMS

The Lady of Lourdes

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE. By Franz Werfel. The Viking Press. $3.

WHEN Franz Werfel was attempting to escape from France, he spent some weeks at Lourdes. During that period he vowed, he tells us, to write the story of Bernadette Soubirous as an offering of thanks if he did make his escape. "The Song of Bernadette" is that story. As the story of Bernadette herself it is a biography in fictional form of the saint who, as a child out gathering faggots one raw February day in the middle of the last century, saw the vision of "the beautiful lady" in the niche of the cavern of Massabielle, a place of refuse and offal, "not at all an unprecise and ghostly or a transparent and airy image, no changeful dream vision, but a very young lady, delicate and dainty, visibly of flesh and blood." To the child Bernadette it is simply "the lady," whom she loves and with whom she wishes to commune privately. But from the first the world intervenes—her family, pious old women who wish to dominate her, the children at school. Small crowds begin to follow her on her daily visit to the cavern, crowds of the curious, the skeptical, the devout, the hopeful. The mysterious spring appears in the cavern, and the first healing occurs, the healing of a child who in the last chapter of the book reappears as a guest at the canonization of Bernadette; he is then a simple, hale old man who after the ceremony goes out to eat a plate of noodles at a sidewalk cafe and falls asleep fingering his beads, while a war plane drones across the clear Roman sky. But after the first healing the world intervenes more and more violently, and the story of Bernadette, the simple, candid child, is absorbed into another story, the story of the impact of the vision upon the world.

Of this second, broader story "the lady" rather than Bernadette is the heroine. Her antagonists are numerous and constitute a panorama of nineteenth-century European so-

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ciety. There is the nun, Sister Vauzous, daughter of a general, the teacher of Bernadette, who for years cannot kill a suspicion of her old pupil, but who in the end discovers that she herself has all along been wondering why the vision had not, more appropriately, been granted to her. There are the officials who feel that the vision strikes somehow at the very root of the modern state, but who are defeated when Napoleon III reverses the edict closing the cavern. There is the intellectual, Lafite, a defeated poet, a romantic, who feels that "God did not place him on life's stage but invited him to sit in the royal box," but who in the end, an old man suffering from a cancer of the throat, comes back to Lourdes and receives, if not relief from his disease, a sense of humility and a sense of unity with the mass of humanity whom he had scorned. There is Mayor Lacadé, the opportunist, whose motive "was the most sincere and strongest of the whole age, namely, good business," and who dreams of commercializing the spring for its medicinal minerals. There is the physician, Dozous, who says to a colleague at the time of the first cure, "It is not an agreeable thing for us. . . . I too am not accustomed to believe things I cannot see." Then, among many other figures, there are the churchmen who have their own special struggle with the child Bernadette and with "the lady," the bishop who says, "The extraordinary is poisonous to any institution, be it state or church," and the other bishop who, upon hearing Bernadette, goes out into the garden and murmurs, "Quel poème . . . quel poème!" Almost no one can understand Bernadette because all "were accustomed to estimate life by the sole measure of success." And the vision shakes the age because a "miracle supported by proved but inexplicable cures meant so enormous a breach in the official deism and non-official nihilism of the age as to shake to their foundations both the certainty of unbelief and the uncertainty of faith."

Werfel has handled the personal story of Bernadette with grace and simplicity. Her character is tellingly rendered, not only in its effect upon others but in direct terms, and her conflict with the world is treated with great narrative skill. In fact, the suspense maintained by Werfel up to the point where Napoleon intervenes to open the cavern is a technical achievement of a high order. In his treatment of the larger story the novelist has perhaps been a shade less successful, if one applies the ordinary standards of fiction. It is only natural that the characters should tend to become somewhat schematic, too much like figures representing certain social forces. But this tendency has been held in check for the most part, and two of the most moving scenes in the book, that of old Lafite in the church and that of Peyramale at the death of Bernadette, involve such characters and suddenly vivify them. But even when this transformation of the intellectual shadows does not occur, the book is effective in presenting in terms of ideas the dramatic conflict of "the lady" and the world.

ROBERT PENN WARREN

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REVIEWED BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR
Mary McCarthy's "The Company She Keeps"
REVIEWED BY CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

IN BRIEF

FROM MY HIGHEST HILL. By Olive Tilford Dargan. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

Olive Tilford Dargan writes also under the name Fielding Burke. The nine short stories in this volume were originally published several years ago under the title "Highland Annals." They have been revised and are now republished with fifty photographs by Bayard Wootten. The author is here writing of her highland neighbors in the Carolina mountains. Entirely plotless, the stories are perhaps more truly sketches, but whatever they are called, they are written with sincerity and great skill in characterization. Even more worthy of praise is the absence of that sentimental awe with which most authors approach the mountain people. These stories are worth reading.

THE MUSIC OF SPAIN. By Gilbert Chase. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.

This is an interpretative rather than strictly chronological history of Spanish music, from the *cántigas* of the thirteenth century to De Falla and after, with chapters on folk music and dances, one on the music of Portugal contributed by Albert T. Luper, and one on Hispanic music in the Americas. Its value for the student is increased by notes, full bibliography, and extensive gramophone record lists. Varied and interesting illustrations, appropriate design and typography, and an enchanting yellow binding add to its charms for the general reader.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

The Knight of El Dorado: The Tale of Don Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada and His Conquest of New Granada, Now Called Colombia. By Germán Arciniegas. Translated by Mildred Adams. Viking. $3.

What the Citizen Should Know About Civilian Defense. By Walter D. Binger and Hilton H. Railey. Norton. $2.50.

The Roaring Land. By Archie Binns. McBride. $3.

Consumer Cooperative Leadership: Organizing and Running Consumer Cooperatives. Edward A. Filene Good Will Fund. $1.25.

War Planes of the Axis. By David C. Cooke. McBride. $2.75.

"Sound Off!" Soldier Songs from the Revolution to World War II. By Edward Arthur Dolph. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

The Coming Age of World Control: The Transition to an Organized World Society. By Nicholas Doman. Harper. $3.

The Field of Social Work. By Arthur E. Fink. Holt. $3.

Report to American Jews on Overseas Relief, Palestine, and Refugees in the United States. By Eli Ginzberg. Harper. $1.

Consumer Instalment Credit and Economic Fluctuations. By Gottfried Haberler. National Bureau of Economic Research. $2.50.

Flying Squadrons: A Graphic History of the U. S. Army Air Forces. By Paul Johnston. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.50.

Washington Is Like That. By W. M. Kiplinger. Harper. $3.50.

The Cornerstones: A Conversation in Elysium. By Eric Linklater. Macmillan. $1.

Rebirth in Liberty. By Eva Lips. Flamingo. $3.

With Love for France. By Helen Mackay. Scribner's. $2.

Our India. By Minoo Masani. Oxford. $1.75.

Democracy, Efficiency, Stability: An Appraisal of American Government. By Arthur C. Millspaugh. Brookings. $2.

The Wind Blew from the East: A Study in the Orientation of American Culture. By Ferner Nuhn. Harper. $3.

Flight to Freedom. By Barbara Padowicz. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.75.

Forward the Nation. By Donald Culross Peattie. Putnam. $2.50.

Uncensored France: An Eyewitness Account of France Under the Occupation. By Roy P. Porter. Dial. $2.75.

The Face of South America: An Aerial Traverse. By John Lyon Rich. American Geographical Society. $4.

Science, Philosophy, and Religion. Second Symposium. Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life. Country Life Press. $3.

High Border Country. By Eric Thane. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $3.

Of the People. Edited by Harry R. Warfel and Elizabeth W. Manwaring. Oxford. $2.30.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs. By Albert C. F. Westphal. Columbia. $3.

DRAMA

The Heart of a Wookey

AMERICAN plays about the war have at least been various in incident and approach, but as far as one can judge from the three specimens to reach these shores, the English treatment of the subject has already become standardized. "The Heart of a City," like "The Wookey," relied on an air raid for its big scene, and the point of both was that falling bombs are great adjusters of individual differences. Now Paul Vincent Carroll's "The Strings, My Lord, Are False" (Royale Theater) gives us a group taking refuge in the crypt of a church instead of in a theatrical dressing-room or an official shelter, but otherwise the play is much the same despite its pretentious title. It is not surprising that an Englishman who thinks about the war should think about an air raid, but on the stage it is getting a bit monotonous.

Mr. Carroll appears to have started with the intention of discussing a large intellectual question. His action is set in a slum community on the Clyde, and several of his principal characters, including a liberal-minded priest, a conscientious objector, and a Communist workman, do not think that England before the war was a very green or very pleasant land. In fact, the Communist composes some last words which he never gets a chance to use but which were to be, "I do not die for the system but for the people." Mr. Carroll, however, gets so involved in local color, conventional melodrama, and a couple of other plays he would like to write some day that there is not much time left over for the discussion of his theme. When the elegant monsignor comes to remonstrate with the social-minded canon, the play appears about to turn into another "Shadow and Substance." Much of the rest of the time it is so occupied with a big-hearted whore and a nice girl about to have a baby by a man she doesn't really love that only the sound effects remind us that this is not the melodrama about the good in the worst of us.

Nor, to tell the truth, do the specimens of his more thoughtful writing which Mr. Carroll manages to find time for arouse very profound regret that there is not more of it. What he wants to say is that at least half of England is not fighting to save what it had but fighting for a chance to make something better, and that those who do not see why victory is a necessary condition of any future hope are a diminishing minority. But on this subject he is not very clear, very forceful, or very original. The conscientious objector whose father had been clubbed to death by the police raves; a Jew who lost his arm at Dunkirk prophesies in a mock-heroic vein; and at the end the priest delivers a long, dull speech intended to sum the whole matter up. But none of the eloquence is very effective, and the author seems more certain that he has something to say than sure that he is capable of saying it.

A large cast which includes some very capable performers works hard without ever succeeding in pulling the play together or giving more than competently stagy performances. Walter Hampden, a dignified priest, is perhaps the best of the lot. Ruth Gordon, who rarely fails to make much of any character she plays, can do little with the girl who is going to have a baby. Margo Graham plays her part in "The Wookey" over again, and Ralph Cullinan does very well in a standard Abbey Theater character. Philip Bourneuf is all that could reasonably be expected as the objector who—it would not be hard to guess—ceases to object when his sweetheart is killed in a raid.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

VIRGIL THOMSON'S discussion of three chapters in "Radio Research 1941" (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce; $2.50), edited by Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Frank Stanton, led me to get hold of the book and read the chapters myself. The book comprises six studies of the relations of broadcasts and listeners —studies "directed from Columbia University's Office of Radio Research, financed by a grant of Rockefeller funds"; studies through which "the social scientist may help to contribute toward a more constructive use of radio." Three of the six deal with music.

The Popular Music Industry, by Duncan MacDougald, Jr., describes how popular songs are produced and how they are promoted by intensive "plugging" over the air; and shows that the preference of millions of people for a "hit" is not spontaneous but is predetermined by this "plugging," which prevents these people from actively exercising taste and compels them to yield passively to the song industry's standards.

Edward A. Suchman's Invitation to Music, an interesting "study of the creation of new music listeners by the radio," would be more valuable if it were not blurred by poorly ordered progression of thought and unprecise writing, and were not obscured further by the jargon with which a social scientist achieves his scientific precision of statement in the statistical investigations that are his exact science—all of which may be why my summary of the chapter's contents will be different from Mr. Thomson's. The listeners investigated were approximately every tenth subscriber among the 9,000 who got Station WNYC's Masterwork Bulletin. Of 765 such listeners 15 per cent said that radio had initiated their interest, 38 per cent said that radio had developed or nursed an already existing interest, and 47 per cent said that radio had merely supplemented other sources of music that had satisfied their interest. Among the newly initiated there were twice as many men as women: men who had been unwilling to give the necessary effort and time to study of an instrument or attendance of concerts now listened to the music which radio made easily accessible in their leisure time. In this group, also, there were a great many over thirty years of age: those who had failed to develop an interest during adolescence had responded to the second chance that radio had offered them; and to some who had developed an antagonism to music in childhood from being compelled to listen, radio had offered the opportunity for a voluntary choice which they had accepted. The role of radio, for the newly initiated, had been to provide the opportunity to listen that had made other influences—like those of family background, formal education, friends' example—effective; and in two-thirds of the group there had been some predisposition toward listening which radio had activated in this way. The tastes in music of the newly initiated were less sophisticated than those of the other two groups of listeners; and so was their attitude toward the music: "Signs of real understanding are lacking. . . . Music is listened to for romantic relaxation or excitement, without any concern for the development or the relations of the music." For most of the newly initiated radio continued to be the only source of music; when radio led elsewhere it was mostly to the phonograph; if a concert was attended it was from curiosity about the musician who had been heard over the air.

"Further discussion of listless listening, which would seem to be the only radio kind that is possible," says Mr. Thomson, "is offered in T. W. Adorno's analysis of the 'radio symphony.' " But the Suchman report does not demonstrate that listless listening is "the only radio kind that is possible"; and I find it difficult to write temperately of the motivation, the method, the results of the Adorno performance—of the pretentiousness, the ostentation, the aggressive awareness of his own "brilliance" that leap out at one from this German philosophy professor's tortuous and occasionally ferocious thinking and jargon, from his musico-socio-psychological schematizations which yield the lurid conclusions that Mr. Thomson welcomes "with cries of joy": that because of the inadequacies of radio transmission the meaning of a Beethoven symphony movement "automatically shifts from the totality to the individual moments [since] their interrelation and articulation by dynamics and colors is no longer fully effected," and that "the symphonic particulars become atoms"; that this causes the elements of the movement to acquire the character of mere quotations, and the radio symphony to appear "as a medley or potpourri in so far as the musical atoms it offers up acquire the touch of having been picked up somewhere else and put together in a kind of montage"; that the isolated detail acquires more weight, more importance, more expressiveness than it had in its context, and so radio not only atomizes and trivializes the music but romanticizes it; that these changes in the movement's essential structure mean "not only that this structure is not adequately conveyed but that what does come out opposes that structure and constitutes a serious obstacle against its realization"; that radio transmission provides an "exact and objective technical foundation" for "the tendency toward atomistic listening" and "prejudices the capacity to listen in a spontaneous and conscious way," forcing listeners "to passive sensual and emotional acceptance of predigested yet disconnected qualities, whereas those qualities at the same time become mumified and magicized." And more of the same.

The alarming thing is that the matter goes further than this chapter. It isn't only Mr. Thomson who utters cries of welcome; Adorno's tripe is the sort of thing that social science research institutes, foundations, and journals go for. He is, we are told, "associated with the Institute for Social Research at Columbia University" and "has been in charge of the music research at the Office of Radio Research"; his influence in this research, his status and power are attested by the other writers' genuflections to his suggestions, ideas, and writings: even MacDougald cannot mention the song publisher's dictation to the song writer without a "Cf. T. W. Adorno, 'The Fetish Character of Music and the Retrogression of Listening,' *Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung,* Vol. 7, 1938, p. 336."

And the matter goes further than Adorno. But that will have to wait.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

A Soldier's Wants

Dear Sirs: I am amazed at the meager understanding of soldiers' problems expressed by civilians. Soldiers in the mass want more pay and more time off. They do not seek to avoid the danger of warfare or the hardships of maneuvers or training. They want to avoid boredom. A soldier does not relish entertainment of the manufactured kind practically thrown at him near the camps. What he wants is spurts of hard training and then long passes, furloughs and week-ends with money for travel, hotels, food, and entertaining girls or else old cronies. I have never met one yet who did not know exactly what to do with himself on a free week-end. The idea that morale will deteriorate if distraction and entertainment are not publicly provided for soldiers is pure nonsense. More pay and more frequent passes is all in the world a soldier wants, be he a veteran or a draftee. They all know exactly what sort of thing in a city is their idea of a good time, and they need only money and time to attain it. Desire to race out of camp after retreat in the evening or on a week-end simply indicates that like any workman a good soldier likes to leave the factory or office at the end of the day and relax in a different environment.

From June, to December, 1941, I received training on transports for landing operations and in the Carolinas for land maneuvers. It was an unending physical-endurance contest. But the number of complaints, serious ones, and the number of desertions were negligible. After climbing up and down the side of a ship again and again with pack and rifle, enough to sink and drown me, and after being over a month in the Carolinas without having one night a roof over my head, I believe I could endure any form of hardship man could invent. But I never felt better in my life, except for the infrequent bathing facilities. A thing we all experience in either civilian or barracks life—that profound disinclination to get up when first awakened—is strangely absent when you are in the field. The ground is so hard you are glad to get up when awakened. Also you are glad to lie on it after walking all day. No soldier regrets the hardships of maneuvers. He regrets being broke or being cooped up in camp week-ends or being unable to start out for home because of the distance and the lack of plane fare.

Soldiers resent any pure stupidity perpetrated by a public official. They resent generalized regulations, such as age restrictions on pilots or officer candidates, instead of individual, personal tests as the deciding factor in the conferring of various privileges and opportunities. They resent red tape. Also they resent nauseating emotionalism, particularly as applied to patriotism. They regard the Germans and Japanese as weeds which must be destroyed and themselves as a sort of lawnmower which will in time do the destroying. They resent any domestic disorder which delays the forging of that machine.

There is a high degree of tolerance of racial differences and personal idiosyncrasies among soldiers. I can't remember ever having heard any bitter or insulting remark cast at Negroes, and it was with real surprise that I read of fighting between white and Negro soldiers at Camp Dix.

I have easily adapted myself to this life; I like men and people and find little to complain. But there is one thing I wish to mention. That is the lack of really adequate facilities for testing men to the limit for unusual powers. I have every confidence in the world that I could function as a major general or even lieutenant general, but what processes exist for testing or proving this one way or the other. I sought a second lieutenancy avidly and constantly from October, 1940, to June, 1941, and have done so indifferently since, but I have been stalled all this time by red tape. Now I have concluded it isn't worth the struggle.

PHILIP STUART

Moscow, Vt., May 19

Let Taxation Be Just!

Dear Sirs: Advocates of the general sales tax too frequently fail to appreciate the unjust distribution of its burdens. Consumption never has been accepted as a fair measure of ability to contribute to the support of government. One's sense of justice denies any claim that the father of a large family of dependent children is better able to pay taxes than the bachelor with an equal income and no dependents at all.

Some who admit the sales tax to be regressive favor its use as an equalizer of the general tax burden. They hold that a sales tax is equivalent to an income tax of an equal per cent for those persons who have to spend all their income for the necessaries of life, but amounts to only a fraction of this per cent for those who do not spend all their income. Such an argument ignores an important difference between the two types of tax. An income tax always exempts a subsistence minimum and makes an additional exemption for each dependent child, while a general sales tax allows no exemption.

It is agreed that in determining the tax burden we must look at the tax system as a whole. We must include all kinds of tax levies, direct and indirect, those imposed by towns, villages, cities, counties, and states as well as by the federal government. In the commonwealths and their subdivisions the property tax is most universal. Special studies have revealed that more than 90 per cent of intangible property escapes taxation altogether, and that the assessed value of tangible property declines from the true market value as the holdings increase. The poor man owns little or no intangible property, and his small holding of tangible property is assessed at nearly 100 per cent of its full market value. Since the proportional rate is applied in determining the tax on property, the burden is regressive, falling relatively heavily on the poor.

It is sometimes argued in support of the sales tax that it yields promptly and continuously very substantial revenues to the state; and also that such a tax causes everyone to be interested in the affairs of government. But if the principle of justice is to be ignored, the confiscations and excessive fines employed by medieval kings would be even more productive of immediate revenues. Unjust methods, knowingly employed for raising revenue, are unbecoming a democracy. And, it must be remembered that it is important to induce citizens to think approvingly of the activities of government rather than disapprovingly. Since our colonial forefathers fought a successful war in opposition to unjust taxation, let us be mindful of the justice for which they sacrificed so much.

DELOS O. KINSMAN

Washington, D. C., May 20

Correction from Mr. Herskovits

Dear Sirs: A much-belated copy of Franklin Frazier's review of my book, "The Myth of the Negro Past," has just reached me here in Bahia. There is one statement in it that, in all justice to the men named, I should like to see corrected.

Mr. Frazier says, "The conclusions of such scholars as Robert E. Park, Edward B. Reuter, and Guy Johnson may be wrong, but they are not the result of race prejudice. . . ." The imputation here is not justified, for nowhere in my book, either explicitly or implicitly, have I made charges of race prejudice against any of these gentlemen—as I have not made them against Mr. Frazier himself, whose work, as he modestly refrains from stating in this review, is cited again and again as making an outstanding contribution to the perpetuation of the "myth" that the Negro has no pre-American past worthy of note. On the contrary, I am at some pains to point out how, with the idea of African cultural inferiority accepted, it was just such men of good-will as these who felt that the less said about this aspect of the Negro's past the better.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

São Salvador, Bahia, Brazil, April 29

Anti-Nazis in Australia

Dear Sirs: A friend of mine, once a well-known educator in Germany, went to England in 1939. Being unable to get an immigration certificate for Palestine, he lived in the Kitchener Camp in Richborough. Although he was considered a "refugee from Nazi oppression" by a government tribunal after the outbreak of the war, he was interned in 1940 without any charges and sent to a camp in Australia. He is known to be an anti-Nazi, and, indeed, his wife and child were deported by the Nazis to a Polish ghetto; yet he has been confined ever since.

In a letter I have just received from him he writes: "The unbelievable is true: thousands of people are kept behind barbed wire in this Empire of Humanity, year after year, only because nobody wants to have them. There is no other reason, for nobody seriously believes that we are enemies. Thinking of the world outside that claims to fight for right and freedom, we are in constant danger of becoming enemies of human society."

Many people have criticized the French for interning anti-Nazi refugees when the Nazis invaded France. I am afraid that a similar thing is being done in Australia right now. The people in internment camps would do anything to help the small population of large Australia in their war effort. This country, which is now helping Australia so much, ought to be able to do something about Australia's unfriendly treatment of the Allies' friends.

KURT BERGEL

Deep Springs, Cal., April 18

Karl Heinzen

Dear Sirs: I am collecting material for a biography of Karl Heinzen, German revolutionist and radical American editor and publicist, whose American activities centered in Louisville, New York, and Boston. I would be grateful if anyone having unpublished Heinzen material would communicate with me at Oberlin College.

CARL WITTKE

Oberlin, Ohio, May 15

Our Returning Consuls

Dear Sirs: You recently published a most accurate and informative article regarding the activities of some of our "mis-representatives" in Europe (Our Consuls at Work, by Varian Fry, in the issue of May 2).

Many of these fascist-minded and anti-Semitic gentry are now returning to our shores in exchange for the German, Italian, and Japanese diplomats who left this country a few weeks ago. It is too bad that we have no "democratic compression chambers" on the order of the devices used when tunnel workers return to the air after their day's work, for these people are so indoctrinated with fascism that they will surely spread a lot of it over here. What about a little publicity about this matter? It is really a shame that some of them could not be brought to book on charges for their behavior abroad.

EDGAR SALINGUE

May 21

Thanks and the Contrary

Dear Sirs: Thank you for Pierre Cot's remarks on "Europe's future," in his review of Albert Guérard's "The France of Tomorrow." No thank you for Hal Lehrman's suggestion that the De Gaulle forces should have been permitted to repeat at Madagascar the blunder of Dakar!

I view with discomfort the tendency to give all-out support to French royalists. Military support at places where they are already in possession is enough.

EMERSON STRINGHAM

Madison, Wis., May 20

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The Shape of Things

THE MEMORIAL DAY SPEECH OF SUMNER Welles might have been written as a supplement to the now famous address by the Vice-President at the *Free World* dinner three weeks earlier. It put into the language of plans and intentions the fundamental democratic principles set forth by Mr. Wallace. "The age of imperialism is ended," said Mr. Welles. "If this war is in fact a war for the liberation of peoples, it must assure the sovereign equality of peoples throughout the world. . . . Discrimination between peoples because of their race, creed, or color must be abolished. . . ." Such words express more than a hope; they imply a promise. They could not be spoken on a solemn public occasion by the Under Secretary of State without being taken throughout the world as an official pronouncement of the government of this country. Ordinary people everywhere will accept them as our plan for a post-war world. They will create hope in millions of hearts; they will arouse fears, too, and some resentment, for they already announce the dissolution of empires for the preservation of which many statesmen in the United Nations believe they are fighting. They imply a willingness on the part of the United States to undertake jointly with its allies not only the winning of the war but the overthrow of powerful and vested political interests. It is a tall order, but we are glad the Under Secretary had the courage to formulate it.

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TO CARRY IT OUT CALLS FOR DETERMINATION such as he and his department—and indeed our nation as a whole—have never consistently demonstrated. It demands, to start with, a thorough revision of traditional methods of dealing with foreign problems and with American problems that relate to the war and the world to come. The policy of the State Department toward struggling democratic forces everywhere—from St. Pierre to the Argentine—has been coldly uncooperative. Its treatment of "free" movements organized in this country has served to dishearten honest anti-fascists and encourage the representatives of reactionary interests and discredited regimes. Its appeasement of every dictator not yet openly lined up with Hitler has alienated liberal sentiment here and in the countries struggling for their freedom. Mr. Welles's blueprint of a free world will be accepted at full face value only when its lines begin to take concrete form in American policy. Its application cannot safely be postponed till after the war, for the war must be won by men and women who have faith in America's promises.

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WHILE TOBRUK WAS ROMMEL'S IMMEDIATE objective in the suddenly renewed Battle of Libya, the larger strategic considerations prompting his campaign are far from clear. Was it intended to prepare the way for a pincer movement against Egypt? There have been many reports of concentrations of German troops and transport planes in the Greek islands, but an air-borne invasion of Syria—the other arm of the pincers—would demand overwhelming air strength in that sector. Yet it would appear that the Axis is experiencing great difficulties even in maintaining air equality on all fronts. In Libya the British have kept control of the skies, and the R. A. F. has played a great part in breaking up Nazi armored formations and disrupting supply columns. Mr. Churchill has told Parliament that the North African forces under General Ritchie were by no means taken by surprise. The British line held firmly on both flanks against the triple-pronged Axis assault, but Nazi tank columns succeeded in penetrating the center to some depth. Thereafter, however, they found themselves in some danger of encirclement, with retreat restricted to two narrow lanes between British minefields. As we go to press, the latest dispatches suggest that Rommel has succeeded in extricating the major part of this force, though not without considerable losses, including the capture of his second-in-command.

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FOR THE ATTACK ON REINHARD HEYDRICH, Prague is paying in the blood of innocent hostages—the toll as we write is 108. Yet the news that one of the most hated men in Europe had been paralyzed for life if not killed must have sent a thrill of satisfaction through the occupied lands that could not be entirely wiped out by the knowledge of the swift and brutal vengeance that must follow. Dozens of lesser Nazis have been killed; hundreds of hostages have been murdered. But Heydrich is the first high Nazi official to be successfully attacked by others than his "comrades." And this in the third year of the new order. Writing from Berne, G. H. Archambault calls the rising wave of resistance the "third front" and ascribes it to the belief, "which has become axiomatic," that American production makes a second front and a final Allied victory inevitable. The "new feeling," he says, "has reached even prisoners of war held by the Nazis in camps." If this is true, resistance may be expected to grow rather than diminish, even though repression will undoubtedly become more brutal.

THE LULL ON THE AUSTRALIAN AND INDIAN fronts during the past few weeks seems to confirm Chungking's fear that Japan is now devoting its entire energies to an effort to knock China out of the war. The outlook is far from reassuring. Held up for the better part of a week at Kinhwa, capital of Chekiang, the Japanese are reported to have used poison gas on at least three occasions in order to gain control of that strategic city. New Japanese attacks have been launched along the Chekiang coast, at Nanchang, and at Canton. A Chinese counter-offensive of undetermined strength has developed in Anhwei, 100 miles west of Nanking. The Chinese urgently require air reinforcements. Kinhwa and the surrounding area were subjected to scores of unopposed raids before the Japanese finally succeeded in gaining the upper hand. Although the American Volunteer Group has continued to harass the enemy along the Burma front, it is reported to be in desperate need of replacements. What is called for, as Lin Yu-tang pointed out in a masterly letter to the New York *Times*, is not a few planes thrown to the Chinese as a sop without any real appreciation of China's needs, but a "realistic consideration of . . . China's role in the war." Our record so far in aiding China is little short of disgraceful. We have virtually ignored the immense strategic value of the territory which the Japanese are now seeking to wrest from China and have been content to send token aid. It is still not too late to provide the weapons that will enable us to utilize China's vast resouces of manpower and its strategic position. But we must act soon or lose China.

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JOHN L. LEWIS'S MANNER OF REMOVING Philip Murray from the vice-presidency of the United Mine Workers was both ruthless and insulting, in the well-known Lewis tradition. It looked for a few days as if the miners' policy committee would at least go through the motions of preferring formal charges against Mr. Murray and citing him for trial, but suddenly Lewis let it be known that Murray had been removed and his successor named. Lewis's action took place while Murray was at the White House conferring with Lewis's pet hate, F. D. R., and was undoubtedly designed in part as a thrust at the President as well as Murray. Some observers thought that the unceremonious removal of Murray was also connected with a report that a meeting in Buffalo of local unions affiliated with District 50 of the U. M. W. had protested against the attack on Murray. The protest is significant because District 50 is the spearhead of Lewis's drive to gather strength for a new attempt to dominate the labor movement. Murray has indicated his intention of carrying his case to the membership of the U. M. W.; several months ago it was reliably reported that he commanded very wide support among the rank and file of the union he has served so aithfully for twenty-two years, but the Lewis dictatorhip has ways of dealing with such subversive lay opinon. Meanwhile, Lewis is preparing the way for the next move in his campaign for power—a break between the miners and the C. I. O. Their relations are already badly strained by the refusal of the miners to pay per capita dues on the ground that the $1,665,000 which Lewis as head of the U. M. W. advanced with such generosity to Lewis as head of the C. I. O. was not a gift but a loan. The final showdown, however, may be put off until the C. I. O. convention.

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THE "WORK OR FIGHT" STATEMENT ISSUED by the War Manpower Commission seems to have been misinterpreted in various quarters and thus to have caused unwarranted resentment among both labor and management. A careful reading of the statement will show that it is not a "work-or-fight order" such as was issued in the last war. Workers were not told that they must accept any job offered them—"or else." The statement merely reiterated what must obviously be the case: that skilled workers who fail to heed calls from the United States Employment Service to accept employment in war industries at suitable wages cannot expect to be deferred by their draft boards as "necessary men." To aid in the classification of workers the War Production Board is rating war plants in order of importance. Draft boards can no longer take men from critical occupations for military service without the consent of the United States Employment Service. Action also has been taken by the commission to prevent employers from pirating labor from other plants by the use of private employment agencies or by paying wages in excess of the market rates. The orders issued by the Manpower Commission so far seem to be both wise and moderate. The commission has been negligent, however, in not clearing its plans in advance with the management and labor groups which are most directly concerned with the operation of the new policy.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE WEST COAST JAPANESE who have been crowded into temporary "assembly centers" is described in some detail in an article by Charles Iglehart on page 649 and in two letters in the correspondence columns of this issue. Regardless of the necessity for the evacuation, which Mr. Iglehart questions, it is obvious that both the removal and the resettlement of loyal elements in the Japanese population have been badly bungled. Part of the blame lies with the states and communities which are unwilling to accept the evacués for civilian relocation. But if the federal government had the power to uproot these people as a war measure, it should be able to insist that communities and states in the interior accept them and accord them full civilian rights. The evacuation of loyal American citizens along with Japanese aliens was defended on the ground that there was no time to make the full investigation that would have been necessary to weed out the dangerous elements. Whatever validity this argument may have had at the time of the evacuation disappears now that the entire group has been assembled in the interior. There would seem no reason why all American citizens, together with the aliens whose loyalty is established after careful investigation, should not now be permitted full freedom. But freedom alone will not compensate them for the loss of their jobs and the virtual confiscation of their property. Pressure must be brought on the federal government to see that plans for work projects and rural resettlement are put into operation.

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SINCE IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE HAVE ample supplies of quinine, the German-owned patents for synthetic substitutes should be thrown open to use by all manufacturers. The Japanese now hold Java, with its cinchona plantations. Sterling Products Company, on assignment from I. G. Farben, holds the patents for atabrine and plasmochin, both effective synthetic substitutes. Sterling Products makes a virtue of the fact that it has licensed Merck and Company to produce these synthetics, but Merck was one of the two American firms connected with the Dutch quinine monopoly. It would be folly to leave ourselves at the mercy of a possible combination between one company linked with a German cartel and a second linked with a Dutch. Leo T. Crowley, the Alien Property Custodian, through his control of the German-owned majority shares in General Aniline and Film, now controls Sterling Products and could order it to make its patents available to all manufacturers. He could also force Sterling Products to leave the market open to American-invented processes for making synthetic quinine. In the past Sterling Products has used its German patents to block the marketing of American discoveries. But Crowley is reported to be concerned about his "fiduciary" relationship to this property interest under his control. We hope the Senate Patents Committee will ask Crowley just what he conceives his "fiduciary" duties to be. "Seizure" of foreign patents in war time is the emptiest kind of thunder if these patents are to be tenderly guarded for return to our enemies after the war. If the Patents Committee needs inspiration in this inquiry, let it remember the shortage of quinine on Bataan.

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THE SECOND REFUSAL OF THE SUPREME Court to review the case of Odell Waller is a shocking evasion of an issue the court should face. As our readers will recall, Waller is under sentence of death in Virginia for the murder of his white landlord and has appealed his conviction on the ground that he was tried before a jury from which men of his class were excluded under the state poll-tax law. Of the all-white jury which convicted him, ten members were employing farmers. A statement put out by the Workers' Defense League exactly reflects our own opinion:

> . . . This case not only involves justice for Waller; it involves the whole Southern practice of creating a second-class citizenship by means of the poll tax. At this solemn moment when America is embattled to defend the four freedoms, the Supreme Court has twice evaded this vital and inescapable issue. Twice it has refused to say whether it regards a jury of white poll-tax payers as peers of the disfranchised black man. Twice it has, in effect, condemned Odell Waller to die in the dark. Once again, as in the Mooney case, it has signally failed to fulfil the purposes for which it was created. It has not the right to remain silent on an issue which affects millions of Americans both white and colored.

The War at Dead Center

AS HIGH summer approaches, the military scales in Europe are poised at dead center. No longer has the Axis the preponderant weights on its side; no longer can Hitler throw his millions from one end of the Continent to the other with confidence that the desired objective will be attained.

In the far north of the Russian front spring is passing, and still there is no full-scale German offensive. Are the reserves which the Reichswehr has accumulated in the east to be flung into one desperate attempt to break through to the Caucasus or into yet another assault on Moscow? Or will the Nazis try to hold the Russian line while the main army is hurried back to the Channel in an effort to invade Britain before Anglo-American power is built up to overwhelming strength? And if this plan is adopted, can the Red Army develop an offensive of its own vigorous enough to roll the Germans back over their own frontiers? Hitler's celebrated intuition appears to be having some difficulty in finding the right answers to these questions.

But if Hitler no longer has full command of the initiative, the United Nations are not quite ready to seize it. They have not yet reached the point where they can dictate their choice of a battlefield; they are still keeping their strategy sufficiently fluid to meet one of several possible moves by the Axis. Even so, the equilibrium of the military balance does not mean stalemate. The weights that will tip the scales in our favor are being forged in American training camps and factories.

The devastating R. A. F. raid on Cologne may in fact prove the first sign that the scales have begun to lean our way. We write while the story of the blow at the capital of the Rhineland has still to be filled out in detail, but it is clear that if raids of the same magnitude can be repeated often in the next few months, German capacity to resist is going to be seriously weakened. The frantic clumsiness of the German attempts to minimize the effect of the bombing suggests that panic is reigning in the Wilhelmstrasse as well as in Cologne itself. And the British propagandists have been quick to exploit the situation, recalling Göring's boast that no enemy bombs would ever fall on German soil, reiterating Churchill's advice to the Germans to get out into the fields, and emphasizing that this raid was only a sample of what would happen when the R. A. F. was joined by the American Air Force. The equally powerful attack on Essen two days later should prove to the Germans that Cologne was no isolated incident. Nor are they likely to be reassured by General Arnold's promise that American fliers will join the fray without waiting for "ideal planes, airports, or situations."

The experts are still arguing about whether or not a war can be won by air power alone, but majority opinion holds that in this particular war Germany is not likely to be knocked out except by a combined offensive of all arms. Raids like that on Cologne, repeated on an ever larger scale, can do much to soften up the enemy for the invasion of the Continent that must precede victory. They can do much also to disorganize industry and communications and to undermine the morale not merely of the civilian population but of the German troops on distant fronts, whose enthusiasm for further aggression is likely to ebb as they learn what is happening to their homes. Again, a sustained air offensive over Germany is calculated to interfere with Hitler's vital time-table. If he hopes for success in the east he must maintain at least equality in the air with the Russians; yet he cannot forge ahead confidently while his western frontier is being burned and blasted.

It may well be that the activity of the R. A. F., combined with Anglo-American preparations for a second front, has played a part in the postponement of Hitler's much-advertised spring offensive. But the major factor has undoubtedly been Timoshenko's counter-offensive in the Kharkov region, which the Russians claim has achieved its primary objective—the diversion of a threatened German move against Rostov, the recapture of which would have placed the Reichswehr in a position to follow up its local success on the Kerch Peninsula. The Germans have also claimed a great victory, but the most they seem to have accomplished is the halting of the Soviet counter-attack—a negative result which has cost them dearly in men, machines, and above all in time.

In viewing the situation on the eastern front, however, we must remember that, although the fighting around Kharkov has been heavy, the bulk of the German army is still held in reserve ready to strike with fearful

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orce. The threat of a second front may restrain Hitler rom staking all on one irretrievable throw of the dice in Russia, but the chances are it will not, for he knows that f the present deadlock remains unbroken, ultimate defeat is certain. And the possibility that he would be able to batter his way through to the Caucasian oil fields is not to be dismissed lightly, as Alvarez del Vayo pointed out in these columns last week.

There is no doubt that Anglo-American strategists are now giving very serious consideration to ways and means of establishing a second front, and that the staff conferences taking place in London are not mere window-dressing. The present trend of opinion, however, seems to be for waiting until Hitler shows his hand completely in the east, since until the German reserves are absolutely committed to an offensive on that front, the possibility that they might be turned westward cannot be entirely ignored. That is the dilemma the Anglo-American staffs are grappling with, and it is, of course, the reverse side of that with which Hitler's intuition is struggling. Or rather it is a Gordian knot which must be cut by the sword, and we must hope that our leaders are ready for the decisive stroke. Cologne, at least, encourages us to believe our weapon is sharp and loose in the scabbard.

What About Harlem?

THE problems of the Negroes in Harlem have been increased rather than lightened by the war boom which has aided the Okies, tenant farmers, and many other "forgotten men" in our population. Such is the disheartening conclusion that must be drawn from a study of the reports of the four subcommittees of the City-Wide Citizens' Committee on Harlem which were released last week. The report on employment shows that very few Negroes have found their way into the war industries. This is partly because New York is not a defense center, but it is primarily the result of discrimination against Negroes in the more skilled occupations. There has been, it is true, a steady rise in the relative number of Negro placements through the New York section of the United States Employment Service. But this means very little, since 83 per cent of the placements were for women and consisted largely of short-time domestic jobs. Only 1.8 per cent of the Negroes placed were skilled workers, a decline from 4.5 per cent in 1939. It is estimated that only about 1,500 Harlem Negroes have been able to find war jobs outside the New York area.

Harlem's wretched housing situation has been aggravated by the war. Private and public housing construction has practically ceased owing to the existing shortage in materials. Although the number of vacancies in New York City appears to have increased somewhat as a result of the war, the change has been too slight to ease Harlem's problem. The severity of the overcrowding in this section may be seen from the fact that 3,871 persons live in a single Harlem block. At this density the whole of the population of the United States could live in one-half of New York City. Although there is a greater proportion of structurally sound houses in Harlem than in other slum areas in the city, the overcrowding is much more serious than elsewhere. It is, of course, a direct result of low incomes. Half of Harlem's families have incomes of less than $837 a year, and at all income levels from $500 to $3,000 Negroes pay higher average rents than white families. To meet the situation a very large proportion of Harlem's families take in lodgers. Among the families studied the average ran considerably more than one to a household.

Bad housing conditions and low incomes are reflected in the statistics on health, crime, and low educational opportunities. Harlem has four times as high a death rate for tuberculosis as New York City as a whole. The death-rate for syphilis among Negroes in New York is seven times higher than among whites. The accident rate is also materially higher. Schools are operated on a three-shift basis; teachers are badly overworked; playground and recreational facilities are grossly inadequate.

In an effort to alleviate the situation, the four subcommittees have made a number of recommendations. These include plans to promote more liberal employment policies with regard to Negroes, suggestions regarding new public-housing projects to be constructed at the end of the war, and a number of very concrete recommendations for new schools, lighter teaching loads, admission of Negroes to nursing schools on the same basis as whites, and expansion of health facilities. So far as they go, these recommendations are excellent, and a vigorous effort should be made by all social-minded citizens to see that they are put into effect. This will not be easy. The LaGuardia administration and Tammany have apparently been trying to outdo each other in recent months in seeking the curtailment of vital social services. We believe that we can trust the City-Wide Citizens' Committee to wage a vigorous campaign to see that its recommendations are adopted. But we hope that it will not stop there. The committee is doubtless well aware that the basic problem of Harlem will not be solved by the building of schools or the extension of social services. It cannot be solved until Negroes obtain full equality, in fact as well as in law, in employment opportunity, and until the practices which result in housing segregation are eliminated. A great deal of education is required before we can expect legislation to achieve these ends; but the present moment, when public opinion is aware as never before of the evil results of racialism as practiced by Hitler, would seem an auspicious time to begin.

Biddle and Bridges

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

NO ONE who has read the Attorney General's ruling on the Bridges case—and no one who knows Mr. Biddle's character—can believe that his decision was based on anything but honest legal reasoning. I am convinced that no political motives lie hidden behind the deportation order. Indeed, no decent political motives were available. Politics could have entered into the decision only in some utterly unworthy shape such as a desire to punish Bridges for his attack on Mayor Rossi of San Francisco or to placate the fascists and reactionaries who protested against the freeing of Earl Browder. Such motives would never control the conduct of Francis Biddle, and they may be dismissed without discussion.

The only political motives that could properly have influenced him weighed strongly the other way. He might have been moved by major considerations of national welfare. He might have said to himself: "The law can wait upon the war. Bridges is an important factor in maintaining stability and a high level of efficiency in one of the key sectors of the war effort. He'd better be kept at work as long as ships must be loaded with guns and planes for our troops abroad." He might have said: "I have convinced myself that Bridges is a Communist and that communism is a doctrine calling for the revolutionary overthrow of the government. But by a marriage of convenience Communists are joined today with the rest of the country in ardent prosecution of the war. The revolution has been adjourned for the duration. So this seems a peculiarly inappropriate moment for a showdown on the question of force and violence."

The Attorney General is by no means a coldly technical man of law. Nor is he unaware of the overriding claims of the national emergency. He has not hesitated, for example, to adjourn anti-trust suits until after the war even in cases where his department has in hand substantial evidence of monopolistic practices. In adopting this policy the Department of Justice has consciously put the demands of war production ahead of the duty of enforcing the law. This policy may not achieve its purposes—it may indeed interfere with them, as *The Nation* has frequently argued—but at least it offers clear evidence that when the Attorney General believes the national safety calls for a *pro tem* adjournment of legal processes he acts without hesitation and without even waiting for legislative sanction. The same may be said of his attitude on wire-tapping, an illegal practice employed by his department and condoned by Mr. Biddle when he felt that the national interest was involved. And presumably he acquiesced in the President's decision to free Earl Browder not only as an act of justice but as a contribution to national unity.

So there were both arguments and precedents the Attorney General could have used to persuade himself that a decision against Bridges would be inopportune. Why, then, did he make such a decision? Ruling out all dishonorable motives, one is driven to the unhappy conclusion that Francis Biddle is not as sharply aware as a war-time Attorney General should be of the social and political effects of administrative acts. His ruling is obviously the work of a man who had conscientiously sifted the conflicting findings of the various inquiries and arrived at an opinion that seemed to him inescapable. One can differ with him; one can put less credence than he chose to put in the testimony of admittedly partial witnesses like Harry Lundeberg; one can question his choice of authorities in deciding the moot question of Communist doctrine. But the final rightness of Mr. Biddle's judgment is not, in my opinion, the most important aspect of his decision. What is important is the blind spot that prevented him from foreseeing its effects.

Undoubtedly the Attorney General knew the ruling carried political implications. He pointed out, even as he released it, that it could be appealed to the highest court and that it must be looked upon as a test case. His mind, if I may pretend to analyze so complex an instrument, probably sought to protect itself against a full recognition of the explosive consequences of the decision by dwelling upon the legal safeguards that still protect Bridges, upon the time that must intervene before his deportation, and upon the value of a Supreme Court decision on the Communist attitude toward the use of force. But these quite legitimate peace-time considerations only dramatize the Attorney General's failure as a political realist.

The ruling against Bridges fell like a shower of bombs along the West Coast waterfront. It has been received with astonishment even by employers who have fought Bridges in the past but who today acknowledge his masterful handling of labor on the docks. Organized labor has reacted to the order with a bitterness amounting to open hostility. Division and turmoil have been created at a time when unity and order are essential. The pretense that Bridges can go on with his work while his case moves slowly from court to court is ridiculous. No labor leader can serve as an effective aid to a government which has ordered his deportation as a dangerous alien. The anomaly of his position must either weaken his influence with his followers or lessen their respect for the government. The second alternative seems far more likely.

Whether or not Bridges is a Communist, whether or not Communists favor the violent overthrow of the government, are questions that can be settled at leisure when the war is over. To force their decision today without reckoning the cost in wasted ability and disaffection is reckless and irresponsible. Integrity is perhaps the first virtue in a public official, but even integrity is no substitute for good political sense—especially in time of war.

What to Do About Rubber

BY I. F. STONE

II. A Synthetic-Rubber Program

Washington, May 28

SEVERAL principles must be recognized and applied if we are to get maximum results from our synthetic-rubber program.

1. Cost must be measured in terms of time and materials, not money. In terms of money, it may be more costly to make Buna rubber from grain alcohol than from petroleum. In terms of time and materials, the former is the cheaper method. We are promised butadiene for Buna rubber from petroleum in eighteen months, but the other day I managed to get a glimpse of one of the RFC contracts and I found that they allow the companies twenty-seven months. Evidence before the Gillette committee indicated that synthetic rubber can be made from grain alcohol in less than twelve months. The petroleum process requires new cracking facilities to obtain butane and new plants to turn the butane into butadiene. The alcohol process is a "one-step" process which obtains butadiene directly from the alcohol with a minimum of new equipment.

2. It took a long time to learn to handle natural rubber. The big problem today is to learn to handle synthetic rubber. We know comparatively little about the processing of any synthetic rubber. Therefore, in working out a synthetic-rubber program it is foolish to put all our eggs in one basket, as the RFC is doing. Of the 800,000 tons scheduled, 700,000 tons are to be Buna-S. The remaining 100,000 tons are to be divided into 60,000 tons of Standard Oil's closely guarded butyl rubber and 40,000 tons of du Pont's as closely guarded neoprene. Of the 700,000 tons of Buna-S, only 80,000 tons will be made from alcohol; the rest is to come from petroleum. The program ought to be revised and redivided in a way that would allow for more production from grain alcohol and for more butyl and less Buna-S. It is high time, too, that some committee questioned the du Ponts about their neoprene. The patent for it has not been put into the rubber patent pool, and although it is supposed to be a specialty rubber only, someone who worked for the du Ponts tells me that neoprene has been made into tires at Wilmington and that the tests showed extraordinary wearing qualities. The gossip around the plant was that neoprene tires would outlast any car.

3. The making of synthetic rubber and its fabrication into tires or other products involve two distinct sets of problems. One requires men skilled in chemistry; the other men experienced in manufacturing rubber products. The wider the participation in the synthetic-rubber program, the more trained men and managements taking part, the greater the chances of those "lucky accidents" to which so many technical improvements are due.

A vivid example of what I mean was provided by the little-noticed testimony given before the Senate Patents Committee by Robert M. Hunter, special assistant to the Attorney General in the Standard Oil–I. G. Farben case. I. G. Farben had had trouble with the fabrication of Buna. In 1932 du Pont announced its synthetic rubber, duprene, later called neoprene. I. G. Farben tried to obtain the German rights to duprene. The negotiations dragged on for two years. In 1934 the Nazi government, intent on speeding the development of synthetic rubber, appointed a Reich Rubber Commissar with full powers. He seems to have ordered I. G. to furnish every rubber firm in the Reich with samples of its synthetic rubber for experimental purposes. The results are indicated by a letter Hunter read before the Patents Committee. This letter, dated November 12, 1934, was from I. G. to its New York representative.

> The situation in the synthetic-rubber field [it said] has changed considerably as a result of progress made in the last few weeks. . . . All German firms have been supplied with samples of our synthetic rubber for experimental purposes. This was done at the request of the Reich Rubber Commissar. After an astonishingly short time a small firm succeeded in getting favorable results so far as the use of synthetic rubber for the manufacture of tires is concerned. . . . It is possible that we are no longer directly interested in reaching an agreement with du Pont in the synthetic-rubber field.

The German government is "totalitarian," but the result of its policy was to set loose a maximum of private enterprise and initiative on the problem of fabricating synthetic rubber. Our government believes in free enterprise, but the influence wielded in it by Standard Oil creates conditions in which enterprise is stifled. Compare the way Buna was developed in the Reich with Hunter's testimony on Standard's curious unwillingness to develop butyl:

Butyl was discovered in the latter part of 1937 by research employees of the Standard Oil Development Company, a wholly owned subsidiary of Standard of New Jersey. The policy applied by the Reich Rubber Commissar was suggested time after time by subordinate officials. Hunter read into the record no fewer than six different letters or memoranda in which Standard officials asked permission to collaborate with tire manufacturers and with manufacturers of wire and cable insulation in order to hasten the development and use of butyl. Although Standard had dutifully reported its butyl findings to its Nazi cartel partner from the beginning, permission for its development in this country was long denied.

In November, 1939, two months after the war began, F. A. Howard, president of Standard Development, was upheld by the executive committee of Standard Oil in his belief that "the sounder policy" was to "confine the development [of butyl] to our own organization." In their own organization development work was lackadaisical. Hunter testified that "as recently as May, 1941," Standard had "no more than three technical employees working on this valuable development." Not until June, 1940, did Standard supply samples of butyl to any American tire company, and then it chose those two companies of the Big Four with the least experience in the synthetic field and the least interest in developing synthetic rubber. Goodrich and Goodyear had both been working with synthetic rubber, and one of Standard's subordinate officials had suggested Goodyear as a "partner" in the development of butyl. Instead, Standard picked Firestone and United States Rubber. These two had the largest investments in natural rubber plantations. United States Rubber had another adverse interest in that it is controlled by the du Ponts. The du Ponts, according to Hunter's testimony, not only have neoprene but are developing another synthetic rubber "which would be in competition with butyl and Buna for tire and tube uses."

As though to make certain that poor results would be obtained, Standard provided Firestone and United States Rubber with but meager amounts of butyl. "Part of this," according to Hunter, "was second-grade material." The results were surprising. In October, 1940, Firestone predicted a possible market for butyl outside the tire field equivalent to 104,000 long tons of natural rubber per year. In November, 1940, after trying butyl for tires, one United States Rubber executive thought it might replace natural rubber. Though encouraging, this was not encouraged. "From November, 1940, until within the last few weeks," Hunter testified, "not another tire had been made of butyl rubber by the United States Rubber Company." Firestone tried butyl for inner tubes and in January, 1941, found it "greatly superior to natural rubber tubes, particularly with regard to holding air." As a reward, Firestone seems to have got no more butyl.

A much better record than that of either of these two big companies was made by the Acushnet Process Company of New Bedford, Massachusetts, a small rubber-products concern. Early in 1939 the Army-Navy Munitions Board obtained some samples of butyl from Standard Oil. The Chemical Warfare Service picked Acushnet to test the use of butyl in gas masks. Acushnet found it superior to natural rubber for gas masks and "became enthusiastic about its other possibilities." Acushnet's reports show an ingenuity, persistence, and imagination superior to the big companies', but little came of its work.

4. This brings us to another important point. To obtain maximum results, there must be the freest exchange of information among all companies working on synthetic-rubber problems. "One of the difficulties in connection with the whole testing program," Hunter testified, "has been the unwillingness of Standard to pass on to one of the companies ideas or techniques acquired from another." He gave several examples. United States Rubber is still struggling with the problem of making a butyl inner tube a year and a half after Firestone succeeded in making one superior to the natural-rubber product. Standard has known for more than a year that Acushnet had quickly and successfully solved the problems of butyl's rapid vulcanization and adherence to metal. "There is no evidence," Hunter says, "that this knowledge was ever passed on to the two rubber companies." This is equally true of Firestone's recent—and very important—discovery of a method for making a butyl tread adhere to a natural rubber carcass.

5. What we need is not merely a central rubber authority with full power to develop the synthetic product, as suggested by the Truman committee, but one free from the influence of Standard Oil and its allies. None of these basic conditions for a successful synthetic-rubber program can be achieved so long as the oil-chemical-rubber-alcohol combine dominates the RFC, the WPB, and the Petroleum Coordinator's Office. Do we need a fresh approach to the problem of cost? Standard Oil emphasizes the fact that Buna from alcohol costs more than Buna from petroleum, but by stifling the development of butyl, which costs one-third as much as buna, it shows a total disregard for economy. Do we want wide participation in the program and free interchange of information? These would destroy the Standard Oil monopoly.

There are two keys to a successful synthetic-rubber program. The first is the butylene-glycol process for developing butadiene for Buna rubber directly from the fermenting grain without making alcohol at all. This is a Department of Agriculture discovery of which we are just beginning to hear. It would put farm surpluses into the synthetic-rubber program and make monopoly impossible. The other is butyl, which can be made easily and directly from a common petroleum by-product, isobutylene. There are ample supplies of isobutylene available, and no special facilities are needed to obtain it. But neither of these keys can be used until we have a truly independent National Rubber Authority, with power to seize patents and commandeer laboratories. What is needed is the will to put America's safety first.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week.*]

Citizens Behind Barbed Wire

BY CHARLES IGLEHART

A RECENT visit to the West Coast gave me an opportunity to see at first hand how the present removal of the Japanese from the defense areas is working out.

The evacuation policy was a strange compound of war necessity and mass hysteria. Behind it lay thirty-five years of determined effort by certain West Coast groups to eliminate Japanese from any share in American life. Persisting economic competition, racial antipathy, and venal politics played their part in it. In addition, the Japanese immigrants have been slow in adopting American ways. And since Japan launched its expansionist program, the older settlers have reacted to the heightened nationalism of their homeland by emphasizing their un-American habits, bowing toward Tokyo and celebrating Oriental festivals as they never used to do. Moreover, the Japanese-language schools are using textbooks recently brought from Japan which exalt the new ambitions rampant there. These developments have been in general quite innocent, but they have not tended to allay the suspicions of Caucasian neighbors.

In the first two days after Pearl Harbor the Department of Justice drew its net around two thousand Japanese aliens; later it rounded up two thousand more; and all these are now in detention. I talked with some of them in their camps and found them living in very decent conditions and uncomplaining. I understand that only one or two in a hundred were suspected of actual complicity in any subversive activities; most of them had merely subscribed to some fund or belonged to some organization that was open to question. This group is not our present concern.

Before the publication of the Roberts report on Pearl Harbor on January 25 no apprehension was expressed concerning those Japanese residents and their American children who had been left undisturbed. But the report ushered in a period of feverish excitement, stimulated by press and radio, which reached a climax when the West Coast Congressional delegation petitioned the President to empower the army authorities to handle the entire situation and to deal summarily with "aliens and subversive persons." This action has since been defended on the ground that the Japanese themselves were in danger. I talked with a good many people of all sorts and found no evidence of any serious danger. Nor could I discover a single case of subversive activity, although the air was filled with unsubstantiated rumors. A minority group always has a grapevine which carries news with uncanny speed and accuracy, but no Japanese whom I met had heard of more than three instances of violence resulting in death, and all of these were said to have been the work of Filipinos.

I cannot escape the conclusion that even as a war measure evacuation was unnecessary. The slumbering embers of public antagonism to this alien group were, it appears, deliberately fanned by interested persons and organizations until a conflagration was threatened, but at any time it could have been quenched if the authorities had shown the proper firmness.

On March 2, under the President's executive order of February 19, General DeWitt took over, and the West Coast was zoned for the control of aliens. In Mesa, Arizona, I saw how this measure affected the lives of Japanese residents. Most of them lived on farms in Zone B, which was a restricted area. The boundary of Zone A, the prohibited area, ran through the city, and the market and schools were on the other side. Thus the Japanese were unable to sell their produce or to send their children to school. One man told me that he had sent 800 pounds of peas to the market by a Mexican truckman, but that somewhere along the way the whole load had been mysteriously lost. Soon persons representing themselves as government agents were moving about among the Japanese farmers advising them to dispose of their holdings. Often these men were themselves large farm owners who would benefit by the dumping of Japanese property.

Actual evacuation began on April 1. It was then found that the order was not to apply to German or Italian aliens, at least for the present, but only to Japanese. What is certain to cause the greatest difficulty in the future, however, is the fact that it made no distinction between the alien Japanese and their sons and daughters, who are native Americans. In everything except physical appearance, these young people are as far removed from their Japanese ancestors as we of European lineage are. Most of them, to the despair of their parents, know little or nothing about Japan. They have no desire to be anything but Americans. The alien generation are almost all over sixty, while many of the American-born are under twenty-one. In the degree of their Americanization this second generation compares favorably with other foreign groups. The process has already gone far enough to disprove our fears that the Orient and the Occident could never mix. In these young people the mixing has actually taken place without any detriment to the American way of life. Nevertheless, they are being treated exactly as if they were aliens, owing allegiance to Japan. In one California city I found a legal effort being made to remove from civil-service positions every American Japanese who had ever attended classes in the Japanese language.

Community after community showed the effects of the shock of evacuation. Selling-out signs on retail shops told of the forced liquidation of small businesses on a few hours' notice. I heard ugly stories of intimidation and exploitation. One farmer was said to have sold a thousand dollars' worth of equipment for a hundred dollars, thinking he had to. A hardware merchant was so threatened that he sold his business for a song, and then saw a sign on his store announcing "The Japs are going." His business was in a zone not yet evacuated.

In many places the people were living with the sword of Damocles hanging over them. I talked with the old people and found them silent and impassive. This was just another event beyond their control in strange, contradictory America, where life alternates so unpredictably between calm sailing and shipwreck. They do not complain, but it is plain to see that their physical resistance, spiritual resiliency, and economic resources have been shattered. When this crisis is over they will have to be carried by their children.

The young people react differently. They are not afraid, but they are desperately perplexed and puzzled. One said to me: "This thing has taken all the starch out of us. We thought we were Americans; now we don't know what we are, or what on earth to do about it." Other thoughtful young leaders feared that the disillusionment and frustration would destroy all ambition and even self-respect. How could they hope to go on with college, or to qualify for decent living again? However, most of them keep their chins up. An old friend of mine and his bride have gone to camp, and this week she writes: "In spite of all the sacrifices we had to make in selling our home, giving up a good business, and coming here, we still believe that democratic America is the best, and we too are praying for an early end."

Evacuation is now almost completed: 110,000 people—40,000 aliens and 70,000 of their American sons and daughters—are moving into "assembly centers." Evacuation, of course, was to be followed by resettlement in other less exposed areas; apparently the authorities hoped that this might be accomplished with reasonable ease. But the opposition in the receiving areas is so stubborn that it has become necessary to multiply and expand the temporary filter-stations into something like semi-permanent camps. Near most of the larger towns and cities there is a race course or fair grounds, and many of these have been taken over, inclosed in barbed wire, and provided with hastily built barracks for the evacués—rows and rows of sheds made of thin pine boards, the sides and roof covered with tar paper.*

The congestion in the assembly centers is caused by the unwillingness of other communities to accept the evacués. The Tolan Congressional committee for the study of migrant populations made a canvass of the sentiment in all states west of the Mississippi. It met with a unanimous refusal, expressed by the respective governors in their replies to the committee's questionnaire, to permit civilian relocation of these unfortunate people. Only one state made a distinction between the older aliens and the second-generation Americans; the others classed all of them together as aliens, undesirables, and subversive agents. The most that any of the states would agree to was to set aside one unoccupied area, to which the federal government might bring five or ten thousand evacués, putting them behind guards and supporting them for the duration, on the distinct understanding that they should be removed again at the end of the war. In a talk with the governor of one of the Middle Western states I got an epitome of the general sentiment. He said: "The people of California needn't think they can push their problem off on to us. We aren't going to mop up for them. If the federal government wants to bring any of these people into a camp in our state it can, but it will have to take them out the day this thing is over."

Because of the prevailing attitude the better areas are being denied the federal authorities, and it is likely that only small sites will be set aside for new concentration camps differing very little from the present subhuman assembly centers. Indeed, reports from persons who live in the vicinity of one or two of these contemplated resettlement centers indicate that they are being built on exactly the same lines as the temporary camps, with the same flimsy shacks, the same barbed-wire barriers, and in general the same prison-like setup.

The need for labor to get in the food crops may operate to modify to some degree the bleakness of this picture. We hear of "furloughs" to be granted the men of some camps to permit them to go out to work. But friends of the evacués express the fear that this will mean the continuation of the temporary assembly centers and that the women and children will be left there indefinitely. It may also mean that the men will be taken under guard to distant places, where their work will be little more than an extension of what is now virtually prison life. Wages will, of course, be paid, and undoubtedly the men will have the option of going out to work or remaining idle in camp. But this will be a far cry from relocation, and it will offer no solution of the problem of future integration in American community life.

One prospect that is now being explored by the War

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* A glimpse of life in these camps is afforded by letters from inmates printed on page 666.

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Relocation Authority is the possibility of releasing all college students for transfer to other regions where they can finish their education. There may be two or three thousand of these young men and women. Their fate depends on the guaranteed willingness of other college communities to receive them.

Confronting this baffling situation, all persons of good-will must be asking what can be done. It is too late to do anything about the basic policy of evacuation. That is an accomplished fact. Now we have the assembly-center phase to deal with. As life in the camps shakes down into routine, the worst physical hardships may be expected to moderate. But the crowding, the lack of privacy, the idleness, the forced intermingling of persons of widely divergent social levels and ideals and character will increasingly undermine morale. The authorities intend, they say, to utilize every possible resource of personnel within the camps in developing programs of recreation, health, education, and other types of activity. We can only hope that this will work out according to plan.

Pressure should be brought to bear upon the federal authorities to induce them to discontinue the assembly centers as the way of dealing with the problem. And every effort must be made to obtain separate treatment for aliens and for second-generation Americans. Discrimination against citizens because of their racial lineage cuts straight across the American tradition. It is our duty, difficult as it may be, to find some way of extricating Japanese Americans from the operation of this war measure. In Honolulu they are at liberty, and the authorities have said, "We trusted them and they have proved worthy."

But the great task is the creation of an informed public opinion. If we had had it, evacuation need not have occurred. If it prevailed now, relocation would be possible. Unless we have it after the war, we shall be helpless in the presence of an awakened Asia with whom we must share the world. The logical implication of our present concentration camps is the deportation after the war of all Japanese—aliens and American citizens alike. If we choose that course, dark and heavy times will lie ahead. An intelligent policy of adjustment to our thousand million neighbors across the Pacific demands the fearless application of our American tradition of controlled assimilation. This calls for a repudiation of racial pride and privilege and for improved social practices within the community.

New Caledonia: a French Australia

BY IDA TREAT

FOR most Americans the island of New Caledonia rose for the first time out of the vast Pacific the day United States troops landed on its shores. With that discovery went another: the New Caledonians were our allies. They belonged among the fighting French who at home and abroad have staked their lives on the hope of a Free France in a liberated world. They were already there, lined up for battle, months before some of us in America acknowledged that the battle was ours.

It took courage not to capitulate when France fell. The island was entirely unprotected, and Germany's powerful ally, Japan, had long coveted it. Mineral wealth and strategic importance made it a predestined victim for aggression. But the New Caledonians are fighters. Whatever the cost, they would not endure the fate of Indo-China. To submit to Germany meant submission to Japan. Loyal Frenchmen, they saw but one way to preserve their freedom—resist the Axis to the end.

For the second time in their history New Caledonians realized the full meaning of their isolation. During the first Great War and the years immediately following, their distant island had been forced to fall back on its neighbors for its very existence, hampered as it was by colonial tariffs and unfavorable exchange. The fall of France once again brought home to it that its ultimate destiny lay in the Pacific, closely linked with that of its near neighbor Australia, whose climate, ways of life, and general problems were much the same.

Often during peace times the settlers of New Caledonia had found themselves at odds with the home government. The time-honored French policy of colonial subordination, which placed all effective power in the hands of metropolitan officials, frequently failed to take into account the needs of the colony and hindered its free development. The New Caledonians are a hardy, independent lot, impatient of restraint. The pioneer spirit is strong. Theirs is no tropical island—its population counts a higher percentage of Europeans than any other French colony. It is a "colony of settlement."

Frenchmen in Paris—a good many Frenchmen—used to look down their noses when New Caledonia was mentioned. I found that out when I tried to get information about the island before leaving for the South Pacific. It was so far away—14,000 miles from France, nearly two months by ship. Was it conceivable that any patriotic Frenchman should choose to live so far from home? Not unless he had to, people said, and reminded me that New Caledonia had been a penal settlement for thirty years of its history.

On the ship from Marseilles civil-service and army people on their way to Noumea seemed to feel they must apologize for being sent there. New Caledonia stood, so to speak, at the bottom of the Colonial Administration. Appointments there were generally reserved for beginners, for the headstrong who needed curbing ("five years at the antipodes will cool him off!"), and for unambitious plodders who were contented anywhere. The New Caledonians on shipboard—students and well-to-do folk who had been visiting relatives in France—kept strictly to themselves. That was characteristic, according to administration officials. New Caledonians had developed a curious personality of their own, they said, a "certain unruly independence." They laid it to Anglo-Saxon influence, the proximity of Australia.

Early one June morning we sighted the high rocky coast that prompted Cook to give New Caledonia its name. Bare headlands, topped here and there with "column" pines—tall, incredibly thin, like clustered masts. Noumea from the harbor was no beauty spot—a huddle of iron roofs against burnt, peeled hills, and the stacks of Caledonia-Nickel smoking at the left. Beside us lay the bare low island of Nou, with the stone walls and buildings of the former *bagne*, the penal settlement. We had time to look at it all as we waited in the harbor flying the red explosives flag—we were carrying dynamite for the mines and munitions for French troops in the South Pacific. We also carried several hundred Tonkinese contract workers for the mines and metal plants—neat little folk who were taken ashore in a string of empty coal barges black with dust, a foretaste of what awaited them on shore.

Lined against the rail, the officials of the administration looked depressed. The faces of the New Caledonians were bright with homecoming. "Don't look at Noumea," one of them counseled. "Wait till you see the interior. You'll feel at home there. It is like your own Far West."

Topographically, New Caledonia's 8,000 square miles are distributed over three levels. Leaving Noumea and the coast, the main road climbs to a hilly plateau—wide stretches of open country overgrown with bush and coarse grass and dotted everywhere with gray-green *niaouli* trees. This is grazing land, unbroken miles of it, with only now and then a frame house standing lonely beside a fenced-in garden. Where a river winds through a shallow valley you find scattered farms, an occasional coffee plantation, or, more rarely, the clustered houses of a village. Above, the slopes of the central chain are black with forest. Here grow the precious hardwoods—ebony, sandalwood and ironwood, rosewood and *kauri*, little exploited. "It costs more than it's worth to get it out," the New Caledonians say. The island lacks roads.

New Caledonia's chief wealth is mineral. The island is "a solid block of metal," colonials tell you proudly—nickel, chrome, iron, lead, zinc, and manganese. Of these, nickel comes first, New Caledonia's output being second only to Canada's. A single company, Caledonia-Nickel, controls the richest mines.

In recent years both Japan and Germany have shown a marked interest in New Caledonia's metal production. Until 1935 no nickel ore was shipped abroad, only "pig" nickel from the Caledonia-Nickel plant. Then a new mining company with all-Japanese capital quietly bought up several mines that had been neglected because of the poor quality of their ore and began shipping nickel ore. (Both Nippon-Soda and Krupp have developed processes for the profitable extraction of nickel from low-grade ore.) By 1938 annual shipments reached 33,000 metric tons, all of which was taken by Germany and Japan. In 1938 Japanese capital founded a company to mine New Caledonia's iron. Experts say there are some twenty million tons of ore in the island. The company began its ore shipments in 1939 and planned to reach a yearly figure of 500,000 tons.

As in all colonial countries, cheap labor helped attract foreign investors. The labor, however, had to be imported—Javanese from the Dutch East Indies and Tonkinese from French Indo-China, brought in by boatloads on three-to-five-year contracts.

The Japanese-owned nickel and iron companies tried repeatedly to obtain the right to import Japanese labor. Popular feeling was dead against it. Like the Australians, the French colonials of New Caledonia have always been uneasy about Japan. Many viewed the sale of mining property to Japanese interests as an unqualified mistake. They insisted that the fishermen and market gardeners—and opium-dealers—who made up the local Japanese colony were all there for a double purpose. Over and over again I heard the story of a boatload of Japanese "troca fishers" who had come to grief during a recent cyclone. The entire crew, it turned out, was made up of Japanese naval officers.

When France annexed New Caledonia in 1853, 50,000 native Kanakas (some writers maintain 100,000) lived on the island. These were Melanesians, black-skinned, heavy-featured, and stocky-bodied. In their treatment of the natives the first French settlers chose a policy as ruthless as our own with respect to the American Indian. They deprived the Kanakas of their lands and herded them on reservations in the interior, where they were virtual prisoners. Today 28,000 Kanakas live on the island reservations.

The Kanaka is a stubborn, intrepid fighter and resisted the white invader for years. And from the first he resisted work. Neither force nor persuasion could break down that wall of stubbornness. His needs were few; he acquired no artificial needs. Why should he work for the white man? Why should he work at all?

Only one Frenchman, to my knowledge, ever succeeded in setting large numbers of Kanakas to work. He was a gendarme sent out from France as Head Commissioner for the natives. He knew nothing whatever about Kanakas, he said, or about any natives. He discovered the Kanakas and liked them. Then he had his idea. Since the native refused to work for the white man, might he not be willing to work for himself? The gendarme told the Kanakas that if they wanted to keep their land they must plant it. He suggested they plant coffee and promised them a market. To the surprise of everyone except the gendarme, the Kanakas did plant coffee, hundreds of acres. They were working for themselves.

In five years' time the gendarme's term of office expired. He was about to return to France when I saw him, highly pleased at the results obtained but fearful that his successor might lack courage to carry on the work. It had met with strong opposition from one colonial faction, which accused the Commissioner of encouraging "unfair competition."

In the early ground-breaking days of the colony the settlers made use of convict labor. The *bagnards,* however, proved to be as unsatisfactory as the Kanakas. They worked half-heartedly and were expensive. The state, if not the convicts, required pay for their services. They had to be fed. White men, even *bagnards,* need more food than black men. But Kanakas or *bagnards* it had to be. There was no other choice for the old-style planters, who went at things in a big way—acres of coffee, herds of cattle and horses, with perhaps a little copra on the side or a few gallons of *niaouli* oil just for pin money.

In 1893 the *bagne* was discontinued. During the thirty years of its existence 20,000 deported criminals—and nearly 4,000 political prisoners, after the Commune—came out from France. Some died, others returned home after having served their time, only a few hundred stayed on to start life anew. In the old buildings of the *bagne* only the "lifers" remained, and men too old and broken to go back. I saw them there—white-haired and pitiful.

New Caledonia's brief heyday of prosperity was linked with the development of the metal industry. After the Great War Javanese and Tonkinese were brought in by thousands to work in the mines and metal plants. Imported labor came high, not because of wages, which were shaved to a minimum, but because of transportation charges. However, New Caledonian metal interests were making money and could afford it.

Though the metal industry boomed, the colony as a whole remained backward. Before 1929 it had built barely one hundred miles of road. Agriculture was in a bad way. Of the old coffee plantations, many were run down and neglected. Fruit orchards and market gardens were practically non-existent. In 1937, with nearly a million acres available for pasture, settlers owned a little over 100,000 horned cattle. Milk, butter, vegetables, and fruit had to be imported from Australia.

Administration officials asserted that the New Caledonians lacked energy and initiative. The settlers blamed the administration. Why raise coffee if no profitable market was assured them? As for meat and wool, how compete with their big neighbor Australia in the world markets? They were building a meat-freezing plant; but what about ships to carry the product overseas? Hold space in ships to France was already taken up with copra from the New Hebrides and Oceania. Farm and grazing lands needed irrigation. Had the administration ever launched a large-scale irrigation program adapted to the needs of the colony? Or any large-scale program—transports, communications, buildings, or even schools?

The depression struck metal interests and up-country settlers alike. Little that the island produced was salable. Imported labor became a liability. Many Tonkinese were shipped back to Indo-China; they could be more easily sent home, contract or no contract, than the Javanese, for the colony had a hard-and-fast agreement with the Netherlands government.

Those years of stagnation widened the rift between Frenchmen at home and Frenchmen of the colony. Each group said the other exacted too much and did too little in return. "France neglects us," the New Caledonians complained. "France's own troubles come first—she cannot do the impossible," the administration retorted. Official reports carried lines like these: "In agriculture as in stock-raising the colonials show tendencies that bode ill for the development of economic activity." There was justification for both attitudes, though my sympathy was with the New Caledonians. There was a breezy something about them that reminded me of Australians or our own Westerners. I liked their "unruly independence."

"The trouble with us is, we began wrong," says a New Caledonian friend. "We started with the old colonial idea: big estates and slave labor—let the convict and the black, brown, or yellow man do the work. What this island needs is small farmers, men not too proud to roll up their sleeves and dig in. And free labor, whatever its color. There would be fewer big fortunes, but we would learn to stand on our feet. We need a working agreement with Australia and New Zealand; they are the ones we must live with, and many of our problems are the same. Our relationship with France, however close, is primarily a sentimental tie. Our economic future is out here."

Will it be autonomy—a "dominion status" within the restored French empire for this French Australia? New Caledonia is now in the battle zone. There may be fighting any day among the *niaouli* trees. One thing is certain—the island will never again be isolated. The war has brought the Western world to its shores; it has put France's "down under" definitely on the map.

We Must Pay as We Go

BY JOHN CUNNINGHAM SPARKS

WE FACE the urgent problem of paying for the war. Both production and fighting are ultimately more vital, but no amount of glibness can minimize or dissipate the fiscal problem. We face also, apparently, a strange incapacity in our responsible officials to decide *how* we should pay. What is especially discouraging is the likelihood that our fiscal experts, preoccupied with their ritual of traditional procedures, are overlooking the obvious. And these are the men determining policy. We laymen can pretend to no expertness and are consequently not consulted. But we should like a word now, before it is too late.

We must clear the air with two elementary propositions which should be manifest to expert and layman alike.

First, there is only one time when we can, in any common-sense meaning of the phrase, pay for the war. It is when we fight the war. A corollary is that war costs cannot be shifted to future generations, except in so far as war damage actually continues in the future. Soldiers maimed now must be maintained, and areas devastated now must be rebuilt, in the future. So in the future the nation must pay a part of its current income, or production, for that maintenance and rebuilding until it is completed.

Were we to borrow abroad the materials and services used in fighting, then in so far as the war did not consume our own current production, and in so far as we left the loans to be repaid from future production, we could shift the war cost to the future. But in this war we are, in fact, on the other end of the stick.

Beyond these contingencies, then, we as a nation must pay the war cost now and cannot shift it to the future. For if current national production is worth, say, $100 billion, and if war materials and services constitute half of this, then we are spending $50 billion of production on the war and keeping $50 billion to live on. There is no way around it. We must pay now for the obvious reason that a war can be fought only with what is on hand. It can be fought only with accumulated stocks—past production we did not consume and current production we do not consume but devote instead to fighting. These war-consumed materials and services *are* the economic cost of the war.

Secondly, the government, the nation, is the sole possible buyer of the war production which constitutes half of our total production, and there are only two basic ways for the government to get title to the buying power, the half of our total income, representing this war production. It can tax the income out of the hands of original receivers, in which case the money changes hands permanently. Or it can borrow the income, in which case there is a promise to repay with interest in the future. We need only note a further alternative. The government could, as was done in the Civil War, simply print sufficient quantities of legal tender and use it to pay for war production.

What are our fiscal officials doing in terms of these propositions? They are simply trying to decide how much of the war cost can and should be met by taxing and how much by borrowing. But implicit in their approach are two fallacies, one born of ambiguity and the other of a historical illusion.

The ambiguity arises from assuming that we cannot possibly pay the full war cost "as we go," and from confusing what is possible for the individual with what is possible for the nation. For while the nation cannot avoid paying "as we go," and cannot shift the war cost to the future, an individual can in fact do both if the government finances the war by borrowing.

To illustrate, if Mr. Smith, with a $10,000 income, could choose between paying $5,000 in war taxes and lending $5,000 by buying bonds, he would lend. Of course, in ten years the government must levy $6,666 ($5,000 plus interest) in extra taxes to retire these bonds. But while a minority of citizens will, like Mr. Smith, own the bonds being retired, the whole nation must pay the necessary taxes. So even if Mr. Smith's post-war tax burden is, say, $1,666 greater because of the extra bond-retirement levies than it would otherwise have been, he will still get back his full $5,000.

In retiring war bonds the people will pay the Treasury a sum in extra taxes and get the same sum back in exchange for their bonds. Those with no bonds will pay the extra taxes and get nothing back. They, as individuals, will still be paying for the war. Financing the war by borrowing is, then, a way for bond-buyers to shift much of the war cost to future taxpayers.

The offending historical illusion is that in war finance the Treasury should take in all it can in taxes, meeting as much of the war cost as possible "as we go," but that this is never enough, and therefore the deficit must be met by selling bonds. This is patently nonsense.

How could there be any question, as the historical illusion implies, of there not being enough current income to be taxed? The income receivers have it because they cannot avoid having a total income equal in value to the total national production. The only possible question is whether the Treasury is to obtain its half of the total income by taxing or by borrowing. It is an either-or proposition. In other words, if individuals have the surplus income to buy war bonds, they must have the same surplus income to pay war taxes.

One qualification accompanies the proposal that the Treasury finance the war solely through taxation of current income. The post-war shift from war-time to peacetime production will require extensive individual adjustments. With this in mind, war bonds and stamps have been promoted as a backlog of savings for post-war contingencies. The problem is a very real one. By taking its cue from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Treasury could permit everyone to buy war bonds up to a maximum of, say, $5,000. This would be for personal post-war security. Corporations as well as individuals must survive the reorganization period, and they should similarly be permitted to buy war bonds up to a limit calculated individually or by size-group. But all surplus current income beyond the backlogs should be taken in taxes.

How would these war income taxes be calculated? The Treasury and other government agencies have all the data required. They can calculate what the individual in each income group requires to buy his equitable share of what is available. To illustrate, assume that a family normally spends a $2,400 income as follows:

Food	$480	Automobile	$120
Rent	480	Other travel	60
Clothing	240	Tobacco	60
Household operation	180	Reading	60
Furnishings	120	Taxes, gifts	120
Medical care	120	Savings	240
		Miscellaneous	120

A glance tells the story. Many of these items will be unobtainable for the duration of the war. The income they normally absorb when they are produced must now be used by the government to pay for war materials and services which are being produced instead. If the income receiver has buying power left after paying for his equitable share of what is available, the surplus belongs to the government, to the nation. There is no reason why the nation should have to promise future repayment in order to get the money.

There are manifest differences in the budgetary requirements of individuals in different income groups. The big-income man has fixed obligations in interest or insurance-premium payments, for example, which the small-income man does not have in like degree. Allowances must be made for all variable factors. But when all of the calculating is finished, the government will be taking in taxes the total national income above the value of non-war goods and services available on the market—still allowing, of course, for the backlog bond purchases in lieu of taxation.

There would be no trouble with the statistical task, which is complicated but quite feasible. The Treasury can calculate the tax schedules with great precision. And what it would end up with for the 1942-43 fiscal year, in order to meet war-plus-normal expenditures of $59 billion, would be not $26 billion in taxes but something more nearly approaching the $59 billion, and a bond plan not for $33 billion but for nothing beyond the aggregate of backlogs.

Meanwhile the Treasury continues to think in terms of classical but irrelevant taxation concepts. It acts in terms of the "law of diminishing total revenue"—the rule that people react to an increase in excise rates by buying fewer of the articles taxed. But a proper war income tax does not depend on anybody's buying anything. It depends solely upon a nation of individuals receiving the national income, which can scarcely be avoided.

Some will claim that war-bond buyers voluntarily deny themselves the equivalent in purchases, that after the war they simply get back what they denied themselves during the war, and that bond interest is the reward for abstinence. And contrarily, those not buying bonds use their surplus for personal benefit. This argument suggests that war-bond buyers, instead of plotting to shift the burden of war costs, sacrifice the most, and that nonbuyers are the ones evading the burden.

Our concern is not personal motives but total national effects. But the answer is that you cannot abstain from something you cannot get. To illustrate, if normally one consumed annually 104 pounds of sugar costing $5.20, and if now one cannot legally or honorably consume more than 26 pounds costing $1.82, it is nonsense to claim voluntary abstention from spending $3.38 on sugar. There are only four real alternatives for using the surplus $3.38. If one were not forced (a) to pay it in taxes, and if one were not permitted (b) to buy war bonds with it, there would remain only two uses one could possibly abstain from: (c) saving it in cash, or (d) using it to bid up the prices of available goods and services. In short, as actual consumer buying power this surplus income is a fiction. For the only goods on the market representing the surplus income are war goods which only the government buys.

What is the over-all result when the surplus income is used to compete for available goods? Again assume $100 billion of production, half war goods and half consumers' goods. Assume a government tax revenue of $25 billion and that individuals buy no bonds. Then $75 billion of current consumer income will compete for the $50 billion of current consumers' goods on the market. Consumers will pretend that $50 billion of goods are really worth $75 billion and pay out their income accordingly. Obviously the aggregate of consumers get the same amount of goods. But beyond this absurdity, the prices of war production will undoubtedly rise sympathetically; so that the government will need not $50 billion but considerably more. In order to get what it needs beyond tax revenues, the government must force the creation of bank credit and sell bonds to banks. The over-all result is that during the war the aggregate of consumers get no more goods than if they had left prices alone and paid their surplus income as taxes. And after the war the government, hence the taxpayers, must repay the borrowed billions plus interest to the banks.

And what happens when surplus current income is used for neither taxes, nor bonds, nor price inflation, but is simply retained as cash deposits? Clearly the government, with a tax revenue meeting only half its needs, must borrow from the banks. Prices need not rise. But after the war the taxpayers must repay the banks, while the surplus income owners will have title to cash deposits. This would mean that after the war these depositors would have buying power, cash balances in the banks, representing no production on the market whatever. In three or four years of our stupendous war expenditure the aggregate accumulation could easily be $75 to $150 billion. That it could serve as a stimulus to post-war production is no justification for such an accumulation, which is technically possible only at the cost of burdening post-war taxpayers with debts to the same amount plus interest. It is unthinkable that any group should be permitted to build up such a post-war cash reserve out of our national expenditure for survival.

The war gives the maxim of "taxation according to ability to pay" its ultimate meaning. Progressively the nation requires every scrap of production, hence every cent of income, that everyone can spare beyond the requirements of maintenance. *All he can spare.* If he can spare it in war bonds he can spare it in war taxes.

Consider the ten million men soon to be in our fighting forces. Can they quibble about what they can spare? People feeling half guilty and half pleased about how well they are doing out of the war, resent this comparison. But they must face it. The obligation of sacrifice is not the exclusive prerogative of young men in good health. Fighting men cannot continue their occupational training, or improve their positions, or save money to invest in post-war security, as civilians are doing. They spare everything a man can give, including their lives, and to make this exaction the government does not have to promise to repay everything after the war at 2.9 per cent cumulative interest. The fighting man, in return for maintenance, contributes *the whole of his current life* to fighting the war for all of us. Surely, in all equity, the civilian can do no less. He can give *the whole of his current income* beyond what is required for maintenance.

All the Administration need do is work out a realistic "pay as we go by taxation" proposal, and explain all of the "reasons why" to the public at large. Surely there are enough millions of little people, patriotic little people, who are eager and impatient to sacrifice and who have had more than enough of special privilege, to force even a reluctant Congress to do its duty.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Why Tires Must Be Conserved

FROM the clamor of authoritative statements on the rubber situation only one point of general agreement emerges—the certainty that ordinary civilian motorists will have to go without new tires for the duration. This, by itself, should greatly stimulate economy in their use but not to the extent necessary to keep the essential minimum number of cars moving for the next two or three years.

The chart on the next page illustrates our dependence on private automobiles for normal mobility, though it does not tell the whole story. For the statistics on which it is based refer only to inter-city travel, excluding commutation and other local traffic, which, it is estimated, accounts for at least an equal volume of passenger-car mileage. One thing is immediately clear from the chart: we cannot, as a nation, expect to accomplish our normal amount of gadding about by falling back on mass-transportation methods. Air travel is already being drastically reduced by the army's need for transport planes. Railroads and long-distance buses are being hard pressed to take care of both military and civilian passenger traffic, and priorities for railroad seats are becoming a near probability. Even if we assume that 50 per cent of the inter-city automobile journeys are for pleasure only and can be cut out entirely, we are still left with a volume of more or less essential traffic too great to be handled by the buses and railroads.

Similarly, at least 50 per cent of the annual short-distance passenger-car mileage is both essential to the maintenance of economic life and of a character which makes its diversion to mass-transportation systems almost impossible. In a pamphlet just published by the Brookings Institution, Charles L. Dearing shows that less than 10 per cent of all passenger cars in 1936, when a survey was made by the United States Public Roads Administration, were used exclusively or almost exclusively for recreational or social purposes, while approximately 82 per cent accounted for more than 30 per cent of their total mileage by business activities. He points out that about 57,000,000 people living in rural areas are preponderantly dependent on some 10,000,000 cars for their normal mobility. Another 13,000,000 living in urban centers without means of mass transportation are pri-

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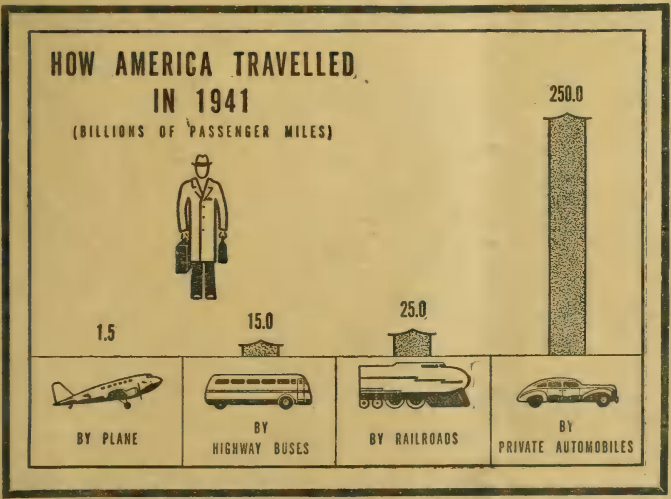
marily dependent on 3,000,000 cars for local mobility. This means that more than half the total population would have their lives seriously disorganized if they were entirely deprived of private automobiles, although most of them could no doubt manage on a considerably smaller annual mileage.

Even in metropolitan districts with highly organized bus and street-car services, the tendency of the population to spill over into the suburbs has made the automobile an essential means of transport for many workers. And the situation has been complicated by the location of great defense plants outside the cities. In the sprawling Los Angeles district, for instance, 70 per cent of the workers drive to their jobs. No possible expansion of mass transport can serve as a substitute for their cars. Yet within a year a large proportion will be immobilized by lack of tires.

Facts like these highlight the necessity of conserving enough rubber in our greatest stockpile—the tires now in service—to keep rolling the essential minimum of cars, estimated by Mr. Dearing at around 20,000,000. But if normal driving habits continue, the visible supply of tires will not, he declares, maintain adequate automobile transportation much beyond the first quarter of 1943, and by the end of that year we shall have only 10,000,000 usable cars.

It is difficult to find fault with his conclusion that in order to avoid wholesale requisitioning of tires we must submit to enforced conservation by drastic restriction of non-essential motoring. The only feasible method appears to be nation-wide gas rationing. But the problem of how to get the tires thus saved upon the wheels of the particular cars which must be kept moving will still have to be met.



Graphic by Pick-S

In the Wind

AS PART of its campaign against all liberal movements, Colonel McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* has been forced to attack several of its former employees. On May 25 the paper carried a three-column article apologizing to its readers because William L. Shirer, Edmond Taylor, George Seldes, and Jay Allen had once served as foreign correspondents for the *Tribune.*

SOME OFFICIALS of the California branch of the Office of Civilian Defense wrote headquarters in Washington asking for a high priority rating on materials needed for a gas-decontamination school. They received a reply from Maury Maverick saying that the materials were unavailable, but that he would promise quick delivery when the war ended.

SPEAKING BEFORE the Atlanta Federation of Women's Clubs, W. T. Anderson, a local editor and raw-food addict said, "If I were Governor of Georgia, I'd burst up every cook stove and send the scrap to war. The cook stove is the curse of our day. In six months' time we'd all be strong enough to beat the Germans and the Japs put together."

A RADIO ANNOUNCER on a foreign-language radio station in New York was recently fired on suspicion of being an enemy agent. On a nightly broadcast of recordings he dedicated each number to the crew of a ship leaving port that evening.

ALTHOUGH he told reporters that he was giving up his political work and seeking a job in the war effort, Earl Browder is back at his desk as general secretary of the Communist Party.

THE CASE of a young man who was drafted despite the fact that he was the father of six children is only the first of many bookkeeping errors in Selective Service administration that will be exploited by the isolationist press.

MANY PROMINENT liberals are campaigning for the appointment of Elmer Davis as co-ordinator of all the government information services if they are reorganized. According to Washington observers, the reason that the various agencies have not yet been merged is that the army and navy are reluctant to subordinate their news and information services to any civilian-controlled agency.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

I WAS inducted into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at the age of eight by being totally immersed in an ice pond—in October. I absorbed the story of the settlement of Utah as one absorbs one's family history. Perhaps for that very reason I have read very few of the books and tracts, pro and con, which make up the literature on the subject. I don't qualify, therefore, as an expert on Mormon history in the usual sense, but I can bear testimony, as the Mormons say, that Nels Anderson's portrayal of their ways and attitudes in "Desert Saints" (University of Chicago Press, $4) is completely authentic. And for me, at least, he has put the curious and impressive Mormon episode in its proper perspective in relation to our frontier history as a whole. Mormonism was, and is, a compound of archaic theology and crude pragmatism; the secret of its success and its survival is to be found in this combination—and in the fortuitous fact that the two elements were so nicely joined in the practical theocrat, Brigham Young, who succeeded the religious fanatic, Joseph Smith, at just the right moment.

Without the empire-building drive of Brigham Young, Smith's queer religious sect might have gone the way of oblivion—along with the many other queer sects that sprang up in America in the first half of the nineteenth century. On the other hand, without the absolute theocratic structure which Smith had built, and which Young continued, the Mormon settlement of Utah would probably have failed. Utah lay on the main trail to California and gold; only the fanatic faith and complete obedience of his followers enabled Young, first, to enforce his choice of territory and, second, to implement to an extraordinary degree his plan for a cooperative society based on cultivation of the land rather than the exploitation of the get-rich-quicker resources of the American frontier. Young chose the basin of the Great Salt Lake because his plan for a self-sufficient theocratic society required isolation. In the end his dream was thwarted. Isolation became impossible, and the Mormons were inevitably drawn into the main current of American development; whereupon the church, for self-preservation, accepted its decline as a theocracy, turned to the "worldly" pursuits, such as mining, which it had previously forbidden to the faithful, and itself became an entrepreneur in the America of industrialism and big business.

Mr. Anderson deals briefly with the founding of the church, but his main story covers the period beginning with the arrival of the pioneers in Utah in 1847 and ending in the late seventies, when the vision of "Deseret" had faded, and Utah's principal objective was to become part of the United States.

Mr. Anderson gives a detailed picture of family and communal life in Deseret and a full account of Zion's struggle with the hostile outside world. Needless to say, he deals at length with the institution of polygamy—which the Mormons finally sacrificed in order to achieve statehood. Mr. Anderson maintains that to Brigham Young, if not to Joseph Smith, polygamy was essentially a political expedient to speed the growth of Zion and implement its desire to become an independent empire. Likewise to the Gentiles it was a political issue, a weapon with which to wrest control of Utah from the church, rather than the moral issue they made it out to be.

Mr. Anderson lived in Utah for a total of eighteen years. He joined the church in 1909, and he still retains a "nominal" affiliation with it. The nature of this affiliation is revealed in the tone of his book—a mixture of friendly skepticism toward Mormon theology and of respect for the vigor, integrity, and ability of the men and women who made the "desert blossom as the rose" by sheer hard work and fanatic faith. He is a trained sociologist and had funds for research. His friendly relations with the Mormons gave him access to many church records and unpublished private journals; and he also had at his disposal the fruits of the research done by the Writers' Project and the Historical Records Survey. His book, therefore, is thoroughly documented—each chapter is followed by copious notes which the general reader may skip but which contain much fascinating detail—and it gives by far the most comprehensive and objective account I have read of the Utah frontier.

It goes without saying that the figure of Brigham Young dominates the book. Mr. Anderson's portrait is the familiar one, but it has a perennial fascination. One is struck anew by Young's gusto, his intelligence, and his humor, which was as broad and crude and indigenous as the Western plains. I liked particularly the story of his encounter with P. T. Barnum's Tom Thumb. The little man told Young that he didn't understand polygamy. "Don't worry," said Young, "when I was your size I didn't understand it either."

MARGARET MARSHALL

Waugh and Peace

PUT OUT MORE FLAGS. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

AS A satirist of that period in the history of the English upper-middle classes known as the twenties—which in this particular sense includes most of the thirties—Evelyn Waugh is without parallel. That he should produce a book in his customary vein during the war would seem impossible, but in "Put Out More Flags" he has bravely ushered familiar characters from his previous works into the new era, and produced a satire with an undertone of regeneration—an experiment more successful than it sounds. Admirers of "Vile Bodies" and "Decline and Fall" may wish that Mr. Waugh, like Proust when confronted with a similar situation, had ignored current events and pursued the past. However, for Mr. Waugh's purpose the *Sitzkrieg* period in England proved very similar to the twenties, and he has contrived to make his characters pursue familiar paths, only slightly inconvenienced by the war. There is every reason, in fact, why this book should be as good as any of his previous work, were it not that Mr. Waugh has to some extent outgrown his characters, and instead of now regarding them with sympathy and concealed admiration is inclined to treat them with a certain hauteur.

In a foreword dedicating the book to Major Randolph Churchill Mr. Waugh puts his finger on its weakness. He remarks that "these characters are no longer contemporary in sympathy," an admission that Mr. Waugh has himself lost sympathy with them—an error for the satirist who, in order to be completely successful, must secretly admire while publicly chastising. Mr. Waugh is, of course, a snob—a characteristic which contributes considerably to the more successful portions of the book, for in Basil Seal, the unscrupulous hero-cad with a titled mother, in Angela Lyne, whose income is still very much in the upper brackets despite war-time taxation, and in Barbara Sothill, who can still be mistress of her beautiful country home even though it is overrun with evacués, he has a complete confidence which allows him to treat them with the warmth, only moderately tempered with superiority, conducive to his best type of humor. At such institutions as the War Office and the Ministry of Information he can also poke the most delightful fun, assured that when the real test comes, they, like the British aristocracy, will come through with flying colors.

But unfortunately he is not content to deal with safe and familiar subjects, and attacks with more enthusiasm than subtlety a fading pansy with a witty tongue and an appearance and manner familiar enough to prove that it is a waste of time for Mr. Waugh to describe him, and a bunch of parlor pinks equally common or garden. One of the parlor pinks paints in the manner of Dali, and the remainder practically slop cocoa on the studio divan in the stress of discussing the case of Parsnip and Pimpernell, two English poet collaborators who happen to be in America—good enough for *Punch* maybe, but not for Mr. Waugh. However, apart from these errors in taste and one or two *longueurs* there is much of the very best Waugh and a little even better. The activities of the Anti-Religious Department of the Ministry of Information are quite hilarious and alone make the book worth reading.

ANTHONY BOWER

Jews and Gentiles

JEWS IN A GENTILE WORLD. Edited by Isacque Graeber and Steuart Henderson Britt. The Macmillan Company. $4.

WHEN a group of learned men join together to illumine a vexing problem, the result is usually a threefold one, and this symposium is no exception. Some of the wise men really throw new light upon the problem by their presentation of relevant facts and their interpretation of those facts. Some of the learned men hold the candle light of the obvious to the daylight of common experience. They tell us what almost everybody knows, dressing out common-sense knowledge in scientific jargon. Some of the wise men are not so wise. They talk pretentious nonsense.

In this discussion of the important problem of Jewish-Gentile relations the historians really come off best. They clarify the problem by their historical research. An anthropologist, Professor Carleton Stevens Coon of Harvard, contributes a valuable chapter on the question: Have the Jews a Racial Identity? He believes that a racial identity has been preserved through all the centuries of the Diaspora and offers a wealth of scientific-historical data to support his conclusions. His thesis is challenged by Professor Melville Jacobs, but not very convincingly.

Miriam Beard's chapter entitled Anti-Semitism, Product of Economic Myths, marshals her great learning in the field of economic history to refute the widely held belief that Jews are greedy and unscrupulous in economic life. She guns particularly for Werner Sombart, whose "The Jews and Economic Life" in her opinion "gave as much support to Hitlerism as the works of Gobineau and Lothrop Stoddard." The presupposition of her chapter is, however, mistaken. Economic myths cannot be the primary cause of anti-Semitism, particularly when they are as obviously untrue as she proves them to be. The question is, what predisposes people to create and to believe such myths?

Other valuable historical chapters are The Position of the Jews in the Economic Life of America by Jacob Lestchinsky, The Jewish Role in Western Culture by Professor Joseph W. Cohen, and three imaginative studies of Jews in specific American communities, one on the Jews of "Milltown" by Professor Jessie Bernard, one on the Jews of Buna by Professor Leonard Bloom, and finally a study of the economic structure of the Jewish community of Stamford, Connecticut, by Professor Samuel Koenig. It may be stretching a point to include all these excellent studies in the category of "history." But they all present significant historical data.

At least one reader finds much less value in the efforts of sociological and psychological scientists to interpret the realities. One sociologist, however, Professor Carl Mayer of the New School of Social Research, rises considerably above mere scientific analysis in a profound examination of the Religious and Political Aspects of Anti-Judaism.

Many of the other chapters arrive at rather obvious conclusions after a great expenditure of learning. We learn that "Jews have always stood out as a relatively homogeneous group over and against the Gentiles in all modern civilizations. This means that there has always been latent anti-Semitism, because there is always latent hostility between in-groups and out-groups, even when in certain respects the in-group includes the out-group as the total national group includes the Jewish-national group in a democracy." Precisely so. This is the basic fact about the anti-Semitic problem. If fully understood it would obviate some of the tortuous and specious explanations given for the hostility between the Jews and Gentiles in some of the other chapters, and even in the chapter in which this conclusion is reached. We learn there that anti-Semitism represents a displacement of aggressive and hostile attitudes. But this does not help us very much. For having transferred to the Jews hostility actually meant for the mother-in-law, we are at a loss to find another proper object of "displacement"; and we can't count on "molders of public opinion" having "either the time or the inclination to undergo psychoanalysis." Perhaps, it is suggested, we can try psychoanalysis on the children. These futile suggestions prove that nothing is more fatuous than to deal with group conflicts in purely psychoanalytical terms, hoping and yet not daring to hope that we can make over all individuals to such a degree that there will be no friction between collective entities in human society.

In several instances the scientists seem to reach doubtful conclusions. Some regard the conflict between Jews and Gentiles as primarily racial and see no solution for it but to invite the Jews to commit ethnic suicide. Others think the conflict is primarily cultural and religious. Interpretations of Jewish culture and religion produce some very strange notions, among them the idea that Jewish monotheism is "quite obviously compensatory, when one looks at the history of this maligned and persecuted race." Jewish monotheism is a good deal older than the anti-Semitism of the Diaspora; and psychoanalytical interpretations of culture are very dubious. What was Plato compensating for in his monotheism?

An anonymous author thinks that what passes for racial antipathy is actually a profound conflict between the Jewish and the Christian ethos, and that the difference between them is found in the Christian emphasis upon humility and self-sacrifice and the Jewish indifference to these virtues. Of all the explanations of hostility this is the most improbable. "If one group preaches the beauty of the doctrine of self-sacrifice," declares the anonymous author, "and tries however unsuccessfully to live up to it while another preaches just the reverse, the outcome is to be expected." It is difficult to understand why this kind of libel against Jewish ethics was included in the symposium. REINHOLD NIEBUHR

"A Report from the Battlefronts"

by

EVE CURIE

A direct, first-hand, eyewitness account of how the United Nations now fare in the worldwide fight for freedom, from the only woman who has been to each of the major fighting fronts—Mlle. Eve Curie, daughter of the world-famous discoverers of radium, war correspondent, lecturer, writer, and observer—just returned from a 40,828-mile flight which in five months took her across Africa, Europe and Asia.

Pour la Victoire, **the French weekly, has been fortunate in obtaining Mlle. Curie's consent to address a public meeting in New York City at**

JUNE 15 **MANHATTAN CENTER** **JUNE 15**
8:30 P. M. **311 West 34th St.** **8:30 P. M.**

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, presiding

Under the auspices of

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with the patronage of His Excellency Dr. Hu Shih, Ambassador of China; His Excellency Jan Ciechanowski, Ambassador of Poland; His Excellency Lord Halifax, Ambassador of Great Britain; His Excellency Maxim Litvinoff, Ambassador of the U. S. S. R.; His Excellency Dr. A. Loudon, Ambassador of the Netherlands; His Excellency Georges Theunis, Ambassador of Belgium; His Excellency M. C. Fotitch, Minister of Yugoslavia; and his Excellency Jan Masaryk, Minister of Czecho-Slovakia.

Proceeds will be divided among the following relief agencies: Free French Relief Committee, United China Relief, British War Relief, Russian War Relief, Polish Women's Relief, American Friends of Yugoslavia, Queen Wilhelmina Fund and Belgium in Britain.

TICKETS: ($1.65, $1.10, 85¢, 55¢) On Sale at
POUR LA VICTOIRE, 535 Fifth Avenue, 44th Street Bookfair,
135 West 44th Street, hotel and ticket agencies.

Thurman Arnold, Trust Buster

DEMOCRACY AND FREE ENTERPRISE. By Thurman Arnold. University of Oklahoma Press. $1.

THE history of the American economy is one of increasing efforts, verging on the superhuman, to prevent the people of this country from obtaining the goods that our great resources and technological skills have made possible. American capitalists, noted for their ingenuity, have outdone themselves in this endeavor to keep production low and prices high, employing patents, financial controls, boycotts, combinations, trademarks—in fact, every imaginable device. The rest of our society has followed suit in desperation. Small business men have formed trade associations; farmers have fought for parity prices by legislation; labor unions have limited membership and resisted new methods and materials. "Thus," says Thurman Arnold, "the four horsemen—fixed prices, low turnover, restricted production, and monopoly control—rode through our economy from factory to farm." The picture Mr. Arnold presents of a nation striving so earnestly to throttle itself is not new, but it is always a shocking one.

Mr. Arnold, as all who read the daily press know, believes that this "disease of cartelization" can be cured by exposure and indictment. He insists furthermore that we should do it now if we are to obtain sufficient production to win the war. And lastly he has a vision of an era of plenty after the war achieved through free and unrestricted enterprise. These ideas and beliefs constitute the core of this little book of fifteen or twenty thousand words, a printing of some lectures recently delivered at the University of Omaha. It is not a sensational book compared to Mr. Arnold's usual standards; it lacks the wit and pungency of the "Folklore of Capitalism," and it is repetitious despite its brevity. Its main value is as a background to the recent revelations of the anti-trust division and as a statement of Mr. Arnold's own economic philosophy.

Mr. Arnold is performing a useful war function. The attitude of the Administration, under pressure from the dollar-a-year cartelists, in begging Mr. Arnold to cease exposing restraints of production in order not to hamper production is paradoxical to say the least. "Hush, please," say the dollar-a-year men, "everything is all right now; let's get back on the job." But a few weeks ago L. Gerald Firth, president of the Firth-Sterling Steel Company, testified that General Electric was still preventing him from selling tungsten-carbide to Canada. The anti-trust division should be permitted to function, as Mr. Arnold says, "as a watchdog, to see that neither new curbs are imposed on independent enterprise nor old ones perpetuated."

Mr. Arnold is essentially a prosecutor and detective rather than a first-rate economist. His thinking is too breezy for sound theory even when his language is heavy, and he has an offhand arrogance toward ideas other than his own that is exasperating. Having so ably exposed the essential inefficiency of a capitalism which has as its goal profits rather than high production and wide distribution, Mr. Arnold offers us for the world of tomorrow only a return via the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to a primitive capitalism. "All we need to do," he says, "is to catch the vision of how surpluses distribute themselves in the absence of restricted control." It is this kind of talk that moved Sidney Hook to use the word "naive" five times in six lines in one of his essays on Thurman Arnold. Mr. Arnold maintains that free competition is more efficient than planned production, but he actually fails to draw any distinction between planning to increase trade and distribution, as in a socialist state, and planning to restrain trade, as in our cartelized capitalism. In damning the latter Mr. Arnold seems to feel sure that he has disposed of the former.

Confronted, then, by the paradox of Mr. Arnold, the reviewer can only resort to James Thurber's kind of mixed metaphor: let us turn our backs on his economic visions but put our shoulders to the wheel behind his present efforts.

BERNARD TAPER

The East European Puzzle

PROBLEMS OF THE DANUBE BASIN. By C. A. Macartney. Cambridge University Press. $1.25.

TORNADO ACROSS EASTERN EUROPE. By Josef Hanc. Foreword by Jan Masaryk. The Greystone Press. $3.

THESE two volumes were written by scholars, one a historian, the other a diplomat, and they supplement each other. Mr. Macartney, who next to Wickham Steed and Seton Watson is the outstanding authority on his subject, has chosen the historical approach to the Danubian problem. His succinct yet complete outline of the life and death of the Hapsburg monarchy proves that the dissolution was inevitable. But the 1919 settlement, which "roughly reversed the earlier positions," made "an often brutal clearance of the past." As a result of this development the whole Danubian area succumbed economically to Germany, and in Macartney's view the "pressure from Germany . . . is likely to be permanent."

We hope not. In order to secure the national and economic freedom of the Danubian and Balkan nations against the imperialism of their neighbors the author hints at some new organization but does not suggest a definite solution. It is to be regretted that a serious historian like Macartney should occasionally become the victim of the racial theory. We are told for example that "the Jews are after all a profoundly different people who can never be assimilated," although the author himself admits that in Galicia and northern Hungary "they assimilated rapidly to the majority nationality" and were, indeed, "the chief inspirers of Magyar chauvinism." Nor do facts confirm his opinion that "the almost universal anti-Semitism" is an expression of a post-war "new nationalism." Neither Czecho-Slovak nor Yugoslav nationalism has provoked an anti-Semitic wave.

In dealing not only with the Danubian problem but with all East European issues Mr. Hanc starts from the complex ethnic structure rather than from the historical background. What he offers is, indeed, a perfect textbook of all political entanglements in Eastern Europe. He dissects the past and present of the countries and nations between Germany and Soviet Russia with lucidity and inpartiality and explains how the difference of methods in the quest for stabilization resulted in the dissolution of Anglo-French relations. It was

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the lag of Allied armament behind rampant Nazism, a lag increased by the economic crisis, which paved the road to disaster. Mr. Hanc's compendious account of the "great maelstrom" shows how the Nazis drew into their orbit the small countries they found in their "living space."

How prevent the process repeating itself after another Allied victory? As an answer to this crucial question Mr. Hanc suggests "a more perfect union" of the East European area, "on the basis of common agreements" but with the support of Allied enforcement. This goal may be desirable, but the author himself is aware of "certain practical difficulties." Unfortunately, most of the nations in this area suffer from the emotional political temper exemplified by Nazism, which has led mankind, in Grillparzer's word, "from humanism through nationalism to bestiality." It may take some time for the nations of Eastern Europe to start on the return trip, for which these two books are useful and readable guidebooks. RUSTEM VAMBERY

How Begot, How Nourished? III

[*This is the last in a series of three commentaries.*]

POETRY is not served by indiscriminate remarks; and the reviewer who thinks that by commenting on everything in sight he is promoting a renaissance is under a grave delusion. Still, it might be interesting, now and then, to search the obscure and neglected areas: the optimist will hope to find a curious shell in the infinite litter along the sea-marge, or, in some dark unfathomed cave, some gem of purest ray; or the theorist to unearth a significant impulse or vital trend. But the critic who ventures on such ground will find that, without being able to say just where, he has crossed over into territory whose occupants must be dealt with no longer strictly as poets but rather, by virtue of their innocence, as artless, solitary, and apparently rather unhappy human beings. In a more populous quarter of the terrain are to be found those whose impulse to self-expression has led them to become the prey of the vanity publishers. For practical reasons alone, it might be useful to survey, occasionally, the output of even these; for their first defense, when attacked, is to retort that their critics do not read the books which they damn. Of course not; but even so, there is more fact than merit in their argument. Once your grocer gets a reputation for selling rotten eggs, even the hardiest conscience does not require you to eat a half-dozen a day, merely to keep proving your point.

None of the half-dozen books at hand, however, appear to bear the imprint of any of the more notorious vanity houses. In every case but one, I should venture, the author has personally assumed the entire risk of publication (correct me if I am wrong). Most of the half-dozen are sorrowful in tone; in most the writer seems more inclined to place confidence in his prophetic than his aesthetic viability.

"The Mending Year," by Claude T. Barnes, has little in common with the other five. This small book is copyrighted by the author, printed and bound by the Caxton Press at Caldwell, Idaho, and offered for sale by the Deseret Book Company in Salt Lake City for $1.50. This is said to be a "second edition," but I have an idea the phrase refers to a second brand-new series, and not a revision or reissue of the earlier version. The text takes the form of quatrains, one or more for each day in the year, usually descriptive of the changing seasons in the region of the Wasatch: here, for instance, is the entry for February 20:

> Where clinking juncos flock the weeded trail
> And crested jays outcry from barren limbs,
> The flickers drill above the strutting quail,
> And frozen brooklets hum their muffled hymns.

Sometimes, however, the author utters sentiments of a more reflective nature; as appropriate to May 30 he observes

> Below the sward of unregarded graves
> The heroed bones of valiant soldiers lie,
> Yet gratitude from dark oblivion saves
> Their rusted names, no longer doomed to die.

This, as you see, is not at all fashionable, nor is it particularly good; but one interesting point is that it is every bit as good, on its own level, as a great deal of the fashionable stuff that receives popular attention; and it shows a rather better ear than most. Also it is interesting to find such a survival in stream-lined, modern, up-to-date America of the literary mode of Thomas Gray, not merely in the formal metrics but also in sensibility.

M. N. Garnet's "October Bread," priced at 75 cents, is published by "The American Folk Group," but on what street in what city this group has headquarters there seems to be no way of telling. The tone of these works is that of early twentieth or late nineteenth-century verse rather than eighteenth-century poetry; the impulse alternates between the lyrical and the rhetorical. Machines replace nature as a field of observation; the pathetic fallacy is transferred to these. Like most contemporary writers Mr. Garnet is aware of the immanence of evil and fatality—"he knew that the present was sicker than the past/and that it grew sicker every year/and he sensed calamity in the end." In some ways Mr. Garnet's ideas seem even more obsolete than those of Mr. Barnes, by the operation of that law which makes things ten years out of date seem farther off than things a century or so away; how quaint, how dated, statements seem when they blame the evils of the world on the capitalist system! Who ever uses such language nowadays?

John Beecher, a young American of a family whose name is illustrious in the annals of Protestant preaching, hints at a similar diagnosis. His book, "Here I Stand," is issued by Dorothy Norman's Twice-a-Year Press and priced at $1.50. This autobiographical narrative in verse deals with the tragedy of the unavailable man; its direction is not always entirely clear, since the author has a difficult time in struggling against his sense of total recall; it is painfully honest in that it conveys the impression that the writer, for all his willingness to be used and his "creativity," might be a little difficult to get along with personally. Mr. Beecher's conviction is intense; his statement, however, is more apt to arouse pity than indignation: so its success as art seems inadvertent and its success as prophecy inadequate.

Ezra Goodman's "Twenty-five Poems" are published by the Rudor Press in New York City and priced at 75 cents. They are arranged to form a sequence, more or less, of variations on the familiar theme "We were born into an age of death and violence," touched, here and there, with the hope that hate may engender love or the flower break out of the stone. Mr. Goodman's line is controlled, his cadences are not unmusical; but he tends to drift off into a Spenderian vagueness, in spite of his attempts and occasional successes at pulling himself up short with an abrupt Audenesque concrete effect. The trouble seems to be that the language in general, however exact the image in particular, is conventional; the properties are too familiar; the tone might be that of any reasonably sensitive and competent person. Some of these poems have been printed in magazines that pay for poetry; and every season books more pretentious but no more viable are published by well-known firms: but perhaps Mr. Goodman has his own reasons for impatience.

Phelps Morand has been closer, in actuality, to the world of death and violence than many of us have been, even in imagination. His little book, "I Had a Country," describes the emotions of an émigré from France to America; it is published by the Carmel Press in California with an introduction by Joseph Warren Beach. There are about twenty-five pages, unnumbered; the price is not stated. Writing in a language not his own, Mr. Morand expresses difficult feelings in a perfectly simple manner; he is factual and restrained, unhysterical. "Men strike. And women hate/ Because they cannot strike." His justness and severity give his utterance real emotional force. Like Mr. Beecher he feels himself an unwanted man, but there is no use in being self-pitying about it. Face and state the facts. M. Morand is so good when he is doing just this that perhaps his poem should have concluded before the last section.

"Death at the Purple Rim" was the Yale University prize poem of 1941 and has been brought out in book form by the author, Hyam Plutzik. The Artisan Press of Brooklyn did the printing; the book is priced at $1.50. There are thirty-seven pages. The lurid title is, by intention or otherwise, ironical; for this is no extravagant tale of mysterious adventure over exotic landscape but a description of the feelings of a young man before, during, and after killing a woodchuck on a Connecticut farm. You do not need to look for more than that in these pleasant running hexameters—which run on a bit too much, maybe—but it is only fair to pass along the typed description that the author has forwarded in his hopeful—and hopeless—memorandum to literary editors: "a poem of Connecticut—and of a civilized person who, like all his neighbors, is more than ready to do his assignment in this war, whatever it may be, but who, nevertheless, cannot resist crying out one last time against the odiousness and tragedy of killing." It is out of such feeling, one believes more and more, that the vital literature of the present and future will derive, official sanctions to the contrary notwithstanding. It is not only the killing that is odious but the invited degradation of the spoken and written word. Kill a man clean if you have to and have done with it; and spare friend and foe alike the slogans, the slop, and the horrible, horrible cant.

To sum up: each of the six writers mentioned above has in his work something of interest. I do not mean to sound patronizing in saying just that; neither do I urge that the study of such work will justify steady attention. As literature this writing is not very memorable; but it seems honestly felt, it is not being exploited, and its publication—which has cost the writers something—has proceeded as much from conviction as from fond and inordinate pride.

Just as I finish these remarks, there arrive three volumes from the press of Henry Harrison, "poetry publishers." The reviewer is usually affected by the sight of this imprint to peremptory dismissal of the books that bear it or to perhaps unnecessary compassion for the authors. The three books are "Mississippi, I Love You," by Charles Granville Hamilton; "Why Hold the Hound," by Eleanor Slater, whose first volume of verse was Number 21 in the Yale Series of Younger Poets; and "Liebestraum," by Stanley Polk Higgins, with a foreword by Clement Wood. Mr. Hamilton deserves a better fate: the other volumes do not fall perceptibly below Mr. Harrison's usual standard.

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IN BRIEF

THE SEASON. By David Walden. The Greystone Press. $2.50.

Summer in the Catskills is the theme of a first novel of real if homely talent. It's a bad season, and Sam Barsky, proprietor of Pinecrest, isn't a very good business man. To make matters worse, he has a new wife to cope with. The only way he can wrest a profit from his hotel is to exploit his assorted "helps," which he does unscrupulously. Mr. Walden deals with characters of the Weidman-Kober sort, but he has neither Weidman's bitterness nor Kober's mocking humor. Perhaps his novel lacks bite just because of his simple kindliness, but he has written a pleasant book, refreshing in its unpretentiousness.

THE COMMANDOS. By Elliott Arnold. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

An American who fought with the Spanish Loyalists becomes an officer in the British commandos and with the help of his Nazi-hating sweetheart attempts to finish in Norway what he began in Spain. There is a broad streak of Hemingway in this novel—in the conception of its hero and heroine, in its love scenes, and in its concern with the techniques of a highly specialized kind of warfare. The author of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" still has nothing to fear from his disciples, but his influence has done a good deal to raise books like this above the common level of adventure fiction.

THE SUN DIAL. By Richard Austin Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The sea in this writer's blood does strange things to his prose and to his notions of people. A novel about the life of a Maine sea-going man who talks prose-poetry and is answered in kind by all the other characters.

HURRICANE CAYE. By Margaret Shedd. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Love and death in Central America—all the familiar tropical ingredients, from native drums to hurricanes, mixed in a fancy concoction and seasoned with phony references to Darius Milhaud and a violin concerto of Prokofieff's. Miss Shedd is hailed by her publishers as a gifted stylist. Example of style: "One answer veered sheer diagonally above Seven Hills: Jules Olcutt's plane, gleaming like a surgeon's knife to dissect clean the orbicularity of hills and sky."

ASHES OF GOLD. By Helen Virginia Botsford. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

The white man, seeking gold, comes to a remote village in Mexico and upsets the traditional world of the natives. The story has often been told: the good peons, the greedy foreigner, the inevitable revolution and readjustment. Miss Botsford's novel won an Honorable Mention in the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship. It is written in the "primitive" style that is becoming so tiresome—Burgess Meredith speaking a continuity by Steinbeck—but competently, and one hopes the young author will get beyond this sterile manner.

ARCHER PILGRIM. By Don Jackson. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

The hero of Mr. Jackson's novel, another Honorable Mention in the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship, is a boy with a consuming passion for farming. Archer Pilgrim's parents are farmers themselves, but they have greater ambitions for their son. To please them, the boy tries college without success, business with some success but no satisfaction. It is only when he returns to the soil that he finds happiness. The author is a student of agricultural journalism at Iowa State College. He has little to add to an already familiar theme, but he writes with simplicity, and he does nicely with the scenes of his hero's childhood.

THE BERTRAND RUSSELL CASE. Edited by John Dewey and Horace M. Kallen. $2.50.

Though very different methods were used, the issues in the case of Bertrand Russell and in that of Giordano Bruno, who was burned alive 340 years ago, were essentially the same. As the nine philosopher-guardsmen of civil liberty who contribute to this book make clear, not only has academic freedom been violated but justice has miscarried. Freedom of teaching, too, has its limits, but none of its assailants have so far propounded the argument that the students of City College were unfit, because of their immaturity, to attend lectures on mathematics by a scholar whose moral views were unconventional. From the records in this unsavory case it appears that heresy in sex ethics is the more resented the less its rules are observed. Therefore not even Professor Kallen's brilliant summarizing chapter is likely to convince "the Anglican churchman, the Catholic judge, and the Judaist lawyer" how un-American their activity was.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

A Bride Goes West. By Nannie T. Alderson and Helena Huntington Smith. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Klee Wyck. By Emily Carr. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Propaganda by Short Wave. Edited by Harwood L. Childs and John B. Whitton. Princeton. $3.75.

Democracy, Liberty, and Property: Readings in the American Political Tradition. Edited by Francis W. Coker. Macmillan. $4.25.

An Appraisal of the Protocols of Zion. By John S. Curtiss. Columbia University. $1.

Letters of Harry Arthur Dade of Kew, Surrey, England, to his Refugee Son. New Mexico. $2.50.

Mark Twain at Work. By Bernard DeVoto. Harvard. $2.

How Russia Prepared. By Maurice Edelman. Penguin. 25 cents.

Walt Whitman: Poet of Democracy. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Yale. $3.

Pangoan Diary. By Ruth Harkness. Creative Age Press. $2.50.

Men on Bataan. By John Hersey. Knopf. $2.50.

History and Its Neighbors. By Edward Maslin Hulme. Oxford. $2.

Price Control: The War Against Inflation. By Erik T. H. Kjellstrom and Others. $2.50.

The Naval Genius of George Washington. By Dudley W. Knox. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Philosophy in a New Key: A Study in the Symbolism of Reason, Rite, and Art. By Susanne K. Langer. Harvard. $3.50.

Doctor Bard of Hyde Park: The Famous Physician of Revolutionary Times, the Man Who Saved Washington's Life. By John Brett Langstaff. Dutton. $3.75.

The Sangamon. By Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Newport Tower. By Philip Ainsworth Means. Holt. $5.

Fredom for Italy! By Gaspare and Franco Nicotri. With a Foreword by Carlo Sforza. Italian American Press. $1.25.

Winter of Artifice. By Anaïs Nin. Gotham Book Mart. $3.

A Camera Report on El Cerrito, a Typical Spanish-American Community in New Mexico. By Irving Rusinow. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Russia and the Battle of Liberation. By Charles S. Seely. Dorrance. $1.

Proclaim Liberty! By Gilbert Seldes. Greystone. $2.

The Real Italians: A Study in European Psychology. By Carlo Sforza. Columbia University. $2.

The Farm Primer: A Manual for the Beginner and Part-Time Farmer. By Walter Magnes Teller. David McKay. $2.50.

How the Jap Army Fights. By Lieutenant-Colonel Paul W. Thompson and Others. Penguin. 25 cents.

RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S remaining April releases include the new Busch-Serkin version of Beethoven's Violin Sonata Op. 47 ("Kreutzer") (Set 496, $4.73). Busch is himself, to my ears, an unstimulating violinist; but he appears to provide the at once stimulating and restraining influence that makes Serkin play his best in their ensemble performances; and even with Busch's temperamental and stylistic limitations this performance of the "Kreutzer" Sonata is excellent in itself and unquestionably the best now available on records. On a Scott 23 machine with the wide-range, flat-response, and extremely light Brush PL-25 pickup the piano's sound is true but dull, and the surfaces of my review copy crackle; on the same machine with the Astatic Tru-tan, which has a terrific peak around 4,000 cycles and is heavier, the piano is a little brighter and the surfaces are quieter.

In addition to the fine sets of Brahms's Second Symphony and Kern's "Show Boat" Columbia's April list offers a set (X-218, $2.63) of the wonderful Prelude to Act 3, the charming Dance of the Apprentices, and the procession of the mastersingers from Wagner's "Meistersinger," performed by Reiner with the Pittsburgh Symphony. For me there is too much fussing with sonority and pace in the opening of the Prelude, and the first passage for brass soon afterward is not well balanced; otherwise the performances are good. With the Brush PL-25 the overall sound of the orchestra on the records is normal and clear, but without expansive resonance, as though the performance has been recorded in a "dead" studio; with the Astatic Tru-tan it is a little brighter.

Even with its occasional distortions and prettifications Stokowski's performance of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" is one of his more acceptable achievements; and it is at present the only one available on records. But if you want it you had better get the one he recorded with the Philadelphia Orchestra for Victor; since the one he has done for Columbia with the All-American Orchestra (Set 492, $3.68) comes off the records muffled, strangulated, without color, body, or even volume for the climaxes, like something heard through the wrong end of a telescope. Moreover, the surfaces of my copy crackle.

The only music I have enjoyed hearing conducted by Barbirolli is Mozart and Haydn; and he has recorded a good performance of Mozart's Symphony K. 183 with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Set X-217, $2.63). But though Dr. Einstein ranks this early work with the Symphonies K. 200 and 201, I am astonished by its lack of all that makes these two such marvelous pieces of music. With the Brush PL-25 the sound of the orchestra on the records is at once hollow and muffled, and the surfaces are extremely noisy; with the Astatic Trutan the sound is still hollow but brighter, and the surfaces are quiet.

On a single disc (17305-D, $.79) are Nos. 1 and 7 of Debussy's Etudes for piano, those elaborations of Debussyan piano style in a musical vacuum. They seem to be well performed by Jakob Gimpel; and the sound of the piano on the record is true, if dull; but mixed in with it, on my copy, is the grit, crackle, and other noise of extremely bad surfaces.

The few Victor May releases that have arrived include a single disc with Arthur Benjamin's Overture to an Italian Comedy, performed by Stock with the Chicago Symphony (11-8157, $1.05). The piece is pleasantly inconsequential, providing the occasion for excellent playing by the superb orchestra, and for recording that gives us the radiance of the violins without a trace of shrillness or sharpness, the clear definition of the woodwinds, the depth and warmth and firmness of the low strings, the over-all richness, spaciousness, balance, cleanness. Surfaces are not as quiet as they should be with the Brush PL-25.

Quite a fine recording is to be heard in the set (890, $2.63) of Telemann's Suite in A minor for flute and strings, a mildly engaging example of the style of its period, beautifully played by William Kincaid and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy. And it is to be heard on the single disc (11-8111, $1.05) that offers Corelli's charming Sarabande, Gigue and Badinerie, of which the Sarabande is subjected to thunderous Stokowskian distension in Kindler's performance with the National Symphony, but the other two pieces are well done.

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Letters to the Editors

Life in a California Concentration Camp

Dear Sirs: I inclose excerpts from a letter to a member of my household written by a Japanese student, American-born, registered at the University of California in the Department of Home Economics, who for the last year and a half has lived in my home.

Since I do not know how the neighboring American citizens would be disposed toward Japanese criticism of their local "Assembly Center" I feel that it might be inadvisable for you to identify the writer or the camp.

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

Berkeley, Cal., May 26

[*The excerpts follow.*]

We are now in our "apartment" in —— Assembly Center, having arrived here yesterday after a heavy shower. —— is famous for black clayey soil; so you can imagine what the mud was like. Lunch was a horrid affair—one frankfurter, a mess of overboiled cabbage, white bread, pasty rice, and canned cherries. All the workers are volunteers from the camp, and the cooks are quite inexperienced or else rusty with disuse, since many of the farmers from our vicinity were house boys and cooks some thirty years ago. Dinner was better—canned carrots and peas, one slab of canned pork, lettuce salad, apricots, and plenty of milk. There is a great shortage of waiters and common laborers. My brother was asked to help, but upon hearing that they are paid 70 cents a day and that board and room is subtracted from that, he said no!

The "apartments" are rooms with four, six, and eight beds. Usually they assign one "apartment" to a family. The rooms have screened windows, concrete or wooden floors, and a door that may or may not fit. Some doors are at least two inches too small for the doorway. When we first saw our living quarters we were so sick we couldn't eat or talk—couldn't even cry till later. Since they will not allow less than four in one room my two brothers are living with H— and me. We have put up canvas partitions. These things are tolerable, but you should see the latrines! Ten seats lined up; hard, fresh-sawed, unsandpapered wood; automatic flushing about every fifteen minutes.

My parents feel humiliated but are quite resigned. I admire their stoicism or whatever it is that enables them to hold up under so much. P— is in the hospital, one of the many that filled up the temporary wards as soon as they entered. . . .

I have been offered a job as dietician! Was busy till 10 p. m. yesterday. There is no regular dietician we can work under. Another girl and I have had our hands full helping with the mess halls, planning menus, even cooking. There is great need for trained nurses and decent hospital equipment. The only fresh fruit we can get is bananas and the only fresh vegetable is cabbage. Many people need special diet—allergies, diabetes, stomach ulcer, high blood pressure. V— and I feel overloaded, especially because we don't know a thing about planning menus from equations, balancing calories, weighing out grams, etc.

Three-fourths of the population loaf all day while the mess-hall boys and girls and the hospital staff work like horses. Right now the nurses are on duty twelve or fourteen hours a day. We greenhorn dieticians on ten hours can't complain.

We are slowly getting adapted to the diet, lack of privacy, etc., but every time we think of the white plastered walls, sunny rooms, and green gardens we left behind we again drop into depression. . . .

Last night it rained—for many people on their beds. Our head nurse says she cries every night when she thinks of the old folks, many of whom will most likely die here very soon, and of the children, who don't understand why they can't leave this horrid place.

Thanks, millions and millions, for those books. They are life-savers, especially for H—, who feels there's hardly anything left to live for except books.

I have been giving you the worst side of life here—the side most obvious. There is another side to the picture too. Some of the boys play all day, stopping only to sleep and eat. Some of the formerly busy mothers have time to look after their babies and chat with the neighbors. For many this is a long vacation in somewhat drab surroundings.

One man says he has a new slogan. Instead of "Remember Pearl Harbor" it is "Remember the Concentration Camp."

Until our dying day we'll not forget.

[*The following letter from a Japanese-American girl in another California "assembly center" has also been forwarded to the editors.*]

The telegram telling us to leave the following day at twelve came around five o'clock, and you can imagine the jump we made.

Turning a room in barracks into a cozy home is something a woman has pride in and can work at with zeal, is it not? We were given a broom, a bucket, beds with mattresses, and tags with our mess-hall number and shift. The very first thing we did was to wash the floor before even putting in our luggage. It was a good thing we had two neighbors whom we knew, for there were spaces between each board of the partitions, and when we turned the lights off we felt as if we were in a cage.

We had one of the best barracks in the whole center. (I say "had" because later we had to move on one hour's notice.) The mess-hall was right in front, the washroom on the right side, and the store and post office two blocks away. Now we are twelve to thirteen blocks away from the center.

School hasn't started, but many other activities have sprung up; classes in embroidery, wrestling, and piano are finding their path to light. The newspaper will be out soon, I imagine, because they have advertised for those interested in that work.

I put in two to three hours of study each day, but one does get restless when one has nothing to do but eat and sleep. I have volunteered for work and am on the waiting list, which is so long it seems hopeless. The recreation field will be open tomorrow, though.

Gerald L. K. Smith's Reply

Dear Sirs: The thing that amazes me is how such intellectual prostitutes as yourselves can continue to fan flames with no apparent awareness of the conflagration you are obviously stimulating.

You have called us lunatics so long that you actually believe it yourselves. This has been our greatest asset. Who fears a lunatic? You hypocrites! For a generation you have posed as the apostles of great freedom. You have defended the most violent revolutionists in their desire to express their opinions.

Measure for Pleasure

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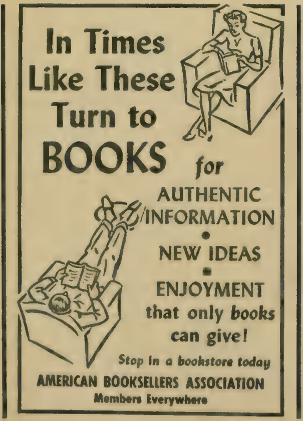
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And now you would bring down upon the Wheelers, the Lindberghs, and the Gerald Smiths all the tyranny and intolerance at your command.

What dangerous opportunism you practice! What foolish opportunists you have become!

The frightful part about it all is that freedom of expression has been so completely annihilated by intimidation that people like yourselves and political bureaucrats are unaware of the frightful animosities that have been created by intolerance. You and your kind occupy a very unenviable position in America. You are like a stranger in a forest. All seems tranquil, except for the occasional chirp of a cricket—but he never knows who or what lurks behind the nearest tree.

Gossip columnists and smear artists who enjoy bureaucratic favoritism have so intimidated the people that scientific polls of public opinion are now meaningless. Who's going to express himself frankly to a Gallup poller if he thinks that an honest reply is likely to result in political persecution?

Unless I am assassinated by the same gang, or a similar gang, as that which assassinated Huey Long, I will finish this discourse on the floor of the United States Senate in January, 1943. And I will be sent to the United States Senate by a million Michigan citizens, many of whom no longer feel free to criticize a political bureaucrat any place except behind a drawn curtain in the ballot booth.

Go to it, you wretched scoundrels, you contemptible liars, you damnable character assassins—crucify us, crucify us. But remember, there is a resurrection which always follows the crucifixion.

GERALD L. K. SMITH

Detroit, Mich., May 25

Cops and Robber

Dear Sirs: May a humble reader question some of Milan Hodza's assumptions (see *The Nation* of May 16)?

Why assume that Germany *must* go through an imperialist period? Isn't it clear that much of the trouble was created by interlocking cartels which wanted to build up heavy industry by fostering the war party? Isn't it clear that American, British, and French groups wanted a "strong" German barrier against the Russians? If the Allies take no action to make Germany "strong" and if they compel their metal, oil, and armament industries to keep their fingers out of Germany, the main mischief can be tempered. And if they encourage the democratic forces in Germany, as they never have done in the past, that will help too. If they play the old game of fattening up the thug and putting some "coppers" around him, he just might be able to sandbag the "coppers" again.

T. A. TENOR

Beacon Falls, Pa., May 27

Valued Praise

Dear Sirs: The intelligent magazines are falling out because of publishing difficulties, and are under continual fire. Fortunately the best of these survives with amazing strength. Since the time indubitably will come when I shall not find American newsstands on the corners of nearby towns, I must now subscribe to this country's most enduring voice of liberalism.

PRIVATE JAMES PARSONS

Postmaster, New York City, May 12

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The Shape of Things

IN ASSESSING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE Battle of Midway we cannot, pending further details, go beyond the cautious claims implied by the official communiqués. On the known facts it is safe to say that a Japanese attempt to seize and garrison Midway has been thwarted and that a strong enemy task force has been compelled to retreat after suffering heavy losses. Nevertheless, it seems probable that the bulk of the Japanese fleet has been able to limp off beyond the limits of safe pursuit. This means we had at Midway or within easy call defensive forces strong enough to repel effectively a formidable assault, but we were not able to send into action the kind of offensive forces required for a "kill." The battle appears to have been in the main a contest between our land-based aviation and a balanced Japanese fleet including several aircraft carriers. These proved "cold meat" for our fliers, who attacked them so fiercely that the enemy was rapidly deprived of essential aerial support. Thereupon the Japanese battleships, which had perhaps remained in the background during the early stages of the fight, found it prudent to withdraw and succeeded in getting out of range of our bombers, though not without suffering some hits. It was at this point that we were evidently handicapped by inability to take up the pursuit with a swift and hard-hitting squadron of capital ships. Nevertheless, it seems likely that the punishment inflicted on the enemy, together with his losses in the rather similar Battle of the Coral Sea, have reduced his offensive power and brought nearer the day when we shall be able to count on effective naval superiority in the Pacific.

*

THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY HAS DEMONSTRATED the potentialities of land-based aircraft as a means of coastal defense so decisively that we can feel greatly reassured about the security of our long coastline. But by the same token we must expect to encounter grave dangers when our forces take the offensive against the Japanese bases. In their conquest of the East Indies the Japanese avoided this problem to a considerable extent by their tactics of hopping from one island to the next, and we may have to adopt their policy in reverse so as to insure for our fleet the protection of long-range land planes as well as a sea-borne air force. This thought may serve to curb the unjustified optimism of those who see the path to Tokyo opened by two partial victories. More sober considerations of the recent Pacific fighting suggest that we have still a long way to go. Nevertheless, there are good reasons for encouragement, not the least being the evident alertness of our present naval command. The review of the background of the Midway battle given by Admiral Ernest J. King, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, in his first press conference since his appointment, made it clear that our naval intelligence has been operating successfully. But what is more important, it provided evidence that our naval and military chiefs have shown considerable imagination in anticipating Japanese moves. The attacks on Dutch Harbor and Midway did not take us by surprise, and as the outcome proves, we were well prepared to meet them. The dispositions that were ordered involved, as Admiral King pointed out, the taking of "calculated risks," but it is clear that the calculations were accurate and the risks well justified.

*

JAPAN'S REVERSES IN THE PACIFIC HAVE been at least in part offset by continued successes in China. According to the most recent reports, at least five strong Japanese drives are under way in various parts of the country. The most serious of these is, of course, the Chekiang offensive, since success in this area would eliminate all possibility of our using China as a base for an aerial offensive against the Japanese mainland. In Chuhsien the Japanese have captured a first-class air field which had been prepared for long-range bombers. Other air fields doubtless remain in this area, but the Japanese have already seized the most convenient bases. Another Japanese drive in Inner Mongolia has as its purpose the cutting of the road between Russia and China via Urga and Outer Mongolia. The main Russian supply line through Lanchow is fortunately well beyond Japan's reach; but it is doubtful whether Russia can spare much material for China at this time. Responsibility for getting aid to China's hard-pressed forces rests almost entirely on the United States.

*

WHEN THE BRITISH WERE BEING BLITZED night after night, Nazi propagandists complained that the stupid people didn't know when they were licked. Can the Germans now be counted on to display a similar fortitude under even heavier attacks than London and Coventry suffered? Britons were sustained by a blind faith that some day, with American aid, they would gain mastery of the air. The Germans on the other hand know that the long head start their Luftwaffe enjoyed has been lost and that with American production in the race they will never catch up again. The next few months will see the air fleets of the United Nations driving home this fact with ever stronger emphasis. The R. A. F. has already proved that there was nothing exceptional about the attack on Cologne. That raid merely opened an offensive which in its first week sent at least 3,000 bombers roaring over Germany. The Ruhr district—basis of German armed might—has had three visitations, and the often bombed ports and shipyards of Bremen and Emden have experienced heavy new blows. Of equal importance is the R. A. F.'s daylight offensive over the "invasion coast," which in the past week has been not only more intensive but more extensive than ever before. Swarms of British fighters accompanied by light bombers are crossing the Channel day after day, challenging the Nazi airmen and bombing every kind of objective. Among the targets are coast defenses, air fields, cantonments, freight trains, railroad yards, power-houses, and docks. Thanks to the R. A. F. and the Commandos, the French Channel coast is no longer a comfortable resort for tired Nazi warriors. Nor are their nerves likely to be soothed by British warnings to French residents to evacuate the coastal zones, which will "become more and more a theater of war operations."

*

A PASTORAL LETTER ISSUED ON MARCH 22 by the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany provides an ironic commentary on the bitter Nazi complaints of British destruction of Rhineland churches. For this very outspoken and detailed document not only charges the government of the Third Reich with the confiscation and desecration of churches but with an effort to destroy Christianity itself. "For years," the letter declares, "a war has raged in our fatherland against Christianity and the church, and has never been conducted with such bitterness. . . . Even in war time, when solidarity has been a matter of course, the fight continues, nay, increases in sharpness and bitterness and lies like a tremendous incubus on the German people." The bishops buttress this accusation by quoting one by one the provisions of the Concordat of July 20, 1933, in which the German government gave guaranties to the church, and by showing how they have been and are being ignored. Pressure is brought on Catholics "to conceal or deny" their faith; freedom of worship is restricted; religious instruction of children is more and more seriously hindered; priests are spied upon and punished for carrying out their duties; the property of religious orders has been confiscated and their activities increasingly curtailed; seminaries and church refectories for students have been seized and other obstacles placed in the way of training candidates for the priesthood. The bishops, however, do not confine their protests to the specific grievances of the church. They also take their stand for "the human rights bestowed by God on mankind" and condemn emphatically such Nazi practices as the punishment of persons without juridical proof of crime and the killing of incurables. The publication of this very courageous letter should help to open the eyes of the too numerous American Catholics, including some priests, who still fail to understand the nature of Hitlerism.

✶

THE BROAD OUTLINES OF NAZI STRATEGY IN Russia have become fairly clear despite the recent lull on the eastern front. The powerful air attack on Sevastopol last week-end shows that the Nazis are anxious to seize that stronghold in preparation for a combined land, air, and sea drive against the Caucasus in the double hope of cutting off Russia's supply of oil and replenishing their own needs. Fortunately the Russians are strongly intrenched at Sevastopol, and there is reason to hope that they can hold out and so prevent the Nazis from taking advantage of their recent success on the Kerch Peninsula. At the same time there is every indication that Germany is preparing a major drive in the north which has as its ultimate objective the cutting of the Allies' supply routes through Murmansk and Archangel. Considerable military activity has been reported in the past week on the Kalinin front—which includes most of the area between Moscow and Leningrad. While none of the German attacks have been on a large scale, the activity appears to be of the type which frequently precedes a broad offensive. Hitler's visit to Marshal Mannerheim has been almost universally interpreted as a bid for Finnish support in a new drive on Leningrad. Since this great Baltic port is heavily defended, there is, of course, a possibility that the Germans may by-pass it, and that they are seeking Finnish help for a direct attack on the supply lines farther north. With the anniversary of the invasion of Russia only a little more than a week away, it is probable that we shall not have to wait much longer for the 1942 edition of Hitler's Blitzkrieg.

✶

PIERRE LAVAL'S USEFULNESS TO THE NAZIS appears to be increasing. A few weeks ago, it will be recalled, rumors were circulated to the effect that he might be deposed and his job given to some more zealous collaborationist such as Doriot. But in the past week the Vichy government has announced the closing of 1,300 large French factories so that their employees might accept jobs in Germany or help in the production of foodstuffs. This action, it was pointed out, will not only free men for the German war effort but will result in a great saving of coal and raw materials for "essential industries." The step is believed to be an important part of the Nazi economic plan for France. A few hours before the closing of the factories was announced, Laval took personal command of the national police in an effort to curb the rising tide of anti-Nazi violence. The French Legion of War Veterans, the sole legal political organization in France, was placed under the command of Raymond Lachal, one of Laval's closest associates. To cap the climax of a week of useful service for their masters, Laval's Secretary of State for Information, Paul Marion, issued a statement charging the British with attempting to foment a civil war in France with Russia's aid, and denouncing the bombing of Paris factories as "private and collective murder." Laval may not have his job cinched yet, but no one can deny that he is making progress.

✶

A SCHEME FOR MEETING BRITAIN'S COAL shortage has finally been worked out after months of controversy. Under the new plan efforts will be made to increase production as well as to curtail consumption through rationing. The newly established Ministry of Fuel, Light, and Power, headed by Major Gwilym Lloyd George, will have complete authority over coal production, but the mining properties will remain in private hands. Operation will be left in the hands of the existing managers, who will continue to be responsible to the owners although subject to removal by the government. Essentially a compromise, the plan is not liked by either the Liberal or the Labor Party. Labor, in particular, is dissatisfied; it has long maintained that the necessary reorganization and modernization of Britain's archaic mining industry could only be achieved by wiping out the vested interests created by private ownership. Even the Liberals wanted to see something closer to outright nationalization. Details of the new rationing scheme which is to supersede the one withdrawn a fortnight ago have not been announced, but it is known to be drastic. The public's attitude toward it will doubtless depend largely on the energy and sincerity of the government's efforts to increase production.

✶

THE NEW PLAN FOR GASOLINE RATIONING on the East Coast, as tentatively announced by Joel Dean, OPA fuel-rationing administrator, avoids many of the weaknesses of the preliminary scheme now in operation. Having learned from experience that some check on filling-station operators was necessary, the OPA has changed the basic plan so that dealers as well as all gasoline users will have to surrender coupons in order to obtain gasoline. While the allowance for non-essential users will be somewhat more generous than the three gallons per week of the existing arrangement, motorists will be able to obtain additional amounts only by going before the local rationing board and proving that a supplementary ration is indispensable. At the time of our going to press no decision had been reached on the controversial question of extending gasoline rationing to the rest of the country as a tire-conservation measure. The logic of the situation, however, would seem overwhelmingly on the side of such a step. A study recently completed by the Brookings Institution estimates that at least two-thirds of our automobiles, or approximately 20,000,000, are needed for essential transportation purposes. Unless drastic steps are taken to conserve tires, the number of automobiles suitable for service will drop below this minimum by June, 1943, and tires will be completely gone by 1945. It is to be regretted that a few Congressmen have been so shortsighted as to exploit the average American's aversion to rationing and thus unnecessarily to increase the difficulty of evolving a satisfactory plan for the entire country.

*

THE STRIKE OF NEGRO WORKERS AT NASSAU in the Bahamas received little attention in the American press, which noted chiefly its effect in cutting short the Duke of Windsor's official visit to Washington. But we ought not to ignore the fact that the strike and the rioting that followed were the result of long-standing dissatisfaction with the conditions of work on American defense projects on the island. In accordance with our customary practice, local unskilled workers, most of whom are Negroes, have been receiving the island's prevailing wage of four shillings—about 81 cents—a day. In contrast, imported American workers, mainly whites, have received a dollar an hour and up. The local workers naturally resented such an unreasonable disparity in wages, and they were further angered by the tendency of local shopkeepers to take advantage of the high wages paid the Americans by raising their prices. These facts, which are bad enough, have been allowed to leak through the censorship. What has not been told is the degree to which the situation was made worse by American treatment of the proud, sensitive Negroes of the Bahamas. Our military authorities appear to be trying to hush up the entire matter lest unpleasant issues be raised; but it is far too serious for that. For the sake of racial harmony here at home, as well as of good relations with our allies, in the Caribbean, the whole affair should be promptly investigated by a Congressional committee.

*

ODELL WALLER, THE NEGRO SHARECROPPER who was convicted of murder by an all-white Virginia jury, is to die on June 19. One last legal effort to save him will be made by the Workers' Defense League, which is planning to apply for a writ of habeas corpus in the federal courts. This step, it must be recognized, is only a forlorn hope, especially in view of the Supreme Court's decision to ignore the constitutional aspects of the Waller case. We place greater trust in the appeal which is being made to Governor Colgate W. Darden of Virginia, who has displayed a very fair attitude throughout the case, to commute the sentence of death. On Saturday of this week the Governor will hold a hearing on the case in response to a petition from a group of prominent persons, including many citizens of the state. *Nation* readers can support this effort by writing or wiring Governor Darden at Richmond, urging clemency on the ground that no man should die who has been denied a trial by a jury of his peers.

The New Crisis in Copper

ON WEDNESDAY, June 3, William L. Batt, chairman of the Requirements Committee of the War Production Board, held a press conference with A. I. Henderson, his successor as head of the Materials Division. What Batt had to say was alarming. "I can see times ahead," he declared, "when a shipway may stand idle for lack of steel and an ammunition line may slow down for lack of copper and brass." Though Batt only sees them "ahead," such scenes are already with us. He fails to mention the most important—the slowing down of plane-production lines in some factories for lack of aluminum. In steel, nickel, manganese, chromium, tungsten, aluminum, copper, tin, and chemicals we are suffering from shortages.

"This," Batt told the press, "comes as no surprise to us who have been living with the problem." If this situation is no surprise to Batt and Henderson, it is a commentary on their competence. Both have been closely associated with the materials problem since the defense program began. Batt was Stettinius's deputy, then chief in charge of materials under the Office of Production Management. Henderson, who comes from the famous Wall Street law firm of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, was first chief counsel of the Materials Division and then Batt's deputy director. Among the ruck of dollar-a-year men both are outstanding in intelligence and in readiness to see the need for subordinating business considerations to the job of speeding war production. But the record shows neither has been good enough. Neither has had the vision, the will, the fighting power to shake the grip of accepted methods and powerful monopolies on the production of our basic raw materials. Most of the key posts in the Materials Division continue to be manned by the servants of the metal monopolists, and these are the men who make the decisions. Batt, the roller-bearing manufacturer, and Henderson, the corporation lawyer, are themselves too much a part of the world of big business and high finance to do the job of expanding production of materials.

In the case of some metals, like nickel, we can do little to increase production, though it is a pity the Canadian Parliament has no investigating committee which could have a look into the workings of the International Nickel Company. In the case of steel, the shortage is so great that we are told we cannot spare the steel necessary to build new steel-making plants. In the case of manganese, chrome, and tungsten, supply depends on work now begun to develop new domestic sources of supply. In the case of several other materials—magnesium, a variety of chemicals, and zinc, lead, and copper—powerful monopoly influences still block larger production. A fresh approach and new vigor are needed for the development of new methods and new sources of supply, and independent fighting blood must be brought into the business-dominated War Production Board if the monopolies are to be forced to produce their maximum. This is particularly necessary in copper, for copper makes brass, and brass encases shells.

In an editorial The Case of Copper in the issue of December 27 last, *The Nation* called attention to the serious shortage developing and to the proposals put forward by the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union for expanding production of copper. Under pressure from the Truman committee, which was the first to reveal the alarming lag in copper production, Batt announced that hearings would be held on methods for increasing output. The hearings were first postponed, then abandoned. Written proposals were asked instead, and these seem to have been consigned to the wastebasket. Labor's plan was shunted aside, though it was the only constructive suggestion presented at the Truman committee hearings. Batt's deputy at the time, Philip Reed of General Electric, contributed the spectacle of an extraordinary ignorance; the other dollar-a-year men who testified could suggest only higher prices and more tax privileges for the copper companies.

It is a measure of the gravity of the situation that two days after Batt's press conference last week there was a burst of publicity from the WPB designed to give the impression that labor's proposals are being adopted. In the double-talk of the press releases and the make-up of the new committees announced we see no evidence of a real change of policy. Nelson announces a drive for more local labor-management committees. Henderson, after all these months, wakes up to the fact that copper, lead, and zinc mining overlap and appoints a new three-man "coordinating" committee—but the committee is made up of the same dollar-a-year men who head the copper, zinc, and lead branches. Labor is still being "jim-crowed" instead of being invited to full participation. The emasculated Labor Production Division of the WPB is setting up a new non-ferrous division "to work with" the Materials Division in "the war-production drive." All this is a long way from the over-all supervision and coordination of the mining industry suggested by the union. The copper industry does not want that kind of supervision, nor does it want to be forced to improve conditions in the mines to permit larger output. It is being as niggardly with production as it safely can in the hope of higher prices and special excess-profits tax privileges. In copper, as in the other materials, shortage will continue as long as the WPB's Materials Division continues to take its lead from men with a vested interest in restricted production.

Behind Closed Doors

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

GREAT decisions are in the making behind official doors in Washington and Moscow, in London and Chungking. So much everyone knows, and no one will know more until the decisions are ripe for announcement to the world—including our enemies. But already some events have occurred which offer a hint of the shape of things to come. The recent speech of Sumner Welles—following that of the Vice-President; the lease-lend agreements with China and Russia; our declaration of war on Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria; Mr. Hull's warning to Finland; the all-but-open planning for a second front in Europe—taken together, these pieces fit, with gaps, into a slowly emerging pattern.

It adds to rather than lessens the importance of Mr. Welles's speech that it came out of this context of inter-Allied negotiation. It was a bold statement of policy and far more explicit than any which had previously come from an official source. And since, in the circumstances, it must have had the indorsement of our Allies, his proposals for dealing with the post-war world become momentous. Not only does Mr. Welles look ahead to a prolonged armistice period during which the disarming of the aggressors and the policing of the world will be carried out by the victorious United Nations, but, more significantly, he foresees the end of the whole system of imperialism and the establishment of peace on a basis of national and racial equality. This revolutionary proposal must also have the general assent of our major ally, the British Empire; otherwise it could hardly have been made by a responsible official at this moment.

Less startling but no less important for the building of the future world order are the lease-lend agreements with China and Russia. Based on the "master" agreement with Britain signed last February, and stemming from the economic principles set forth in the Atlantic Charter, they bring these two nations definitely into the framework of post-war economic cooperation and assure them "most-favored-nation" treatment in the crucial matter of financing their war purchases and liquidating their obligations. As for the declaration of war against the Eastern European states, this was clearly a concession to Russia, against which Hitler has thrown forces contributed, however unwillingly, by the three puppet governments. By the same logic a break with Finland seems likely. Washington has tried hard to maintain good relations with Finland, but no past sentiment or present faith in the democratic sympathies of the Finnish people can wipe out the fact that the armies of Finland are holding a long line for Hitler and constantly threaten the railway between Murmansk and Moscow, which is one of the two principal routes for the delivery of American war supplies to the Red Army.

So the pattern begins to take the shape of full-fledged alliance among equal partners leading toward a democratic peace. To arrive at this end one must, to be sure, fill in wide gaps with bold and generous acts. But no one can doubt that pressures stronger even than the fears and prejudices of Foreign Offices are pushing the United Nations in that general direction. The feeling dominating the recent Labor Party conference in England was one of impatience with official slackness both in waging the war and in planning the peace. The conference demanded the gradual socialization of essential industries, beginning now, as part of the war effort. It urged the reopening of negotiations with India. It cheered the announcement of a plan to ask the Soviet authorities to receive a British Socialist delegation which would try to establish closer relations with the Russian labor movement. The party recognized the necessity for starting to organize the post-war world while war still rages lest peace bring dangers hardly less overwhelming. The changing temper of England, particularly of labor, is one of the powerful forces at work behind the scenes. It is a power no English public man today would think of ignoring.

But British feeling is the least of the influences which have combined to force conservative statesmen to adopt revolutionary attitudes. As Walter Lippmann wrote last week, "in a war of survival the realities of international affairs are infinitely stronger than theories, ideologies, sentiment, and prejudice." The failure of the Cripps mission to India, following the procession of Allied defeats in the Far East, threatened China's ability to continue its unparalleled resistance; and the threat has not yet been lifted. Russia faced—and still faces—the grave danger that Hitler's summer offensive may smash the Red Army before a second land front in Europe can develop. Both Russia and China expressed clearly their reluctance, as well as their probable inability, to go on holding long and desperately contested fronts with insufficient equipment while the great Western powers reorganized their shattered or discredited commands and prepared for future offensives when their vast resources should become fully available. Something had to be done and done fast. It was necessary, if our fighting alliances were to hold, that we and the British take all possible steps to reinforce Russia and China and to establish their confidence in our aims as well as our strength. The plans and promises and acts of the last few days have grown not out of the imagination of statesmen but out of the fierce necessities of the world struggle. They are not to be discounted for that reason. Indeed, their chief importance lies in the fact that power is behind them—the power of an awakened public opinion in England, the growing power of Russia and China in the councils of the United Nations.

Biddle and the Facts

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 4

MANY people think that the only thing wrong with the Biddle decision on Bridges is that it is politically untimely and unwise. I believe a careful examination will also show many weaknesses in its interpretation of the law and of the facts. Because of the importance of the case at home and abroad I should like to discuss the decision in some detail, considering it in the light of the three Bridges decisions which went before it—those of Dean Landis, of Judge Sears, and of the Board of Immigration Appeals.

Before examining the Attorney General's ruling, however, I want to report a relevant piece of news. I am reliably informed that Mr. Biddle has decided not to press the case against Coughlin. I am told that the Attorney General is not sure that he has a strong case and fears that prosecution would be politically untimely and unwise. The Attorney General's decision may or may not be a sound one. The question I would like to raise is: are the political considerations which argue against the prosecution of a pro-fascist Catholic agitator of a higher order than those which argue against the deportation of an anti-fascist trade-union leader? Can an Attorney General who takes political considerations into account in the one case refuse to take them into account in the other?

There are circumstances, of course, under which no one could ask the Attorney General to consider anything but the law and the facts. Were it clear that Bridges is a Communist and that the Communist Party is actively attempting to overthrow the government, Mr. Biddle could not be expected to rule otherwise than he did. But in that case the "political considerations" involved in the Bridges case would no longer exist. For the most pressing and immediate argument against the deportation of Bridges rests on the fact that he and the Communist Party, whatever their motives, are now doing their best to support the government in its war effort. The political considerations in this case are of a different order from those which dictate the dropping of the Coughlin case or, to take another example, the appointment of a Hague man to the federal courts of New Jersey. The position of the Communist Party on the war is itself one of the facts of the case.

The law under which Bridges is to be deported does not mention the Communist Party by name. The law makes any alien deportable who has been a member of or affiliated with a party which advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence. To judge from the Sears and Biddle opinions, this advocacy must be more than past doctrine or theory. It must be reflected in present practice. This becomes clearer if we recall that there was a double charge against Bridges. One involved membership in or affiliation with the Communist Party; the other involved membership in or affiliation with the I. W. W. For the law also makes it a deportable offense for an alien to have been a member of or affiliated with an organization which advocates "unlawful damage, injury, or destruction of property, or sabotage." Bridges denied that he was ever a member of the Communist Party but admitted that he was for a time a member of the I. W. W., and the I. W. W. is as closely associated in the public mind with sabotage as the Communist Party is with revolution. Sabotage is part of syndicalist theory, as revolution is part of Communist theory.

But Judge Sears declined to consider theory as sufficient basis for deportation. "The difficulty here," he said, "is that there is a failure to prove by a fair preponderance of the evidence that the I. W. W. at the time of Bridges's membership in it favored and advocated or published or circulated pamphlets or written or printed matter advocating or advising such acts as would constitute sabotage even under the broad definition suggested." The Attorney General agrees with Judge Sears on this. "A contrary conclusion," the Biddle decision says on this point, "would not seem to be warranted." Both accept Bridges's admission that he was a Wobbly. Neither considers this basis for deportation.

Were the same test applied to the Communist Party, membership in it at the present time or in recent years would not be ground for deportation. Biddle cites three Communist documents which call for revolution. One is the "Communist Manifesto" of 1848; the second is the program of the American section of the Comintern as announced in 1919; the third is from the Thesis and Statutes of the Third International (1920). These are hardly enough to prove Biddle's finding that "the Communist Party of the United States of America, from the time of its inception *to the present time,*" has been an organization that "advises, advocates, and teaches the overthrow by force and violence of the government of the United States" (my italics).

The Department of Justice introduced in evidence four Wobbly publications to prove that the I. W. W. was in favor of sabotage, and produced an ex-Wobbly as witness. But Judge Sears pointed out that one of the documents bore no date and that the other three were issued in 1916 and 1917. He objected that the witness had left the I. W. W. "at least six months" before Bridges joined it in June or July, 1921. But the Communist documents used by Biddle as evidence of the party's purposes appeared before Bridges entered this country, indeed, before any period in which he might have joined the party.

In this connection, an important point must be kept in mind. Bridges admitted that he had been a Wobbly and therefore brought forward a witness to testify that at the time he joined the I. W. W. it had renounced sabotage. Judge Sears found this testimony impressive. But since Bridges denied that he was or had been a Communist, he brought forward no witnesses to testify on the question of the Communist Party and revolution. Neither before Landis nor Sears was any testimony heard in behalf of the Communist Party. Thus a point of great political importance at this time, with the widest repercussions in foreign relations and domestic affairs, was decided by Biddle on the basis of testimony from one side only.

I am not arguing that we should pretend that Communists are democrats. I merely want to make clear that as a matter of fact and law there was no obstacle to such a common-sense ruling by Biddle as the following: The Communist Party, whatever the theories it holds, is not at this time trying to overthrow the government by force or violence. On the contrary, whatever its motives, it is using all its influence in the trade-union movement to support the government and the war effort. If its position changes, its legal position will also change. But at this time an alien is not deportable for membership in or affiliation with the party because its present conduct and policy do not bring it within the force-and-violence provisions of the immigration laws.

Of course the Attorney General need not have handled this political hot potato at all had he decided differently the question of whether Bridges was a Communist or affiliated with the Communist Party. Landis held that Bridges was not a Communist. Judge Sears held that he was. The Board of Immigration Appeals unanimously reversed Judge Sears. If these three decisions and that of the Attorney General are read side by side, it will be seen that Mr. Biddle was not only free to rule either way but that the case against Bridges is a good deal weaker than the case for him and that some very odd reasoning was indulged in by the Attorney General. If the Attorney General had held that Bridges was not a Communist, it would have been unnecessary to decide whether or not the Communist Party came within the purview of the Immigration Act.

Under the law it is a deportable offense to be either a member of or affiliated with a party which advocates overthrow of the government by force or violence. Landis, who rendered the first decision, held that Bridges was neither. Judge Sears, as the presiding inspector in the second Bridges case, decided that he was both. The Board of Immigration Appeals overruled Judge Sears on both counts. Biddle reversed the board and upheld the findings of Sears.

Let us take up the question of membership first. The Department of Justice brought fifteen witnesses before Judge Sears. "Much of this evidence," Biddle admits, "is rejected as being untrustworthy, contradictory, or unreliable. However, the evidence of two witnesses is accepted as showing that Bridges was a member of the party. If this evidence is believed—and Judge Sears believed it—the doubt is decided. The question is substantially one of credibility. The Review Board did not think the evidence credible." Biddle relies on Sears because "Judge Sears saw the witnesses on the stand, watched their demeanor and expression, and was in a far better position to judge their truthfulness than the Review Board, dealing with the cold print of the record."

The question of "demeanor and expression" is a highly subjective one, and appellate courts feel no shyness about deciding for themselves on "the cold print of the record." In case of doubt, the Attorney General can hear the testimony himself. As it happens, the "evidence" of the two witnesses relied upon by Sears and Biddle is so contradictory that it appeared untrustworthy and unreliable to the Board of Immigration Appeals. I put the word "evidence" in quotation marks because one of these two witnesses did not testify that Bridges was a member of the Communist Party. This witness was James D. O'Neil. What did O'Neil testify? If Biddle's account is placed beside that of Sears, it will be seen how anxious the Attorney General was to give O'Neil's "evidence" a good deal more weight than it deserves.

Biddle says O'Neil was publicity director of the C. I. O. in San Francisco after 1936 and shared offices with Bridges. "The two men were intimate," the Attorney General declares. "In October, 1941, he made a statement to two FBI agents, which was taken down by a stenographer who was present, that he joined the Communist Party in December 1936; that he walked into Bridges's office one day in 1937 and saw Bridges pasting assessment stamps in a Communist Party book; and that Bridges reminded the witness that he had not been attending party meetings. O'Neil admitted making the statement, testified that what he had stated was the truth, but that it was garbled, and untrue in the particulars mentioned."

This is the cleverly misleading statement of a prosecutor, not the words of an administrative officer sitting as a judge of the facts. The account given by Sears, whom Biddle upholds, is far more candid. Sears quotes O'Neil's actual testimony:

> *Q.* Did you during any time that you were so employed in Mr. Bridges's office walk into his office one day and see on Bridges's desk a Communist Party Book in which Mr. Bridges was putting assessment stamps?
>
> *A.* No. At this point I want to say that that is exactly what I told the FBI men that questioned me.
>
> *Q.* Now, just a minute! I haven't asked you that. I am asking you if you saw him.
>
> *A.* I did not.
>
> *Q.* You did not?
>
> A. *No.*
>
> *Q.* Did you see Mr. Bridges putting assessment stamps in a Communist Party book about 2 p. m. in Bridges's office in the Balboa Building at 593 Market Street sometime in 1937?
>
> *A.* I did not.

Sears said O'Neil "denied that he had ever been a member of the Communist Party; he denied that he had stated to the FBI officers that he was a member of the Communist Party; he denied stating to the FBI agents that Bridges was a member of the Communist Party." The opinion of the Board of Immigration Appeals makes this even more explicit. The board declares that O'Neil denied the truth of all the statements he was alleged to have made to the FBI "with the exception of the sentence, 'It is my belief that Bridges never at any time attended any Communist Party meetings.'" This is considerably different from Biddle's "O'Neil admitted making the statement" but "testified . . . that it was garbled." Mr. Biddle here shows himself a master of understatement.

The key to this confusion may be a simple one. Sears says O'Neil "denied specifically that he had dictated any statement to a stenographer in the FBI office at the interview of October 7, although he stated that there was a stenographer present while the officers were asking him questions and that she took notes." Why wasn't O'Neil placed under oath at that time and asked to sign the statement he is supposed to have made to the FBI? The regulations of the Immigration Service provide, in Biddle's own words, "that statements of persons during an investigation must be taken down in writing, the signature requested, and the interrogation made under oath." Was it because O'Neil's explanation on the stand was true? "O'Neil," according to Judge Sears, "testified that the statement [alleged to have been given the FBI], while incorrect in the particulars already mentioned as well as in others, *was a garbled and incorrect summary of several interviews*" (my italics).

By failing to place O'Neil under oath when they questioned him and to obtain his signature to his statement, the FBI men ran a grave risk. The Board of Immigration Appeals ruled that the alleged statement was inadmissible as evidence because these departmental regulations were not complied with. The board also pointed out that the whole procedure was highly irregular and violated elementary rules of evidence. Courts are not accustomed to admit as "evidence" testimony by others of what a man swears on the stand that he did not say. Biddle dismisses the second point primarily on the ground that "technical rules of evidence do not apply to administrative procedures," though this is hardly a "technical" point. He himself then falls back on technicalities to meet the board's contention that the statement was inadmissible because it had not been taken under oath, as required by the department's regulations.

I will let Biddle speak for himself on this point. "Had the alien raised the question at the time of the hearing," Biddle says, "compliance with the departmental regulations would have been obligatory." But since the question was not raised at the hearing, Bridges "waived the right to object." This is to clothe an administrative procedure with the formality of a high appellate court in the same breath that one argues that an administrative procedure is too informal to be bound by "technical" rules of evidence.

Whom Does the Greek King Represent?

BY LEIGH WHITE

GEORGE II of Greece is expected to arrive in this country from Egypt on June 10. He will be accompanied by Prime Minister Emmanuel Tsouderos and other members of the Greek government-in-exile. The King and his party will be guests at the White House and will be honored at a state dinner by President Roosevelt; they will also be honored at dinners given by the Secretaries of State and the Navy and at numerous banquets and patriotic celebrations throughout the United States.

Greece has been one of our most gallant allies, and there would be every reason for the leaders of our government to receive its ruler if it were not for one unfortunate fact—George II is cordially hated by all but a fraction of his martyred subjects. For that reason his reception by the President of the United States will disturb friends of Greek democracy everywhere.

At a time when unity should be paramount, it is a disagreeable and thankless task to question the leadership of an allied government. But since George II has chosen to visit the United States in the name of the Greek people and since there is danger that he may be hailed as the coming liberator of Greece, there is no choice but to recall his unsavory past and register a strong protest.

For the fact is, George II is neither a popular leader nor a friend of freedom. Nor, for that matter, is he a Greek. He is merely the current representative of the Glücksburg dynasty, which he can be counted on to do everything in his power to preserve, even at the expense of his subjects. Certainly that has been his policy in the past. He is the grandson of George of Denmark, who was assassinated in Salonika in 1913. He is the son of Constantine, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, who was deposed in 1917 and again in 1922. He himself was originally excluded from the succession because of his pro-German intrigues in the last World War. Finally enthroned in 1922, he was forced to flee for his life in 1923, and in 1924 the Glücksburg dynasty was formally expelled from Greece. In the following period, until his restoration eleven years later, Greece enjoyed the nearest approach to a parliamentary democracy it has ever been permitted in the modern era.

Since the republican revolution of 1821-29, the long-suffering Greeks have had five unwanted monarchs foisted upon them. Three (including George II) were dethroned once; one (Constantine) was dethroned twice; one (George I) was assassinated; only one (Alexander) was permitted to keep his throne, and he died three years after his coronation. These facts would seem to be sufficient proof that what the Greek people want is the republic for which they have fought for 120 years, not the monarchy with which shortsighted British politicians have repeatedly tried to saddle them.

In 1935, with the help of British politicians and a sham plebiscite, George II engineered his restoration. Only he and his camarilla failed to appreciate the paradox of the elections of January, 1936. Whereas his plebiscite of the previous November had indicated that 98 per cent of the people favored his restoration, the election, despite the intimidation of voters by Royalists and Fascists, returned 135 Venizelist Liberals to Parliament against 125 Royalists, 14 Communists, and 9 Metaxas Fascists. It was characteristic of George's concern for his subjects' wishes that he immediately turned the government over to General John Metaxas.

On August 4, 1936, the blackest day in the history of modern Greece, George II signed a decree permitting Metaxas to abolish the constitution and create the "Third Hellenic Civilization"—a cynical euphemism for the most despotic regime in Europe outside Germany and Italy. Thereupon Metaxas instituted permanent martial law, abolished elections, political parties, and trade unions, imprisoned or banished to the islands all dissenters, created the Asphalia, a terrorist police force modeled after the Gestapo, and the Ethniki Neolea, a Greek copy of the Hitler Jugend. For good measure, he also suppressed municipal government, forbade the teaching of constitutional law, banned the study and presentation of Sophocles, Thucydides, and other classics—and even went so far in his zeal to silence all "subversive hymns to democracy" as to ban Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

George II of Greece

Such was the government which kept George II in power until the Italians invaded Greece in October, 1940. From that day on the Greek people fought against the invader *despite* their ruler and his Fascist government. Metaxas and George II followed their policy of resistance only because of the certain knowledge that if they did not they would be overthrown as George's father, Constantine, was overthrown in 1917. But throughout the entire Italian phase of the war, King George and his government maintained cordial relations with the Germans, even to the extent of permitting the German military attachés in Athens and Salonika to observe and note in detail the arrival and deployment of British forces up to April 5, the eve of the German invasion.

The exalted heroism of the Greek soldiers at the front was an inspiration to all who knew them. I myself had seen nothing comparable to it since the war in Spain. But life at the front was one thing; life at the rear was another. Despite the pleas of the people, neither Metaxas nor King George would consent to the release of political prisoners, the lifting of the Fascist censorship, or any other measure that would have given meaning to the suicidal heroism of the soldiers.

I shall never forget the celebration of Independence Day in Athens on March 25, 1941. Instead of a civilian parade, George insisted on commemorating the freedom of the Greek nation by reviewing a parade of the Ethniki Neolea. While Greek soldiers were dying at the front for what they hoped would mean democracy, blue-shirted Fascist thugs of military age were marching up and down Constitution Square. The thin crowd of civilians who watched them were apathetic. They knew that thousands of police agents were circulating among them, ready to arrest them for a single "subversive" word.

"How can you be pro-Greek when you see a spectacle like this?" a colleague asked me. "The Greeks are as bad as the Italians—worse, even. There aren't as many police spies in Rome."

We argued. I insisted that what was happening at the front could never be undone. Somehow, I said, the war would purge Greece of its betrayers.

Later I was surprised to find that I was right. Paradoxical as it may seem, the German occupation had the effect of freeing the Greeks from their oppressors. After being wounded at Corinth, I arrived in occupied Athens to find a different atmosphere from that which I had known before. The Greeks were starving and were embittered by their defeat, but in one sense they were happy. They were at last united as free men against the conqueror; they were free at last to speak their troubled minds. There was no more Asphalia to spy on them, and the Gestapo could not speak Greek.

One of the first tasks the Greek patriots set themselves was the liquidation of their betrayers. Before they ever engaged in sabotage against the Germans and Italians, they had assassinated many of their own brand of fascists. That was why such worthies as Constantine Manyadakis, the chief of the Asphalia, and Constantine Kodziás, the mayor of Athens, found it necessary to seek refuge in the United States. They were fleeing from the wrath of their own people, not from their friends the Germans. Kodziás is still in this country, thankfully in retirement, but to the credit of our Immigration Service Manyadakis was not allowed to enter. He was last heard from in Argentina. The most hated man in Greece, he will certainly be murdered if he ever dares to return.

Three weeks before my departure from Athens last September, the Italians—of all people—released 300 political prisoners of the Metaxas regime. They were the survivors of more than a thousand professors, journalists, writers, and students who had been imprisoned since 1936. The rest had long since died of sickness or starvation. A score of these human wrecks were admitted to the hospital where I was convalescing. One of them had to have both his eyes removed, having contracted some incurable eye infection in his dungeon. All these men had sworn eternal vengeance against Manyadakis and similar henchmen of Metaxas and the King.

During my stay in the hospital I talked with Royalists, Metaxists, Venizelists, Communists, and just plain Greeks. From what they told me, each according to his lights, I realized that neither King George nor any of his camarilla would be any more welcome in post-war Greece than the Fascists. Hence it would be foolish and unjust for the United States, as the most influential member of the United Nations, to support their cause.

My stay in Athens convinced me that what the majority of the Greek people want is a government as much like that of the United States as possible. What little I know of the Greek character convinces me that though it will be a long time before they can achieve a government as stable as ours, achieve it they finally will, if it takes them a hundred years. It will be our duty as Americans to help them all we can.

One way we can help them now is to insist upon a reorganization of the Greek government-in-exile and demand that King George be made to follow his spiritual counterpart, Carol II of Rumania, into permanent retirement. Should M. Tsouderos or his Vice-Premier, Panayotis Kanellopoulos, be unwilling to break with the King, then they must be replaced by others who have the courage to take up the cause of a people's revolution. Above all, such notorious Fascists as Alexander Sakellariou, the present admiral of the Greek navy, must be eliminated from the government-in-exile before it can be considered worthy of the valiant people it presumes to represent.

A Letter to the Living

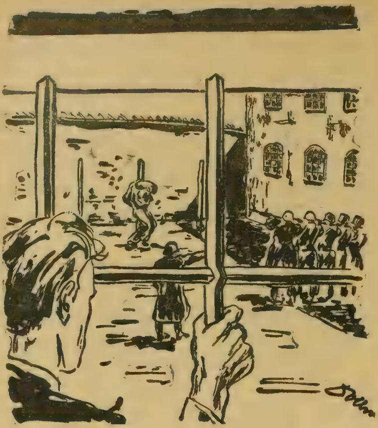
BY WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

I GEORGE DUBOIS, once writer and artist who lived chiefly by other work, am about to be executed. They brought me back to this cell yesterday, after I had been sentenced, apparently by a tribunal of my countrymen but actually by a silent colonel with a face like Dante's. They won't tell me when or how I am to die, which is the hardest thing now. It seems to me that if I knew to the minute when, whether it will be by bullet or by guillotine, how many will go with me and who will watch, I could stop these dreadful declines into panic, make my mind firm, and die as I wish to die, with dignity. As it is I give way to foolish dreams of Casanova escapes, and to even more difficult memories of walking with Annette in the spring evenings, talking with my brother at a sidewalk table, feeling the common affection that is in a theater because everybody is living the same lives from the stage—to innumerable such small and profound joys of being. Such retrospective desires sooner or later plunge me like steep water down into a degrading animal terror.

This doesn't really matter, however, except to me. I suppose I hope to save a little of myself in the minds of you who read this, but the big reason I write is because I am like you, and want you to know what I know now, that my fears don't matter, that though my life is unimportant, my death is not, and that it may even be that my death is more valuable if I die badly than if I die like a hero.

I am thinking of two executions I saw this morning. My cell is in the third story of the prison, over the entrance to the court. I can see the opposite wall, which is windowless, and more than half of the side walls, which have small windows like mine, where I sometimes see other prisoners and wonder if they also are waiting to be executed. In front of the windowless wall are four evenly spaced stakes like truncated telephone poles. The firing squads stand in the center of the court below me, and I watch their faces when they come about to march out afterward. These faces show the difference between killing a man in battle and killing him when he is helpless.

I once saw that difference take effect when the victim was a bird, not a man. The hunter was a government clerk in the village of my birth, a friendly man who read a great deal and loved to talk, especially about politics, in which he was too idealistic to prosper. He was an excellent hunter who always dropped his birds cleanly, and so took pleasure in his skill. But this once his dog flushed four birds which stayed bunched until the shot. The clerk killed one of them, but dropped another without killing it. The dog brought this crippled bird to him, and when it was released it began frantically to try to rise but kept falling over on its injured side. The dog became excited. The clerk held him off and started to pick the bird up, but stopped because he was caught by its eye watching him. He couldn't make himself wring its neck, but finally killed it with another shot. Afterward he was very nervous and a little ill. The next time he went out, he shot nervously, and crippled a bird in single flight. He gave up hunting. I know that not many men who will hunt at all are sensitive enough to stop hunting because they shoot badly. But I also know that all hunters are shaken, to some degree, by having to kill a cripple at close quarters.



The bird killed cleanly, in flight, is like the enemy killed in battle, and the crippled bird is like a prisoner at the stake, except that the emotional difference between killing men in the two ways is much greater. In battle you also kill to prevent being killed, and in executing a helpless man you identify yourself with him more completely than you would with a bird. Later you will see him in your dreams, and sometimes he will have your own body and face, or those of a dear friend. An executioner, unlike a soldier in battle, will finally feel like a murderer. And this result will be even stronger and more immediate if the victim dies badly than if he dies well.

The first of the two I saw this morning was the man who died badly. The guards had to support him all the way to the stake, and even from my window I could hear him whimpering. I believe he was nearly unconscious from anticipation. He made no trouble when they bound him, except for his sagging weight, but before they could blindfold him, he saw the firing squad and woke up. He began to scream and beg them not to kill him. He even told them that he had a wife, and the names of his children, and the age of the youngest. His voice echoed against the wall. They gagged him, but he continued to struggle and to work his mouth over the gag, trying to tell them. He was in the sunlight, and the firing squad was in shadow except for the helmets of the last two men on the left. When the order came, and the rifles all rose against him, like a row of toys, I couldn't watch. After the explosion, however, I had to look again, because the smell of powder was so strong and the silence so complete.

Too loudly and not very clearly an order was given. The squad came about, and I saw their faces. Most of them were set, of course, intent upon revealing nothing, even to themselves. Yet even the firmest of them stared a little too much. Two or three stumbled against the men beside them, and a boy on the end who was trying to march stiffly and with a raised face kept sagging in the knees and letting his face go almost to the point of crying before he could freeze it. The motion after the quiet started some of the prisoners weeping and cursing at their windows, and for a moment, because of his expression, I thought the sounds came from the hysterical boy. Even the officer cracked a little, looking up and yelling violently at the prisoners to be quiet. Then the sound of marching died, and there was only soft weeping at the windows, until one of the men began to scream. He stopped just as suddenly.

It all took a very short time, four or five minutes at the most; yet it still seems longer than there is any way to say, permanent, for in that time the lives of both prisoners and soldiers stopped, and when time was resumed, we had completed one life and begun another.

The dead prisoner is an unchanging monument in my mind. He still hangs there motionless against the ropes, his head forward and toward one shoulder, the knots of his gag and blindfold sticking up like white rabbit ears, the fingers of blood on his white shirt growing downward slowly and thickening at the top until they glitter in the sun. The soldiers won't forget him either. His fear conquered the place.

The other man died as I would rather die, if I am lucky enough, with his courage at the peak. He was a powerful man with a red beard. His open shirt, with the sleeves rolled up, showed the springy golden hair on his chest and arms. The guards were embarrassed because he came out as if taking a stroll, which made them stroll too. When they showed faults of nervousness in placing him, he laughed at them silently, stepped back against the stake as if measuring himself, and said it was too short for a man his size. He laughed again when the officer ordered him to shut up. He refused the blindfold, and when the officer insisted that he wear it, looked up and around at us in the windows and called, "They're afraid to look me in the eye, boys. That's the beginning. Soon we will have der Tag too." We cheered him, which must have sounded strange in the streets outside. I watched even the killing this time, for the red-bearded man made it an encouragement. But it was easier for the firing squad too. They went out in much better order than the first squad. Perhaps, because he was so calm and motionless, they were able to make him seem merely a target at the critical moment. He gave us courage, but the other, I believe, made our hate greater, and made the enemy more fearful.

So I needn't worry about how I die.

I've come to understand that my death, and all like it, are important, by enduring my memories. When you are certain to die, it changes the values of even your past life. For instance, take Annette, who is the most constant and

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difficult of my memories. I seldom think of her now as lying in my arms, except for some of the things she used to whisper, which have become so real that I actually hear them, and turn around expecting to touch her. And when I do think of her so, it is a quality like the whispered secrets which is important, a quality difficult to describe to a man who is still free to go back to his love in the flesh. Let me say, because I can't say it better, that it's as if a disembodied self held in its arms, with a great and sad longing for something far beyond either of us, a shapely essence of the spirit of Annette. It is perhaps this quality in my present love which makes me remember most searchingly incidents which seemed relatively trivial in their own time:

I am reading aloud a poem I have just written about her, and her mouth shows that she is touched but also amused, for Annette is clear-minded, and hears that I have been more fond than inspired—

We both shiver as her hand closes on my wrist because the orchestra is flawlessly rendering our favorite passage from Debussy—

Annette is standing in front of the striped cloth of a fruit stand, laughing at me with her eyes from over a bunch of grapes she is trying to eat quickly because they are very ripe and run wine through her fingers. She is slender, and looks competent in her suit and flat shoes, but also a little Dionysian at the moment—

Annette, walking as quickly as she is thinking, gets ahead of me in the park. When she wakes up and sees me waiting behind her, she makes a nose at me, and stands with her hands on her hips, refusing to come back. There is late sunlight and a gentle wind in the tops of the trees.

Such memories bend me like knife thrusts in the loins. It hurts even more to think how long Annette must endure them. Yet this is what makes important the end of my unimportant life. Annette will have thousands of such agonies, when she is alone and can weep, but also when she cannot weep, in the innumerable places of our city where we have been together. Annette is gentle, but not weak. Each time her love suffers again, her hate will grow stronger. This will also be true of my mother, my brother, and my friends. They will all care a little less to be alive, because I am dead. Around each of them are others whom I do not know, and around each of them others. The effects diminishing outward, they will all care less to be alive because I am dead. I will be a pebble tossed into water, the ripples circling out from me. Now multiply me by all of us who die. The toy boat which is the enemy cannot long stay afloat when the whole water moves. So really I am going to increase greatly the life I seem to give up.

It would be harder to die if I were a hostage, though hostages spread the ripples even better. The most elementary sense of justice is the nearest universal, and even dull spirits are moved when a man dies for something he didn't do. Yet the converse side of that elementary sense of justice is also strong. I feel better to have done what I'm dying for.

Or perhaps it is only that to act is a kind of triumph for me. Not many of us are naturally violent, and certainly I am not. I acted at last only because they killed my friend Jacques Labruge. Having lived most in my mind, I feared that although I was clear when we made plans, was even a leader then, I would become confused and useless when we acted. In a way I was confused. I never emerged from a dream. Familiar surroundings appeared strange, and success seemed improbable. Yet within that confusion my mind focused clearly, like a moral microscope, upon my individual duty, and because of the unreality there was simply a pleasant sensation of unexpected intellectual corroboration in seeing ideas materialize in earth, powder, and rails.

There were ten of us in the raid on the arsenal. We worked in complete darkness, and our organization and timing were exact, so that we gave no alarm and were done in six minutes.

There were twenty of us on the line outside the city. We planted a major mine and three follow-ups, spaced to include the length of the train. We ran our line to a plunger under a highway bridge nearly four hundred meters off, on the edge of a swamp. We should have left only one man to push the plunger, of course, as we had planned, but when we were ready, it was nearly time for the train, and we wanted to watch. Even then we could have made it if we hadn't been fascinated by the peasants. Our veteran leader, Frances, kept whispering at us to get out, but we wouldn't.

It was a supply train to a garrison in the city. We had watched it often, and knew there were guards on the cars. It was a strain to wait. We feared the mine wouldn't explode, and many of us, at the last instant, weren't sure we wanted it to. But Frances was on the plunger, and though he was anxious, he wouldn't hesitate. He was anxious, like a good technician, only about the timing. The long beam from the locomotive on the curve had almost picked us out when the flashlight signal came from the ridge. Frances whispered one, two, as if about to jump into cold water, and pushed home the plunger. The delay seemed long. I was about to say "dud" when a great fountain of upright flame rose out of the earth, shutting off the headlight at once, and then the three smaller fountains flared in quick succession. After the last flare came the first shaking roar, and then the other three explosions, boom, bam, bim. It was stunning under the bridge, even at that distance. Then a hissing jet of steam was rising out of the fallen locomotive into the light from the cars, which were all over too, in a long loop on the embankment, and beginning to burn slowly, crackling like heavy paper. As the light increased, it revealed trees and even distant farmhouses, and we saw the peasants coming out cautiously, stopping often. Finally they were there, minute silhouettes against the flames, plundering the cars they could get at. We were all glad of that. We of the cities have fared better than the peasants, because the enemy is afraid of hunger where there are so many of us together.

We forgot that the light exposed us too. Five were caught running in a group, and a sixth, who wouldn't stop, was shot at the edge of the marsh. I was in the willows at the edge of the marsh myself, when the searchlight of a patrol car on the highway found me. Two bullets clipped twigs near me and splashed beyond, and a voice using my own language ordered me to stop. Now I wish I had tried a dive into that muddy water. Then I did not even think. Somebody told me to stop, and I stopped. They made me raise my hands and walk up into the light, which was blinding, but they did not fire again. They were countrymen of mine. Sometimes, feeling that they, and not the enemy, mean the spiritual death of my land, to which this physical invasion is nothing, I hate their kind the most. But at least they didn't bully me. They didn't search far, either. They just wanted scapegoats, I suppose, or else they were afraid to separate in the dark.

Since I am not a hostage, it will probably be the guillotine for me, though I hope strongly for the bullet. There is something cruelly shameful about being made to lie down in public. But that again is personal. Perhaps the guillotine is better. More people will watch, and my own ripples will reach, with primary strength, many who don't know me.

There is so much of my life I want greedily to save that it is hard to stop writing, but I have told what matters, and there are only a few minutes now before the guard comes. He should be my friend who will take this out for me, but he may not be. My friend also brings me cigarettes. He is wonderful. I know how hard they are to get. I'll have one now, and it should taste better than any other in the last five days.

Land Fighting in Asia

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

AN AMERICAN war correspondent leaving Burma shortly before the Japanese conquest gave a sick British soldier a ride to a field hospital. On the way they talked about the fighting, and at the end the Tommy said: "The bloody Japs are running us out of Burma, but we're coming back—that's sure. We won't keep on doing things wrong forever. Some day we'll wake up and get smarter than the other bloke."

In the present war few of the mistakes that cost the loss of battles and thousands of lives come to the attention of the general public. While events are occurring, they are enveloped in secrecy that is sometimes necessary and sometimes not, or the facts are distorted by government propaganda. After a campaign has been lost, the public's interest turns in some other direction, and only the historian or military professional has the desire and facilities to reconstruct a correct picture.

Nevertheless, a clear review of past mistakes is essential to prevent their repetition in the future. The soft-pedaling of disasters and exaggeration of gains which have been responsible for much ill-founded American optimism have served no useful purpose and may well boomerang against American morale. We need more statements like General Stilwell's on the Allied failure in Burma: "I claim we got a hell of a beating. . . . I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back, and retake it."

While all the facts are not available, we now know enough to do a reasonably good job of reconstructing the fighting in southeastern Asia and discovering the causes of the disaster, first in Malaya, later in Burma. Like our own commanders at Pearl Harbor, the British in the Far East owe a fair proportion of their defeats to an overconfidence based about equally on underestimation of their opponents and a smug, completely unfounded sense of superiority. Even after the Japanese had established bases in southern Indo-China and were making preliminary preparations to send forces into Thailand, British leaders felt certain that the Japanese would not dare attack them. And because of this inner certainty the actual defense measures taken at Singapore, press reports to the contrary notwithstanding, were so few that only in the last days before surrender was consideration given to air-raid shelters.

It has been the fashion to ascribe Japanese victories to overwhelming numbers. But while numbers were on Japan's side, this fact does not explain all the losses suffered by the United Nations. Lieutenant Colonel Paul Thompson, writing in the May issue of *Infantry Journal*, examines the Malay campaign with close attention. He finds that numbers favored the invaders only in the ratio of six divisions to four—no overwhelming superiority. Better concentration of troops, however, enabled the Japanese greatly to increase this advantage. Air and sea superiority, which the Japanese had, were not by themselves decisive. Early landings at Khota Bahru brought about an ill-guarded naval sortie which ended in the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. Thereafter the Japanese had command of the sea on the eastern but not the western side of the peninsula. This is important because most of the landings of troops which repeatedly flanked the British positions and forced retirement were made along the west coast under the nose of the British navy, which could not stop small bodies of Japanese troops using native boats from making night landings back of the British lines. Air power came into its own only in the last stages of the campaign, when the imperial troops were crowded together in defense of Singapore, which held out for exactly a week instead of the expected several months.

The invading troops had only fair equipment, but they made use of native boats and bicycles, clothed themselves to resemble Malays, and deliberately and carefully prepared for the type of war they would encounter. The British did nothing of the sort. Cecil Brown is authority for the statement that it was only a few weeks before war broke out that British commanders discovered that flooded rice paddies could be successfully negotiated by tanks and Bren-gun carriers. Failure to destroy stocks of food greatly simplified the enemy's supply problem. Airports, boats, and in one instance a radio station were left undestroyed for use by the invader. The growth of a native fifth column to assist local Japanese guides was accelerated when at Penang the British took no pains to evacuate any but Europeans. Meanwhile, colonial administration seems to have been more stupid than usual. There was even one well-authenticated instance of a shipload of airplanes arriving at Singapore in the last stages of the siege and being sent elsewhere.

The Burma campaign shows a close resemblance to the Malayan. In its initial stages the American Volunteer Group and certain units of the R. A. F. gave the Allies actual air superiority over the invaders. But well-managed air power did not bring victory, and as the campaign continued, command of the air went to the Japanese. The numerically inferior British and Chinese troops did all that brave but poorly equipped men minus brilliant leadership could reasonably be expected to accomplish. They held their lines until flanking forces of the enemy compelled them to yield. They then fell back, obliged in many cases to fight their way through encircling forces, to make a stand at the next good position until forced to retreat still farther. Even less than in Malaya were the Allied forces prepared to fight the kind of war which the type of country necessitated. And where the Malays had been apathetic, the Burmese proved pro-Japanese and greatly aided the invading armies by murdering British civilians and reporting every movement of defending troops. The aid of veteran Chinese troops was refused until the fall of Rangoon had sealed the fate of Burma and until two Australian divisions, earmarked for Burmese service, went home instead. Without a single first-class road between Burma and India, aid from the million and a half trained Indian soldiers proved impracticable, the only reinforcements being small numbers of troops who arrived by air. After the débâcle a few left the same way, others escaped into China. But the whole Burmese campaign was for the Allies a tremendous military disaster. Japanese armies totaling around 75,000 men, and with only moderate air support, in four months and at a ridiculously low cost to themselves achieved victories of immense economic and strategic value.

The results are already apparent. The oil position of the United Nations in the Eastern Hemisphere, which was bad enough after Japan's seizure of the Dutch fields, has been made much worse by the loss of those of Burma. Iran and Iraq are now the only nearby sources of oil for an immense war effort. In the same degree the position of the Japanese has been improved. Strategically, their conquest of Burma makes it extremely unlikely that they can be immediately driven out of southeastern Asia. An attack by way of India would have to cope with extreme transportation difficulties. Here as elsewhere Japan can be defeated, but only if the Allies inflict tremendous losses in other theaters or exert far more pressure than Japan used originally.

That Japan has not committed itself to a heavy campaign in any particular zone of operations but has feinted in several directions may be due to its need of time to consolidate its gains as much as to a natural desire to mislead its opponents. Or the Japanese leaders may themselves be undecided. A campaign for possession of the iron regions of eastern India once looked likely, but the arrival of the rainy season has possibly postponed efforts in this direction. Australia and the neighboring islands are probably not valuable enough or menacing enough to be worth the major effort that would be required to reduce them provided they are not neglected by the United States. There remain Soviet Siberia and China, both weakened by war and both known to be objectives of the Japanese militarists. Preliminary moves indicate that the Japanese, true to the teachings of the Tanaka Memorial, regard China as the scene of their next major effort. Attacks along the Chinese coast have doubtless been hastened to prevent any further air raids on Japan's cities from bases in "Shangri-la." From the strategic point of view, further gains in China would destroy possible future bases of attack. From the economic point of view, China, if sufficiently exploited, can supply Japan's iron lacks as well as India could.

In fact, one of the direct results of Japan's Burmese victories is the cutting off of China from outside aid. Of all the hard lines of transport which American weapons must follow, that to China will now be by far the most difficult. Limited supplies may arrive by plane from India or be carried by primitive means of transport across the snowy plateaus of Tibet. Some war materials may still be supplied by the Soviet Union, but hardly in great quantity. As the Japanese both land troops along the coast for a fresh push inland and attempt to follow the Burma road to its destination, the fate of China takes its place among the major anxieties of the United Nations.

It is in the highest degree difficult to gauge the Chinese capacity for successful resistance. The fact that they have been fighting a losing war for five years argues ability to continue. The Chinese have proved peculiarly adept at guerrilla warfare, but they have also had the force to resist drives by Japanese armies operating far from their bases in the interior. For such resistance a certain amount of war material which the Chinese cannot produce at home is a prerequisite. Recently their armies have been able to conserve material because many Japanese divisions were withdrawn for action elsewhere. Now with the liquidation of Dutch, American, and British resistance the Japanese can turn their main armies against a China deprived of its major sources of supply. It is entirely possible that the tough, long-suffering Chinese will be able to weather the current Japanese attacks. Nevertheless, this campaign offers the greatest threat to the cause of the United Nations in Asia that has been faced up to the present. And since it is primarily a land threat, American naval and air demonstrations in the southwestern Pacific may only slightly affect its outcome.

More dangerous to our cause in the Far East than our continually deteriorating strategic position has been the caliber of our military leadership. Our foes have been more numerous, but they have also been better led. Of the military chiefs in the Far East only MacArthur has so far shown anything approaching the originality in offensive action, the mastery of men, the easy familiarity with the usual and the ability both to meet and to provide the unusual which great generalship entails. A complete lack of imagination and even of any ability to foresee the obvious, combined with consistent underestimation of an abler opponent, has brought one disaster after another in the Far East. We have lacked not only equipment and man-power but brain power as well. The Far East is not a secondary front; it is a second main front. Makeshifts and hurried improvisation have not been equal to solving our problem. Only bigger and better-trained forces, infinitely better led, can win our land wars in the Far East.

Is Lewis Licked?

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Washington, June 5

IT WAS supposed to be The Return of John L. Lewis. All the phlegmatic plug-uglies and the devoted machine-men and the obsequious hangers-on and the beaming relatives were present. They plodded into the basement of the United Mine Workers' Building, into the room where the walls are covered with photographs and caricatures of John L. Lewis. They listened attentively when he spoke, they applauded when he paused, they rubber-stamped his recommendations, they voted when he gave the signal to bounce Phil Murray. It was reminiscent of the old days, except for the handful of dissidents led by "Pat" Fagan, president of District 5, one of the few U. M. W. chiefs who are elected by their members rather than handpicked by John L. Lewis. It was the same show in outline, and yet it was unconvincing, lifeless. In that stuffy, smoke-filled basement John L. Lewis still was boss. But it was a pretty exclusive audience.

While this meeting of the U. M. W.'s policy committee was in session, the executive board of the C. I. O. also assembled. Lewis wasn't present. Neither were any of his loyal lieutenants or his daughter or his brother. They all had other engagements on the day that the C. I. O. executive board unanimously denounced John L. Lewis for "hampering the war effort" and branded him a "grave menace" to labor throughout the world. Nobody in the hall got up to defend the former president of the C. I. O.

For the first time Murray, the soft-spoken Scotsman whom Lewis chose to succeed him as C. I. O. president, told his story in public. He told how Lewis's agents had tried to undermine him from the moment that he assumed leadership. He told how Lewis himself had begged and bullied in an effort to persuade Murray to join the fight against Franklin D. Roosevelt's foreign policy last October. He told how organizers for District 50—Lewis's "catch-all union"—were hired on condition that they help disrupt the C. I. O. He charged that Lewis was "hell bent on creating national disunity and discontent." He insisted that he had tried to avoid a head-on collision—which was true—but that Lewis refused to tolerate support of Roosevelt by the man he envisaged as his puppet. He blasted the frail excuse—

"he has other jobs"—which Lewis had offered for ousting him from the vice-presidency of the Mine Workers.

Murray spoke with obvious reluctance and solemnity, but he was fighting mad. It had taken two years of "cold war" by Lewis and his agents to provoke this blast. This time Murray pulled no punches; he pledged himself to carry the fight to the rank-and-file of the miners, served clear notice that Lewis—for the first time since John Brophy's losing battle in 1927—faced a struggle for control of the United Mine Workers' Union.

There was a weak, if significant, retort. Twenty-four hours after his former lieutenant and "former friend" had talked back to him in headline words, Lewis accused Murray of "casting his lot with Communists" and piously declared that the issue was "the United Mine Workers of America versus communism." He indicated that unless Murray stopped associating with the Communists whom Lewis had hired for jobs and put into posts of power, the U. M. W. would take his union card away from him. After what had already happened, the threat was pretty puny. Murray had stated his readiness for a struggle that would be waged in every mining town.

So labor faces a new civil war. Lewis has lost the C. I. O.; so far he has failed to make peace with the A. F. of L. in the style that he desires. But he maintains fundamental control over a vital union. His "provisional" presidents—"provisional" means appointed by Lewis rather than elected by the membership—rule twenty of the union's thirty-one districts. To be precise, 71 per cent of the U. M. W. membership is deprived of the right to elect its own district officers. Lewis does not intend to relax this dictatorship, and the revolt against it is no simple assignment. So long as he rules the U. M. W. he remains a factor in labor politics.

More important than his control of the Mine Workers is his continuing partnership with William Hutcheson, czar of the A. F. of L. building trades. Lewis's rule of the U. M. W. saves him from oblivion; his contacts with the A. F. of L. hierarchy alone can restore him to eminence. There is pretty convincing testimony that Hutcheson inspired the newest A. F. of L. bid for "unity" with the C. I. O. It is all the more significant that Daniel J. Tobin, boss of the Teamsters, introduced the resolution which Hutcheson wanted. William Green is understood to have given Murray private assurance that he will not join in any Lewis-dictated peace scheme. But there is no assurance that Green's desires will prevail over Hutcheson's plans. The fact which is too little noticed is that Hutcheson—the A. F. of L.'s leading isolationist before Pearl Harbor and a staunch Republican fellow-traveler—still exerts major influence over A. F. of L. policy. Only the threat of condemnation by President Roosevelt has kept Hutcheson quiet in recent months. One of these days he may start talking. If he does, and if Tobin clumsily or purposefully agrees to serve Lewis's ends, the president of the United Mine Workers may raise a lot of hell before the summer ends.

It is against the background of this possibility that Lewis's current status must be weighed. In a last and desperate stroke he has invoked the slogan of anti-communism for his crusade against Murray. It is too easily forgotten that Lewis himself shared his bed with the Communists throughout the months of the Nazi-Soviet pact; the fact is that Communist influence—largely as a result of Lewis's regime—remains strong within the C. I. O. and a source of perpetual irritation to the right-wing bigwigs of the A. F. of L. A lot of other people will fall for Lewis's anti-Communist manifestos. Within the miners' union, where little awareness exists of the true issues dividing Lewis and Murray, this will become a powerful weapon. Outside the miners' union it will attract to Lewis the allegiance of diverse elements which share only their hostility to the U. S. S. R.

Lewis is the chief factor diverting labor from the war effort. He has already succeeded in shifting labor's eyes from such momentous issues as the scuttling of the tax bill to the issue of John L. Lewis. He has absorbed the attention of labor chiefs who should be worrying about production. He cannot be ignored because he thrives on the preoccupation of his enemies; he cannot be dealt with fully because there are too many other things to do. His power will not be finally shattered until he is robbed of control of the Mine Workers' Union. That can be accomplished only if Murray and his adherents are prepared to devote a large measure of their time and energy to the process in the coming months: It seems inconceivable that they can win at the coming U. M. W. convention in October. They have at least a two-year war on their hands, requiring large-scale preparation.

Lewis still retains certain assets—domination of a powerful union, close relations with high A. F. of L. leaders, ability to devote almost all his time to his private wars. These remaining resources, however, are far from overwhelming. I recite them only because the game of burying him has so often ended in disaster. Lewis is ruthless, shrewd, tough-minded—and very much alive.

Yet convincing evidence is emerging that the sweep of events has turned against him. It was no sudden surge of patriotism which prompted him, on the day that the C. I. O. board let loose its full indictment, to protest that he had not "detracted one whit or jot" from the war effort. This was his first public pronouncement since the day after Pearl Harbor. Where had he been? He had been plotting and pursuing his personal feuds. He had been raiding C. I. O. unions. He had been firing organizers who refused to join the anti-Murray cabal. He had been noisily buying war bonds while other union leaders mapped plans for expanded production.

But the swift and sudden C. I. O. attack forced him into the open. He even extended full support, in one sentence, to the "commander-in-chief" in the prosecution of the war. After ten days of intense deliberation his policy committee emerged with the resolute declaration that it was in favor of defeating the Axis. The gestures may seem slight, but they were a sign of Lewis's retreat. He had hoped to sit this one out; he was forced to stand up and get in line.

The man he fears most is still President Roosevelt. I am reliably informed that F. D. R. was drafting a letter praising Murray and condemning his critics on the morning that Lewis, altering his own time-table, abruptly removed Murray from the vice-presidency of the United Mine Workers. By ignoring the pending charges against Murray and invoking his arbitrary constitutional authority, Lewis forestalled the President's move. The haste was a measure of his uneasiness. And Roosevelt's opposition to any new Lewis dream is a major barrier against its realization.

Simultaneously he faces a full-fledged revolt within District 50 of the U. M. W., which he originally conceived of as the foundation for a new labor empire. When the vote on the ouster of Murray by the executive board was ordered, only one man said "no." It was Martin Wagner, former president of District 50 and later its representative on the executive board. When Wagner was booted upstairs last summer he didn't break with the Lewis machine, but he told intimates, "Some day I'll cast a vote that will vindicate me." He did. Now Wagner has resigned from the U. M. W. and is leading in the establishment of an independent union embracing the rebellious District 50 locals. The insurgents already have enlisted more than half the district's membership of about 26,000. Only the dairy farmers' unit—"the cowboys"—shunned the revolt. Lewis's surviving fragment of the "new labor movement" is now led almost exclusively by goons and sycophants with little talent or enterprise of their own.

The recent convention of the steelworkers' union was a further rebuff to Lewis. In key areas steel plants parallel coal mines; and the steel union indisputably belongs to Murray. Although Lewis tried to build a bloc against Murray, the effort was a dismal failure, as was shown by the long and tumultuous booing which oblique references to Lewis evoked on the convention floor. When Murray and his cohorts launch their campaign in the miners' union, the sentiment of steel will make itself felt.

So Lewis remains a diversion and a danger, but he is on the defensive. Through his hatred for Roosevelt he has lost any chance to play a part in the worldwide war against fascism. He is once again the emissary of reactionary Republicans to the labor movement; their weaknesses are his. He is labor's unhappiest warrior, looking for battlegrounds on which to carry out his local personal maneuvers. Having shared his bed with the Communists for long and ardent months, he will now carry on a red-baiting drive throughout the nation; there will be no attempt to distinguish between orthodox Stalinists and supporters of the Soviet armies. He has borrowed the celebrated tactic of rule or ruin; in the coming months there is little chance that he will rule.

In the Wind

RALPH B. STRASSBERGER, who has been associated with fascists like Manfred Zapp and George Sylvester Viereck, has just been elected to the Board of Directors of the New York Chamber of Commerce. When the German White Paper on Poland appeared, Strassberger financed its publication by ordering 17,000 copies. Last year he gave $500,000 to Vichy French relief organizations.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY is expelling members who do not buy war bonds and stamps. An Oregon Communist was the first to go under this ruling.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM D. BARRY of Queens County, New York, is adept at working both sides of the street. He is so open an appeaser that he said not long before Pearl Harbor. "Not only can we trade with Hitler but we can make a nice profit doing it." But he also attended the Free World dinner of a month ago. Although all the speakers and most of the guests were Barry's political enemies, the Queens isolationist applauded every speech and said that he thought the Free World group was doing "a great job."

AN EXPLANATION now current in Washington of the discrepancy between the Bridges and Browder cases is that the President knew weeks ago that Biddle intended to deport Bridges but for reasons best known to himself decided not to interfere. In order at least to even the scales he freed Browder.

HENRY FORD will testify in favor of a new federal prohibition law before the Senate on June 22. Ford and others who will appear have been invited by Senators Bilbo, Capper, and O'Daniel. . . . The source of a good deal of the present anti-liquor agitation is said to be the International Temperance Union, whose headquarters are in Switzerland. Robert Herrod, a Swiss Nazi, is head of the organization, and much of the material in prohibition literature now circulating is drawn from books and articles by him.

THE NEW YORK *POST* has stopped demanding that the Senate investigate its charges that Senator David I. Walsh frequented a low dive in Brooklyn that was a hangout for Nazi agents. . . . A Washington grand jury has stopped its examination of evidence on Hamilton Fish's alleged connections with Nazi agents, for no publicly stated reasons.

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in May goes to Leo Bogart of 1438 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the items from German broadcasts published May 16.*]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

America's Task in Asia

AMERICA IN THE NEW PACIFIC. By George E. Taylor. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

BECAUSE the United States assiduously exported to the Far East ideas, ideals, and standards which were utterly antagonistic to Japan's ideas and way of life, this country is now forced to fight a war for survival and for the future ideological domination of a reawakening Asia. That, in brief, is the central argument and inspiration for "America in the New Pacific," an arresting and penetrating study of our conflict with Japan, the causes of that conflict, and some of the tremendous issues which will have to be faced when we have won the war.

Mr. Taylor spent two years in the Far East, largely in Japan, North China, and Manchuria, and besides traveling widely gained a valuable background by teaching in several Chinese universities. His, therefore, is not one of the catch-as-catch-can assessments of the problem of the Orient but a thoughtful study based upon real information and valuable contacts.

This is not one of the too plentiful "my country, right or wrong" books. In fact, the author frankly states that Americans are entitled to a bad conscience because they failed to act decisively before Japan had reduced millions of Chinese to death and starvation, before the Japanese Empire developed an industrial base in Manchuria, and "before it threw the subject peoples of Southeast Asia into a bloody and devastating war."

Mr. Taylor holds that we could not properly plead ignorance concerning Japan's methods and intentions. Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, and China told the tale with shocking clarity, he says, and he charges Japan's militarists with smashing political parties, destroying trade unions, steadily reducing the standard of living at home in order to purchase munitions abroad. Such people, he says, can hardly be expected to spread prosperity, education, social reform, and free competition in the lands they overrun.

Ultimate conflict between the United States and Japan was inevitable, the book declares, because this country exported a belief in the possibility of the rising standard of living, the assumption that all men should have freedom to use the raw materials of the world to acquire wealth, and the conviction that freedom of enterprise jointly benefits the individual and the state. American policy, it is contended, was in the main based upon the theory that this country's safety and prosperity would be enhanced as more and more peoples of the Far East became westernized in thought and ways under free political institutions.

Britain's present desperate plight as an imperial and colonial power is shrewdly assayed. Mr. Taylor declares that the British have taken with them to their colonies the weapons for their own eventual defeat—the ideas of law, of nationalism, and of political democracy. Even if Britain yields to native demands only under pressure, such yielding, he argues, is vastly better than what subject peoples could expect from Japan. Would Nehru have been left alive by Japanese rulers, he asks? Does Japan introduce education which cultivates "dangerous thoughts"? And then he points out with devastating sarcasm that there is a vast difference between forcing health and sanitary measures upon subject peoples and forcing them to buy opium and use narcotics.

Going back to historical beginnings, the author says that we in 1942 are now called upon to complete a struggle for place, power, and prestige in the Far East which we began in 1853 when we forced the opening of Japan. Nearly a century ago, seeking to anticipate the British, we forced Japan to abandon its long isolation. At that time we sought coaling stations and naval bases to insure the safety of our trade route to China. Today, he says, we are fighting Japan for the leadership of Asia—"the highest stakes man has ever conceived—the future of Asia and all its people." We are fighting, we are told, to prevent the "predatory monopoly state of Japan from conquering the raw materials and harnessing the labor power of Asia for further conquests."

The point is well made that the Asiatic peoples already dominated by Japan, as well as those subject to Britain, Holland, and France, look to this country for leaders and champions in their fight for freedom or autonomy. The following excerpts from Mr. Taylor's book are of extreme significance:

> It would be quite possible to fight and win the war without the assistance and even with the sullen opposition of the people of Asia. The other choice is to enlist, so far as possible, the good-will and cooperation of Asiatic peoples against Japan, to pay the price that will be demanded, and, if necessary, to compel our allies to do the same. . . .
>
> The British and Dutch empires can accept change forced upon them, but they have too much imperial history to lead a movement which can organize and vitalize the peoples of Asia who are threatened by Japan. They can follow, if it is clear they must. . . . They will not accept American solutions of the problems of Asia with a genial glow of good-will, but they will modify their imperial position if they have to.

Japan's war aims are analyzed with skill and insight. The author declares that according to the Japanese formula the "emancipation of the yellow race" means in essence stamping out all traces of the Americanization of education in the Orient, all traces of European liberalism, and all traces of Soviet communism. American forms of government and law must be outlawed, as must Christianity, labor legislation, civil liberties, and the eventual emancipation of women. The Japanese state is defined as a combination of political and economic monopoly, which is compelled to eliminate all competing ideas and to crush all intellectual movements threatening its stability at home or its conquests abroad.

"America in the New Pacific" might well be prescribed as "must" reading for all those who believe that a compromise peace with Japan is now or ever will be possible. It is a book which ably exposes our past errors of policy and with equal ability expounds some of the obligations with which we are almost certain to be saddled when we have won the war.

HALLETT ABEND

A Favorable Balance

NEW POEMS: 1942. AN ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Oscar Williams. Peter Pauper Press. $3.

THE second of Mr. Williams's anthologies may be a little better than the first, published last year as "New Poems: 1940," though I cannot find anything in the new one that strikes me as quite up to Empson's Missing Dates, which seems to me a poem in a lifetime. But comparison of the two collections is not profitable. What, rather, is the merit of this book, and what purpose does it serve? Does it make current enough good poetry to justify it? I think that it does. I do not like anthologies, but I like anthologies better than nothing. For this is an age in which they are peculiarly valuable: books by young poets, and some books by older poets, do not sell. It is a difficulty easy to take advantage of, and we must be suspicious of new anthologists. Last year I was suspicious of Mr. Williams. Now I am convinced of his disinterested purposes, as I think anyone must be who has read his Introduction to "New Poems: 1942."

It is something at any rate to have given us, in the midst of the greatest war, eight or ten very fine poems. At the Grave of Henry James is the best Auden, though it is a little stuffed in places. Jarrell's 90 North and Shapiro's Scyros ought to prove to the most obdurate that we have at least two young poets—both are under thirty—who could have more than held their own back in the twenties, which are now referred to as the good old days of poetry. Blackmur's Missa Vocis is very Yeatsian, more than it needs to be, but it remains a very good poem. I miss here Warren's Terror, which must have been available—it is Warren's best poem—yet the four pieces representing this poet are among his best and ought to remind us of the injustice which has kept his reputation somewhat private. Miss Rukeyser's Ajanta, a poem based upon a Hindu myth, I admire greatly: it has a close texture and controlled rhythms; and the poetry is all *in* the poem, not three-fourths of it participating merely by allusion to some field of Miss Rukeyser's sympathies, like the proletariat or airplanes. (I confess that Miss Rukeyser's poetry has hitherto bored me.) W. R. Rodgers's End of a World is interesting, but beyond the fact that it is a war poem I do not know what it is; I like it line by line, but having read it four times without being able to remember anything in it, I begin to suspect that the fault is not wholly mine.

The poems by Jarrell, Shapiro, and Rodgers are all war poems. There are other war poems which I shall not cite, but I shall cite two more, making four (counting Rodgers out), very brilliant examples of war verse. One of the best poems of this war was written in 1932, The Return, by John Peale Bishop; it has been published many times, but I think that Mr. Williams is right in claiming it as new. It is one of the leading poems of our time. Horace Gregory's Voices of Heroes has a very good chance to survive as the best poem by an American which has been directly prompted by this war. It is nonsense to complain that we are not getting good war poetry. Unless my memory betrays me, it is better than the poetry of the last war. Its range is greater; it takes in more of the total human experience; there is now much less of think-only-this-of-me, and a more intelligent awareness that war poetry ought to be poetry, not merely complaint.

Not all the verse in this book is good, or even good enough to be in it; much of it is the price we've had to pay for Auden's best, which, imitated, sounds like his worst. I have singled out some of the good things in order to correct a balance in favor of the poets, who are good enough today for any age. In times of peace the industrialists, the bankers, and the statesmen get credit for "civilization"; in time of war the imaginative writer gets credit for its fall. This hollow and possibly ominous nonsense will prevail for a while, but unless Mr. Williams wished to convict Mr. MacLeish of special pleading in connection with the Proust-caused-the-fall-of-France theory, I can see no reason for the presence of MacLeish's The Spanish Dead in this book. It is the worst poem in it; it is hortatory, insipid, and unfinished. Let us, in kindness to MacLeish, hold the belief that although the poets are not irresponsible, his own verse has gone sour for a while.

There is good new work by Stevens (not his best), by Spender and Thomas and Spencer, but not, alas, by Schwartz and MacNeice. Three new women poets will bear watching: Jean Garrigue, Gene Derwood, and Ruth Herschberger. I hope that Mr. Williams will do this job again.

ALLEN TATE

History of Canada

A SHORT HISTORY OF CANADA FOR AMERICANS. By Alfred Leroy Burt. University of Minnesota Press. $3.

WHY do historians write histories—to trace the causes of contemporary unheavals back to their sources in previous generations, or merely to tell the story of the past? If the first answer is correct, then Dr. A. L. Burt's latest book on Canada, "A Short History of Canada for Americans," is a notable failure, but if the second answer is correct it is a notable success. Dr. Burt is a native Canadian who is now professor of history at the University of Minnesota. He tells the story of Canada's origin and growth in lucid and readable prose. Much that he has to say about Canada's part in the American Revolution and the War of 1812 will be new to his American public; all of it will be interesting.

But how does it happen that Canada, which has been close to the American New Deal for ten years, is the least progressive of all the English-speaking nations? This is no rhetorical question. It is a factual one which people who write books about Canada ought to get their teeth into. It is a question which should intrigue historians, because Canada was once the most liberal of countries. Its western provinces pioneered in workmen's compensation, in mother's allowances, in social services. But a blight descended upon our social consciousness; radicalism became conservativism. Something has happened to Canada, and the something is not good.

Even to begin to discuss Canada's retrogression in a book review is impossible. The best I can do is to mention several of Dr. Burt's rather glaring omissions. The first is the great Winnipeg general strike of 1919. This strike was broken, but during its six weeks it was one of the solidest and wildest ever staged. In it was the culmination of the ideological war which had raged in the organized labor movement for a decade. It was the war between craft and industrial unionism which in the United States led to the Congress of Industrial Organizations. In Canada it led to the One Big Union. After the failure of the Winnipeg strike the O. B. U. was beaten, and the craft unions triumphed.

Until the strike unionism was on the march. After the strike it went into a decline from which it is only now emerging. The hatreds spawned by the strike still flourish in Canada. Even today an Ontario industrial or mining magnate will froth at the mouth at the mere mention of unionism or the C. I. O. The labor movement is still hopelessly divided and will probably remain that way until its present leaders die.

There is no mention anywhere in this book of these important facts. Neither is there any mention of the American industrialization of Canada. Gustavus Myers's monumental study, "History of Canadian Wealth," is missing from the bibliography. We recommend it to Dr. Burt and to all other writers of books on Canada.

JAMES H. GRAY

Orphans of the Western Star

THE WIND BLEW FROM THE EAST: A STUDY IN THE ORIENTATION OF AMERICAN CULTURE. By Ferner Nuhn. Harper and Brothers. $3.

BOOKS about every conceivable aspect of American life and culture have been coming out thick and fast these last few years, but their common fault is that they are mostly written out of the war-time impulse to inflate the national ego. The business of journalists is to cash in on emergencies, and nowadays the American subject matter is yielding high dividends. Happily, it can be said of Ferner Nuhn's volume that its quality is altogether of a finer sort. As a critical effort it has scale, and sufficient insight and seriousness to merit close scrutiny. The pieties that possess Mr. Nuhn run deep, and without speaking at the moment of what he finally makes of them, one can still say that he carries forward the search for America in the spirit of that vital company of native writers to whom the American character presented itself historically as a "fascinating" problem. The effects of this fascination, of this tall measure of devotion, are writ large in our critical literature. Most of the famous testaments of our cultural history owe to it their verve in undertaking successively fresh appraisals of the New World experience; it serves at once as their goad and their charm. Its operation is everywhere manifest in such works as Emerson's "American Scholar," Whitman's "Democratic Vistas," James's biography of Hawthorne, Adams's "Education," the letters and essays of Randolph Bourne, and the passionate preachments of Van Wyck Brooks in the earlier period of his career, prior to his fall into the desperately amiable ancestor-worship of the "Flowering" and "Indian Summer."

Working under this spell, Mr. Nuhn's critical voice takes on the resonance of a close association with his antecedents. At the same time he is not unselective in his approach to the past. In his straight-out, one might say in his functional, loyalties he takes his stand almost exclusively with Emerson and Whitman—the true "votaries of the Western star." But in this first volume, which we are told is the opening part of a trilogy whose object is to fathom anew the American socio-cultural tradition, he is mainly concerned, after establishing a few basic definitions, with the fate of the New World spirit when it returns to the Old World inheritance, when it listens to the alluring "message of the East Wind"—the message of wealth, ease, and grace, aristocratic form and ancient status. To illustrate this side of what he calls the "two-way pull in American culture," or the East-versus-West argument, he chooses three men who, as against Emerson and Whitman, might well be named the orphans of the Western star: Henry James, Henry Adams, and T. S. Eliot. And Mr. Nuhn chooses them not simply because they went back—"to Mother England, Mother Church, and twelfth-century France"—but because he believes that we are still mystified as to precisely in what character they turned away from their native land. "There is a kind of enchantment," he writes, "about these pilgrimages, a witchery of the time and place dimensions."

What interests him in his three leading figures is, above all, the complex and contradictory psychology of their work. Mr. Nuhn's chief aptitude seems to be for psychological analysis of the historical and national meanings of literary art. His method receives its fullest elaboration in the chapter on James, which is easily the best in the book. Though by no means the most complete study of this novelist, it is in some respects the most far-reaching and brilliant, it seems to me, that has so far appeared: and that, in view of the very extensive critical comment on James that has become available in the past few decades, is saying a good deal. Mr. Nuhn is not dazzled by James's lustrous plumage of high civilization or by his pure-art ceremonials; nor does he permit his strongly "American" bias to push him into that systematic misunderstanding and denigration of James to which critics like Parrington and Brooks have been impelled—the former by a narrow sociological emphasis and the latter by an obscure and unhealthy emotion of nationalist self-inclosure. In this new estimate James retains his central position as an archetypal American character and as a very great artist; yet he is shown to be entangled in an "unbroken web of illusion," shown to be inhabiting an "enchanted kingdom" whose princes and princesses have the faculty of turning into wizards and witches. This insight is demonstrated with uncommon skill in the long commentary on "The Golden Bowl," which is here for once dissected in such a way as to expose the life within its encrusted artistry. The conclusion is that "as the bride of art James had torn the veil. . . . As the bride of life, however, he tended to leave the mystery all the more mysterious." This gives us a James all the better able to survive the test of time because he is not artificially purged of his contradictions, and one in whom a number of conflicting critical valuations are finally, though perhaps somewhat precariously, reconciled.

The analysis of Adams is almost equally good, though not nearly so definitive. He is pictured as a man torn between the Law of the Fathers and the Law of the Mothers, who at last found in the image of the Virgin a historical sanction for his ultimate choice. It is in the chapter on Eliot, however, that crucial weaknesses of argument and attitude come to light. The exegesis of "The Waste Land" adds very little to what other students have already discovered, while the approach to Eliot's work as a whole is distorted by a peculiar animosity which must be characterized as an inexcusable lapse not only from good taste but from justice. The point is that, despite all his strivings, Mr. Nuhn fails to place Eliot within his American perspective as securely as he places James and Adams, and this is perhaps one source of his animus. One can grant him his observation that Eliot dropped his New England–Middle Western heritage "too completely for nature or truth," but in itself this dark fact casts no shadow on the worth of his poems or on the validity of his aesthetic and metaphysical ideas. These must surely be probed on their own ground, which is that of the total modern problem and not of any special American revelation. Yet even so, Mr. Nuhn discloses a certain side of Eliot which has hitherto been but meagerly considered.

To my mind this book stands or falls by what it specifically contributes to our understanding of its three central "characters." For in so far as it attempts to work out a new synthesis, I cannot see where it succeeds. The last chapter, for instance, given over as it is to an all-inclusive discussion of the national scene and outlook, strikes me as oracular and Emersonian in the bad sense. But to judge Mr. Nuhn's position fairly, we must wait for the completion of his trilogy.

PHILIP RAHV

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Questions and Answers

THE UNFINISHED TASK: ECONOMIC RECONSTRUCTION FOR DEMOCRACY. By Lewis Corey. The Viking Press. $3.

THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS: A SOCIAL SURVEY. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THESE books are signs of the resilience of the human mind in the face of crisis, and of the courage with which men of thought, even at the cost of logical structures which they themselves have erected, seek new values when the old have failed them. Both Mr. Corey and Mr. Soule have had the fortitude to search for new intellectual foundations and to begin to build again.

"The Strength of Nations" is the less ambitious of the two books, because it only asks questions, but in a way it is the more radical, because the questions are devastating. Mr. Soule challenges the self-sufficiency of the compartmented scientific disciplines. His purpose is to blast away the priestly ritual by which scientists in any field, but particularly social scientists, have abstracted their dogma from the lore of mankind and from the continuity of energy, matter, and life. He feels that all forms of knowledge are interdependent, and that the sciences can and should be arranged in a progression, from the inorganic (chemistry, physics) through the organic (medicine, psychiatry) to the super-organic (economics, sociology). He suggests certain principles, such as the first and second law of thermodynamics, which apply to all sciences; but in practice his most fruitful comparisons bridge the gap between psychiatry and the social sciences.

Mr. Soule is a universalist trying to see life whole. He knows that each scientific discipline is an abstraction—by derivation a "drawing away from"; and he seeks to replace in the context from which they were taken those qualities which have been drawn away from the totality of life for specialized study. The results are stimulating but necessarily a little vague. Anyone is welcome to take up where Mr. Soule leaves off.

Mr. Corey is more ambitious; he tries to supply systematic answers at least in tentative form. He is less radical because he has tried to revise ingrown, compartmented economic theory from only one new frame of reference; but that new frame is so important that it has demanded of him the courage to change his entire point of view, and in particular to cast out much of the Marxist dogma in which he formerly believed. The value which he sets above all others is freedom. He is concerned with both political and economic freedom, with the freedom of groups as well as of individuals. Conversely, he hates all massive, centralized power, whether it occurs in the state or in industry. He feels that the vicious core of all dictatorships is that both political and economic power have come to rest in the hands of a single unchecked oligarchy. (For Mr. Soule it is complete emotional dependence on the father image.) The first principle of his program, therefore, is the separation of economic and political power.

This, however, is not the familiar conservative cry of hands off business. Corey has no intention of allowing business to continue on its own regressive way of monopoly, of enforced scarcity, of unemployment, and of cyclical depressions. His second principle is that a way must be devised to break monopoly power, to democratize industry, and to force it to produce continuously and abundantly. Now it is easy to develop the first principle without the second; this is the conservative program. It is also easy to develop the second principle without the first; this is the social-planning program, to which most progressives today adhere. The ambitious task which Corey has set himself is the systematic development of economic arrangements which will satisfy both. He wants full production without bureaucratic controls.

Corey, like almost every other economist not on the pay roll of a bank, agrees that our failure to reach and maintain full production is traceable to an unbalance between saving and investment. To correct this unbalance, one can either increase investment, which enhances the material well-being of the community, or decrease savings, which creates a maximum of stability at the expense of progress. Most progressives believe that we must stimulate new investment either by pressure on business or by direct government investment. Mr. Corey rules out the former by an elaborate and, to me, unconvincing demonstration of the inevitable diminishment of opportunities for new investment; and he denounces the latter on the ground that it leads to totalitarianism by combining economic and political power in the same hands.

He therefore searches for a means of reducing savings. It is regrettable, since he lays so much emphasis on this, that he has not undertaken a statistical analysis of the flow of all savings in the community; he is a master at that sort of investigation. Instead, he proposes arbitrarily to bar one group, the large monopoly corporations and their stockholders, from saving by transforming a thousand or so of these giants into public corporations. The sins of the monopolies are many, and I have no desire to defend them; but it seems to me that when Corey avowedly attacks them as excessive savers, he really is reacting against the unchecked and irresponsible power of their executives, which is another matter entirely and should be differently handled. Corey charges that by means of all the familiar devices the monopoly corporations make excessive profits, but he does not show that they have accumulated swollen balances of uninvested savings. It is true that he refers to the concentration of ownership, but if it is the stockholders who are doing much of the saving (as they are), then the problem is one of the economic behavior of wealthy individuals, which may be modified in ways other than those which Mr. Corey proposes. Furthermore, there is a basic contradiction in the analysis: it claims both that investment opportunities are falling and that the rate of profit is too high. This confusion infects details: for instance, on page 250 Corey states that monopolies need little if any new capital from the public, while on page 251 he charges them with piling up too many new capital claims.

Corey's ideal public corporation resembles the TVA. Small industry he wishes to leave alone. In the large corporations technical and managerial skills will be unleashed for full production with a minimum of interference from government or, for that matter, from labor. He provides a valuable attack on Burnham's notion that technical managerial dominance must lead to fascism. He would set goals of full production at low cost for management, and reward performance. He would allow enough profit to take care of replace-

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ment and expansion needs, but considers excessive profits as inefficient as losses. Whether the government would ever be repaid its capital investment, or even reimbursed for current interest, Corey does not say. It would be interesting to know if such charges could be met without making the public corporations behave very much like their private fellows.

And what is to prevent the managerial experts from juggling replacement reserves and maintenance charges, just as corporations now do, to obtain the desired fiscal results? Government supervision, perhaps? But would that not place ultimate power exactly where Corey does not want it? And thus would not Corey's program not only fail to improve politically upon that of the advocates of government investment, but actually be inferior to it economically? In the end the question of progressive economic arrangements in a democracy is not whether we should establish a strong central authority but simply whether such authority can be subjected to the control of the people. HAROLD STRAUSS

Mr. Jefferson

JEFFERSON. By Saul K. Padover. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: WORLD CITIZEN. By Senator Elbert D. Thomas. Modern Age Books. $2.75.

APRIL 13 of this year was the 199th anniversary of the birth of the most remarkable man this country has yet produced, and one of the most remarkable of any country. One "of the choice ones of the earth," Mrs. Abigail Adams called him. He was a statesman equal to our greatest; he was also a revolutionary, philosopher, philanthropist, agriculturalist, inventor, musician, architect, cultivated man of the world, and great democrat. "Too much in earnest in his democracy," said Alexander Hamilton, in a phrase which tells as much about its author as about Jefferson.

Senator Thomas quotes James Truslow Adams as saying that "without Hamilton the new nation might have disintegrated." That may be true, but it seems more certainly true that, as Mr. Adams goes on to say, "without Jefferson it would have lost its soul and that faith which has made it different from others." That faith is a belief in the rights of man based on confidence in the ordinary man. Jefferson's whole political philosophy was founded on a belief in the universal validity of the distinction between right and wrong—"I know of but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively." A generation which sees this principle challenged on a scale hitherto scarcely imagined may take heart from his comment on Bonaparte: had he "reflected that such is the moral construction of the world that no national crime passes unpunished in the long run, he would not now be in the cage of St. Helena."

Senator Thomas not only considers Jefferson the great antithesis of Machiavelli as a political philosopher; he compares him as a moral philosopher to Confucius. Certainly in their views on the supreme value of education they had much in common. But Jefferson had a firm belief in progress; and in this, as in his flexibility, his universality, and his intellectual curiosity, as well as in the philosophical balance and spiritual harmony remarked by Mr. Padover, "one of the few individuals who can compare with him . . . was his contemporary, the German poet Goethe." If he lacked Goethe's emotional depth and original creative genius, he equaled him in the qualities just mentioned and far surpassed him as a citizen and a man of action. And his simplicity of character was natural where Goethe's was perhaps achieved.

How truly extraordinary his simplicity was is best shown in the often-quoted epitaph which he composed for the small obelisk he wished placed over his grave at Monticello: "Here Was Buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." He was also Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and twice President of the United States; but it did not occur to Jefferson, philosopher and friend of mankind, to think of these opportunities for service as distinctions. "It seemed," wrote a French traveler, the Marquis de Chastellux, "as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he has done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe."

If neither Senator Thomas's nor Mr. Padover's book contains all of Jefferson, they complement each other admirably. The latter is a full-length biography of Jefferson the man, the former a series of topical studies of Jefferson the political and moral philosopher, by a political disciple. Senator Thomas is inclined to sermonize, and the total impression produced is thus one of paraphrase. Mr. Padover conveys a very clear picture of Jefferson as a person as he appeared in action. He makes a few rather one-sided historical assumptions—about the Monroe Doctrine, for example—and lays a good deal of emphasis on timely parallels. Both books lack the distinction of style which their subject deserves. Mr. Padover sometimes lapses into colloquialisms and journalese. Senator Thomas's style is tinged with what Byron, a contemporary of Jefferson's later years, called "enthusiasm." Nevertheless, both books are interesting and important reading for these critical times. Together they reveal a great man who lived through eighty-three years of one of the most critical periods in history and never lost faith in the triumph of democracy. "It is part of the American character," he once wrote his daughter, "to consider nothing as desperate, to surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance."

JAMES ORRICK

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IN BRIEF

THE UNVANQUISHED. By Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

The unvanquished of Mr. Fast's latest novel are the American Revolutionary army and its commander-in-chief, and if it is a far cry from the lifeless Father of His Country on which most of us were brought up to Mr. Fast's troubled and humble Virginia foxhunter, we are all the more moved by the new portrait. Mr. Fast has wisely limited his narrative to the awful period between the defense of Brooklyn Heights and the march on Trenton, and he gives us a Washington unequal in everything but spirit to the burden that was put upon him, a leader who, for instance, comforted himself through a sleepless night by feeling for the familiar pockmarks on his face. Mr. Fast's book is full of happy touches, and without implying any disparagement of a mature and well-documented novel, one finds in it something of the refreshing quality of a talented child's painting.

MUD ON THE STARS. By William Bradford Huie. L. B. Fischer. $2.75.

This is an accurate, disturbing social-political document of the South. Garth Lafavor comes from an old Alabama family which has fought in every generation for what it considers the American way of life. The present-day Garth sets out to find a present-day American way for which he too can fight, and in the course of his education brushes up against the extremes of social and economic struggle—race violence and union gangsterism, black reaction and ruthless radicalism. Fighting the TVA, which inundates his family lands, he learns that the government has to desert the few for the many; when he becomes a newspaperman in Birmingham and what he himself calls a "fascist whelp," he discovers that he has helped lynch two of his own Communist friends. At the end, with America at war, Garth has joined the army, pledged to destroy the enemies of democracy wherever he finds them. Mr. Huie calls his book a novel and insists in a preface that it is not autobiographical, but he supplies us with a dust-jacket sketch of his own life which corresponds with the life of his protagonist far too closely for comfort. Garth Lafavor's history is certainly not the less frightening for being familiar, nor is his final regeneration the more reassuring because what precedes it is told with disarming honesty: one wonders how far a person bred in prejudice and temperamentally so mercurial can be trusted even though he has confessed his sins and joined one's own team!

Drama Note

RAY BOLGER appears to have the time of his life as the warrior's husband in "By Jupiter" (Shubert Theater). The double meanings in the play about the Amazons and the Greeks, about Hercules and Diana, become triple when Mr. Bolger minces across the stage. (Needless to say one of the lines is "Boy meets girdle.") His light feet, faun face, insinuating—and wonderfully deft—movements, and his pretty costumes make the allusion complete. The Amazons who support him are good providers, particularly the blonde queen, Hippolyta (Benay Venuta) and her sister, Antiope, another smaller blonde (Constance Moore) who is shapely and has a very sweet voice. The invading Greeks are so handsome that they look like musical-comedy characters—except for Hercules and Homer, who are slapstick. Bolger himself drops into slapstick occasionally, but on the whole he carries off the much more difficult feat of balancing precariously on the edge of it.

Bolger's performance and the plot give zest and shape to what is in other respects a well-mounted musical hit designed by professionals who know what the summer trade demands in legs, leers, and lyrics. The tunes are pleasant, though none of them get caught in one's head. The funny lyrics are not quite clever enough; the best song in the show is the rather old-fashioned "Nobody's Heart Belongs to Me."

M. M.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Your Legal and Business Matters and How to Take Care of Them. By Henry E. Ashmun. John Day. $1.75.

The Background of Our War: From Lectures Prepared by the Orientation Course, War Department, Bureau of Public Relations. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

Strategy for Victory. By Hanson W. Baldwin. Norton. $1.75.

Selected Works of Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar and Rinehart. 2 volumes. $5.

Confound the Wise. By Nicolas Calas. Arrow Editions. $3.

Stanford Studies in Language and Literature, 1941. Edited by Hardin Craig. Stanford University Press.

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▪ Originally planned as a limited edition book for subscribers at $10 a copy, RAGE IN SINGAPORE is being made available to the public at $3.00.

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A Letter to Kagawa: Address, Tokyo, Japan. By John Haynes Holmes. Community Church. 10 cents.

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Russia's Fighting Forces. By Sergei N. Kournakoff. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

How You Can Make Democracy Work. By Eugene T. Lies. Association Press. $1.75.

Iowa: Public Land Disposal. By Roscoe L. Lokken. State Historical Society of Iowa. $3.

Glimpses of World History. By Jawaharlal Nehru. John Day. $4.

Overseas America: Our Territorial Outposts. By Charles F. Reid. Foreign Policy Association. 25 cents.

The Price of Free World Victory. By Henry A. Wallace. Fischer. 75 cents.

The Future of Government in the United States: Essays in Honor of Charles E. Merriam. Edited by Leonard D. White. Chicago. $3.50.

MUSIC

NEW YORK'S Metropolitan Museum of Art put on a special show of Rembrandt's paintings and etchings during the past winter; and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, which has the same function in relation to music as the Metropolitan has to the plastic arts, put on a special six-concert show of Beethoven's nine symphonies, his Missa Solemnis, several of his overtures, and the Triple Concerto. Since a piece of music, unlike a painting, must be ever newly created as a form in living sound, the special character of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Beethoven show consisted partly in its choice of Toscanini to create the forms of Beethoven's works for the six concerts. And the choice was justified by the plastic beauty, the emotional significance and power of the forms he produced.

Though the concerts were interesting primarily for their presentations of Beethoven's works, they were interesting incidentally for other things. Involved in the presentations was the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, to which, in the ten or more seasons that he had conducted it, Toscanini had given a discipline, a sound, a style as distinctive as those of the Philadelphia Orchestra when conducted by Stokowski, or of the Boston Symphony when conducted by Koussevitzky. This discipline, sound, and style had departed from the orchestra when he had departed in 1936; and it was interesting to note their return with him at these Beethoven concerts. One would have supposed they had returned only after laborious inch-by-inch rehearsal; but actually nothing at the concerts was more breath-taking than what happened at the first moments of the first rehearsal, when Toscanini, with no preliminaries, simply began to conduct the orchestra for the first time after six years, and the orchestra began at once to play as though the interval had been only one day—when, that is, he began to convey his wishes through those largely moulding movements of the right arm, those subtly inflecting movements of the left hand, and the orchestra began to produce the razor-edge attacks, the radiant and beautifully shaped sonorities, the sharply contoured phrases, the transparent textures of balanced woodwinds or strings which those movements had elicited in April, 1936. For minutes at a time he continued to conduct and the orchestra continued to play in this way; only after such long stretches were there halts to go back and correct an imperfect balance, an unprecise rhythm, a wrong accent at one point, or work out the contour of a phrase at another; and at the end of one early rehearsal he turned to the finale of the First Symphony and, leading the orchestra through it without interruption, produced the performance of six or seven years ago in all its marvelously perfected detail.

The explanation of this is to be found partly—but only partly—in the fact that Toscanini carries the specific gifts for conducting—the ear for orchestral precision and sonority, the personal force and technique with which to achieve what the ear demands—to the point of sheer virtuosity to which they are carried by only two other men, Stokowski and Koussevitzky; that at these rehearsals he was dealing with an orchestra which he had in ten years made as phenomenally sensitized to his direction as the Philadelphia to Stokowski's, the Boston Symphony to Koussevitzky's—so sensitized as to be able to respond again to this direction after an interval of six years; and that he was conducting this orchestra in works which they had rehearsed and performed together a number of times. But the explanation is to be found also in the nature of Toscanini's musical conceptions—ths unfailing plastic continuity and coherence of the shapes he creates in sound moving in time. In such a progression the timing and force of one sound implies the timing and force of the next almost irresistibly; and it is the power of these implications, causing the many players in the orchestra to produce the next sound at the same point in time and with the right weight and color, that is partly responsible for the remarkable precision in Toscanini's performances, the extraordinary things the New York Philharmonic did at the first rehearsal.

Toscanini's feeling for the time element in the musical sound-time continuum is extraordinary; and its manifestations—in the choice of a tempo, in its subtle inflection, in its distention with increasing tension in the music, in the maintenance of proportion between successive tempos—are among the most distinctive characteristics of his performances. One hears, in the Missa Solemnis, the rightness of the pace of the Benedictus for the blessedness which the music is concerned with, and looking at the score one discovers that the pace is exactly the *Andante molto cantabile e non troppo mosso* which Beethoven prescribes; but Toscanini did not get his pace from this direction—he heard it in the music: with the same printed direction, but with not the same musical discernment, Koussevitzky causes the Benedictus to move at an *Andante* so *troppo mosso* as to be an *Allegretto.* Nor is it Beethoven's directions for the various parts of the Gloria or the Credo that give Toscanini the mutually related tempos which bind the parts into a continuous, coherent progression: with the same directions Koussevitzky produces awkward discontinuities. Again, though it is Beethoven who gives only one direction for the entire second movement of the Seventh Symphony, the entire Funeral March of the "Eroica," it is the necessities of Toscanini's own understanding of the music that cause him alone to establish a single unifying tempo for the various sections of the movement. And with no directions at all from Beethoven it is such necessities that produce the subtle inflection of this single tempo, the distentions that build up the fugato section of the Funeral March to a climax of shattering power.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Sprung Rhythm Defined

Dear Sirs: I have just had the pleasure of reading Mr. Guérard's letter to you on the subject of sprung rhythm (in *The Nation* for April 25), and in spite of a conviction that these matters should properly be conducted through private rather than public correspondence I would like to point out that in all my remarks on the subject of the use of sprung rhythm by poets since the year 1930 I had in mind the following definition:

"Sprung rhythm is the most natural of all things. For (1) it is the rhythm of common speech and of written prose, when rhythm is perceived in them. (2) It is the rhythm of all but the most monotonously regular music, so that in the words of choruses and refrains and in songs written closely to music it arises. (3) It is found in nursery rhymes, weather saws, and so on; because, however these may have been once made in running rhythm, the terminations having dropped off by the change of language, the stresses come together and so the rhythm is sprung. (4) It arises in common verse when reversed or counterpointed, for the same reason."

This definition I take from the Author's Preface to the "Poems" of Gerard Manley Hopkins, edited by Robert Bridges and pretty scandalously edited at that. GEORGE BARKER

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5

A Pacific Charter Needed

Dear Sirs: The war in Europe is still desperately critical but is not going too badly for our side. The war in Asia, on the other hand, is still a nearly unbroken series of defeats and retreats. One reason is that the people of the conquered countries of Europe hate Nazi rule, refuse in general to collaborate, and sometimes fight their Nazi conquerors by sabotage and guerrilla warfare. But in Asia, except in the Philippines, that is not the case. The native populations of the Dutch East Indies, Burma, Malaya, and India regard conquest by the Axis as merely an exchange of masters, despite the genuine advances in self-government which they have made in recent years.

The Filipinos fought with us like tigers because they had already been given a great degree of self-government and were promised complete freedom, and because they clearly believed that our promises would be carried out. But the colonial inhabitants of other territories governed by some of the United Nations had no such reason for fighting.

To give assurance to the people of Asia that we are fighting for freedom and democracy there as elsewhere, President Roosevelt should call a conference of the United Nations which are most nearly concerned with the war in the Far East to promulgate a Pacific Charter similar to the Atlantic Charter.

When Churchill specifically stated, apparently without consulting President Roosevelt, that the Atlantic Charter did not apply to the Far East or to India, he dealt a severe blow to the morale of the native peoples in that region. A Pacific Charter of freedom for all colonial peoples, issued by a Pacific conference of the United Nations, would go far toward remedying this mistake. It is not too much to say that such a Pacific Charter is necessary to give full meaning and universality to Vice-President Wallace's noble pronouncement that this war is one to advance and safeguard the "revolution of the common man."

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

New York, June 3

Two Kinds of Consul

Dear Sirs: The article and letters about American consuls abroad printed in your magazine recently were to me very interesting. About 1890 I was a seaman on a Philadelphia barkentine loaded with shooks for a Cuban port, from which we would bring molasses back to Boston. I was the seaman told off to sail the old man ashore when he went for his mail. His reception at the American consul's office was, "I ain't your postmaster! Go to the post office for your mail." After that, even a mellowing day at the American Hotel with his shipmaster cronies didn't smooth the captain out, and that afternoon on the way back to the ship he told me the story. The vessel was the barkentine E. J. McManamee, Captain Philpotts.

About two years later I was in a Boston bark—this time as second mate—loaded with lumber from Mobile, Alabama, to Sierra Leone, on the West Coast of Africa. We arrived on a Saturday afternoon and anchored only a stone's throw from shore. There's a swift current, and by the time we got two anchors down and sails stowed it was late. Next morning, Sunday, the first flag flying ashore was the Stars and Stripes, high, wide, and handsome, and around eight o'clock the American consul came off with our mail and to offer the facilities of his office to the captain. We were there a month, and the consul did everything possible to make our stay interesting. That consul was a Negro, Colonel Bouchier. As I remember, he had been an officer in a Negro regiment during the Civil War.

HENRY CHEQUER

Kingston, N. H., June 2

Correction

Dear Sirs: In your March 14 issue there appeared a full-page advertisement signed by "Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder." This advertisement set forth as sponsors of the "Free Browder movement," among others, "Dr. Bella V. Dodd, legislative representative, American Federation of Teachers, Local 5." Similar advertisements appeared in a number of daily papers throughout the United States at about the same time.

As counsel for the American Federation of Teachers, I have been directed to call your attention to and to protest against the unwarranted and wholly false impression that was given by this advertisement in the following particular: that the Teachers' Union of the City of New York, formerly Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers, is still associated with the latter organization.

The fact is that through a long series of inter-union proceedings, all of which were the subject of much publicity in the city of New York, the charter of the Teachers' Union of the city of New York, formerly Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers, was revoked. This revocation was, in the first instance, recommended by the Executive Council at its meeting in Chicago held February 15, 1941, and on following days, and thereafter voted on affirmatively in a national referendum of the entire membership of the American Federation of Teachers. Revocation of

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the charter was then conclusively affirmed by action of the National Convention of the American Federation of Teachers held at Detroit in August. Each and every one of these steps received thorough publicity.

Under these circumstances it is regrettable that your organ should permit its pages to be used to create a false impression that the New York Teachers' Union still has a charter in the American Federation of Teachers.

Lest any misunderstanding arise, we wish to state emphatically that the American Federation of Teachers has taken no stand either for or against the release of Mr. Browder, and does not hereby intend any reflection upon the action of the President in paroling him.

JOHN LIGTENBERG, Attorney for
American Federation of Teachers

Chicago, June 4

Fourth Freedom at Nassau

Dear Sirs: The report that workers on the American air base at Nassau in the Bahama Islands have rioted in connection with their strike for decent wages instead of the beggarly 81 cents a day which they are now being paid is highly disquieting, for it indicates a complete disregard for at least one of President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms on the part of the employer.

The President demanded, among other things, freedom from want for everyone throughout the world. So far as this is a war for the Four Freedoms—and I in common with many others feel that it is—the strikers in Nassau are fighting our war, because 81 cents a day does not give anyone genuine freedom from want.

We cannot fairly place the responsibility on the British government. The American government directly or indirectly is the employer on those air bases, since we have leased them and are constructing them.

FRANK R. CROSSWAITH,
Chairman, Negro Labor Committee

New York, June 5

The Army and "The Nation"

Dear Sirs: A psychiatrist for the army induction post of Fort Jay upon seeing a copy of *The Nation* under my arm remarked, "I see you read *The Nation.* You'll get over such pseudo-liberalism after you've been in the army a while."

PRIVATE H. G. F.

Harding Field, La., June 2

A Sensible Article

Dear Sirs: John Cunningham Sparks's article entitled We Must Pay as We Go in *The Nation* for June 6 was the most sensible article on war finance that I have seen anywhere. I hope he will write for you often, and that you will urge his recommendations in your editorials.

GEORGE R. WALKER

Boston, Mass., June 6

CONTRIBUTORS

LEIGH WHITE drove an ambulance in Spain during the civil war and acted as a translator for the Loyalist government. After the war he served as foreign correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System. While escaping from Yugoslavia into Greece he was seriously wounded in a train that was machine-gunned by Nazi fliers.

WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK is best known for his novel "The Ox-Bow Incident," a Reader's Club selection which received high critical praise. He has also written a number of short stories.

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HAROLD STRAUSS has written a number of articles for *The Nation* on economic and social planning.

JAMES ORRICK is a frequent contributor of book reviews to *The Nation.*

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The Shape of Things

MIDSUMMER IS AT HAND BUT IN RUSSIA THE battle lines remain much as they were at the end of the winter. The only appreciable Nazi success has been the recapture of Kerch, which cannot easily be exploited as a stepping stone to the Caucasus until Sevastapol is also taken. That, however, is a very tough nut and while the present desperate and costly German attacks may eventually crack it the Red Army is bent on exacting the highest possible price. Elsewhere in Russia there is intense but localized fighting with a second Nazi thrust in the Kharkov region producing many German claims but so far no concrete results. Up to date, it would appear, Hitler has not yet decided to commit his full reserves to an all-out offensive in the east. Part of them, at least, are still available for use in western Europe should the second front develop from a threat to a fact. Meanwhile the Axis is struggling hard to build its own second front in the Middle East. The battle for Tobruk is still inconclusive but General Rommel has retained the offensive and has forced the evacuation of the two anchors of the British line, El Gazala on the coast and Bir Hacheim in the desert—a name that will live because of the magnificent resistance there of the free, and fighting, French. As we write, a great battle is going on in the Mediterranean between a powerful British convoy and Axis air forces. While Rome claims tremendous successes, which are almost certainly exaggerated, no word can be expected from the British until the ships reach their destination. However, the dispatch of a large convoy by this dangerous route suggests anxiety about the position in the Middle East.

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THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF ATTU AND possibly others of the western Aleutian Islands does not appear to create an immediate or serious threat to the main American base at Dutch Harbor. But if the United Nations were to launch a drive against the Japanese from the North, airplanes, troops, and supplies would have to be moved along or near the island chain. This could not be done safely as long as the Japanese possess outposts anywhere in the Aleutians. A strong Japanese base on Attu would be particularly valuable to the enemy in the event of a war between Japan and the Soviet Union, since it would enable the Nipponese to outflank the Soviet positions of the Kamchatka Peninsula and hinder American aid from getting through to Siberia. However the immediate Japanese objective is, almost certainly, the knocking out of our base at Dutch Harbor which they regard as a potential menace to Japan itself. The latest advices suggest that their forces in the northern Pacific are quite large, but our army and navy flyers are not allowing them the leisure to settle down and establish bases which could be used as stepping stones for a further advance eastward. One enemy cruiser has already been sunk and a number of other vessels severely damaged, including an aircraft carrier.

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NOT CONTENT WITH REVENGING HEYDRICH by shooting hundreds of "suspects" the Nazis have added a new and horrifying page to their barbarous record by wiping out a whole Czech township. This is not, alas, an unsubstantiated atrocity story but a deed officially announced by the Berlin radio. Investigation had shown, it declared, that the assassins of Heydrich had been given shelter and assistance in the town of Lidice, and for this and other "crimes" all adult males were shot, the women sent to concentration camps, the children removed to "appropriate educational institutions," and the town levelled to the ground. This new peak in Nazi frightfulness has led to a widespread demand for reprisals. Major George Fielding Eliot has suggested that a list of ten German villages of similar size should be drawn up and announcement made by the United Nations that one of these villages would be destroyed from the air during a certain week. This would give away no military secrets and would put on the German government responsibility for removing women and children. Ingenious as this scheme is we doubt if it would save many victims of the Gestapo and we shrink from imitating the Nazi policy of vicarious atonement. We are more favorably inclined to a proposal made by Gaetano Salvemini, who will elaborate it in a forthcoming article—a proposal for a solemn compact between the members of the United Nations agreeing to hold individually responsible for Nazi crimes the whole Nazi party hierarchy, the German generals, and the high civil servants, diplomats, and other leading officials. Let it be publicly and continuously announced that for every Nazi execution one of these men will forfeit his life at the end of the war. Such a policy might save some innocent lives now and ward off an eventual undiscriminating and bloody revenge on the German people as a whole.

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THE POLICY OF APPEASING VICHY WHICH was shelved for a few weeks after Laval returned to power is now being dusted off for a new trial. Shipments of fuel-oil, food, and clothing to French North Africa are being resumed, and the State Department is said to be satisfied that this operation can be "insulated from Europe." It is a little difficult to see how this is to be achieved since many reliable observers have reported a steady flow of food products from North Africa to France and the regular requisition of the bulk of such shipments by the Nazis. However, the State Department is ready to overlook this fact, just as it is ready to overlook Laval's mobilization of French industry for the benefit of the Nazis, so long as Vichy doesn't translate collaboration into terms of overt military aid to the Axis. In his first public interview after his return from France Ambassador Leahy defended this policy of clinging to Vichy in an amazing series of contradictory statements. Admitting that the French people were practically unanimously anti-Axis, he declared that the only way of maintaining our traditional friendship with them was through the agency of the French government. By maintaining diplomatic relations, he said, it was possible "to assist the French people in keeping alive their hope for eventual deliverance from their oppressors." How this hope is to be fostered by giving moral and physical support to a government which notoriously takes its orders from the same oppressors, Admiral Leahy did not explain. As he stressed his "high personal regard" for Pétain it may be that he, and the State Department, are still clinging to the belief that the aged marshal retains some power of independent action. This is a difficult theory to defend in view of Pétain's recent declaration of complete confidence in Laval.

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A SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF MANPOWER—which is inevitable in total warfare—is already weakening Germany's war capacity, according to a pamphlet written by Fritz Sternberg and published by the Brookings Institution. Mr. Sternberg estimates that at least one-half of Germany's most productive manpower has been drafted into the army. During the first two years of the war, Germany was able to make up the deficiency by drawing upon women workers, foreign labor, and war prisoners. But today, with considerably more men under arms than in 1940 or 1941, such replacement has become impossible. Efforts to enlist men over 65 years of age and to draw on married women have yielded negligible results. Despite a vigorous campaign to attract workers from occupied Europe, estimates indicate an increase of only 400,000 such workers in the past year. Although Germany may have several million war prisoners, it has hesitated to make any use of the Russian prisoners in industry for fear of sabotage. In any case Mr. Sternberg believes that it will be quite impossible to close the gap created by the withdrawal of five million men for military service this year. Under these circumstances he considers a further increase in Germany's output of war materials

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out of the question and predicts a substantial reduction, possibly of 15 to 30 per cent. Such a reduction will not, however, seriously affect Germany's striking power in 1942. It can be expected to deal its heaviest blows this year. If the United Nations can withstand these blows and impose further heavy losses on the Reich, Germany's inferiority in manpower may prove a decisive factor.

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CHILE'S STAND AGAINST THE AXIS HAS BEEN strengthened by three recent events: the entry of Mexico into the war, the protest of the Argentine government on the torpedoing of the Victoria, and the punishment inflicted by our navy on the Japanese fleet. Any anti-Axis move, however timid, by Argentina reduces the danger of totalitarian intrigues from Buenos Aires against the Chilean government, while the Pacific battle has considerably lessened the fear of many Chileans of the eventual bombardment of its long coast by Japan. Consequently Chile now feels better able to follow its natural pro-democratic inclinations. The political revival there is having the double effect of increasing the repression of domestic and foreign fascist activities and of enlarging the zone of public opinion in favor of a break with the Axis. Under the leadership of Oscar Schnacke, the able Minister of Public Works, who only a year ago was bitterly attacked by the Communists, a strong bloc has been created with the participation of the Socialists, Señor Schnacke's own party, Democrats, Communists, and a section of the Radical Party. It is the old *Frente Popular* coming to life again under the more palatable name of *Frente Democrático*. Though for a while it looked as if President Rios resented the vigor with which his most important minister had advocated breaking off relations with the Axis, mutual explanations have cleared the new group of any anti-Rios tendency.

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IN ARGENTINA, TOO, THINGS HAVE NOT been moving lately entirely according to the pleasure of Berlin. We must be careful not to exaggerate the importance of Señor Ruiz Guiñazú's protest to the German government. We remember that in the last war diplomatic protests were constantly combined with the most scandalous behind-the-scenes complicity, and in many cases the only result of such protests was to provide a new opportunity for the complaining "neutral" to acknowledge publicly the good faith and gentlemanly behavior of the government responsible for the aggression. But genuine or not, the Argentine protest has given the press and political parties a chance to discuss in public the methods Nazi Germany uses to show its love for its favorite country in Latin America. A good start was made in the recent debate in Congress when the Radical deputy, Damonte Taborda, disclosed new activities of Nazi agents and strongly attacked Foreign Minister Guiñazú for having attended a meeting at which some of the speakers abused the United States in the crudest terms. He also denounced Guiñazú for having welcomed to Buenos Aires the Spanish Phalangist delegation sent by Franco and Hitler to conclude a new barter agreement. In his speech Guiñazú insolently declared that Argentina was determined to have Franco's Spain serve as a go-between for trade with Europe, including Germany, and added that it would "not allow any foreign interference to deflect it from that determination."

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THE APPOINTMENT OF ELMER DAVIS TO head the new Office of War Information is a matter of congratulation for everyone concerned, except, perhaps, Mr. Davis, who is too much of a realist not to appreciate fully the arduous nature of his task. The reorganization of the government news services is long overdue and consolidation of existing agencies into one cohesive and coherent body will call for the ruthless use of the ax. But worse than overlapping and inefficiency in this field has been the lack of clear policies both in regard to information at home and to propaganda abroad. Mr. Davis's principal function, it appears, is to be that of policy maker and it is one for which his training and abilities fit him admirably. In the past few years of crisis he has become familiar to millions as the most incisive and clear-headed of the radio news commentators, but for much longer than that he has been known to a rather smaller circle as a pungent writer on current affairs. His devotion to the cause of democracy has never led him into wishful thinking and we can depend on him, so far as it lies within his power, to give us the facts and nothing but the facts. It must be noted, however, that the authority conferred on Mr. Davis by the President's order is subject to distinct limitations. The service departments will, of course, continue to have the final word on what military news is released. Moreover, both the Office of Censorship and the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs are to retain their independent status. Why the latter should be exempt from reorganization is an unexplained mystery. Certainly there is nothing in its record to justify this distinction and from the point of view of political strategy there is everything to be said for coordinating our propaganda to Europe with our propaganda to Latin America.

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IN THE LEXICON OF THE FBI AND THE CIVIL Service Commission—the lexicon seems to be Mrs. Dilling's "Red Network"—a Communist is anyone who ever happened to take the same side, on any issue, as the Communist Party. *PM* estimates that as a result some two hundred liberals have been dismissed from government jobs for such crimes as supporting the Loyalist government in the Spanish civil war, advocating collective security, or criticizing the Dies Committee. On the other hand, we have never heard of an investigator who was at all interested in finding out whether or not a given candidate had fascist leanings. *PM* has also been printing some of the outrageous and often illegal questions put to prospective or incumbent government employees. They include not only queries as to political opinions and religious beliefs, but insulting questions, amounting to insinuations, about matters personal and private. As Elmer Davis said in an excellent broadcast on the subject a few weeks ago, the investigators sent out by the FBI and the Civil Service seem to be ignorant and naive rather than vicious; but the persistent red-baiting pattern of the investigations and the consistency with which only liberals are fired give strong color to the suspicion that officials higher up in both agencies are neither ignorant nor naive. It is time we discovered who is responsible for the idiotic and dangerous procedure by which men and women appointed to government jobs because they are known anti-fascists are forthwith dismissed—for the same reason.

Congress Tax Strike

CONSERVATIVE members of the House may be outraged to have their actions characterized in such terms, but it is quite apparent that the Ways and Means Committee is engaged in a sitdown strike against the Administration's anti-inflation program. The issues of tax policy, as we have repeatedly pointed out, are basic not only in the successful prosecution of the war but in determining the kind of world that we shall live in after it is over. In order to prevent a runaway inflation the President formulated and dispatched to Congress a carefully worked out, comprehensive program for cushioning our economy against the effects of the war.

The first item in what the President described as our "national economic policy" was that we must "tax heavily" in order to soak up the excess purchasing power created by the war-production program. As an illustration of what he meant by "tax heavily" the President suggested that no American ought to have a net income of more than $25,000 after he has paid his taxes. A concrete program for raising nearly $9,000,000,000 in new taxes had already been presented by the Treasury.

The House Ways and Means Committee not only ignored the President's request for a heavy tax on persons with high incomes but during the past few weeks has been steadily whittling down the Treasury's program in practically every category. First, it cut the projected tax on corporations from 55 per cent to 40 per cent. Then the proposed tax on individuals with incomes of $5,000 a year and upward was drastically slashed. A suggested increase in estate and gift taxes was turned down flatly. Action on a withholding tax was postponed. And in the past week the committee pared down the excise-tax rates proposed by the Treasury on a series of luxury articles. The Treasury wanted $236,000,000 additional in tobacco taxes; the committee allowed only $105,600,000. A suggested increase in the tax on rail transportation was cut in half, and a request for an additional tax on Pullman accommodations was rejected outright. Proposed increases in the tax on motor oil and liquors were likewise dealt with harshly. As a result of these cuts the committee's tax bill will fall short by nearly $3,000,000,000 of the sum requested by the Administration.

This sabotaging of the Treasury's tax program seems to have been deliberately planned by some members of the committee with a view to forcing the Administration to countenance a sales tax. There are reports that these tactics are succeeding. They, of course, represent a conscious effort, backed by an important section of the press, to force a greater share of the burden of the war on the poor. Taxes on luxuries are rejected in the hope of placing a levy on necessities. The President's appeal for sacrifices by the rich is ignored, and in its place the committee would impose a flat tax which would fall most heavily on those with the least money.

Faced by increased opposition from their constituents to a sales tax, some Congressmen are reported to be suggesting that the tax bill be left as it is—$3,000,000,000 short of Treasury estimates. This is the most irresponsible and dangerous proposal of all. At best the Treasury program was several billions short of closing the gap between increased purchasing power and the declining supply of goods. For a time it was hoped that this gap might be nearly closed by voluntary purchases of war bonds by individuals, but it is now apparent that this cannot possibly be achieved. If the gap is to be further widened by the committee's refusal to levy the taxes requested by the Treasury, it is obvious that the entire anti-inflation program will be gravely threatened. The price ceilings cannot possibly withstand much additional pressure, and once shattered, their restoration would be a difficult if not a hopeless undertaking. Their shattering, moreover, would have a most adverse effect on the immediate war-production program.

As a face-saving measure, perhaps the most effective step that the Ways and Means Committee could take at this moment would be to resurrect the proposal for a 10 per cent withholding tax on all incomes over $25 a week, and the early enactment of the plan. For a dollar that is collected this year and spent for the immediate purchase of war equipment may be more effective as an anti-inflation measure than two dollars, raised by whatever method, in 1943. If the House members were as interested in speeding the war effort and protecting the nation's economy as in political expediency they would not have allowed this proposal to be sidetracked.

Russia and the Future

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

RUMOR blossomed into momentous fact when the coalition among Russia, Britain, and the United States was announced last Friday. The decisions taken in London and Washington tower over the military and naval actions of a week of great events. Britain and Russia are linked in a full alliance binding for twenty years. Russia and the United States are held by an unwritten pledge of mutual assistance in the war and after and by a lease-lend agreement promising full support in arms and all other supplies. All three powers reached a verbal accord on "the urgent tasks of creating a second front in Europe in 1942."

The importance of these agreements cannot be exaggerated. For Britain and Russia, the treaty of alliance wipes out two decades of suspicion, and the Soviet Union becomes Britain's chief military ally on the Continent. That the understanding with the United States is less explicit is due, quite obviously, to two things: our remoteness from the chief European battlefields and our nearness to the next Congressional elections. It is unfortunate that hang-over symptoms of isolationism should be strong enough to influence policy for war or peace; but I am inclined to think the President did well not to pitch the issue of a long-range alliance with Russia into the political debate. Our commitments are both material and moral; they take the form of acts rather than written agreements; and they bind us for the future as well as for the duration of the war. For better or worse the United States is "in" the peace as irrevocably as it is in the war. And I think the agreement with Russia has strengthened the hands of those who hope this country will take the role of liberator rather than policeman.

But it must be admitted, even now that Molotov is safely back in Moscow and the agreements have been signed and published and approved, that the future is still obscure. It lies across blackened fields and the seas that mercifully hide the victims of fascist mania. It lies beyond a political battlefield as wide as the world. The future still must be fought for and won. The agreements made in Washington and London are only a blueprint. To carry them into effect, the Allied governments must not only send great armies to new fronts and speed their production and delivery of weapons; they must also adopt new and revolutionary policies to make good their implicit promise of a democratic peace.

On another page of this issue J. Alvarez del Vayo discusses the forces which, from one generation to the next, have tried to keep the peace poised on a delicate balance of conflicting power and interest. This system was in direct conflict with the hope that animated the idealistic designers of the League of Nations. But the Treaty of Versailles reconstituted a European balance of power and the League became its instrument. The principle of cooperation between equal sovereign states, which alone could have created a system of collective security, was never given more than lip-service by the major powers at Geneva. Not even the adherence of the United States, in my opinion, would have tilted the balance against the rising threat of the fascist powers. It is true that America's isolation weakened the forces that tried to use the League to defeat aggression; but it is, alas, equally true that the mighty weight of this country, when it was employed at all, was used to reinforce the hesitations and appeasements of the British Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay. Would it have served a different purpose—the purpose of collective security—if the United States had been a member of the League? I have never been able to convince myself that it would. For to this day, balance-of-power diplomacy is the diplomacy of the American State Department.

Cheering millions all over the Soviet Union greeted the new agreements with the United States and Britain; they were read aloud to Red Army soldiers and factory workers and the farmers in the collectives and explained as harbingers of a victorious struggle and a democratic peace. It is to be supposed that those millions went back to their guns and machines sustained by a new sense of international solidarity; the old vision of collective security lay as the end of the bloody road ahead. And it is improbable that they read in *Pravda* or their regimental newspaper that on the very day when the new coalition was proclaimed, Secretary Hull announced the resumption of shipments of food and other supplies from America to the Vichy government in North Africa.

No promises, no pacts, no fine speeches by Welles or even Wallace or Winant, can wipe out the demoralizing effect of the old diplomacy pursuing its old discredited maneuvers while the struggle against fascism reaches a climax of danger and effort. The inner conflicts that corrode the integrity of the anti-Axis powers will have to be ended before the victory of democracy is assured. Even when the longed-for second front is opened, its effect will be doubled if the armies of revolution which wait to join the armies of invasion know they are fighting for freedom and not for some new brand of despotism approved by the balance-of-power advocates in the Allied foreign offices.

The questions raised in the article by J. Alvarez del Vayo deserve more than passing attention, particularly now when the agreements with Russia focus public attention on the problems of the coming peace. *The Nation* has asked a number of persons of widely differing points of view to discuss briefly some of the chief issues touched upon by Mr. del Vayo. Their comments will appear in subsequent issues.

Biddle and the Facts

BY I. F. STONE

II

Washington, June 11

JUDGE SEARS relied on the testimony of two witnesses to prove that Bridges was a member of the Communist Party. One of the two, as we saw last week, makes a peculiar witness. James D. O'Neil was alleged to have said that he saw Bridges putting stamps in a Communist Party membership book. Actually, on the stand and under oath, O'Neil denied that he had made any statement of that kind. Sears, and Biddle after him, chose to believe what O'Neil was supposed to have told Department of Justice agents and to disbelieve what O'Neil said on the stand. Their position with respect to the other witness was just the opposite. Harry Lundeberg admitted that on three different occasions he told Department of Justice agents that he had no evidence to link Bridges with the Communist Party. On the stand Lundeberg testified that Bridges told him he was a member of the party. In this case Sears, and Biddle, chose to believe what Lundeberg said on the stand rather than what he admits he said before.

Lundeberg is the only witness believed by Sears who actually testified that Bridges was a Communist. His testimony is therefore worth closer examination. Sears thought Lundeberg's testimony against Bridges was given in "natural, rugged, hard-bitten fashion." A few excerpts from the record will let the reader judge for himself.

Lundeberg testified that he had dinner with Bridges at the latter's home in the summer of 1935. That was six years before the hearing. Lundeberg said the Communist leader, Sam Darcy, was there. Lundeberg's first answer, when asked to tell all that happened at the dinner, was, "Well, I don't remember the details. We talked about various things on the waterfront, and unions, and so forth. Darcy asked lots of questions. It was a general conversation." A little later Lundeberg was asked whether Darcy asked him "to do something." Lundeberg then replied that Darcy asked him to join the Communist Party. Lundeberg was next asked whether Darcy said "anything about Bridges being a member of the Communist Party in Bridges's presence." Lundeberg answered, "He mentioned several people who were members of the Communist Party." Counsel for the government persisted: "What did he say about Bridges?"

> *A.* Well, he said he was a member of the Communist Party.
>
> *Q.* What did Bridges say?
>
> *A.* Well, he says, 'You don't have to be afraid because nobody has to know you are a member of the Communist Party if you join.'
>
> *Q.* Did Bridges join Sam Darcy in urging you to join the Communist Party? *A.* No.

Counsel for the government pressed Lundeberg harder, with Sears breaking in to protect the witness. Lundeberg was asked whether Darcy or Bridges had said anything else at the time, but couldn't remember. Lundeberg was asked whether he joined the Communist Party. "I should say not," was the reply. The questioning continued:

> *Q.* Generally, in substance, what did Bridges say? We don't expect you, of course, to remember the exact words or the—(Sears broke in).
>
> *Sears:* Have you given the substance as far as you remember it?
>
> *Lundeberg:* Well, the substance was, as I told you, that Darcy asked me to join the Communist Party and Bridges says, 'You don't have to be afraid because I am one too,' and the old stuff, and the conversation was friendly all the way through, and I just laughed at it and forgot about it.

So it was that, on the third try, counsel for the government got Lundeberg to testify that Bridges had sai that he was a Communist. The impression is not that o testimony in "natural, rugged, hard-bitten fashion" bu at best of a witness whose recollection six years later i understandably hazy. Yet this vague testimony, from bitter trade-union rival of Bridges, is the best the Department of Justice and the FBI had to offer. The Board o Immigration Appeals, in reversing Sears, felt after survey of all the evidence that "Lundeberg impresse neither in truthfulness nor in forthrightness." The boar found unanimously "that the dinner conversation a testified to by Lundeberg did not occur, that Darcy wa not present on that occasion, and that Bridges made n admission of Communist Party membership."

The board believed none of the witnesses who sai Bridges was a member of the party. Sears himself, as w have seen, believed only Lundeberg's testimony. Th Attorney General would like to believe them all. He sa of the witnesses rejected by Sears as well as the boar "Although Judge Sears concluded that their evidenc for one reason or another, did not establish membershi in or affiliation with the Communist Party, taken as whole it cannot, because of its volume, be complete disregarded." This would seem to say that in matters proof quantity can be a substitute for quality.

Biddle mentions Sam Diner and Maurice J. Cann longa among those whose evidence "cannot, because its volume, be completely disregarded." The Attorn General seems willing to trust the judgment of Sears to "demeanor and expression" when it is agai

Bridges but not when it is for him. Sears said of Diner that he "was not an impressive witness." He said of Cannalonga, "I have come to the conclusion, upon a consideration of all the evidence, that no reliance is to be placed upon any testimony offered by this witness."

A reading of the record reflects the readiness of the FBI, under J. Edgar Hoover, and the Immigration Service, under Biddle's appointee, Major Lemuel B. Schofield, to fish in some pretty muddy waters in their anxiety to "get" Bridges. On Sears's own findings, there was among the government's witnesses against Bridges a Communist who was a labor spy for the Los Angeles police, a thief, a confirmed drunkard, and a man on parole after murdering his wife.

The question of affiliation with the Communist Party is a much more difficult one than that of membership, and it would take far more space than can be given to it to analyze the evidence on this score. In part, this evidence comes from the same witnesses; in part, from Bridges's connections with the *Waterfront Worker*. Of the witnesses it can be said that their credibility is in inverse proportion to the importance of their testimony. Sears believed Howard Rushmore's testimony that Bridges praised the Youth Congress in July, 1935, and was treated as "a sacred cow" in the Communist press. But he disbelieved the wild tale told by William C. McQuistion and Peter J. Innes of arranging a secret phone call from the Communist "Politbureau" in New York to Bridges in California. The strongest point in the government's case on affiliation lies in the *Waterfront Worker*, but a reading of Sears, the board, and Biddle leaves one with reasonable doubts.

One who studies Biddle's opinion alone, or only Biddle and Sears, will picture the *Waterfront Worker* as advising its readers "to read Communist literature." The Immigration Service charged that it "continually advised its readers" to do so. But the board's opinion discloses that the service was able to find only three instances of this in the more than three years of the paper's existence. In January, 1933, it recommended Dunne's pamphlet on the 1934 strike. In March, 1934, it advised the reading of the *Western Worker*. In November, 1934, it placed both the *Western Worker* and the *Daily Worker* in the category of the "workers' press," which it urged its subscribers to read. The board says this advice was accompanied with a full exposition of the reasons therefor. It was, as the board summarizes it, "not intended to convey approval of them *qua* Communist publications but was based on an asserted contrast between their truthfulness on labor matters and that of the Hearst press." Biddle does not refute the facts on which the board found that the *Waterfront Worker*, during Bridges's connection with it, "was not an organ of the Marine Workers' Industrial Union or of the Communist Party." Biddle does little more than summarize Sears and say that the latter's conclusions are "not unwarranted."

Nor will one find in the Biddle opinion any refutation of the board's summary of facts which in its words "look the other way" on the question of affiliation:

> Bridges supported "Ham and Eggs," a bitterly fought political issue in California. The Communist Party was opposed to it. In the last election Bridges supported the position taken by John L. Lewis—contrary to the attitude taken by the Communist Party. He differed with Walter Stack, a prominent Communist, on the question of affiliating the Maritime Federation of the Pacific (apparently to the C.I.O.). Stack opposed it. Bridges was for it. A committee of which Bridges was chairman investigated and rejected, during the 1934 strike, an offer of legal assistance from the International Labor Defense, found by the Presiding Inspector [Sears] to be a Communist organization whose "immediate purpose is to assist and defend Communists who encounter legal difficulties by providing bail, lawyers, and other assistance." Bridges was opposed to the position of the M.W.I.U. that longshoremen, teamsters, engineers, and seamen should all be in one union.

The Attorney General is telling friends that, after all, the case will still go to the courts, but he knows that this Supreme Court, after its rulings in regulatory cases, will find it most difficult to reverse findings of fact by an administrative officer. The Attorney General has shown a great reluctance to "infringe civil liberties" when dealing with the right. The Bridges case shows he has fewer qualms when dealing with the left.

The new interdepartmental committee to smell out radicals in the government circulated Biddle's decision on Bridges the day after it was handed down. "Certain portions," said the accompanying letter, "may be of interest in connection with the investigations of federal employees upon which the FBI is now reporting." One of those portions is this one in Biddle's decision: "Other Communist front organizations were the International Labor Defense, whose immediate purpose was to defend Communists but among whose members were many non-Communists unaware of its Communist control, the All-American Anti-Imperialist League, the American Negro Labor Congress, and the American League Against War and Fascism." There were few "innocents" in the I. L. D., many in the League Against War and Fascism. Under Biddle's ruling membership in the league will become grounds for dismissal.

I have kept closely to the facts and the law. I would like to say in conclusion that the whole case suggests absolutism in decay rather than democracy in action: the long persecution of a workers' leader, the use of the secret police for political purposes, the mobilization of witnesses from the dregs of society, the readiness of an upper-class liberal to serve as the tool of these forces.

[*The first part of this article appeared last week.*]

World War III?

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

SOME day the war will end with the victory of the United Nations, but the joy with which we look forward to that day is disturbed by the thought that the old diplomacy may reappear at the peace table. It is a diplomacy which, judged by its accomplishments in recent years, is as inept at war as it was at peace. It failed when the moment called for a gesture of conciliation, and it failed again when circumstances required energy and boldness.

It failed to take advantage of the "year of hope," 1924, when a rare coincidence, the first and last between one war and another, brought progressive governments to power both in England and in France: in England the Laborites; in France, Herriot and Briand, supported by an electorate which had declared itself definitely against *Poincaré-la-guerre* in one of the few French elections where foreign policy relegated domestic issues to second place. This was the great opportunity to revitalize the flaccid Weimar democracy and to win from Germany a policy of cooperation. It failed again when Hitler occupied the Rhineland—a moment which called for energetic action, the dispatch of an ultimatum accompanied by a couple of divisions of French troops. And from that fateful day it has sunk lower and lower.

In any other field of human activity officials who present a balance sheet of insolvency year after year are usually deprived of their directive functions. But one can still see the bankrupt diplomacy which was responsible for the war not only perservering in its old errors but confident that when hostilities cease it will have a decisive influence in organizing the world of tomorrow. It would be puerile to attribute this extraordinary vitality to the whim of statesmen, to the interplay of party struggles, or to personal influence. Its power lies in the fact that it is one of the instruments of an economic system which refuses to disappear, and which will stop at nothing to prevent the People's Revolution, proclaimed by Vice-President Wallace, from taking place. Since its function and *raison d'être* is to assure the survival of the *status quo,* diplomacy in the service of vested interests thinks predominantly in terms of the balance of power. Its guiding spirit, if it may be said to have one, leads it toward those solutions in which the concessions that must be made, however great they may appear on the surface, never compromise the basis of the present social system.

Of typically Florentine origin, a happy invention of the Medicis toward the turbulent end of the sixteenth century, the balance of power is offered as the magic remedy in each great crisis which threatens the established order. It always comes wrapped up in the loftiest proposals and is offered as an instrument for the maintenance of peace. Ever since the Congress of Vienna the balance of power has been a favorite and successful trick used to cheat the people when the hour of their real liberation has seemed to be drawing near.

Of the Congress of Vienna little remains in men's minds except the brilliance of its social splendor and the fascinating personalities of its principal characters. Gossip of the antechamber told how Metternich lost southern Bavaria because on the morning when the decisive discussion took place he lingered in the arms of the *"maigre et ardente"* Duchesse de Sagan. We have Talleyrand displaying at the same time the most contradictory qualities—fawning and threatening, ironical and solemn, chatty and impenetrable. Yet despite its air of frivolity, the congress was a meeting of statesmen called to decide the fate of the entire civilized world and to accomplish not only the liquidation of the Napoleonic dream but the reconstruction of Europe with a view to creating a permanent equilibrium.

The program could not have been more noble or more ambitious. According to Metternich's definition, given in his inaugural address, the purpose of the Congress of Vienna was the reconstruction of the moral order, the regeneration of the political system of Europe, the establishment of a lasting peace based on a just division of forces—and all that "in the name of the eternal law." Nor did the Congress lack an expression of international public opinion, to the extent that public opinion was able to make itself felt at the time. The desires of liberal England, reflected freely in the pulpit and in the press, were made known in Vienna in a manner sufficiently insistent to exasperate the British plenipotentiaries. Each delegation felt obliged, from time to time, to say something agreeable to the ears of the people, who took the promises of the Coalition seriously. But they were only words, as we learn from the memoirs of von Gentz, that master of indiscretion and intimate adviser of Metternich. "The true purpose of the congress," wrote von Gentz, "was the division among the conquerors of the spoils of the conquered."

But even that was only its immediate task: its ultimate objective was to save autocracy from the dangers that threatened it from all sides. Under its inspiration the sovereigns of Europe assumed the role of *gendarmes* of reaction. It was able to combine admirably the desire for a lasting peace with the principle of legitimacy by creating a barrier against any possible movement of the people. In the name of legitimacy, a number of dynasties were restored to their thrones and possessions—the House of Savoy to Sardinia, the House of Orange to Holland, the Bourbons to Spain. The balance of power was established with a very clear purpose: "to burn out of Europe with red-hot irons the gangrene of the Revolution."

II

Actually, it was the "Big Four" at the Congress of Vienna, the representatives of England, Prussia, and Russia, and Metternich, who parceled out provinces and colonies among the crowned autocrats and decreed peace. The number seems fatefully prophetic. Four was also the number of individuals in whom, a hundred years later, was concentrated the power to reorganize the world.

At Paris as at Vienna the future of peoples was resolved without giving the peoples themselves the last word in the decisions taken. Social security, the economic existence of the great masses which were crushed and ruined in the war, scarcely weighed in the deliberations of these artisans of peace. From many points of view the similarity between Vienna and Versailles is great, although their principal protagonists were cast in a different mold. It would be absurd to try to establish a parallel between Metternich and Clemenceau, beyond the fact that they both knew exactly what they wanted. And certainly, with respect to any oppositon to his desire to run the whole show, Clemenceau found in Wilson no second Talleyrand. Apart from the idea of the League of Nations, the American President had nothing to offer; shut up in a room with Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando, Wilson was lost. Not only was he personally ill-informed about the condition and the feeling of the peoples of Europe, but the discussions almost always developed on the basis of a British or a French draft from the complications of which he saw no way out.

Along with Wilson, the other idealists at Paris had to console themselves with the thought that once the machinery of the League of Nations had been set up, other difficulties would be solved in the course of time. That hope of seeing a really international organization substituted for the balance of power provided the frail basis for the optimism of those who, as Harold Nicolson tells us in "Peacemaking, 1919," journeyed to Paris "not merely to liquidate the war but to found a new order in Europe; not to prepare Peace only, but Eternal Peace."

But even before the delegations had left Paris, the shrewdest and most honest observers began to doubt the efficacy of the work accomplished there. The conference had not produced a people's peace. Worst of all, no instrument had been created which would assure to world democracy a direct share in the control of international affairs. The maintenance of a peace very badly put together was left entirely to a few governments composed of men brought up on the idea of unlimited nationalism, and devoted entirely to the old form of society which had made their careers possible.

It would have been different if the people could have made themselves heard in the deliberations of the League of Nations. From the moment that fascism established itself in Italy there was in Europe a popular anti-fascist current strong enough to have forced the adoption at Geneva of a policy of resistance to violent and unilateral solutions of international problems. But the defenders of the existing economic order saw in fascism an effective means of creating a new balance of power against any possible advance of a democracy which might try to go too far. Thus, just as Metternich bound the peace of Europe to the idea of legitimacy and survival of the reigning dynasties of the time, the lesser Metternichs of the period following 1919 joined the idea of the stability of Europe to the survival of the capitalist regime which they served.

They encouraged the existence of a few fascist countries as a check against any country which might move too close to socialism. Thus was invented the theory that it was possible for aggressor nations and those which respected international law to live together and even to sign mutual agreements.

But for anyone not influenced by a secret attraction to fascism as a weight in the balance against a too progressive democracy, it was evident that the very character of fascism, the psychology of its leaders, its economic program, its tendency to seek in foreign adventure a solution of its internal problems, led fatally to war. Hitler could not stay at home. It seems incredible that only a few months ago the man in whom liberal England had trusted most for his judgment on foreign policy said that "what matters in foreign affairs is not the form of internal government of any nation," and that "the trouble with Hitler was not that he was a Nazi at home, but that he would not stay at home." But it must be admitted that Anthony Eden merely repeated in a crude form the third point of the Atlantic Charter, which respects the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they live, insinuating the possibility that fascist regimes may be tolerated after this war. Even the twenty-year Anglo-Soviet treaty just signed, while it states firmly that the contracting parties "will after termination of hostilities take all measures in their power to render impossible the repetition of aggression by Germany or any of the states associated with her . . . ," reiterates the principle of "non-interference" in the internal affairs of other states.

It is as if the experience at Geneva during these past years had carried no lesson. There the balance of power had been established all right, but against the Covenant. For whenever any wholesome antidote was put forward by the Soviet or the Spanish delegation or by the smaller neutrals, one heard the voice of the Secretary General of the League, supported by his British and French protectors, recommending moderation, on the theory that any protest might be resented in Berlin or Rome. Not only were the fascist nations tolerated at Geneva instead of being denounced and treated as aggressors, but it was they who indirectly commanded, who were the real masters of the situation. In the balance of power previous to 1939, there was one reality, fascism, and one shadow, democracy.

III

Is it true that the chance to win a true people's peace is greater this time than in the past? That is the question which, together with the will to defeat Hitler, has absorbed the attention of every genuine liberal since the beginning of the war. To defeat Hitler—first. To see to it that the peace shall not be made by another "Big Four" for the ultimate benefit of the present social order—second.

Until now the evident contradiction between authorized statements about the kind of peace for which the United Nations are fighting and the facts of everyday diplomacy has caused considerable confusion. Even in waging the war the diplomacy of the principal democracies continues to play the same game as before 1939. But the worst of it is that the flirtations of yesterday with Mussolini—that is to say, during the entire spring of 1940—and later with Pétain, and all the time with Franco, were not mere tactical moves based on the balance of power. This policy was aimed not merely at using the puppet dictators in order to win time for the democracies. The Pétains and the Francos were not merely tolerated. They were, and they yet are, considered by the ruling diplomacy a useful element of counterpoise in a Europe which tomorrow might swing too far to the left. That is why the diplomacy which today still directs foreign policy on the side of the Allies, when it has a choice, prefers an Otto of Hapsburg to an Austrian Socialist, an Eckhardt to a Hungarian democrat. From the point of view of the old diplomacy this is all very well. But the old diplomacy cannot be married to the idea of the democratic conduct of the war, or to the spirit which we hoped presided at the signing of the twenty-year pact between Britain and the Soviet Union.

Not everything looks altogether encouraging even today in the ensemble of the United Nations. The governments-in-exile still harbor not only men known throughout their lives as *capitulards* in the domain of foreign policy but men of the purest reactionary extraction. One cannot but maintain a certain reserve when considering the question what kind of peace would emerge if the present governments of the United Nations could vote secretly on the transcendental question of the organization of the world of tomorrow.

The same need to concentrate all effort on defeating the Axis and on extending as far as possible the Allied political and diplomatic front has led to the avoidance of any discussion of problems which might create controversies between governments of different political and social structure. And this is still more true on the internal front in every country. While discussion limits itself to questions of political democracy, everything goes relatively well. But issues of economic democracy, in the opinion of officials responsible for national unity, are dangerously "controversial." This was clearly stated by Mr. Churchill himself in one of his speeches (March 28, 1941): "The moment you leave the area of pure platitude you will descend into the area of heated controversy, and that would militate against the efforts which we are making." Thus, through fear of disturbing the "defensive unity" so necessary to carry on the fight, the opportunity is lost to build up a "positive unity" for the construction of a genuine democratic order after the war. Almost everywhere, at least in Europe, it is the reaction which has chiefly profited by the *Union Sacrée,* exploiting the truce to strengthen its own position for the future.

Some people honestly believe that at the end of the war the old social hierarchies will have been so heavily hit by taxation and the extension of state control over production that hardly anyone will be found interested in opposing a genuine economic democracy. They are living in the moon. It is possible that individually many persons, wealthy before the war, will have joined the proletariat. But as a class the elements of reaction will still be strong enough when the war ends to endanger any real attempt at a people's peace unless the democratic forces combine for action.

And if the old diplomacy still intrenched in the different Foreign Offices is allowed to play its classic game of the balance of power, the old social order will again find a way of escaping transformation. Here a government of liberals with a couple of Labor ministers; there a government of "national unity" with the conservatives retaining the chief portfolios. Here a progressive republic; across the frontier a monarchy that retains the *bonhommie* of a certain patriarchal tutelage; farther on, beyond the next boundary line, a corporative state adapting its structure to the "new realities"—and twenty-five years later, World War number three.

IV

The picture is not all dark. The Metternichs of our time will have a devilishly difficult job to put over a peace which is a simple compromise between the old interests and the new ideas. If at the end of the first World War many people were already convinced that the capitalist system plus the international anarchy inherent in the balance of power would lead to another war, today the opinion is overwhelming that only a fundamental social change can save the world from plunging into an entire century of foreign and civil wars. "A profound social revolution, profounder even than the revolution attempted by the Communists in Russia" was the recommendation of H. G. Wells in an essay published some six months after the beginning of the war. Since then other men, more directly tied to official responsibility, have recognized the inevitability of a drive toward social security and economic democracy. "We must move on to a great social offensive if we are to win the war completely," declared Ambassador Winant in Durham only a few days after the historic speech of Vice-President Wallace. The idea is gaining headway that only a socialist Europe can secure the peace.

At the same time, we have the determination of the people not to allow themselves to be deceived this time. One has only to look at England. The man in the street in England has undergone an astonishing change of attitude in the last two years. To begin with, he mistrusts the most eloquent speeches and all the points put on paper—whether they are fourteen or eight. On the occasion of the last broadcast of Sir Stafford Cripps the London *Tribune* said (May 8, 1942): "What matters now above all is that Cripps and the government and the Labor Party should understand that a Great Reform bill in 1942 is worth more than a promised revolution in 1952. Revolutions will happen anyhow. They don't have to be promised." And that in the *Tribune,* which is considered Cripps's organ!

It is nothing to feel particularly happy about. If in one sense it is a sign of popular strength, in another it reveals a loss of faith in all promises, even the most sincere, and opens the way to a skepticism that can be exploited by many kinds of demoralizing propaganda. But that is the situation to which ten years of constant betrayal of democracy have led. Probably the *Tribune* would not speak in that way if the government of Cripps were not also the government of Sir John Simon. And if this happens in England, where after all political life proceeds normally, and parties and leaders and the press are permitted to mold public opinion, one can imagine the feeling of the ordinary man in the occupied countries. Let them try the Atlantic Charter on one of these young Frenchmen who from his bicycle risks his life to shoot a Nazi! His response will depend on who talks to him about it—a repentent *capitulard* or a man the people have learned to trust.

However one looks at the problem there is only one way out—the total mobilization of the democratic forces in the fight for a peace that corresponds to the sacrifices the people are making, a fight to prevent the diplomats, or another "Big Four," from determining, as at Vienna and Versailles, the life or death of a new generation.

But to suggest the mobilization of the democratic forces for a people's peace will again be only words if it is not translated into terms of political action. To begin with, parties and organizations capable of exerting strong popular pressure have not emerged from the crisis into which the war plunged the left movement everywhere. The shrewdest observers agree that never have political parties been held in lower esteem in England since the reign of George III. That applies especially to the conservatives, who suffer more directly from the bankruptcy of the Chamberlain policy. But the mere fact that Attlee and his colleagues in the government win a vote in a party conference does not prove that Labor is behind them. It is one of the weaknesses of the left that the reaction will try to exploit when the war ends. In an impressive article published in the *New Statesman and Nation* last February by a Labor candidate, with the significant title The Silent Revolution, these words appear: "The greatest danger of all is that the fighting services, at the end of a war which is likely to grow more and more destructive, will become so violently anti-politician that they will hand over power to any individual who has managed to gain their confidence."

The great international movements suffer from the same crisis. From the Second International nothing remains but the memory of its hesitations and its failures. Other organizations, like the former Fédération Syndicale Internationale and the cooperatives, are in the hands of routine-minded officials who have not yet freed themselves from the psychology of refugees, and who think only about flattering the governments of the countries where they have established bureaus and delegations. As for the Third International, not the boldest Communists would believe that by themselves they can produce a movement strong enough to prevent a bad peace.

It is of the most extreme urgency to revitalize all those groups. But even the largest and best articulated movement in favor of a people's peace would fail if it did not have a correct, clear policy to follow. Any political strategy worthy of the name is conditioned by the nature of the world that surrounds us. The battle is still in terms of the balance of power, and the first aim of the liberals must be to tilt in their favor the present balance in the *cadres* of the United Nations: to strengthen every genuine tendency in support of a real democratic victory; to back every man whose democratic record guarantees a firm stand in the next peace conference. Whoever supports Benes, for instance, works for a people's peace. Whoever, inside the Free French movement, supports the effort to surround De Gaulle with men who represent the real people of France, instead of dubious adherents of the Croix de Feu, works for a people's peace. Whoever in Allied governments and the free movements gives maximum support to the new Russian-British alliance, works for a people's peace. Whoever tries to force out of the Allied Foreign Offices the remaining appeasers and reactionaries works for a people's peace.

In a word, the problem is (1) to create a strong democratic world movement and (2) to place proved anti-fascist and progressive leaders in key posts in the governments of the United Nations. The value of any international agreement depends on the men who will carry it through. The Soviet-French pact concluded in 1935 was a quite different instrument for peace in the hands of Louis Barthou than in the hands of Georges Bonnet. In the end, it comes back to the men and to the forces that move them.

Keep Them Out!

III. STEPHEN A. DAY OF ILLINOIS

BY SYDNEY JUSTIN HARRIS

FOR more than twenty years Stephen A. Day was a joke in his part of Illinois and a nonentity elsewhere. He was a joke to the politicians of both parties, who ridiculed his pathetically serious attempts to gain public office year after year. He was a joke to the newspapermen, who had heard his solemn chant of devotion to the Constitution at a hundred D. A. R. meetings and Union League banquets. And until 1940 this baldish, chubby, self-righteous messiah was a joke to the electorate of Illinois, who repudiated him six times consecutively at the polls, both in his party primaries and in the November elections.

Day's election in 1940 as Congressman-at-Large on the Republican ticket has been variously interpreted by politicians and editorial writers. According to the Chicago *Tribune,* he was sent into office on an "Illinois landslide." The G. O. P.'s local leaders, who cater to the *Tribune's* whims publicly but have their own private opinions, simply shake their heads and call it a "political accident." The Democrats ascribe his long-delayed success to the growing strength of labor in America in 1940, which frightened Illinois farmers—almost 3,000,000 of them—and to the threat of war.

Whatever the reasons for Day's unexpected victory, overnight he ceased to be a joke to responsible citizens. He immediately took his place in the front line of the pro-Axis propaganda campaign, inveighing long and lustily against the Administration's foreign and domestic policies. The *Tribune* and the Hearst press began touting him as the white hope of the Middle West, and the fascist and bundist groups adopted him as one of their own. He was mentioned in the same breath with Pelley, Coughlin, and Gerald Smith. Stephen Day had arrived.

Once on the floor of the House, Day swung into action with a ferocity which belied his meek, diffident appearance. He voted against the lease-lend bill, against the first lease-lend appropriation, and against the draft extension. He opposed repeal of the bans on arming American vessels and on their entering combat zones. On the domestic front, like many a politically wise Republican, he yielded to Administration pressure and helped defeat the Smith labor-spy bill. This was his only pro-labor vote.

He became a member of the House too late to vote on such important issues as fortification of the Guam naval base, air-force appropriations, neutrality, the WPA, the NYA, and other public-works bills. His subsequent activities, however, leave no doubt as to where he would have stood on these matters. The editorial column of the Chicago *Tribune* is his master's voice, and he makes no effort to deny it.

But it is Day's extra-Congressional sorties into world affairs which brand him as a pro-Axis agitator. Try as he may to disclaim the love of the native fascists, their affection for him is inscribed in the pages of William Dudley Pelley's fascist weekly *Roll Call,* which, on August 11, 1941, had a front-page editorial titled Will Stephen A. Day Save This Republic? Pelley had this to say about his new-found hero:

> He takes his place on the patriotic honor roll along with Lindbergh, Nye, Wheeler, Thorkelson, and more. . . . Whether the revolting Seventy-seventh Congress will generate sufficient spunk and genuine patriotism to go down the line with Representative Day remains to be seen. . . . If the Congress really wants to go the whole hog on the revolt, here is its chance to prove whether it is composed of Christian patriots or Stalin-Roosevelt instruments—whether they love their country more than they love Jewish-controlled Russia, with Jewish-controlled Britain thrown in for boot!

Certainly Day has done everything to win the admiration of the Pelleys, the Coughlins, and the Smiths. He has spoken before Gerald L. K. Smith's Committee of One Million, We the Mothers, Mobilize for America, William Grace's Citizens Keep America Out of War Committee, and several other pro-fascist and super-isolationist groups. The planning and timing of his radio diatribes against the Administration might have been directed from Berlin, so perfectly did they fit into the propaganda strategy of the Axis. For instance, in a radio address on August 1, 1941, when Russia was making its heroic stand against the Nazi invasion, Day assailed "lease-lend for atheism" and asked Congress to revoke the authorization granted the President for aid to Russia.

Day's *Kampf* against the forces of "socialism, communism, and internationalism" goes back at least to 1930 when he formed the Lincoln-Jefferson Liberty League, virtually a one-man organization with headquarters in the office of the German-American Republican Alliance in Chicago. The league's platform was a conglomerate of anti-prohibition, anti-British, and anti-socialist propaganda. Day said at the time:

> We are suffering today under the narrow-minded rule of a successfully organized minority. This powerful network, a product of the World War, is founded upon the Anti-Saloon League and the Federal Council of Churches in America, controlling the votes of millions. This autocratic combination is allied with the forces of intolerance, including the Democratic Party in the South and numerous pacifist organizations, many of which are frankly communistic in their appeal.

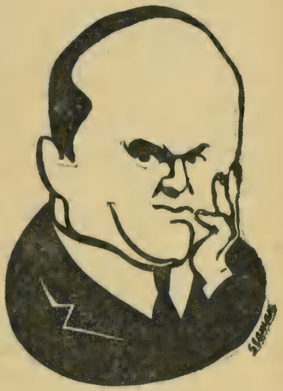
His main theme in later years, however—thousands of reprints of his remarks have been distributed by Nazi groups under Day's Congressional frank—is that Roosevelt is plotting to overthrow the Constitution and betray the United States to Great Britain, a foe whom he considers only slightly less dangerous than the Soviet Union. On June 15, 1941, in what the *Tribune* called an "arresting radio address," Day revealed that the President's plan is to merge Congress in the parliament of the "Anglo-American Union," of which "the rulers will be Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt."

A few months later, however, he was embarrassed when Washington newspaper columnists revealed that his rabidly isolationist, anti-British, and anti-New Deal book, "We Must Save the Republic," had been published by Flanders Hall, a registered Nazi publishing house controlled by the convicted Nazi agent George Sylvester Viereck. The book, which sold for $1 under the Flanders Hall imprint, was advertised and praised in a number of American fascist periodicals, which recommended it along with "other books exposing the Communist and Jewish control of England and America." In an interview he gave to newspapermen on October 9 of last year Day said: "I wrote the book myself, without aid or collaboration, as an answer to Union Now. I never got any royalties from Flanders Hall. As soon as I found out that those fellows were registered as foreign agents I bought my contract back at considerable expense."

The book is a hysterical, often incoherent formulation of the anti-British and anti-Roosevelt sentiments which Day has been spouting for the last ten or twelve years. Typical chapter titles are: Shall We Follow George Washington or Benedict Arnold?, The Invasion Myth: a Bogy for Suckers, and Independent America vs. Fifth Columnist Federationists.

At Viereck's trial it was disclosed that the Nazi agent made changes in Day's manuscript before it was published—but who can distinguish between the "American" and the Nazified portions of the book? It was also shown that Viereck received $1,000 from the Nazi-controlled Make Europe Pay Its War Debts Committee to promote the sale of Day's book. This committee, and others equally under the shadow, mailed out thousands of pieces of propaganda under the Congressional frank of Day and of his colleague, William Stratton, another *Tribune* Representative from Illinois.

Day has hotly denied being anti-Semitic and has not publicly expressed any open hostility to the Jews. However, a notarized affidavit signed by Eric von Schroetter, an anti-Nazi German and former instructor at Northwestern University, declares that Day sent a cable to Hitler on April 6, 1933, congratulating him upon his rise to the chancellorship of the Reich. According to von Schroetter, Day approached him through an official of the German-American Republican Alliance and asked him to translate the cable into German. Von Schroetter has also stated under oath that Day then delivered a "lengthy monologue against the 'world conspiracy of the Jews,' and told what should be done about it." Day said, it is alleged, that "a strong drive against the Jews, against Morgenthau and Roosevelt especially, should be made by the citizens of this country."



Stephen A. Day

Day is sixty years old, wears drab, loose-fitting clothes, boasts that he has never taken a drink although he ran as a "wet" for fifteen years, and has no perceptible social life. Almost everyone who meets him for the first time is struck by his remarkable resemblance—in appearance and manner—to Victor Moore, the stage and film comedian. He has the same awkward diffidence, the prim shyness which conceals sharpness of a sort, the naive "folksy" attitude which Moore radiates in his stage characters. Despite his outbursts of demagoguery, he is no streamlined fascist of the Smith or Coughlin variety but rather a dull, pontifical throwback to nineteenth-century conservatism. He is a menace because he can be—and has been—used by smarter and more dangerous men.

Stephen Day's father—and he is never reluctant to bring up the fact—was William R. Day, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Secretary of State in President McKinley's Cabinet. Among his ancestors was General Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill. Stephen himself, just out of the University of Michigan, in 1905 became confidential secretary to Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller of the Supreme Court. Thus, by proxy, the Constitution has become Day's private property at patriotic and political functions in Illinois. He is the custodian of the sacred parchment and waves it at every opportunity. Just before the 1936 elections, when Day was strenuously campaigning to block the President's plan for reorganizing the Supreme Court, he spoke to an audience in Canton, Ohio, his birthplace, and with tears almost streaming down his cheeks, *à la* Victor Moore, he cried:

> I pledged my father that if the Supreme Court ever were in danger I would fight with all my strength to preserve its integrity. If the present Administration is reelected, the Supreme Court will be so weakened that its integrity will be lost, and then the United States will become a proletarian state with the average citizen on relief.

Most of Day's speeches are in this frenetic vein, and they have been uniformly unsuccessful in campaign-wise Chicago as well as in his home town of Evanston. But his stuff is eaten up downstate, where the name of Justice Day is proudly remembered and the Battle of Bunker Hill is still a live issue. In the recent Republican primary Day was badly beaten by his interventionist opponent in Chicago and Evanston but gained a sufficient plurality downstate to win the nomination.

Day has run for office almost every two years ever since 1920. Usually he has failed to receive indorsement or nomination in the primary; if he was nominated in the spring he was always beaten in the fall. It is said that his once thriving law practice—General Dawes was a client and personal friend of his—has gone to seed in the last ten years. He is known to have little money.

Neither a popular nor a well-known figure in his own district, Day is regarded as an outsider by the regular Republican organization, which failed to indorse him this year. In past election years he has volunteered to make speeches, and the leaders have allowed him to talk at "safe" meetings. His naivete is legendary among the politicians and newspapermen. In 1936, the story goes, he telephoned a county chieftain and told him blandly that he wanted to run for President. The G. O. P. leader patiently explained the process: "You have to start in the precincts," he said, "and then get the county and state indorsements. After that you get delegates pledged to you and try for the nomination at the National Convention." Day never mentioned the aspiration again.

Illinois is going to vote Democratic again in 1942, if the primary is any indication, and Day will probably find himself once more on the outside looking in. His opponent this fall is a young, aggressive Pole, Benjamin Adamowski, with an excellent New Deal record in the state legislature. Adamowski polled almost twice as many primary votes as Day and ran well ahead of the rest of the Democratic ticket. Moreover, he is actively supported by the largest Polish community in the nation, and he will gain many Republican votes because of his known independence of the Kelly-Nash machine. It is believed by political experts in Illinois that Adamowski will win handily, piling up enough Chicago and suburban votes to offset Day's certain downstate majority.

Price Ceilings—Quality Cellars

BY RUTH BRINDZE

PRICE ceilings alone are not enough to prevent inflation, and the Office of Price Administration knows it. As Harold Mager wrote in *The Nation* for May 30, there are two ways in which the cost of any article can be increased—by a mark-up of the price and by a debasement of quality. If the shoes for which a man normally pays $3.98 are now no better than a pair that cost $2.98 before the war, the actual cost has gone up 33⅓ per cent, even though the price tag has remained the same. This is the kind of inflation that must be expected if government control extends no farther than price.

The General Maximum Price Regulation merely provides that the price for the same or "similar" articles may not be more than that charged in March, 1942. A "similar" commodity is defined as one that "affords the purchaser fairly equivalent serviceability and belongs to a type which would ordinarily be sold in the same price line." This is one of those blanket provisions that cover practically nothing.

What is the meaning of the words "fairly equivalent serviceability," and who will decide on it—the government, the manufacturer, the retailer, or the customer? A professional buyer whose judgment is supplemented by laboratory testing may be able to determine the comparative serviceability of a woman's blouse, a child's snowsuit, or a man's overalls. The average over-the-counter buyer will not be able to judge. He will be further handicapped because war shortages will necessitate many changes in articles made for civilians. The leather used for men's work shoes will be different be-

Burlingame, Calif.

cause heavy leather is needed in the manufacture of shoes for the armed forces. War-time furniture will be different because jute, burlap, kapok, and many other products normally used in its manufacture are no longer available. Bicycle tires, another of the articles classed as "cost-of-living commodities," will undoubtedly be different—if they are manufactured at all—because reclaimed instead of new rubber must be used. In addition to all such necessary changes, some manufacturers will make others because cheating promises bigger profits.

How can control be exercised? Bernard Baruch has suggested one way; the OPA is already experimenting with another. Several months before the general price-regulation order was issued, the OPA went into action to check the runaway prices of sheets and pillow cases. Not only were maximum prices set, but these were tied directly to quality standards. Instead of merely saying that sheets could not be sold for more than a fixed maximum, the OPA established specifications for four types of sheeting and then named price ceilings for each. Labeling requirements were set up so that the various grades might be readily identified—by the trade. Of course the labeling should be carried through to the consumer, but we are only one step away from that now. The OPA's order did not limit the kinds of sheeting that may be manufactured. Other varieties, including high-count percales, may still be made, but they do not come under the labeling regulations. All sheetings manufactured according to government specifications must be labeled, and "seconds" must be marked as such.

Writing specifications for the multitude of articles used in the average household, including clothing and food, is a task of heroic proportions. The system used in Great Britain, with which Bernard Baruch's suggestion is directly in line, is simpler but more drastic than price and quality regulations. Mr. Baruch has pointed out that the way to prevent waste, as well as to control production for civilian use, is by standardization. Shoes, for example, he would order made in a limited number of grades and styles. Novelty footgear, especially that made for women, would be out. True the toeless, heelless trivialities don't take much leather, but they do require labor and machines for their construction and transportation facilities for their delivery. Whether such frivolities are desirable for a nation at war is a debatable question. In England, where clothing is rationed, "utility" cloth, manufactured to government specifications, is being used for many articles of wearing apparel. Styles have been restricted; only "utility types" of corsets and stockings may be made.

Foodstuffs are even more rigidly controlled. In order to prevent waste in production and distribution, and to control price, many of the basic foods have been "nationalized." Margarine, for example, is manufactured by only one company, which is directly controlled by the Ministry of Food. Two standard grades are made. Bread and butter have likewise been standardized, and instead of individual brands, consumers buy "national" bread and "national" butter. The effect of this standardization —or socialization—on Britain's post-war economy is an interesting field for speculation, but not one that appeals to American business men, who have spent a fortune advertising brand names. From their point of view, any regulation, however stringent, which permits the continued use of the company's name is preferable. We are not yet ready for "nationalization," but we are ready for restrictions. We can effect a major economic change by regulation without facing the hurdles that a direct take-over would involve. This is the direction in which we are heading.

Our War Production Board is not only deciding what consumer goods may be made but how they may be made. Government orders have fixed the length of hairpins and the number that may be included in a package; also the length of shirt tails, the amount of rubber in corsets, the number of tacks hammered into a pair of shoes, the yardage to be used for men's and women's clothing, the thickness of the glass in food containers and their size. The OPA has already learned that the effectiveness of price ceilings depends on the control of production. In August, 1941, it fixed maximum prices for 52 types of rayon fabrics; in April, 1942, it specified 177 additional types; so that the regulations now affect 90 per cent of all rayon goods. Before the order was extended, manufacturers were switching production to types that brought a higher return, and as a result there was a shortage of goods used in women's low-priced dresses. With the order now in force, labels might be developed which would inform the public on quality and durability. And if subsequent events should make it necessary, the OPA could amend its order and completely control the types of fabric woven.

Control is not always so easy. In an explanatory statement on the price schedule for leather, the OPA has pointed out some of the difficulties:

> The length of time taken for the tanning process, the method used, and the amount of load or excess weighting to which the leather is subjected during the tanning process are all factors which substantially affect the quality and value of the resultant leather. Two bends of substantially the same crop, the same area on a footage basis, and the same thickness may easily result in leather which will vary, as between tanners, by as much as 20 per cent in actual weight because of the loading.

But such obstacles can be overcome. The army, the navy, and other government services have long bought shoes and other leather goods to specification. The OPA would not have to start from scratch in developing standards for civilians' shoes.

The groundwork has also been laid for many other manufactured and natural products. The specifications for sheets developed by the United States Bureau of Home Economics over many years and the findings of the National Bureau of Standards were available to the OPA when it set up its quality and labeling regulations. Specifications have likewise been established by the government for a wide variety of other items ranging from blankets to house paint. In peace time the government is the biggest buyer of consumer goods; and quality standards for various civilian articles might be based on federal specifications.

It will be necessary, however, to develop many new standards for war-time substitutes. The Consumer Division of the OPA has already attacked the problem. We may get longer wear from war-time rubber heels because Washington postmen and policemen were enlisted by the division to give them a practical test. Durability will now be one of the factors determining the formula to be used in preparing the reclaimed rubber heels.

The problem of grading foodstuffs is comparatively simple. During the First World War the food trade began to use grades as the basis for wholesale buying, and by the time the Second World War started, government grading had been adopted for most fresh and canned fruits and vegetables, as well as for meat and poultry. But while we lived in peace, the meat packers and the food processors bitterly fought attempts to make quality grading and stamping mandatory and thereby to give consumers a rule for determining value. The weakness of the food industries' position was obvious, for while they were arguing that canned fruits and vegetables could not be sold to consumers by grade, they were themselves buying and selling by grade at wholesale. The OPA has the power to end the long argument and to require that food in the "cost-of-living" group be grade-labeled.

Existing government requirements can be used as a basis for quality standards for many of the foods over which the OPA now exercises control, and the Department of Agriculture has a corps of trained graders who might be called into service. Intelligent use of the quality standards can be expected from the public, for a large number of consumers have already been educated in the advantages of grade buying by the efforts of schools, colleges, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters, and federal, state, and city consumer agencies.

The enforcement of price control depends on quality standards. It requires a vigorous and adequate policing force and a punitive system with real guts. If industry refuses to submit, or alleges that cooperation is not possible, then complete control of manufacturing and processing may be necessary. Control by regulation, however, has more to recommend it. And the present is the time to take the offensive.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Will Planes Oust Trains?

THE railroads are breaking all records for freight handling, and under the spur of necessity and the firm direction of Joseph Eastman, Defense Transport Commissioner, they are operating with a hitherto unknown efficiency. Last year freight movements were 25 billion ton-miles greater than in 1929, although 600,000 fewer freight cars were available, and this year the 1941 figure will be vastly exceeded.

The tremendous volume of goods which the rails are being called upon to move is of course a direct reflection of a total national output soaring month by month to new heights. But in addition to what may be considered their full share of a super-normal transport load, the railroads are taking traffic from every competing form of transport. Oil and coal, which previously moved mostly by sea to the Northeastern states, are now being carried by rail; so is much of the freight which used to pass through the Panama Canal. The same sort of thing is happening in the passenger departments. With large numbers of airliners requisitioned for war purposes, travelers are flocking back to the Pullmans, and motorists are turning to the railroads wherever possible.

As a consequence of near-capacity use of all their facilities, the railroads' revenues are soaring to new heights, and despite increases in labor and other costs and mounting taxes, many companies are making very handsome profits. Stock-market quotations for railroad securities, however, suggest that investors remain singularly unimpressed by all this evidence of prosperity. It has not proved a cure for the disease of post-war defeatism, epidemic in the American stockholding class, which is convinced that ruin is right around the corner.

There are reasons for supposing, however, that holders of railroad securities may have more cause for anxiety about the future than investors in other fields. Recently their flesh has been made to creep by air-minded prophets who assert that earthbound means of transport will soon be a thing of the past. In a speech on May 2, Grover Loening, consulting engineer of the Grumann Aircraft Corporation, declared that cargo planes would very soon take over all carrying operations by land and sea. Referring to the projected Glenn Martin flying ships, which will carry a useful load of eighty tons, he declared that owing to the tremendous saving in time, 8,300 such machines could displace the entire merchant marine of the world. As for the 1,900,000 freight cars in the United States, their work could be done by 45,000 aircraft of a type now being flown day after day. "It is clear," Mr. Loening said, "that to keep the 300,000 pilots that we are going to have at the end of this war at work, and the millions of mechanics also, and in order to use some of the thousands of highly usable aircraft that we are going to inherit from this war, as well as to keep our factories going in some way—air will have to invade the heavy freight field of the railroads and the heavy cargo field of the international shipping companies right away."

Similar ideas were propounded a few days later by Glenn L. Martin, who told a New York audience that the Mars, the latest flying boat produced by his company, had a hull with a cubic space equal to that of the average fifteen-room house. It could, he said, carry 102 passengers with 80 pounds of luggage apiece, 25,000 pounds of mail, and a crew of 12, and cover the distance between New York and London in 13 hours. And this boat by no means represents the possible limit in size.

Both railroad and shipping men have scoffed at these prophecies, pointing out that while airplanes may score as regards speed they are still handicapped by the cost factor. Air freight rates between New York and Buenos Aires are roughly five times those charged by the steamship companies, which refuse to recognize a menace from the air until the cost differential is brought down to a mere 100 per cent. Railroaders, while recognizing that the airplane will compete for an increasing amount of passenger and express traffic, believe it will be a long time before they are challenged in the field of bulk freight. Planes, they say, will continue to be handicapped by the force of gravity, which compels them to develop a great deal more horse-power per ton-mile than a locomotive.

Probably the truth lies somewhere between the airmen and the earthmen. Commercial aviation is bound to take a tremendous leap forward when lessons learned under the forced draft of war are applied to the uses of peace. But it took a long time for the steamship to displace the sailing vessel, and even today the lumbering barge still competes with the railroad for certain forms of freight. Aircraft costs will certainly fall after the war. The secrets of mass-production of planes now being mastered are likely to reduce initial capital outlay per unit tremendously. Severe competition between manufacturers is probable, with four or five well-established firms competing with Douglas Aircraft, which formerly enjoyed a near-monopoly in the commercial-plane field. Nor are the automobile manufacturers, now that they have rather belatedly turned to plane production, apt to relinquish their stake in this "growth" industry. It is unlikely that Henry Ford has built Willow Run just to make bombers.

While the air enthusiasts, therefore, may be allowing their imagination to soar rather higher than the facts warrant, it is not hard to foresee increasing competition between the plane and older forms of transport. Moreover, with its great margin of speed, the plane is likely to skim the cream off the business at a fairly early stage. This is what is going to hurt the railroads and hurt them so much that I fully expect in a few years' time to see a movement, supported by the banks and blessed by the *Wall Street Journal*, to persuade the government to nationalize the railroads. Capitalists begin to see virtue in socialism when they find themselves stuck with an enterprise whose future is blighted.

In the Wind

WASHINGTON REACTIONARIES are proposing James A. Farley as a successor to Leon Henderson as Price Administrator. . . . Governor Darden of Virginia, whose record on the Waller case has been so liberal, may enter the War Cabinet.

HAROLD E. COLE of Boston, who is running for Congress against Joe Martin, chairman of the Republican National Committee, has been hindered from campaigning in Fall River. He was ordered to leave the city on Memorial Day because his car carried an electioneering sign and an obscure city ordinance forbids the parking of vehicles which display advertising.

A WISCONSIN LOCAL of the International Typographical Union has expelled a member because he registered in the draft as a conscientious objector. The expulsion order will be fought as a civil-rights case before the unions' highest councils.

THE NEWEST DODGE of the anti-liquor forces to bring back prohibition in practice if not in theory is a bill to close all saloons within two blocks of war activity. A strict construction of "war activity" would, of course, prohibit the sale of alcohol everywhere but in a few rural districts.

ROGER S. BALDWIN, head of the American Civil Liberties Union, has resigned from the International Labor Defense, a Communist-controlled agency, because the I. L. D. is supporting the government in its case against the Minneapolis Trotskyites.

JUDGE CHARLES B. SEARS, on whose investigation of the Bridges case the Attorney General based his deportation order, was an ardent supporter of General Franco during the Spanish civil war.

TWO NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS, the *Times* and the *Post*, refused to accept advertisements of Leigh White's article on George II of Greece which appeared in *The Nation* last week. The article accused the King of having been a dictatorial and pro-Nazi ruler, and the copy was headed "George II, Fascist King of Greece."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Her Name Is Legion

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS. By Mary McCarthy. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THE publishers' somewhat pretentious synopsis and Miss McCarthy's amusing foreword unintentionally do their best to mislead us as to the character of this novel. So let us begin with a synopsis of our own.

"The Company She Keeps" is divided into six episodes. The first, Cruel and Barbarous Treatment, describes, with the disgusted objectivity of a dyspeptic anthropologist, the various stages of an adultery which lead to divorce and the decision not to marry the other man. Neither the girl, the husband, nor the lover is given a name; passion is purely algebraical; the authoress unfolds her theme with the gusto of a scientist developing a favorite thesis. The result is brilliant and highly convincing, but it is the weakest thing in the book.

In Rogue's Gallery we meet Mr. Sheer, a dealer in doubtful antiques, who gives the girl her first job. (This episode is, of course, a flashback to Margaret's earlier pre-marital life.) Mr. Sheer, with his debts and deceits and baroque imagination, is quite somebody. We see far too little of him. Miss McCarthy could easily have expanded this portrait into a short novel. That she has not done so shows either the folly of a literary spendthrift or the liberality of vast inventive wealth. Here is a figure who might have stood beside the Great Gatsby.

And now we are on a westbound train. Margaret is traveling to visit an aunt in Portland—to tell her that she is going to marry again. Once more, however, she changes her mind: this time because of her encounter with The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt. Here is a little masterpiece, carried through in perfect detail from the come-on to the brush-off—the classic study of the Business Man conquering the Tired Bohemian Girl. Even those who have never been seduced in a railway compartment will recognize here the accents of utter and awful truth.

The Genial Host is another portrait, crueller but equally well balanced, of one of those arachnidan entertainers who weave spider's webs around their guests and exact from each a character performance in exchange for a good dinner. Margaret, growing weary of this technique, tries to walk out of her role, but is promptly lassoed and yanked back into position by a silky thread.

Portrait of the Intellectual as a Yale Man is good, too. Its central figure is Jim Barnett, the clean-limbed Bright Young Pinkist whom everybody likes; in the end, of course, he sells out to weekly pluto-imperio-reportage-journalism—accepts, in other words, the Facts of *Life*. Margaret appears here at second remove. She is seen through his eyes. She is his bad conscience: sexually, because Jim has an affair with her while his wife is in childbed; politically, because in the obstinate integrity of her Trotskyism she seems to him to symbolize loyalty, idealism, honorable poverty, and freedom.

But Margaret, when we see her last, in the consulting-room of a psychoanalyst, is neither loyal, idealistic, nor free. Remarried at last to a successful architect, she is no longer even poor. Ghostly Father, I Confess is the annotated report of a typical hour spent with Dr. James—the annotations being Margaret's childhood memories. "Here," says Simon and Schuster's back flap, "for the first time, we see the girl plain and whole. . . . Psychologically she has come to a dead end and can only act and reenact the childhood drama of estrangement that has left her permanently in doubt as to her moral identity, turned her into a human chameleon who can only know herself vicariously, through those whose company she keeps."

This kind of talk seems to me, as I have said above, misleading and anyhow superficial. There is nothing special, or inviting to pity and terror, about Margaret's case; we are all "human chameleons," every one of us. The stupid are not aware of this fact, the wise accept it, and the rest make a terrible fuss. The search for what Miss McCarthy calls "the ordinary indispensable self" is as futile as the "search" for one's own reflection in a mirror: the object sought is infinitely protean, and it can never be grasped or possessed. since it moves on another plane of being. Between the eternity of the animal, which is reproduction, and the eternity of the spirit, which is awareness of its life in ultimate reality, there is nothing firm, nothing solid, nothing "indispensable." The personality, which we value so much, is only a swirling nebula, a looking-glass at a fair—or, as the Hindus put it, the skins of the onion, which, when they are peeled off, leave nothing at all. "But," the reader will object, "surely you'll admit that the 'ordinary indispensable self,' however illusory it may be in our human life, is very real in fiction. Surely this is the paradox of the novelist's art: in his work he must square the convention of 'the personality' with his empirical knowledge that the personality does not, in any final sense, 'exist'."

Needless to say, I agree. And I am bound to add that if this was really Miss McCarthy's original artistic intention and not a regrettable highbrow afterthought, I think she has made a very bad job of it. Margaret does *not* appear as a series of striking contrasts and apparent contradictions; in fact, this idea seems hardly to have been exploited at all. Actually, she is a somewhat colorless though sympathetic and attractive minor figure who serves as a stooge for feats of really dazzling social analysis or as second fiddle to the principal characters.

But why carp? Why be ungrateful? Never mind if the book is wrongly presented; never mind the slightly dated, almost twentyish intellectualism. Miss McCarthy has given us Mr. Sheer and Mr. Breen and Pflaumen and Jim Barnett and Dr. James. She is a real novelist, a vivid original talent whose warmth and charity and insight need no pompous introductions. We should rejoice in her, and wait eagerly for more.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

The Ramparts We Lost

RAMPARTS OF THE PACIFIC. By Hallett Abend. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

HALLETT ABEND, former Far Eastern correspondent of the New York *Times,* made a whirlwind, two-month clipper survey of Oahu, New Zealand, Australia, the Dutch East Indies, and the Philippines to write a last-minute report on the strength of the democracies shortly before the attack on Pearl Harbor. Before he could finish his book, however, the screaming headlines of our newspapers were providing the frightening answer to questions about the strength of Singapore, the Philippines, and the Dutch East Indies. His discussion of these bases as ramparts of the democracies comes, therefore, as an anti-climax to one of the great tragic stories of our day.

Since the author visited these bases at a time when they were rapidly being strengthened in preparation for possible Japanese attacks, it is natural that he should have been impressed by the striking improvement in the military, naval, and air position of their owners in the western Pacific. Consequently he is somewhat at a loss to explain the reasons for the shocking defeats suffered by the United Nations. If his figures on the military and air strength at Singapore, the Philippines, and the Dutch East Indies are correct, the cause of the disasters is more inexplicable than ever, for they indicate that the United Nations were not so greatly outnumbered by the Japanese as is generally believed.

Mr. Abend thinks that there was a "minimum" of 180,000 soldiers in the Philippines and about 200,000 British, Australian, New Zealand, and Indian troops in Malaya. These troops, he writes, were overwhelmed by a Japanese force in both areas "not to exceed 400,000 men." In the East Indies Mr. Abend believes the Dutch had almost 200,000 men under arms, giving the United Nations a total of 580,000 men in the three strategic areas which the Japanese apparently succeeded in capturing with a total force not much greater.

For an explanation of the disconcerting puzzle presented by these figures the author points to the fact that the United Nations lacked control of the air. But his estimates of United Nations air strength make it difficult to understand why we were so completely overwhelmed in that field. Mr. Abend asserts that the Dutch had about 2,400 planes of all classes and sizes in the Netherlands Indies and that the British had at least 800 planes in Singapore and Malaya. He offers no figures for the Philippines but says planes were being sent across the Pacific in "astonishing numbers" after midsummer of 1941. It is incredible that there were in the Philippines less than 300 planes, which would mean that the United Nations had a total air force of at least 3,500 planes at the three ramparts which have now fallen.

If these figures are anywhere near correct, then the Japanese could not have had much superiority in the air in the southwestern Pacific, as their total air force is estimated at less than 7,000 planes, about half of which must have been reserved for Japan proper, China, and the Soviet-Manchurian frontier. Mr. Abend's figures suggest that it was not entirely a question of "too little and too late," that the lack of coordination at each base and between all the forces of the United Nations had not a little to do with our defeats.

It can be assumed that General MacArthur is now perfecting coordination of our forces at Australia, which is being converted into a base for the eventual counter-offensive against the Japanese. Mr. Abend's chapters on New Zealand and Australia, therefore, provide valuable and timely reading. He presents a large amount of fresh material, and his description of the heroic efforts being made by the Australians and New Zealanders provides a measure of compensation for an otherwise bleak picture.

The large number of fliers being turned out by our allies in the Antipodes is particularly impressive. New Zealand is expected to train about 5,000 fliers annually, and of the 210,000 Australians who applied for enlistment in the air force, Mr. Abend says more than 70,000 have been accepted. Given such an air force and the continued indomitable resistance of the Chinese—who have already suffered 9,000,000 casualties in their struggle against the Japanese—the outlook for the United Nations is not at all dark.

JOSEPH NEWMAN

Russia's Strength

RUSSIA'S ECONOMIC FRONT FOR WAR AND PEACE: AN APPRAISAL OF THE THREE FIVE-YEAR PLANS. By A. Yugow. Harper and Brothers. $3.

MR. YUGOW'S book is important not so much because of its intrinsic merit as because it fills a conspicuous void in our information about Russia. The reviewer knows of no other place where the average person may so quickly and conveniently obtain the basic facts regarding Soviet economic development, together with information that will enable him to appraise these facts intelligently. It is distinctly not pro-Soviet in its interpretations; nevertheless, the general picture is one of amazing progress despite blundering and in the face of a heavy cost to the Russian people. Progress appears to have been particularly rapid in the months between 1938 and June, 1941—a period of almost complete blackout so far as information about Soviet Russia was concerned.

A few statistics will help us to see how phenomenal Russia's industrial advance has been since the Revolution. As compared with 1913, Russia's output of iron ore has increased threefold; of pig iron, fourfold; of steel, fivefold; and of machine-building, thirty-two-fold. Many new industries, such as the manufacture of tractors, automobiles, precision machine tools, motors, and electrical machinery, have been started and carried to a high level of development in the past fifteen or twenty years. Most of these gains have been made since 1928, when the First Five-Year Plan was inaugurated. Industrial production as a whole in 1940 was seven and one-half times as large as in 1928; the output of producers' goods—the key to Russia's strength in peace or war—increased no less than fourteen-fold during this twelve-year period and was still expanding rapidly prior to the invasion in 1941. Much less emphasis was placed, of course, on consumers' goods. Nevertheless, the output in this category increased nearly four and a half times between 1928 and 1940 and five times between 1913 and 1940. No other country has shown a rate of industrial growth that is at all comparable to that of the Soviet Union during this period.

There is, of course, a negative side to the picture. Soviet tanks, airplanes, and other war materials are of relatively high quality, but largely as a result of the speeding up of production, the quality of non-military goods has been consistently poor and costs of production have been high. Carelessness had led to much waste and many accidents.

The progress made in agriculture in the same period has been in a way fully as remarkable as that in industry, for the possibilities of growth in this sphere are obviously more restricted. The grain yield in 1939, 1940, and 1941 was about double the pre-war average, and the cotton crop was about three and a half times that of 1913. The consistently high yields of recent years contrast with the wide swings between good and bad harvests in the past, and are perhaps the most encouraging feature of Soviet agricultural development.

The standard of living of the Soviet population, Yugow believes, has increased appreciably in the past few years, particularly in agricultural regions. But he maintains that the average Russian worker, though his position has improved, has still a lower standard of life than French, German, or even Bulgarian workers. The condition of the peasants on the collective farms, however, has notably advanced. Reliable figures are cited indicating that in the Middle Volga region and the Kuban, as well as in the Ukraine, the peasants consume one and a half times as much bread, one and a half times as much milk, and eight times as much meat and lard as they did before the First World War. Even greater advances are shown in the consumption of clothing, shoes, furniture, and other goods. While the industrial figures may explain Russia's unexpected strength in planes, tanks, and the weapons of war, the undeniable improvement in living standards, especially in the country, explains the utter collapse of Hitler's hope that the Russian people would rise against the Soviet regime and pave the way for the Nazi invaders.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Inside Italy

AGENT IN ITALY. By S. K. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

THE author of this book lived in Rome from the summer of 1939 to the summer of 1941. When he speaks of things outside the city of Rome or of facts of an earlier date, he piles error upon error, as does any foreigner who deals with Italian affairs on the basis of his immediate observations alone, without knowing present-day Italy widely or the Italy of yesterday at all. But S. K.'s errors should not obscure the fact that during the years of his residence in Rome he gathered with diligence and intelligence a great deal of first-hand and reliable information on rising prices, on the deterioration of the standard of living, and on the infiltration of German agents into all branches of the Italian economic, military, and administrative structure.

The author does not believe in the possibility of a separate peace between Italy and the Allied Nations:

> It is a mistake if anti-Axis forces today suppose that Italy will drop out of the war by itself. Such an event can be brought about by only two means. . . . One is invasion by the United Nations, which would be warmly welcomed and abetted by the mass of the people. The other is for Germany to be militarily defeated and Nazism destroyed. . . . There will be no revolution in Italy until peace—as defined above—comes again to Europe.

When the Fascist structure falls, he says, the monarchy will not outlive it.

Whoever knows the state of mind of the great majority of the Italian people must agree that on these points the conclusions of the author correspond to reality. The British Foreign Office and the American State Department would do well to discard their dreams of concluding a separate peace with the King or the Italian army chiefs after the latter decide to throw Mussolini into the sea. Mussolini, the King, and the army chiefs will sink or swim together. At the most, when Hitler has lost the war for good, some army chiefs and the King will endeavor to save their skins by staging a faked "revolution" against the Duce, to the satisfaction of the gullible "anti-Bolshevist" hearts of the British and American tories.

Though he lived in Rome for two years, the author of this book never speaks of the Pope. This fact will seem strange to those who fancy that no one moves a finger in Italy without the permission of the Pope. Yet this absolute ignorance of the Pope is the surest evidence that the author really lived in Rome for two years. If he had not, he would certainly have told us that the Pope is the greatest authority in the life of Rome and of Italy. The fact is that the authority of the Pope is extensive in London (England), Quebec (Canada), and Washington (U. S. A.), but not in Italy. To an inhabitant of Rome the price of tomatoes and charcoal is much more important than the latest address of Pope Pius XII.

Unfortunately the author has discredited himself by making out that in Italy he took part in an underground revolutionary movement. Underground movements do exist in Italy, but the internal evidence of S. K.'s account makes it obvious that he had no connection with them.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

Out of the Many, One

$1,000 A WEEK, AND OTHER STORIES. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

THE items of this volume work by a wide variety of methods. In the simplest distinction, there is the fact that one "story," G. B. S. Interviews the Pope, has the form of a dramatic dialogue between the irresistible force and the immovable object named; another consists of nothing more than the near side of a telephone conversation. Somewhat less obviously, there are differences of style to be seen, for example, in the contrast of such stories as $1,000 a Week, The Sport of Kings, and Whoopee for the New Deal! with such as Sorel, After the Sun Has Risen, The Bride of Christ, and Counting the Waves. The former group, which forms the majority, has the relaxed American colloquialism of the author's novel-writing, whereas the latter uses a manner much

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like the average style of the French or Russian realists, who appear to make a studied blend of the colloquial with the formal and "literary." It is interesting to observe, incidentally, that Mr. Farrell's exotic manner occurs in concomitance with a subject matter which, beside his regular Chicago-Irish-American milieu, is also exotic: Jacques Sorel, the French royalist Vichyman; the expatriate bohemian paralytic of After the Sun Has Risen; the dead nun of The Bride of Christ; the scenery and minor persons, if not the protagonist, of Counting the Waves.

But the shifting feature of these stories that is most difficult to trace and define is their meaning. I would decline to enter the lists on behalf of a True Technique of the Short Story, and I shall not be trying to join the dance by a back door if I say that the stories of Mr. Farrell whose effects I value most highly are those founded upon a perspicuous meaning. And what do I mean by "meaning"? It is not easy to give the term an exact definition because the phenomena to which I am applying it are not easily classified. I will propose, tentatively, that a meaningful story is one which conveys an empirically true statement of the common ground of human experiences that are unlike in detail while it actually presents only a single set of particulars and the experience of individuals. This will sound like a paradox, and as I have put it, it is, for the statement of a particular cannot at the same time be the statement of a generalization. There must really be something more than a mere account of particulars in what I am calling a meaningful story. The device by which a story can achieve the double focus of the specific and the general is usually the symbol; how we are persuaded to recognize the symbol as such is a problem that requires for its solution a delicate study of the manipulation of "minimal clues" against the anticipated foreknowledge of the audience.

In this sense of the label, at least one of Mr. Farrell's stories—Accident—has, as I read it, no meaning whatever; it stands solely on the feet of its action and circumstantial detail, more or less like its legion of innocent brothers the world around. Other stories, such as the title piece, $1,000 a Week, seem to involve their literality with some meaning, but one that is relatively limited, superficial, and ready-to hand—not very perspicuous, in short. Of the small selection which passes beyond this stage, the leader is probably Whoopee for the New Deal. John and Kate Robinson and Henry and Myrtle Lohrman are seen during the course of a recreational evening in the period just after Mr. Roosevelt's first election and the announcement of the NRA. The story is in Mr. Farrell's painstakingly concrete mode; the details of person, speech, behavior, and scene are full and precise. The two couples exchange opinions about the times ("the new man in Washington," "this fellow Hitler," "Socialists . . . they're morons"), although these opinions have a plausible context of other opinions about golf, adultery, and the proper way of slapping up a highball. They go to a speakeasy to celebrate the New Deal, lean yearningly toward the disgraceful, and come home drunk and singing. The central thing about this story is the kind of understanding which the four chief characters exhibit toward their total social situation, and which the reader can recognize as representative. It is such a compound of shallow realism and downright error and illusion (the reader must supply this judg-

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ment) as to be entirely unavailing as a weapon against the situation; this is the source of the governing effect of the story, which is an effect of irony, pity, and not a little terror, now that history has shown us something more of its hand. When the Lohrmans are staggering home from the speakeasy, Henry sings "Git along little dogie, git along." They are all "little dogies," but only Mr. Farrell and the wise reader are in on the secret. "Well, we had something to celebrate," says Henry apologetically as he undresses for bed, and the remark functions as an epigram of the total meaning which the story has been accumulating, and also as a final crystallization of the ironic effect: it recalls the inadequacy of the Lohrmans' and the Robinsons' understanding of their broad historical predicament, and it plays upon the discrepancy between the fatal potentialities of that predicament and the couples' empty and ignorant "celebrating." Whoopee for the New Deal! is by my standards one of the most admirable sorts of short fiction that an author of Mr. Farrell's intellectual position and human sympathies could produce; a sort, that is to say, in which the psychological meaning is inseparable from the social meaning, since its materials are human experience *of* the crises of society. Unfortunately, in the present collection, the effort is scattered and the score is low. E. S. FORGOTSON

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Semantics as a Rigorous Discipline

INTRODUCTION TO SEMANTICS. By Rudolf Carnap. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

PROFESSOR CARNAP'S semantical theory has very little immediate connection with the attempts of Korzybski, Stuart Chase, *et al.* to develop the hygiene of linguistic usage and communication. It is, rather, a rigorous science of the relations of signs to what they "designate," deriving, as the author indicates, from the pioneer discoveries of the Warsaw school of logicians, especially of Alfred Tarski, who is now in the United States. This "Introduction," the first of a series in preparation under the general heading "Studies in Semantics," is the only systematic treatment in English and will undoubtedly be a standard introduction to the subject for a long time to come.

Carnap is widely known as the chief spokesman for one of the most radical forms of scientific, anti-metaphysical philosophy—logical empiricism or logical positivism. Formulating his theses in the light of the technically abstruse results of contemporary symbolic logic, he has argued consistently that when the problems of empirical science have been set aside, what meaningfully remains for philosophy is the logical analysis of language. In his earlier writings—particularly "The Logical Syntax of Language"—logical analysis was understood as "syntax," that is, as analysis concerned with the order and arrangement of symbols without regard to their meaning. Now he finds it necessary to broaden the conception of philosophy so as to include the signifying function of language, that is, meaning and interpretation, which is the subject of "semantics," as well as the relation between the user of signs and the signs and meanings, which is the subject of "pragmatics." The general theory of signs and language, including syntax, semantics, and pragmatics, is called semiotic. Thus, as he now formulates his position, *"the task of philosophy is semiotical analysis;* the problems of philosophy concern—not the ultimate nature of being but—the semiotical structure of the language of science, including the theoretical part of everyday language."

The present book omits treatment of the problems of pragmatics, which have formed the major concern of traditional theories of knowledge. But the recognition that philosophy includes at least something more than the syntax of language may help to build bridges between logical empiricism and other forms of contemporary epistemology. Nevertheless, it is hardly likely that those who were not sympathetic before will become so now. Carnap's opponents have frequently shown a disinclination to read his books with sufficient care and understanding, a disinclination not mitigated by the fact that they presuppose a working familiarity with modern logic. The further fact that in his new book he devotes comparatively little space to the wider philosophic import of semantics promises little easing of that situation. On the other hand, philosophy has always included, and philosophers have always pursued, so much more than theory of knowledge that even the sympathetic may still be unconvinced that a diet of semiotic will suffice in the way of spiritual nourishment. ALBERT HOFSTADTER

The Haitian Revolution

THE HAITIAN PEOPLE. By James G. Leyburn. The Yale University Press. $4.

HAITI was the second country in the Western Hemisphere to free itself from Europe by means of a revolution. In this case the revolution, almost the only successful slave revolt in history, was a real one, directed toward a drastic modification of society. As a consequence, the colonial society of Haiti, made up of a master-class and slaves, was transformed into a peasantry of small Negro landowners. An intermediate stage, one which was definitely formative of contemporary *mores,* was a sort of agrarian state socialism, at times headed by Negro dictators.

Dr. Leyburn's concern in "The Haitian People" is to describe the social evolution outlined above as a prelude to a systematic account of its end products in terms of mental attitudes, beliefs, customs, and institutions. He does this with exhaustive scholarship and with generosity, though always with that conspicuous inadequacy as to cause and consequence notable in most sociological studies restricted to orthodox methods. For example, when Dr. Leyburn, commenting upon the decline of prosperity after the first revolutionary epoch of Toussaint, Dessalines, and Christophe, attributes it in part to the disappearance of compulsion to labor, his treatment, always richly suggestive, cannot fail to prompt other speculations. Expressly forbidding himself lengthy economic discussions, he does not ask how a market for surplus production on a money-crop basis might have been created, or how the popular will might have been animated. Nor does he clearly see in the peasant's indifference to politics and deliberate ignoring of formal law a protective device. Nevertheless, the author's descriptions (his scientific ideal is one of description, one feels) are vivid and sophisticated, especially in his discussions of the caste problem in its relation to politics.

"The Haitian People" has a greater value than that inherent in a solid history of one society. Its importance as an illumination of the problems of revolution and reform is in no way to be measured by the apparent unimportance of the case. The liberal reader will find himself constantly provoked to fresh and fruitful thought concerning such events as the Mexican and Russian revolutions. RALPH BATES

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IN BRIEF

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE. By Alfred Neumann. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Choosing a great theme for his latest story—Paris in 1870—and making all the gestures of writing an important and serious novel, Mr. Neumann has actually produced an incoherent and very dull book. He treats his historical characters—Clemenceau, Gambetta, Verlaine, and the rest—with a combination of flamboyance and knowingness that amounts to irresponsibility, and even his fictional characters, particularly his sixteen-year-old hero, are quite inadequate to the historical roles they are supposed to have played. If Mr. Neumann had in mind parallels between the Paris of seventy years ago and the Paris of more recent history, the lesson is lost in the muddy current of his narrative.

THE GRAND PIANO. By Paul Goodman. The Colt Press. $2.50.

Somewhere along in this Dada novel of infantile petulance and protest (query in passing: why are Dada novels always such Mama novels?) one of the characters says, "This public has already *got* all those shocks you mention. . . . There is only one way to make a dent. . . . *Boredom!* This they cannot endure." Mr. Goodman is quite right! And granted that the naturalistic techniques are only a prejudice, "The Grand Piano" is still no proof that post-naturalism can do anything (*except* bore) that naturalism plus talent plus a sensible modesty before the possibilities of fiction cannot do. This novel, by the way, is well below the level of talent that Mr. Goodman has shown in his short stories.

THE COPPER POT. By Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

This is the same old story of one man's coming of age in bohemia. Tom Hartshorn is a painter who has the Real Stuff but hasn't Found Himself. Beset by temptations female and artistic, he triumphs over them to paint the Copper Pot of the title and win the Award; then once more he is beset by temptations female and artistic. Add to the clichés of the story the filter of Harvard gentility through which the former Pulitzer prize-winner sees them, and perhaps it isn't only the fault of the times that a book about love and art in the Latin Quarter of New Orleans doesn't even make us nostalgic.

FATIGUE OF WORKERS: ITS RELATION TO INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION. By the Committee on Work in Industry of the National Research Council. Reinhold Publishing Company. $2.50.

In rather appalling technical language this book describes a series of studies on the general problem of fatigue and productivity. The results of the studies are highly significant. Contrary to ordinary opinion, it was found that such factors as intensity of illumination, heat, humidity, and hours of work were of minor importance in their effect on health and productivity as compared with psychological factors. While the efficiency of workers may be drastically affected by such physical factors as extreme heat and high altitude, the influence of these factors is in turn often modified by psychological conditions. Lack of understanding on the part of management of the forces which motivate workers, particularly their own informal social organization, may drastically influence production. Especially interesting are the experiments showing that where workers participated in the planning—in their own way—the results in increased production were far higher than those achieved by so-called "scientific management." As written, the book is unlikely to have very wide circulation, but a way should be found to place its conclusions in the hands of every factory executive, personnel manager, and trade-union leader.

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A NEW bi-weekly literary page of informal commentary by disinguished writers. A preliminary list includes Louis Kronenberger, Joseph Wood Krutch, Mark Van Doren, Lionel Trilling, Irwin Edman, and Jacques Barzun. These little essays will deal with a great variety of subjects—books old and new, ideas important and tangential. They will be gay or serious or provocative. They will renew, for readers in a world at war, the pleasures and rewards of literature and the arts which are so great a source of strength and refreshment.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

Send No Money. By Louis Asher and Edith Heal. Argus Press. $2.75.

Women in War Industries. By Helen Baker. Industrial Relations Section, Department of Economics and Social Institutions, Princeton University. $1.50.

Horse Sense in American Humor from Benjamin Franklin to Ogden Nash. By Walter Blair. Chicago. $2.75.

The Indian States and Indian Federation. By Sir Geoffrey De Montmorency. Macmillan. $1.25.

Writers in Crisis: The American Novel Between Two Wars. By Maxwell Geismar. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Rationed Rubber and What to Do About It. By Williams Haynes and Ernst A. Hauser. Knopf. $1.75.

Reconstruction and Peace. By Julian Huxley. New Republic. 25 cents.

Europe in Revolt. By René Kraus. Macmillan. $3.50.

The Walter Clinton Jackson Essays in the Social Sciences. Edited by Vera Largent. North Carolina. $3.

The Impact of the War on America. Six Lectures by Members of the Faculty of Cornell University. Cornell. $2.

West with the Night. By Beryl Markham. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

Natalie Maisie and Pavilastukay. Two Tales in Verse. By John Masefield. Macmillan. $2.50.

Men Without Country. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown. $1.50.

The Republic of Plato. Translated with Introduction and Notes by Francis MacDonald Cornford. Oxford. $3.

Geopolitics: The Struggle for Space and Power. By Robert Strausz-Hupé. Putnam's. $2.75.

The Tragic Career of Commodore James Barron, U. S. Navy (1769-1851). By Paul Barron Watson. Coward-McCann. $1.50.

The Allegheny. By Frederick Way, Jr. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

You Can't Be Too Careful. By H. G. Wells. Putnam's. $2.50.

One Man's Meat. By E. B. White. Harper. $2.50.

Government and Politics in the United States. By Harold Zink. Macmillan. $4.

MUSIC

A REVISED edition has been published of Rimsky-Korsakov's "My Musical Life" (Knopf; $5). The book does not give us the complete, objective history of the period of the flowering of Russian music that a scholar may construct some day from all available materials, including this autobiography. But it has the special fascination of the personal immediacy of an account by one who himself knew the men and participated in the events of the period.

What I have found especially interesting in the book is the material that has enabled me to understand how Rimsky-Korsakov was led to do what he did with Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov." A footnote gives Jean Marnold's much-quoted description of the revision: "The scene of Boris with his children is especially mutilated. Rimsky-Korsakov cuts . . . one, two, or three measures as serenely as he cuts fifteen or twenty. At will he transposes a tone, or a half-tone, makes sharps or flats natural, alters modulations. He even corrects the harmony. During the tableau in the cell of Pimyen the liturgical Dorian mode is adulterated by a banal D minor. The interval of the augmented fifth (a favorite device of Mussorgsky) is frequently the object of his equilateral ostracism. . . . From one end of the work to the other he planes, files, polishes, pulls together, retouches, embellishes, makes insipid, or corrupts. . . ." Imagine the analogous things being done to a painting, to a poem: you will see what violation of the integrity of another artist's work Rimsky-Korsakov committed; you will see also that it was one which no painter, no poet would commit or be allowed to commit.

The explanation of Rimsky-Korsakov's act begins in his description of the Balakirev circle. Balakirev, a brilliant musician and perceptive critic by virtue of gifts and experience that compensated for lack of formal schooling, and a magnetic personality, dominated the others: from him Cui, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Borodin acquired their tastes in music; to him they brought their essays in composition, to be told how and how not to proceed; from him they got their attitude toward the craft of composition—that "there was no need of training: one must begin to compose outright, to create and learn through one's own work of creation." The error in this for them was that they had not had his long experience as a practicing musician to develop their talents. And as it worked out, what was technically unskilful in their work he corrected, what remained unfinished he did for them; only in this way was the piece made ready for performance or publication. And in addition to receiving criticism and help from Balakirev they criticized and helped each other.

From the start, then, there was this practice of mutual aid in composition; and later Rimsky-Korsakov's criticisms and suggestions to Borodin and Mussorgsky acquired additional authority, in his own mind, from the professional training that he gave himself and the professional positions that he occupied. The composer of the symphonic works "Sadko" and "Antar" and the opera "Maid of Pskov" was appointed professor of practical composition at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, and thought it necessary to know as much about harmony and counterpoint as his pupils; also, after he had exhausted the few devices he had used in those works "only the development of a technique . . . permitted new living currents to flow into my creative work"; and so he acquired a disciplined craftsmanship that enabled him to be steadily productive. The composers of the B minor Symphony and "Boris Godunov," on the other hand—without the schooling and discipline in composition for which they continued to express scorn, and with increasing disorganization in their daily lives—were able to compose only mere bits of "Prince Igor" and "Khovanchina." And it was Rimsky-Korsakov now, with Balakirev withdrawn from the musical world, who did what Balakirev had done. When Rimsky-Korsakov wished to perform excerpts from "Prince Igor" which he could not get Borodin to finish orchestrating, he and Lyadov had to help Borodin do the job in one evening. For another concert he had to orchestrate the Persian Dance from "Khovanchina" for Mussorgsky, who, he says, "was quite pleased with my work, although I had made many corrections in his harmonies and part-writing."

From this the next step was to complete the works when Borodin and Mussorgsky died leaving them collections of composed fragments, partly composed sketches, merely projected ideas. And the way had been prepared for the final step: When Mussorgsky died Rimsky-Korsakov "undertook to set in order and complete all of [his] works"—not just the ones that Mussorgsky had left incomplete and in disorder, but even the ones that he had left completed and in order—even "Boris Godunov," which not only had been completed but in its completed form had been found worthy of publication, of performance "with uninterrupted success" from 1874 to 1882; which had been brought to this completed form by years of work, of thought, of second thought, of consideration of what Rimsky-Korsakov believed it should be, of decision what Mussorgsky himself wanted it to be; and which, when he had made it what he wanted, nobody had a right to make anything else.

The way had been prepared; but the step was one that a painter or a poet would not have taken. He might have thought the equivalent of Rimsky-Korsakov's opinion of the technical faults in Mussorgsky's writing; he might have been, in Tovey's words, "a perky and conceited little mind" incapable "of telling a blunder from a stroke of genius or feature of style." He might have been also an arrogant, a vengeful little mind: he might have thought the equivalent of Rimsky-Korsakov's remark that Mussorgsky's light praise for a few things in "Snyegoorochka" and indifference to the rest were caused by "his fatuous self-conceit and conviction that the path he had chosen in art was the only true path," while his own conceit and conviction that *his* was the only true path gave him not indifference but a burning desire to impose his method on the other artist, a less conscious desire to avenge the slight to his method and work. He might have failed to understand that the other man's path *was* the only true one for him, and that his own was the true one only for himself; that technical training had indeed made his capacities strong and lack of it had indeed left the other man's weak, but that his strength was not transferable: since technique was acquired, and existed, in the different terms in which each artist was articulate in his medium, he could not alter the other man's technical practices in accordance with his own, without altering those terms of the man's personal artistic functioning. But he would have been restrained by one thing that he did understand—that another artist's work is inviolable. And it was Rimsky-Korsakov's failure to understand this that led him to his act of vandalism.

Moreover, a painter or a poet would not have been allowed to commit this act. But that will have to wait.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

The U. D. A. Gains a Member

Dear Sirs: After reading your indorsement of the Union for Democratic Action (*The Nation* of May 16) and after studying their literature, I forwarded to them my application for membership. The hole the dues have made in my military bank roll is nothing compared to the good I believe the organization can and will do. I have always wanted to be connected with such an organization because alone a person cannot do much against the enemies one is proud to have. But a united effort cannot fail.

By the way, after I finish *The Nation* each week four or five diligent readers ask me for it, and they in turn pass it on to several others. It takes an effort to find the time to read anything in the army, but it can be done.

I am hoping to be able to join the fight on the home front after the one I am now engaged in is over. I believe that victory in one of them is useless without victory in the other. Indeed, in the final analysis the two victories are one.

Your weapons are different, but they must be just as accurate and just as deadly, for our enemies are the same.

PRIVATE A. B. R.

Camp Livingston, La., June 8

Japanese Evacuation

Dear Sirs: As a native Californian old enough to have seen something of the Chinese problem and to have observed the successive phases of the Japanese problem, I regret that Charles Iglehart, in his article Citizens Behind Barbed Wire in your issue of June 6, did not give your readers a more balanced picture of the situation of the Japanese evacués. He seems not to have recognized the full seriousness and extreme difficulty of the problem as it existed in the minds of West Coast Americans, much less the careful consideration given by General DeWitt and his advisers to all its phases.

It must never be forgotten that Japanese evacuation from coastal areas was regarded as a military necessity. It was urged by thoughtful citizens long before it could be finally consummated. I have not doubted that most of my own numerous acquaintances among the Japanese, both alien and American-born, sincerely desired to be loyal to the United States; but they were among the ones who recognized the necessity of general evacuation, with full understanding that this necessity was thrust upon us by Japanese treachery and aggression. Many of them also felt the policy to be in the interest of their own safety, especially in the event of attack or threatened invasion of the West Coast.

Surely Mr. Iglehart must know the history of the Japanese question in California from the beginning of the century. How, then, can he conclude that "even as a war measure evacuation was unnecessary"—and what point can be gained by such an attitude now? He must know that those people have not been permitted freely to amalgamate with the whites; also that Japanese aliens are ineligible to American citizenship—which renders it quite unrealistic to compare them with Europeans and children of European parents.

I believe that the well-considered and efficient work of the appropriate authorities in handling an extremely difficult situation suddenly thrust upon them is deserving of sincere approbation.

ROCKWELL D. HUNT

Los Angeles, Cal., June 7

Dear Sirs: The question whether the evacuation from the West Coast of American citizens of Japanese descent was necessary or not may be a moot one; probably, had there been more time, a better method might have been found. The evacuation is however a *fait accompli* and must be accepted.

But much can still be said and done about the reception of our Japanese citizens in the resettlement areas. This reception has been disgraceful. There is not the slightest justification for the inland communities and states to act as if all the evacuated Japanese were undesirables and suspects. The reasons for this attitude are of course mainly economic ones, and much could be said about them.

But the point I wish to make here is this: It might be well to consider that these American-born citizens of Japanese descent, by accepting the evacuation, are playing their part in the defense just as truly as our soldiers at the front.

M. S. HEINEMANN

Bellingham, Wash., June 10

Washington Front

Dear Sirs: Gerald L. K. Smith's reply to your "Keep Them Out" article about him printed in the issue of May 16 should stimulate liberals to continue the fight to get a war-winning Congress. Mr. Smith seems to be upset. That alone is a clue to the result of this battle on the Washington front.

DANIEL LEVINE

Flushing, N. Y., June 11

"The Pope's Neutrality"

Dear Sirs: G. A. Borgese's article The Pope's Neutrality, in *The Nation* for May 30, was excellent and timely but it did not go deep enough. The Pope asks and prays for a negotiated peace. He abhors war, and his sensitive heart bleeds for the destruction wrought by Mars. But if the Pope is such a lover of peace, why, during the Spanish civil war, did he refuse to ask and work for a negotiated peace between the Loyalists and the Fascists? Two popes not only refused to remain neutral and aloof from the conflict but blessed the German-Italian-Moorish legions as they marched against the Spanish democratic government.

Why, then, this different behavior of the church before two phases of the same conflict? The answer is clear to those who know the real nature and aims of the Catholic church. During the Spanish civil war the Pope took sides with Franco because he was sure that he would be the winner. But the Pope is not sure now; hence he cloaks himself with a neutrality he is very far from feeling. Afraid of communism and the rising tide of liberalism and popular fronts, the Catholic church looked for its salvation to Hitler and Mussolini, whose philosophies are in harmony with its dogmatic and authoritarian doctrines. But now that the clash has come between democracy and despotism, the Pope finds three powerful enemies aligned against those who were his allies in Spain—England, Russia, and the United States. Russia is Communist; England and our country are not only democratic but Protestant. We know how the Catholic church feels toward communism and Protestantism. How can we expect the Pope to take our side?

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The NATION
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It is obvious that the Pope is shivering at the prospect of a victory for Russia. Naturally he would rather have a negotiated peace, in other words, that the *status quo* should be maintained.

I agree with Mr. Borgese that "no institution will go changeless through the "infuriate tragedy," as the Pope calls it, "of this era." From the victory of democracy true Christianity has nothing to fear, but dogmatic, totalitarian, and materialistic Catholicism has everything.

J. M. MARTINEZ

Miami, Fla., June 5

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The Shape of Things

THE GERMANS ARE GRADUALLY CLOSING IN on Sevastopol but are paying a huge price for every inch gained. Their hope of celebrating the first anniversary of the invasion of Russia by capturing this key city was blasted by the stubborn and gallant resistance of the Soviet garrison and civilian population. But we cannot assume that Sevastopol will hold out indefinitely. Nor should we underestimate its strategic importance. It is one of the chief outer bastions of the Caucasus and its fall might well give the signal for the all-out offensive which Hitler must soon launch if he is to break through the Russian lines this summer. Soviet leaders continue to stress the urgent necessity of a second front and both American and British spokesmen continue to promise an invasion of the Continent. But will the decision be made in time? In his speech at Madison Square Garden Ambassador Litvinov pointed out that one favorable moment—at the close of the Russian winter when the Red Army still held the initiative—had been allowed to slip. Another opportunity may arise, however, in the near future, if Hitler commits his still intact reserves to a drive for the Caucasus. The United Nations must then act and act swiftly, for they cannot hope to win by always leaving to the enemy the choice of a battlefield. It is not necessary to think in terms of an invading army strong enough to drive the Germans out of France and the Low Countries this summer. The purpose of diverting the full German strength from the eastern front would be served by the establishment of a powerfully held bridgehead across the Channel.

*

THE POSITION IN THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS remains doubly obscured—by bad weather on the spot and by the fog of censorship in Washington. The latest report is that the Japanese have occupied Kiska, some 650 miles from Dutch Harbor, where attacks have been delivered by United States flyers against enemy naval vessels and transports. Unofficial comments from Washington suggest that Japanese operations in the neighborhood of Alaska are not regarded as very important by the army and navy. An off-the-record military opinion quoted in the New York *Times* was to the effect that should the Japanese build up their forces in the Aleutian area, it might become worth while for an American task-force to undertake an expedition to dislodge them. The same experts expressed the view that this would not be a difficult job. The mere layman is left wondering whether it might not be better to throw out the Japanese before they have had a chance to settle down. We cannot safely assume that the Japanese sortie into the far north is no more than a nuisance raid or an extended reconnaissance. Bases at Attu and Kiska would become of great strategic importance should Japan attack Siberia, for they would imperil our communications with the Soviet forces. On the other hand, the desultory shelling of points on the British Columbia and Oregon coasts was, we suspect, a demonstration intended not so much to cause damage to property as damage to morale. The raids seem to have been taken calmly by those on the spot, and we hope they will not be allowed to serve the enemy's purpose by diverting attention from our real line of coastal defense, which lies far to the west and north.

*

THE FALL OF TOBRUK SEEMS LIKELY TO touch off a new political crisis in Britain. It is doubtful, however, if it will end in anything more than another reshuffle of ministers which will in no way allay the rising tide of public anxiety and discontent. In an article on page 737 Tom Wintringham tells how the common man in Britain, feeling that the present Parliamentary set-up fails to give adequate expression to his desire to fight the war on an all-out basis, is groping toward new means of making himself heard. The last general election in Britain took place in the fall of 1935 at a moment when the Tory government of the day was making a show of enforcing sanctions against Italy and won many votes by paying lip-service to collective security. The House of Commons then elected was not a truly representative body and in the seven years that have elapsed it has fallen still further behind public opinion. Since the war a party truce has been in operation and the many vacancies that have occurred have been filled by nominees of the party machines. Now the stagnant political waters are being stirred by the challenge of independents. Mr. Wintringham mentions the most remarkable victory won by an independent candidate—the by-election at Wallasey. This town is a lower middle-class suburb of Liverpool, the kind of constituency which the Tories have always considered the equivalent of a pocket borough. Yet it was captured by an independent standing on a left-wing platform which called for socialist measures in order to win the war and organize the peace. There was no class issue here, for the belief that vested interests are obstructing the war effort has become widespread among all classes. A general election in Britain today, if it were possible to hold one, would produce some startling results.

THE STATEMENTS ISSUED BY GANDHI AND Nehru urging an immediate British evacuation of India have created some concern lest the Indian leaders take steps which will weaken British defenses against the still acute Japanese menace to India. Anxiety has been aroused particularly by Gandhi's threat to make "a move which will be felt by the entire world" if the British do not withdraw. But against the negative interpretation of the statements issued by the two leaders following their conference at Wardha must be placed Nehru's forthright denunciaion of Japan and the Axis powers and Gandhi's letter to Chiang Kai-shek advocating effective resistance to Japan and the Axis powers. Nehru made it clear that he did not expect the British and American troops now in India to pack up and leave the country at the mercy of the Japanese. What both leaders appear to want is an unequivocal recognition of India's status as an eqnal in the family of nations, and assurance that it will be allowed to work out its own destiny after the war. It is to be hoped that the British can put aside the irritation and resentment which many of them naturally feel as a result of the failure of the Cripps mission and make an attempt to meet India's request, in principle at least. The stakes are high. The recognition of an independent India would make the war in Asia what it is in Europe—a clear-cut fight against tyranny and oppression.

*

HOPE THAT ARGENTINA'S PRESIDENT ORTIZ might return to office and reverse the pro-Axis policy of Acting President Castillo faded when Dr. Castroviejo, the New York eye specialist, sailed for home without performing an operation to restore the President's sight. Whether he recommended one or not is still uncertain. There are rumors of differences of opinion between him and his Argentine colleagues which may have a political background. Meanwhile, there is scant hope that Castillo will modify his policies, despite widespread opposition to them. The Nazi note expressing "lively regret" at the sinking of an Argentine tanker two months ago appears to have been accepted without question. On the other hand the Argentine government has declared that it would not seek immunity from the blockade since such a course would be "contrary to the principles of continental solidarity." But to make certain that new incidents will not arise as a result of the blockade, Argentine vessels have been instructed to call at New Orleans instead of New York. The efforts of the majority group in the Chamber of Deputies to force a debate on the government's foreign policy failed when Foreign Minister Guiñazú refused to make a report with stenographers present. The Chamber, in three votes, insisted on keeping a record, and finally took the position that no explanation was worth listening to that could not be made available to the public. There seems little doubt that Argentine public opinion has hardened against the

Axis in recent weeks as a result of Mexico's entry into the war and the stronger stand being taken in Brazil, but so far the only outcome has been a strengthening of Castillo's repressive measures.

*

PROSPECTS FOR A SATISFACTORY TAX BILL were improved last week by two important Administration victories in the House Ways and Means Committee. After shelving the Treasury's request for a wartime ceiling on incomes, the committee made an abrupt about-face and followed the Treasury's recommendation in rejecting a sales tax and adopting, by a small margin, a modified proposal for collecting the income tax at the source. Although the committee's action does not bar an effort to reintroduce the sales tax on the floor of the House, there is every reason to believe that the decision will stand. With elections only about four months off, few members of the House will wish to have their names listed in a roll call as favoring such a levy. Objections to the withholding tax should be overcome at least in part by the committee's decision to make half of next year's deductions applicable to an individual's 1942 taxes, thus spreading the transition burden over two years instead of one. Although the committee's tax bill is better than it seemed likely to be a few weeks ago, it still falls short by some $2 billion of the goal set by the Treasury. There seems to be little chance that the House will close this gap, but it is possible that the Senate, which is not so election conscious, may recognize the necessity of finding additional revenues as a means of holding off inflation.

*

IF THE NEW YORK PARTY MACHINES HAVE their way in the primaries, this year's contest for the governorship will be between John J. Bennett, Jr. and Thomas E. Dewey, leaving the voters a pretty choice in mediocrities. Jim Farley's boy Bennett, although for twelve years Attorney General of New York State, is a completely anonymous politician who keeps his views on public questions strictly to himself. His impressive record as a vote-getter must be ascribed to his high standing with the professionals and the difficulty of antagonizing anyone by silence. Mr. Dewey is a horse of another color and one more noted for flashy starts than for staying power. He is as loquacious as Mr. Bennett is taciturn but it is just as hard to know where he stands, for in his eagerness to be all things to all men he is apt to cancel one statement by the next. Despite his strength with the machine, Mr. Dewey has not the indorsement of Mr. Willkie and cannot count on active support of the latter's still large following. With Democratic and Republican forces in the state fairly evenly matched, the balance of power is probably held by the American Labor Party, but this power is difficult to exercise unless one of the major parties can be persuaded to nominate a candidate acceptable to labor. Rejecting both Bennett and Dewey, the A. L. P. is talking about nominating a candidate of its own, but the objection to this course is that it would almost certainly make the election a gift to the Republicans. One powerful voice has yet to be heard—that of the President. Since the nomination and election of Mr. Bennett would mean in effect that Jim Farley would control the New York delegation at the 1944 convention, Mr. Roosevelt can hardly regard his candidacy with enthusiasm and may well be looking for an opportunity to push forward a compromise candidate with a definitely liberal record.

*

GOVERNOR DARDEN OF VIRGINIA IS TO BE congratulated for his fair-mindedness in granting a fifth reprieve to Odell Waller so that the Negro share-cropper might receive a hearing on his plea for clemency. It would be a travesty of justice if Waller were executed because of a technicality. The Supreme Court has held that it is unable to review the case because Waller's attorney failed to take the proper steps to prove his contention that the jury was chosen from a panel from which non-payers of the Virginia poll tax had been systematically excluded. Meanwhile a petition has been sent to President Roosevelt asking him to intervene by appointing a commission of inquiry, as President Wilson did in the cases of Tom Mooney and Joe Hill. We urge our readers to reinforce this petition by sending telegrams or letters to the President; for if Governor Darden does not commute Waller's death sentence, Presidential intervention offers the only hope of delaying execution and opening the way for a reconsideration of the basic issues of race and class raised by the Waller case.

Tobruk and the Second Front

(An Imaginary Monologue by F. D. R.)

WHAT I'm going to say, Winston, may sound hard and ungracious. Perhaps you'll think I shouldn't say anything. We came in late, and then only because we were pushed. And so far we haven't won any real victories. We thought, I too, that we might stick to the business of production and let you fellows do the killing—and the dying. Not because we are afraid or bad fighters, but because—well, no country wants to get into a bloody war even on the right side unless its interests are clearly, directly engaged. Britain didn't want to either, if you'll remember.

That's by way of apology, just to make it clear that I know we are in a poor position to give advice. Bataan was useful, but a useful defeat is a good deal less than a victory. The Coral Sea and Midway battles were useful, too, and might be rated as victories, but they were defensive actions at best and a defensive victory is a good deal less than an offensive.

But just the same, I must speak my mind, Winston, about the war—the war and Britain. I must say what I think about China—Tobruk—Sevastopol. And what I say will be unpleasant for you as well as for me.

Those three places—a great diversified front, a desert garrison, an ancient fortified port—those places are keys to Allied victory or final defeat. You British and we Americans are jointly responsible for the desperate position of China. We armed Japan instead of cutting off its war supplies years ago. And since Japan turned on us we have failed to use or safeguard or reinforce China—though China is worth all our Far Eastern forces put together. Now China is isolated, cut off from supplies, and the Japanese are seizing, one by one, the bases in China from which we could attack Japan. Not only that. If China is conquered the whole back-side of Russia will be open to invasion. We must not forget that China has been defending Russia as well as the West.

For the betrayal of China before Pearl Harbor, you and we share responsibility, Winston. Perhaps ours is the heavier. For the abandonment of China after Pearl Harbor and its present peril, you are chiefly to blame, if I may say so. The conduct of the British command in Singapore, in Malaya as a whole, and then in Burma was a disaster. And a large part of the fault lay in your refusal to look upon the Chinese, not to mention the native population, as fighting equals. Your policy in India didn't help, either, and it may yet lead to new disasters.

Then Tobruk. Whatever the commentators think up to say, Winston, you and I know that we have suffered a terrible defeat in Libya. Of course there's a good British army in Egypt, and it will fight, and Rommel may be stopped in his tracks. But he may not be stopped. We know that, too. His *Afrika Korps* threatens Egypt; and if Egypt and the Canal are conquered the Middle East is gone. There's nothing beyond Cairo to stop Rommel. Not the French and British forces in Syria. Not the other Allied contingents scattered through the neighboring countries. And then if the Germans succeed in their drive on the Caucasus. . . . But that comes later.

What I want to say about Tobruk is just this, Winston. After all the explanations of the defeat are read and digested one solid—and most indigestible—fact remains: the British under Auchinleck and Ritchie were outmaneuvered and outfought.

Tobruk was another Singapore, another Burma. The best German tanks, the Mark IV's, were better than the best British tanks, our American General Grants. The best German anti-tank artillery, the mobile 88 mm. guns, are better than the best British guns. This is a reason for defeat. But is it an excuse? Laboriously and successfully the British supplied themselves with adequate air equipment—except for dive bombers. But not with tanks, not with guns. Why? Is it to be taken as a law of nature that the Germans will always have better weapons?

Then, too, it is said that the fate of Tobruk was sealed when a large British armored column was caught between two enemy formations near Bir Bellefa and wiped out. And Rommel, it seems, cut off Tobruk's line of retreat by sending contingents ahead toward Egypt and then wheeling north to the coast and severing the line between Tobruk and the border. And, besides, he moved too fast. Nobody at Tobruk expected him so soon. There are a lot of other reasons pouring in over the wires, Winston, but none is more reassuring than the next. Whether Tobruk's defenders were inadequately equipped or surprised or just inefficient—the result is the same. Tobruk fell; and the whole Middle East is in danger.

One by one the strongholds fall. First Europe—all of it, practically speaking. Then Asia—most of it, with more defeats to come. Now North Africa. And nothing, Winston, nothing of any importance has been won back. Except in Russia.

Russia alone knows how to fight Hitler. I say this with no wish to hurt you, Winston, more than ourselves. It is a simple fact to be verified not only on the maps but in a dozen other ways. The Russians, for all their mistakes, knew what fighting the Axis meant in its full unvarnished horror. They knew it meant not only every man but every woman and boy and girl. They knew it meant not only as much of the nation's productive capacity as was convenient to put to war use, but all of it that was not absolutely needed for civilian maintenance. They haven't any cartels to deal with in Russia, Winston, nor coal-owners and shipmasters. Russian workers have made no bargains because no one stands to gain by their sacrifices—no one but their country, which is themselves. They know how to fight to kill; they are ready to die—to the last villager, and even the last officer. They know how to starve and to freeze. They know how to destroy everything they have built. They know how to retreat and then turn swiftly to attack.

The Russian strategy, Winston, has been both bolder and suppler than yours and ours. It has been as good as the German strategy. Today the Russian army is our army—our one best fighting force in the war against Hitler. Is it too much to say that its defeat would be ours?

I am not going to argue that the Russian front is more important than the Far Eastern or the Mediterranean fronts. Each is part of the next. A major defeat in any one might well mean the loss of the others.

The problem is not which one to safeguard. The problem is to find the strategy which offers the best hope of winning the war. Naturally, you say. But if we grant that, and grant, too, that armed men and supplies and ships are limited, we must stand ready to throw that strength into any theater that seems to offer the best hope of taking back the offensive. For only when we take the offensive shall we find ourselves in a position to win.

What I am getting to, Winston, is this: If the war is to be won, Russia must not be given material help alone but must be relieved. Russia cannot win by itself. It is being pressed now beyond its immense power to fight back. The defeat in Libya inclines you to turn your eyes to the Middle East and propose reinforcement of the British positions there. And here is where I take issue with you. Libya is 12,000 miles from its sources of supply unless you risk ferrying goods through the Mediterranean. It will take three months—two, at the lowest—to throw new American supplies into North Africa. But the issue in Egypt may well be decided between now and then. Rommel cannot be expected to halt his advance just to oblige the British.

No, Winston, we must look at the whole picture and plan more boldly. It is being said that the defeat in Libya has postponed indefinitely any serious consideration of a second front in Europe. I should like to put forward just the opposite contention: The defeat in Libya makes immediate consideration of a second front in Europe absolutely essential. An invasion of the Continent offers the one possibility of drawing substantial German forces from the Russian front. Even Hitler has too few men and machines to fight in full strength on several fronts at once. A second front in Europe might save the Middle East.

I know the objections. They are many. The shortage of shipping is first among them, now that we have sufficient men and materials in the British Isles. But let me remind you that for the first time since the war began the R. A. F. commands the air over the Channel and can protect convoys on the short journey to the French coast. Even more remote European shores are nearer and safer to reach than North Africa. And a ship can carry eighteen or twenty loads of men and supplies to the Continent while it takes one to Alexandria.

I ask you to consider seriously the possibility of early action in Europe. New methods must be tried; old ones have failed. New men must be used; old ones discarded. Such a move as I am proposing calls for the closest unity in command—as in the fighting itself. American troops in Ireland and Britain are ready to move. With deep earnestness I suggest that the United Nations together be called to this great task and that the best men in the entire group be given responsibility for carrying it out. If an Englishman should head the United Nations command for an invasion of Europe, very well. But if the ablest leader is to be found in Russia, or among the Free French, or the Poles, let us not for any reasons of national preference pass him over.

This is my proposal, Winston. What do you think of it?

FREDA KIRCHWEY

That Liberal Majority

THE Supreme Court ended its session for the year with two revealing decisions. One provides a loophole in the Wage-Hour Law through which employers may evade payment of overtime. The other weakens constitutional guaranties of free thought and expression. Each was a 5-4 decision. The majority in the first was Byrnes, Roberts, Jackson, Frankfurter, and Chief Justice Stone. The majority in the second was Reed, Roberts, Jackson, Frankfurter, and Byrnes. Black, Douglas, and Murphy dissented in both cases; Reed joined them in the first case, the Chief Justice in the second. These decisions are further stages in the division of this New Deal court into a new majority and minority. The core of the new liberal minority are Black and Douglas; of the new conservative majority, Roberts and Byrnes, neither New Dealers. While the others remain more difficult to predict, Murphy tends toward the liberals, Reed, Jackson, and Frankfurter toward the conservatives. The Chief Justice is not easily placed on economic questions, but seems to be the most dependable member of the court on questions involving basic liberties. The most interesting tendency to be noted is the steady movement of Justice Frankfurter toward the right. If continued, it will mean a great loss to American progressivism.

It is safe to surmise from the general social and political outlook of Justices Byrnes and Roberts that neither is sympathetic with the Wage-Hour Law. It is sad to see Stone, Frankfurter, and Jackson taken in by the sweet company-union overtones of Byrnes in the wage-hour case. This case had to do with individual labor contracts made by a newspaper publisher and radio-station owner in Dallas to get around the overtime pay requirements of the Wage-Hour Law. By these contracts, and their ingenious manipulation of hourly rates, the employer succeeded in continuing to work his men 54½ hours a week at the same weekly rate of pay as before. Byrnes, in the opinion accepted by the majority, dwells on the patriarchal goodness of the employing corporation. It gave the men time off with pay for illness. It carried life insurance for them. It took care of old employees. These touching details throw more light on the mental processes of the new conservative majority than on the overtime sections of the Wage-Hour Law.

The other decision is an echo of Justice Frankfurter's opinion in the flag-salute case. In that case the Chief Justice alone dissented from a ruling which subjects a great nation to the ignominy of forcing children to salute its flag in violation of their religious principles. We are happy to see that Justices Black, Douglas, and Murphy, who joined Frankfurter in that decision, have written a joint note in this case declaring that they now believe the flag-salute decision was wrong. This new case also con-

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cerns members of Jehovah's Witnesses. They refused to pay license fees for the sale of their religious literature. The majority upheld convictions of the Witnesses for failure to pay the tax.

The majority opinion is arid and pettifogging. The division in the court rested on a question of emphasis. Two quotations will illustrate the difference. In the opinion written by Justice Murphy and concurred in by Douglas, Black, and Stone, it is said "If this court is to err in evaluating claims that freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of religion have been invaded, far better that it err in being overprotective of these precious rights." Our one Catholic Justice does honor to himself, his church, and our American traditions by championing the anti-Catholic Witnesses.

A different attitude is revealed by the majority, speaking through Reed. "Too many settled beliefs have in time been rejected," it admits unctuously, "to justify this generation in refusing a hearing to its own dissentients. But that hearing may be limited by action of the proper legislative body to times, places, and methods for the enlightenment of the community which, in view of existing social and economic conditions, are not at odds with the preservation of peace and good order." The minority is ready to take a chance on freedom. The majority prefers, though ever so mildly, to regulate the spread of ideas. A majority of this kind inspires little confidence as a guardian of free discussion in time of deep feeling or war. It is more apt to cover prejudice with the garments of legalism.

"It Was Serrano Suñer"

ON THE subject of Serrano Suñer's recent visit to Rome, we are in a position to give our readers a completely inside story. First of all, we can report that the Spanish Foreign Minister made his long journey from Madrid to Rome by train—not partly by car as was first stated. Thus he avoided the diplomatic bad taste of using, for an official visit to a country with which the United States is at war, some of the oil we are still sending Spain under the "realistic" policy of our State Department. He doubtless felt that to Americans limited to three weekly gallons, a 2,200-mile trip by automobile would seem excessive.

But that is not the only bit of news we have to offer on the Mussolini-Suñer meeting. Again contrary to rumor, which had hinted at an eventual cession of the Balearic Islands to Italy, we are able to inform our readers that the conversations were limited to ways of using more efficiently the islands and ports already at the service of Germany and Italy. The status quo in the Mediterranean remains unchanged. Spain will go on, as it has since the beginning of the war, giving German and Italian submarines the hospitality of the Spanish naval bases. So much and no more.

But our story would be incomplete if we failed to reveal the actual background of this latest visit of Señor Suñer to Rome. Last February both British and American diplomats in Madrid reported with evident satisfaction the development of a serious clash between General Franco and his brother-in-law, the Foreign Minister. Of course the thing had been expected; Allied diplomacy had been playing for a break for many months. You could call Franco a reactionary, a fascist, but he was a patriot and a gentleman just the same. As with Pétain, you could be sure that one day or another he would throw out the men in his cabinet who acted more as representatives of German and Italian interests than as leaders of the new "Blue Empire." The diplomats were right; the break was genuine. Only the long cipher reports to London and Washington failed to explain the real cause. In the background of the internal conflict between Franco and Suñer, between the army and the Phalanx, between the elements inclined toward the United Nations and the pro-Axis group, was an Andalusian midwinter night's dream.

Señor Serrano Suñer had met her in Seville: *"Morena y sevillana,"* brunette and from Seville, as a popular Spanish song puts it. He brought back to Madrid, as a souvenir, an affliction which sounds no more respectable when suffered by a Phalangist. Nor was the situation improved when Señora Suñer became a victim and finally revealed the painful fact to her sister, Señora Franco. There followed terrific scenes in the Dictator's household, family conferences, councils of war, admonitions and threats—and every evidence of a final break. But the Allied diplomats were premature in congratulating themselves on the outcome of their patient appeasement. Nothing lasts forever, not even the unhappy effects of ill-considered romance. Thanks to the intervention of a most respected prelate, Serrano Suñer dropped the *sevillana* and peace and reconcilation descended on the official households. As a reward of virtue, the Foreign Minister was allowed to proceed to Rome and renew his policy of collaboration with the Axis.

Of the whole episode, there remain only a collection of diplomatic reports and a verse in three lines that has run like fire through Spain and Latin America, where a rhymed squib carries more political punch than ten thousand editorials.

Se ha perdido una mujer—
Se enamoró de un serrano;
Era Serrano Suñer!

(A woman was lost—
She fell in love with a *serrano;* [*]
It was Serrano Suñer!)

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[*] A "serrano," in roughly equivalent American slang, is a "wolf."

Nelson and Guthrie

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 22

ON THIS, the first anniversary of the Nazi attack upon the Soviet Union, the atmosphere of the capital is compounded equally of gloom and fatuity. The best opinion here is that Churchill arrived, not to plan a second front this year, but to dissuade the President from attempting one. Rommel has since reinforced Churchill's argument by taking Tobruk and threatening Egypt; the Axis continues to hold the initiative on all fronts. The Navy Department, which seems to have learned little from Pearl Harbor, is busy issuing soothing syrup on the Japanese invasion of the Aleutians. It is now admitted that the Japanese have occupied Kiska, 650 miles west of Dutch Harbor, as well as Attu, westernmost island of the chain, but we are assured that the weather on both islands is very bad, "foggy"—maybe the Japanese will all come down with bronchitis and cough themselves to death. Bases in the Aleutians can be used by submarines and planes to raid our shipping if Japan attacks Siberia, or they can be utilized for bombing raids on the Western hemisphere. The Navy Department's light-minded attitude toward this Japanese invasion of our territory is appalling.

This giddiness-in-the-head is not confined to the Navy Department. Pap has been pouring from the press agents of the Administration, the War Production Board, and the National Association of Manufacturers. The Truman committee on the Guthrie case offers an antidote for the hurrah stories on production, but it will be shelved and forgotten as rapidly as possible. A whole corps of clever propaganda analysts are at work here, listening in on the Axis radio and scanning the Axis press, but few seem to realize that our most dangerous fifth column is complacency and that Washington rather than Berlin remains the most important source of the poison.

The Axis has two principal propaganda objectives. One is to divide. The other is to lull the victim into a false sense of security. The second task, with some encouragement, can usually be left to the victim himself. To paraphrase an advertising slogan, it may be instructive to know the truth, but it's more fun to be fooled. Few here will admit that Tobruk fell, as Manila and Singapore fell, partly because the arsenal of democracy, two years after the launching of the defense program, isn't delivering the goods.

Carefully read and considered, the Truman report on the Guthrie case is the key to the continued setbacks suffered by ourselves and our allies. The arsenal of democracy, as the Guthrie case and the reactions to the report show, is still being operated with one eye on the war and the other on the convenience of big business. The progress made on production so far is the fruit of necessity and improvisation rather than of foresight and planning, and the men running the program are not willing to fight business interests on behalf of military efficiency. Donald Nelson is full of good will and good intentions, but the only battle he has staged since becoming head of the War Production Board was his fight last week to suppress the Guthrie report.

The Guthrie report shows that, months after Pearl Harbor, the men Nelson put in charge of converting the consumer durable-goods industries to war were still trying their best to postpone curtailment of civilian production. It shows that when it came to the test Nelson took his stand with the men of "business as usual" against a business man who seemed only to be acting on the principles Nelson himself was expressing in his speeches. It shows that Nelson and his aides are still trying to palm off curtailment as the equivalent of conversion, although the former is only the first and negative step of the process. It shows that the big-business crowd is as powerfully entrenched under Nelson as it was under Knudsen. It shows that we are not going to get maximum utilization of our resources until there is a shakeup more fundamental than the adding of the new alphabetic alias to the series NDAC-OPM-SPAB-WPB. That shakeup will be effective only if labor, small business, and independent engineering talent are brought into the agencies supposed to direct the mobilization of industry. For the demonstration, and the statements, though some of them were left to implication, the country is indebted to Senator Truman and his colleagues, especially Ball, Brewster, and Mead. They stuck to their guns under pressure from Nelson.

It is important to realize that we are in a very critical period of war production. The shortage of basic materials, which might cost us victory, is itself a victory for the big-business status quo. The shortage of materials has become an excuse for dropping plans to expand basic industries. It has become an excuse for concentrating war output in the new plane, tank, and ordnance plants instead of spreading the work out to smaller-business men. The big-business crowd has succeeded so far in fighting the war its way—with a minimum of conversion, a maximum of new war plants, a minimum of industrial expansion, as much monopoly as possible, and without the dreaded admission of labor into the councils of management. For despite plant committees, labor today has less influence and less voice than ever before in the planning and direction of the war-production program. Yet labor participation is needed more than ever in the basic material-producing and mining industries, for there is no doubt that in the case of many materials the shortage is remediable. We could produce more copper and we could produce more steel if we were prepared to impose over-all control and rationalization of production in these industries.

The solution of our problems lies in a more democratic direction of our industrial effort, but the trend is the other way. The next step will be to merge the industrial branches of the WPB in the army and navy, where it will be more difficult than ever for labor to have a voice, where there will be less interference than ever from Leon Henderson's hard-working little crew of all-outers in civilian supply, and where the "dollar-a-year men" can more easily be shielded from criticism. It is harder to spot a big-business man in uniform than in mufti, and Congressional committees are shyer of criticizing "the military." Thus the Truman committee pulled its punches when Undersecretary Patterson intervened last winter to postpone conversion of the radio industry and when the supply branches of the army pleaded for business as usual in the typewriter industry.

The Guthrie report shows how a "plutodemocracy"—to use Mussolini's favorite phrase—mobilizes for war. When the Truman committee last January criticized the dollar-a-year men for their tendency to feather their own nests, Nelson rushed forward not only to defend them but to claim that criticism was interfering with the war effort by making it more difficult to bring more dollar-a-year men to Washington. A hitherto unpublished story indicates how Guthrie, the maverick, put himself in wrong with the gang the day he was made Philip Reed's assistant. He shocked Reed and WPB General Counsel John Lord O'Brian by announcing that he was selling his stock and giving up his directorship in White Sewing Machine Company because the sewing-machine industry was one of those he would be expected to help convert to war purposes. "You're certainly a rare bird," O'Brian told him—much too rare to last, as it turned out.

The Score After Midway

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

THE Battle of Midway was easily the best news of the war as it was also the first decisive check on Japan. While news is so far incomplete, the outlines of the Nipponese scheme of campaign are plain. It is a plan astonishing for its boldness and complete underestimation of American strength. For Japan, as for the United States, there are three main routes by which the war may be carried on a large scale into enemy waters. The Coral Sea battle, while not decisive, doubtless convinced the Japanese of the danger of trying to sever our southern communication lines or of attempting a campaign by the use of such distant stepping stones as the islands north of Australia. In their attacks along the lightly guarded Aleutian chain and in the heavy offensive against Hawaii by way of Midway, the Japanese tried these other two lines of attack simultaneously. One was apparently light while the other used a large share of the Japanese navy's striking power. Both were utterly unsound strategically and could have succeeded only against a much weaker opponent.

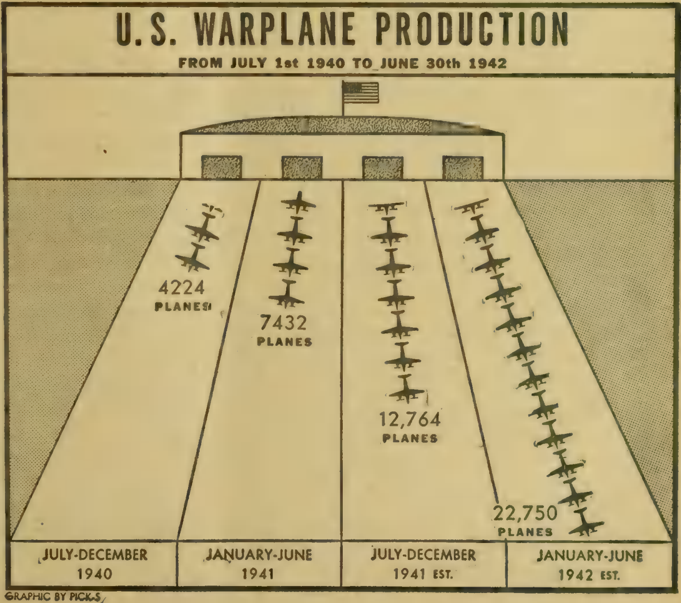
The surprising thing is not that the attacks failed but that they were attempted at all. Japanese admirals may have been suffering from extreme cockiness; or over-anxious to avenge their check in the Coral Sea, they perhaps convinced themselves that they could repeat their "impossible" exploit of December 7.

Very likely the Japanese attacked the Aleutians in order to seize bases from which they could interfere with aid to Siberia in case of a later thrust in that direction. The slight degree of success in this attempt must be quickly canceled if Japanese "digging in" and consolidation is to be prevented. But American dominance in the Hawaii-Aleutians-Canal Zone triangle is overwhelming. Not only did the enemy find abundant shore-based airpower, capable of rapid reinforcement from the mainland, but its forces penetrated into waters dominated by superior American seapower operating close to home bases. The sea and air dominance of the United States extends for a fair distance beyond Hawaii and its appendage, Midway. Even Wake in mid-Pacific was well within the range of supporting forces and would not have been lost if the Pearl Harbor disaster had not disorganized our fighting strength. The Japanese, therefore, in trying to penetrate our outer defenses in the Pacific, advanced beyond the protection of their own shore-based airpower and placed themselves well within reach of our military as well as naval aviation long before they were within gunnery range of Midway. Only an attempted conquest of Hawaii which, had it succeeded, would probably have ended all American chances of winning the war, might conceivably have justified the assumption of such risks. With all the cards stacked against it, Japan took a long chance on the possibility of large winnings—and lost.

While Japanese ship losses are considerable they may be less vital than indicated by some commentators. The battle of Midway, though a Japanese defeat, was no catastrophe. Its results were greater than those of Jutland but not to be compared with those of Tsu-shima or Manila. Had our slow battleships come into action in the later stages of the conflict, they might easily have turned defeat into a rout and, because of their ability to continue pursuit longer and pour in a much greater volume of firepower, might have annihilated a badly crippled enemy. As it is, unless Japan has many more plane carriers than those for which it has received credit (something very possible), or unless American estimates of damage are far from accurate (much less likely), at least half of Japanese ship-based aviation has been wiped out. And this has been accomplished at comparatively slight cost to ourselves. Since planes form the spearhead of modern naval attack, it is safe to say that Japan will find it difficult to undertake large-scale sea offensives for months, possibly years, to come. Conversely, our operations may be pushed with greater boldness.

On the other hand, the victory itself was essentially negative. With conditions very much in our favor we stopped a powerful Japanese drive, but we have yet to launch a powerful Pacific offensive of our own. And we cannot hope to win the war by merely parrying the enemy's blows. If the threat of land-based airpower prevents our taking the offensive, as it stopped our following a defeated enemy, we will encounter grave difficulties in winning today's war. The considerations which prevented our following up the Midway victory may have been strategically sound but they represent a far different policy to the "Damn-the-torpedoes.-Full-speed-ahead" doctrine of Farragut.

As a matter of fact, caution has been the keynote of our operations in the Pacific. Aside from a few raids which we have not followed up with an offensive campaign, we have left the initiative entirely to the Japanese. This policy must ultimately be abandoned, though the reasons for following it at the moment may be perfectly sound. In the first place, the United States has less reason for speed than previously because it has already lost all that effective air and naval intervention could have made less vulnerable. It is no secret that Germany comes first as the object of American war efforts. Again, it is undoubtedly true that American seapower, scattered over the seven seas on convoy duty, probably lacks the crushing superiority needed to battle Japan on even terms in its own waters. Under such circumstances our admirals may be quite willing to await the completion of more ships, on the grounds that delay now strengthens their forces more than it does those of Japan.



GRAPHIC BY PICK-S

The more complete information which has been made available on the Coral Sea engagement explains why both Japan and the United States could claim victory. The Japanese apparently succeeded in effecting landings in both the Louisiade and Solomon groups, though at a disproportionate loss. The gigantic Lexington with its capacity of nearly one hundred planes will, however, be missed. The destruction of the Ryukaku and the injury to the Shokaku reveal that at least two new plane carriers other than those generally known to be in existence were completed by the Japanese before the war. They therefore started the war with at least nine carriers as compared to the seven belonging to us and of our seven three were probably in the Atlantic at the time war broke out.

The recent Pacific battles mark a revolutionary change in naval warfare. The torpedo has replaced the gun as the primary weapon mainly owing to its enormously greater range when carried by air. Battleships are not yet obsolete. With their enormous firepower they can, if guarded from air assault, do vastly more damage from short range than a plane carrier, but they are clearly secondary to longer ranged planes, and our older ships are too slow to add their gunpower to our cruiser-carrier striking groups.

There is one corollary to the fights in the Pacific that is deeply disturbing to the United States. If the superiority of land-based planes over both naval vessels and naval aircraft proves too great to permit such operations as carrier-raids on Japan proper, or sea and air offensives through the Japanese mandates, then American war plans will require drastic alteration. The step by step advances through the central or north Pacific will cease to be feasible and we shall be reduced to the initial use of land-based airpower.

The bases available for warfare of this kind are all but non-existent. Australia can be used, but not for attacks upon Japan proper, merely for attempts at an island-by-island reconquering of the enemy's earlier gains. Because the ways to Japan are so indirect, the distance from the United States so great, and the transportation and industrial system so backward by American standards, Australia should be a last, not a first choice as a base from which to launch an air offensive.

Japan's current campaign against China dates from General Doolittle's raid on Tokyo and is clearly for the purpose of eliminating "Shangri-la" as an air base. Unfortunately, we were not prepared to back up that raid by giving such aid to China as would enable it to hold its coastal sections.

There remains Siberia as a future possibility. This is, above all, the ideal air base from which to hit Japan. Vladivostok is within light-bomber range of every single major objective in the island empire. We must be prepared to keep open air lines to this country and rush reinforcements in, in case of Japanese attack. It is extremely unlikely that a Japanese attack here, the one major remaining threat to metropolitan Japan, will now be long delayed.

China's Peril Is Our Own

BY GEORGE E. TAYLOR

CHINA is facing the greatest crisis in its history since the establishment of the National Government in 1928. Those of us who have loved it and respected it must share, in these dark days, the bitterness, the disillusionment, and the apprehension which now consume it. The country with the longest and most consistent record of struggle against Axis aggression, the country which has lost more men, and killed more Japanese than any other, is now facing, almost alone, the fury of a renewed Japanese offensive which aims to put it out of the war for good. The tragedy of China has already happened; it has not been furnished the materials of war it asked for and in spite of the brave defense it is putting up its main armies are being pushed back into the western provinces, and its people driven to death and starvation. China is in desperate straits.

The tragedy is one of lost opportunity, of lack of appreciation of the role of China in this war and the importance of its armies to final victory. Look at the map of Asia and imagine China under Japanese control—see the great sweep of territory bordering the Soviet Union and India and the strategic possibilities this opens up to Japan and its Axis partners, consider the manpower of China, what it means to Japan and what its loss would mean to us, think of the effect that China's fall would have upon the morale of India's millions and upon the overrun populations of Southeast Asia. Above all, think how difficult would be a land attack upon Japan, especially upon its great industrial base in Manchuria, if China were out of the fight.

No wonder China is angry and alarmed. While America and Great Britain were out of the war China, in the hope of future assistance, defended itself against Japan even when the markets of the world were open to Tokyo; now that the allies it longed for have entered the struggle it is almost isolated from the western world, unable to get supplies from the Soviet Union, and compelled to face Japan alone, a Japan flushed with victory and with men and materials to spare. With the fall of the Philippines, Malaya, and Burma, millions of overseas Chinese came under Japanese rule and substantial financial contributions to the war were lost with them. The loss of the Burma Road, which we thought at one time could be made up by air transport, was followed by the loss of northern Burma, which removed the air bases necessary for transport planes. Now the problem of getting in and out of China even by air is one of great technical difficulty, and it is complicated by the danger of Japanese fighter plane opposition.

Japan can afford to throw away cruisers, carriers, and even battleships against the American fleet and land-based aircraft so long as these expeditions achieve one of their major objectives, that of keeping America sufficiently worried about its own shores to forget China.

It is worth sacrificing half the Japanese fleet to conquer China and to create the illusion of victory in the United States. Ships of war and airplanes can be replaced by Japan but how can America replace millions of trained Chinese troops, air bases within flying distance of Japan, and the one great continental ally on the Pacific? If the 450 millions of China go under, what will it avail us with the peoples of Asia to say that at least we saved the 7 millions of "white" Australia?

Why has China been sent too little material and that little too late? The Chinese feel the main reason lies in the apparent determination of those responsible for the strategy of the United Nations to consider Hitler the chief enemy and concentrate on him while leaving Japan for future treatment. Their attitude has been consistent; as the nations came into the struggle one by one, they have been welcomed by the Chinese as allies in the common cause against the Axis. The Chinese were realistic enough to see that it was the British people, more than the British government, who insisted that Hitler and fascism be stopped. The Chinese saw the entry of Britain and France into the war as the acquisition of allies against the Axis. While others were doing their best to sabotage the war effort in America and were analyzing the struggle between Germany and Great Britain as an imperialist war, the Chinese were pleading for the mobilization of the democratic powers against aggression. China's analysis of world affairs has stood the test of time much better than that of almost any other country.

It is tragic that this very analysis should now be used to China's disadvantage. Those who did not see the global nature of the war until Soviet Russia was involved are now among the first to use this definition to the disadvantage of the Chinese. The argument runs that the place where planes, guns, and tanks can be most effectively used is on the Russian front, and that it is wiser for the United Nations to make a combined attack on Hitler from all sides, leaving China to hold on against admittedly enormous odds. This, it is argued, would defeat Japan more quickly and more surely than any other strategy. China is cynically told that it has grown stronger during the past five years, particularly, one might suggest, during the past five months, which have seen the closing of every door to outside assistance. China is told that it can do much more to mobilize its own political and economic resources and that if it could attend to the achievement of greater unity among its fighting forces, it would be more difficult for Japan to succeed in its present campaign. At a time when China is appealing to the Soviet Union to open up a second front in the Far East against Japan it is told to hold the Japanese offensive alone and look to its own unity. The Soviet Union cannot possibly be asked to assist it and, moreover, must have all the guns, planes, and tanks we can spare. Nothing for China except advice, not even a word of encouragement.

This view is not that of the President and the State Department, who have given China encouragement if they did not always succeed in giving it arms. And one reason why arms did not arrive in time was certainly the rapidity of Japan's advance. American plans for aid to China were real enough, but were made on a much longer time basis. Now that the task is more difficult it is more urgent and must be fitted in with other obligations.

There is no question that any reasonable person is more than persuaded that every possible assistance must be sent to the Soviet Union, for the war can still be lost on the Russian front. But is it necessary, in order to emphasize the importance of one continental ally, to overlook the other? It may be the course of wisdom to open a second front immediately in western Europe—though this is hardly a matter for laymen to decide—but in order to open a front at all, certain other fronts must be held, particularly the Russian and the Chinese. This should be clear enough to anyone except those who interpret the phrase "global war" to mean the Soviet Union's war and no one else's.

How can we assume that if Hitler is defeated Japan will automatically go down? Time is on the side of Japan—give it time and it will consolidate its great empire, turn India into a chaotic shambles, and construct tremendous fortifications. And if Hitler is defeated, who will fight Japan? Can we assume that Soviet Russia will plunge into the struggle in the East if it is not attacked? Why should it? Will Britain fight for the restoration of its Pacific empire? How would America fare against Japan with a conquered China, a neutral Russia, and a Britain with no great heart in the struggle? It is noteworthy that the Anglo-Russian alliance did not mention the Far East, only Germany and its allies in Europe. The Pacific is America's job, and China is its ally just as the Soviet Union is Britain's ally in Europe.

There is certainly as much reason to have confidence in China's armies as in the mighty forces of the Soviet Union. This is far too serious a matter for anyone to complicate by indulging in odious comparisons, but China did not retreat any faster than Russia when attacked; it has suffered as much in terms of lost territory and civilian population; it has scorched as much earth; it has lost more men; it has been more consistently anti-Axis. Whereas Russia started the war with armies comparable to those of Germany and in some ways superior, no one would think of comparing the equipment of China's armies with those of Japan. Yet China has driven the Japanese from some areas without offensive weapons, without tanks, heavy guns, or planes. One fraction of the weapons sent to the Soviet Union or even to Australia would have enabled China to dislodge the Japanese from key positions and to protect the airfields which were being built to bomb Japan. No country wanted less and could have done more with it.

As time goes on the consequences of bombing Tokyo will become more and more apparent. Did we expect the Japanese to do nothing about it? Did we expect them not to destroy the American and Chinese bases from which the experiment could be repeated? After Australia had won a major diplomatic victory in persuading America to send MacArthur and military equipment there rather than to China, which we could much less afford to lose than Australia, it was disastrous to bomb Tokyo before providing China with enough planes and other equipment to defend the bases for offensive action on which so much time and labor had already been spent. While there may have been very good domestic reasons for bombing Tokyo at this time it does not follow that they were weighed against the price that China, or for that matter America, would have to pay for it. Japan, it is true, had very good reasons for attacking China in any case, but if it were in doubt as to the direction in which to strike, the bombing of Tokyo must have done much to decide its course of action.

What of China? Can it hold the Japanese or are we watching its slow dismemberment? Fight it must, for there is no alternative it can accept. It has materials of war stored up but is naturally reluctant to use its last resources; it has also the very difficult problem of transporting them to the various fronts, for the Japanese advances have complicated the already difficult internal communications. The economic situation is bad, inflation is rampant, and the hoarding of goods is the main form of saving. The prestige of those Chinese who have always leaned toward Britain and America is low, for the Chinese feel that they have been left in the lurch.

The political situation in Chungking is critical; never has the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek been put to a greater test. But if China stands alone it will not fall; it is still no easy matter to conquer a new nation and force more than 400 million people to submit. It is partly on the assumption that China can take the punishment that strategic calculations have perhaps been based, but if strategy must be cold-blooded it is well to remember that China is composed of warm-blooded human beings whose sufferings concern us closely.

After a long period of comparative stalemate Japan's armies are striking once more into the living flesh of China. The Free China which faces it is still powerful in China's greatest assets, man-power and territory. The nine provinces of Chinghai, Kansu, Shensi, Kwangsi, Kweichow, Szechuan, Sikang, and Yunnan, which form an untouched nucleus, have a population of nearly 100 million people; the six adjoining partly occupied provinces of Suiyuan, Honan, Kwantung, Shansi, Hupeh, and Hunan have at least another 66 million people who have never seen the Japanese. Separated from this compact mass, but in political and economic communication with it, are another 120 million people belonging to these six provinces. In the remaining provinces of North and Central China, which took the brunt of Japanese occupation, some 100 million people are maintaining themselves in more or less active opposition to the Japanese. Japan probably directly controls, therefore, according to latest reports from Guenther Stein in Chungking, no more than 50 and no less than 25 million Chinese. Japan still has a long way to go. But if it is willing to pay the price it can do enormous damage to China, and it has never been in a better position to pay the price.

What will happen, then, in China? China will lose territory and men and consume precious supplies; it will probably be made useless as an offensive base against Japan for years to come. All these things can be measured in terms of additional American casualties. If it is too late to use China as it might have been used, as an offensive land base against Japan, it is not too late to do two things, to ponder on the price that China is paying for our grand strategy and to reassure the Chinese, at this time of trial and torture, of the place that they will have in the world order for which the United Nations are fighting; and to make every effort to get some material assistance to China's armies. Is it too much to ask our Russian allies, whose fight has already done so much to turn the tide of war, if not to open a second front in the East, at least to make every sacrifice to get materials to China? It is our duty, not Russia's, to provide the materials, but the Soviet Union now controls the effective routes. There is much we could do in the way of diverting Japanese ships and planes from China, and the cost would be much less than the cost if China were to fall. If we can keep the Chinese fighting we can still rally the peoples of Asia actively to our side.

At present the Chinese do not even share our counsels on equal terms. They should at least be told our aims and given our encouragement. Those great intellects who think that Japan is going to be such an easy matter to deal with when Hitler is defeated and tell us that it is dangerous to talk now of war aims because they might get in the way of winning the war, ought to be shipped out to China and assigned the task of explaining to the Chinese why global strategy means that they are to get no planes, tanks, and guns—and do this without mentioning what we are fighting for. Now of all times is the moment to tell China where it fits into the picture of strategy and war aims; now it is more essential than ever to get to it the most impressive propaganda of all—materials of war, a task in which all the United Nations must share.

Britain's New Left

BY TOM WINTRINGHAM

London, June 2

BRITISH politics today is dominated by the fact that the common man is cutting loose from old forms and ideas and from political parties and leaders that six months ago seemed almost irreplaceable. In what direction the common man will go is not clear. Nor is it certain who will express his hopes and influence his thinking. But among the factors that will certainly enter into the making of new popular policies, and probably new parties, we can today reckon the following: Sir Stafford Cripps, whose independence is much of his strength, two groups of independent politicians with whom I will deal later, and the majority of the members of the Labor Party.

Sir Stafford Cripps plays his lone hand in the War Cabinet as the representative of the first big push by the common man against the old parties. His position is well known to American readers, and I need not add more than one fact: it is widely believed that in his efforts to bring a New Deal in Britain and a new inspiration for the United Nations in their war, Cripps's main opposition within the government comes from the leaders of the Labor Party, and in the country from their direct representatives and from the Communist Party.

The second big push by the common man against the old parties is marked by the nomination of independent candidates at by-elections, three of whom have defeated regular government candidates during the past two months. These independents, candidates, or M. P.'s, divide sharply into two groups. One group has called itself at different times the Democratic Alliance and the People's Party. It includes politicians of varied experience: Mr. W. J. Brown, leader of a civil servants' trade union, who has held many political viewpoints (if "held" is the right word; none lasted long); the ex-Tory Cunningham-Reid, apparently ex-Tory because even the Conservative Party did not properly appreciate his expedition to Hawaii during the early part of the war (our war; he came back before Pearl Harbor); and an assortment of young men who express only the deep frustrations governing the lives of the young in England. The common platform of this group, as far as it has one, is negative: they are against most things. They are not fascists, but should the demagogic expression of frustration, without any positive drive to reshape the social and economic order, take a fascist direction they might drift the same way.

The second group of independents belong mainly to two organizations, Sir Richard Acland's "Forward March" and J. B. Priestley's "1941 Committee." Together they support a body provisionally called the "Nine Point Group," from the nine points of the declaration recently put out over the signatures of Acland, Priestley, George Reakes, M. P., the independent recently elected at Wallasey, and myself. The list of those signing or supporting this manifesto is growing rapidly and includes economists and university professors, trade unionists and technicians, architects and novelists, and one or two of the more far-sighted industrialists.

Sir Richard Acland is a member of Parliament who, elected as a liberal, turned six or seven years ago to a vigorous Christian Communism around which he built his Forward March. He and his group of crusaders influenced the Malvern decisions of a representative part of the Church of England, and have swung much of what remains alive in that church toward the view that great changes must take place in society if men are to live good lives. The first decisive victory for an independent candidate standing on a positive program of socialism now, socialism in order to win the war, was very largely a victory for Acland personally. His was the only national backing for the victorious candidate at Wallasey, who won by more than 6,000 votes—an enormous majority for these days when polls are necessarily small.

The key point in Dick Acland's program, which his advocacy has made perhaps the most important of the nine points of our declaration, is that we need to transfer to common ownership, during the war and for the purposes of the war, "services, industries, and companies in which managerial inefficiency or the profit motive is harming the war effort. This," our statement continues, "will increase the war effort and will be a token of the post-war New Deal in which common ownership of all the great resources of the country must become the fundamental basis of our whole economic life."

It is no longer, for us, a question of some form of control by the state or community over private profit-making industry. During the war there has been an immense amount of this control; not only has it failed to solve the problem of inefficient management but it has added to it the problem of civil-service inefficiency. We know that a change as great as this—from private ownership to public, of the great resources of the country—cannot be made during the war; but we insist that the worst scandals in production should be cleared up by taking from their present owners the actual direction of the firms in question, and running them with the single aim of getting maximum production.

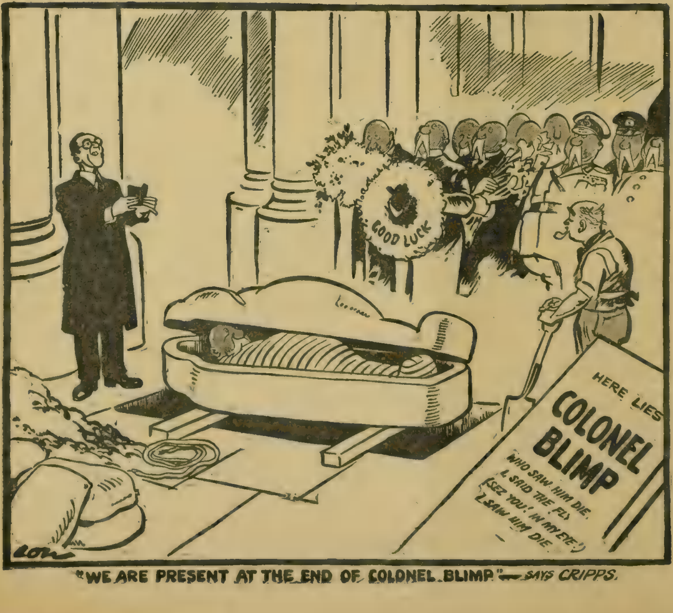
In particular we stand for immediate nationalization of the coal industry. The whole business of coal has been shockingly muddled here; our homes will be bitterly cold next winter and even our war plants are likely to be hampered in consequence. There is a wave of small strikes; men escape from the mines into other jobs any way they can; the ordinary economic incentives of profit on the one hand and pay on the other no longer work. The incentive of patriotism does not work well enough, largely because the miners have a deeply ingrained and well-justified feeling that the owners' patriotism has always, in the past, taken second place to profits, and that if peace "broke out" tomorrow the owners would not hesitate to shovel miners by the hundred thousand on to the scrap heap of unemployment if that gave them a greater margin of gain. In these conditions no measure of government control, no temporary plan, will supply the men and the technicians with a new incentive to extraordinary efforts. Straight nationalization would provide that incentive. To many managers it would be a relief: instead of being hampered by two controlling bodies—government and shareholders—pulling in divergent directions, they would be responsible to the government alone. They know that their labor troubles would be over for a period; that the men would work as fiercely for the needs of their country as Russians are working today.

Is this, as some have represented it, a longing for a totalitarian collectivism, abolishing all the rights of democracy for which section after section of the British people have fought stubbornly and shrewdly for centuries? No; that is not what the English want; nor is it our aim. The central and most difficult problem in the building of a new society today is how to make a real marriage between economic collectivism, forced on us by the collapse of capitalism, and the freedoms that are our most precious inheritance. Our socialism needs more than an addition of timidly measured cupfuls of democracy; it needs to be socialism reinforced by democracy alive and kicking. That is why our nine-point statement asks for "the energy and enthusiasm of a free people who know what they fight for and love what they know . . . a really vital democracy throughout our public life—social, economic, and political."

And this is where J. B. Priestley comes in. Many in America will know his writings. Many have heard him broadcast. What they cannot easily know is his standing as a politician in this country. Yet it was not until Dunkirk that he began to speak and write in a way that bore immediately on the political problems of the nation. Then his broadcast "postcripts" made him, for three months or more, the voice of the British as a people. When the powers-that-be kept him from the microphone—his words were becoming too powerful and too popular—he set up an informal committee of "men who know their jobs" to discuss and work out the politics of vital democracy.

Priestley has English caution and English commonsense, a hatred of all "isms," and no liking for politics as such. It has not been easy for him to take the decision that led him recently to begin campaigning in South Wales for an independent who stands for our nine points. But his decision may mark a turning point in the political history of Britain. It would not be fair to represent Acland simply by the word collectivism and Priestley by the word freedom; but when the two of them work together in the building of a new political movement, common ownership and vital democracy are so merged that each in fact multiplies the effect of the other.

My own part in the business derives from this: I believe that to do our share in winning this war, we in Britain must make it completely a peoples' war and must stop



"WE ARE PRESENT AT THE END OF COLONEL BLIMP"—SAYS CRIPPS.

trying to fight it as a war for the defense of the empire. As a journalist and as an instructor in the training schools I have helped to shape the Home Guard and to alter radically the tactical training of the army. I learned the basis of my politics in Moscow in 1920; fighting in Spain strengthened my belief that an army must be morally united and without class conflicts if it is to do the best possible job, and that initiative and morale depend on the population as well as on the army. Having got as far as I could without direct intervention in politics, I resigned from a War Office job in June, 1941, and soon after joined Priestley and the 1941 Committee in the hope of helping to defeat politically the conservative stupidity which still hampers our fighting.

I was the first journalist in Britain to call for a second front. That second front may be a reality before this is printed; but it could never be a reality had we no Home Guard here to release regular troops for it, or if this force had consisted only of a few hundred thousand special constables, untrained as combatants. The agitation for a second front has run almost throughout English society; the noisier aspects have been monopolized by Lord Beaverbrook and the Communist Party, but if we land in Europe tomorrow, our action would be largely the result of pressure from men, sergeants, officers, and generals in the army, who are very tired of waiting and very envious of the Red Army's share in the war.

Where the Labor Party comes into all this worries many people here. Even on coal it stands not for nationalization but for some form of control. It has done little to express the desire for a second front. Its leadership has clung to the electoral truce until independents made that truce utterly unreal. Yet at the recent Labor Party conference a resolution supporting the electoral truce was carried by so tiny a majority that the platform was in effect defeated. The rank and file of the party want to break the electoral truce, whether or not this implies pulling Labor out of the government. These Labor Party members want to express the deep surge of feeling in the country in favor of rapid changes in the way the war is fought and the factories are run. My own guess is that the leaders of the Labor Party will not permit them to do this, and that the party will remain frustrated and ineffective for some time to come.

If the new movement now led by Acland and Priestley has to become a new political party, and has to act in some way as a rival of the Labor Party, this development will be against our own desires and against the desire of most members of the Labor Party. We would rather be the allies of the Labor Party; better still we would like to see such changes in the Labor Party outlook that the forces we represent could find a place within it. The men to whom the name Cripps means hope, the men who would vote for any independent rather than for a candidate of the old parties, the men to whom the "Russian glory" has not meant—as it has meant for some thousands—a desire to join the Communist Party but a desire to do something useful, these men are now politically unorganized. If the Labor Party changes far more rapidly than seems probable, it can win these new forces and hold the vigorous younger men and women now within its ranks. If it does not change, the Labor Party will lose both.

In the Wind

THE LATEST CRUSADE of Marshall Field's *PM* has been to force New York newspapers to drop advertisements of hotels that discriminate against Jews and Negroes and indicate their policy by the words "restricted" or "Christian" clientele. But while Marshall Field's *PM* has been campaigning against "hate ads," Marshall Field's Chicago *Sun* has been publishing them every day.

BRITISH COMMUNISTS have lost one hero and found another. For some obscure reason, the party is now very critical of Sir Stafford Cripps, but it is lavish in its praise of Lord Beaverbrook.

AN EXCERPT from a prohibition pamphlet now being circulated in the South: "Not one penny of the liquor tax money ever goes into the building of an airplane or gun—but even if it did, that airplane or gun would never serve the cause of our country. Why? Because it would be built with tainted money. Liquor taxes built the Maginot Line and look what happened to France. Ladies and gentlemen, France fell because of liquor taxes."

STEVE HANNIGAN, who did publicity for the State of Florida, has been retained by Henry Ford to tell the world that Ford is a patriot and a democrat. A story that may or may not be part of this publicity campaign was recently told to a New York newspaperman by Harry Bennett, Ford's personnel director. Bennett said that after Lindbergh's famous Des Moines speech, in which the flyer warned the Jews not to be interventionists, Ford called Lindbergh in and rebuked him severely.

THE SOCIALIST PARTY is now divided into four factions, each representing a different attitude toward the war. One is pacifist; one takes the traditional class-war position; one, led by Norman Thomas, advocates limited support of the government; and one argues that Socialists should act as if there was no war.

FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT in the *Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten:* "Grave crosses of finest oak, with cement base if desired, to trade for men's used clothing."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Fourth Reich

WILL GERMANY CRACK? A FACTUAL REPORT ON GERMANY FROM WITHIN. By Paul Hagen. Translated by Anna Caples. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

PAUL HAGEN is singularly qualified to give the American reader an evaluation of present economic and political conditions in Germany. He was for years an active member of the German labor movement. As one of the founders and spokesmen of the "New Beginning" group he enjoys valuable political contacts in Europe. And through his work with the American Friends of German Freedom for whose *Inside Germany Reports* he has been largely responsible, he has acquired a more intimate knowledge of the American scene than most refugees. "Will Germany Crack?" is a timely and absorbing report.

Making critical use of official Nazi publications, German business data, and private factual information Hagen devotes the first part of his book to an analysis of some key problems of Hitler's war economy. He sees as its most acute difficulty a shortage of labor—"the chief symbol of the multiple crisis of scarcity in Germany." Shortage and declining productivity of labor, more than any other factor, limit the program of Germany's coal, iron, and steel production, says Hagen, and force the Nazis to employ an ever-growing number of their foreign labor conscripts and prisoners in vulnerable war industries. Shortage of industrial labor also dictates the Nazi policy toward the lower middle classes, the artisans and small shopkeepers whom they "comb out" of business by the hundreds of thousands to replace the skilled workers needed in the mechanized armed forces. Hagen's description of the state of Germany's productive plant should have a sobering effect on the mystics to whom Hitler's economic miracle is as overwhelming as it is inexplicable.

Informative as these economic chapters are, a good many readers will find more food for thought in the political conclusions Hagen draws from his analysis, and in his treatment of some of the outstanding post-war problems. The vital question he asks is really not whether Germany will crack, but how the Nazi war machine can be destroyed with a minimum of sacrifices, and the fruits of a democratic victory secured. His chapter, How to Beat Hitler Politically, offers some of the most convincing and eloquent advice ever addressed to those responsible for the United Nations' political warfare and the future peace of the world. One after the other, Hagen punctures the "easy" solutions, the dreams of the reactionaries, the hopes of the crowned houses, the chauvinistic cries for senseless destruction. "It is a great accomplishment for the Nazis and the other fascists," he writes, answering Vansittart and his friends, "to lure some of their enemies back to tribalism too, but we cannot defeat them by sinking to their depths; on their own level they are invincible."

There is little comfort in this book for people who still believe in the German army, led by a conservative officers' corps, as the great counter force to the Nazi gangsters. Hagen traces the relations between the Nazis and the Reichswehr back to their treacherous solidarity at the very beginning of the Weimar Republic and proves beyond any doubt that political control and power over the armed forces rest today with the party's SS, not with the General Staff. There are conflicts of interests between the army and the party, and an effective political strategy will take them into consideration, but the author truly asserts that these conflicts disappear before the common menace of a democratic victory, just as the conflicts of interest between Nazis and big business melt away in the face of a threatening social revolution. Even the hopes of a return to the democracy of Weimar are not encouraged. Hagen sees neither a liberal opposition surviving in Germany nor an economic basis for its rebirth.

Who, then, if neither the army nor German big business, neither royal families nor Weimar democrats, will make reliable and powerful allies for the United Nations? Hagen does not exclude the possibility that one or all of these groups might give active support in one phase or another of the fight against the crumbling Nazi regime, but he counts them definitely as the less significant forces in Germany's anti-fascist potential. It is the greatest merit of his book, I think, to have rediscovered German labor as the strongest anti-Nazi power within the Third Reich and to have called the attention of the United Nations to the fact that they can have this tremendous force as an ally in a new Europe if they understand the signs of our time. Progressive statesmanship, he believes, should not fear the coming anti-fascist revolution in Germany and Italy, but help bring it about. It should not shrink from the necessity of solving Europe's vital problems in the framework of a European federation. They cannot be solved any longer in the morass of national chauvinism. Hagen regretfully states that so far the Allies have shown no tendency to include a European federation in their war aims and that even the Atlantic Charter evades the issue.

The spirit of more recent diplomatic agreements will hardly encourage him and his political friends.

KARL BILLINGER

Conquistador

THE KNIGHT OF EL DORADO: THE TALE OF DON GONZALO JIMÉNEZ DE QUESADA AND HIS CONQUEST OF NEW GRANADA, NOW CALLED COLOMBIA. By Germán Arciniegas. Translated by Mildred Adams. The Viking Press. $3.

HEREDIA, in his meticulously chiseled sonnets, di perhaps more than anyone else to evaluate favorabl the awesome deeds of the Conquistadors in defiance o Western Europe's long hostility toward them. In this coun try Archibald MacLeish, following that tradition, has s humanized men like Cortés and the anonymous seekers o gain and glory that the accusations leveled at them lose their force.

To such an extent has our judgment now matured that we cannot ever again denounce the Conquistador out of ill-disciplined sentimentality. For the same reason we cannot let our Western partisanship blind us to the irreparable harm caused by the Iberic exploitation of empires and peoples. Sympathy for the Indians is imperative if we are to gain their cooperation in the common tasks, and so is appreciation for the daredevils who, in the secret designs of history, wrought the beginnings of a new fraternity of peoples. These two supplementary feelings now provide the emotional setting for the new attitude toward the Conquistador.

In the past twenty years or so Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Americans, have treated more or less adequately the lives of the Spanish explorers and founders of the New World—Columbus, Magellan, Cabeza de Vaca, Ponce de Leon, Cortés, Alvarado, Pizarro, Las Casas, Coronado, etc. But Latin Americans have been a little slow in joining the school of reconstructed and imaginative biography started by Strachey, Maurois, Ludwig, and Zweig.

Now Germán Arciniegas, the present Colombian Minister of Education, in "The Knight of El Dorado," has told with humor, penetration, and deeply felt piety the story of Don Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada, the conqueror, explorer, and founder of what is today Colombia. All travel books agree that Colombia is the most inaccessible territory of all South America even today; neither from the Pacific nor from the Atlantic is it easy to ascend the imposing *meseta* of Cundinamarca. But the Encyclopedia Britannica ignores the extraordinary achievement of Quesada, the Andalusian lawyer who accompanied Don Pedro Fernández de Lugo to the port of Santa Marta.

Don Pedro sent Quesada inland to the jungle in search of wealth and breathable air. The expedition lost over eight hundred out of a thousand men before reaching the Chibchas' lands. In the clear style of Señor Arciniegas a very dark page of early American history becomes dramatically alive. The most astonishing phase of the story is that there were, all told, three rebellious, adventurous captains, unaware of each other's existence, pressing hard from the north, the south, and the east, to set foot on Cundinamarca. The powerful German banking houses of Fugger and Welser lent moneys to Charles V in return for which the Welsers were permitted to ship their agents to Venezuela. And it was from Venezuela that one of Quesada's two rivals, the unscrupulous Nicholas Federmann, reached the Chibchas' empire a few days later than Quesada. Don Sebastián de Belalcázar, who years before had shared in the conquest of the Inca empire and founded city after city in the Andes, was the other rival who missed the chance of being the first to lay the foundations of New Granada. Quesada's southern suavity and legalistic acumen convinced the other two adventurers of the advisability of referring their claims to the authorities in Spain. Arciniegas's banter deliciously pokes fun at the tradition revered in Bogotá. "This city of mine which was shortly to receive its heraldic bearings from the mystic King Charles and the mad Queen Juana could not have had a more honorable origin. This is the way all noble cities are born. . . ."

M. J. BENARDETE

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A Woman of Valor

HENRIETTA SZOLD: LIFE AND LETTERS. By Marvin Lowenthal. The Viking Press. $3.

TODAY, at eighty-one, in the desert or on mud-clogged roads, Henrietta Szold travels from one labor commune in Palestine to another, to watch over and direct the rehabilitation of thousands of young Jewish boys and girls who have been rescued from Nazi persecution. This work, as constructive as it is dramatic, was undertaken at her suggestion in 1935 by the American women's Zionist organization, Hadassah, which she had founded in 1912 and which previously had carried out her program of medical and sanitary rehabilitation.

The daughter of a liberal Baltimore rabbi who envisaged for her a life of scholarship, Miss Szold, after a period of substantial contribution to teaching as well as to Hebrew scholarship and Jewish culture, chose work which would satisfy her desire to translate spiritual values into "practical terms." In her twenties she had added to a double teaching task the founding, direction, and active participation in a school for Russian Jewish refugees from Czarist persecution. What distinguished her from her West European contemporaries was that she was more impressed by the rich cultural values of the East Europeans than by the problems which their poverty seemed to raise for the comfortable Baltimore Jewish community. As a result, the school, which served as community center for non-Jewish immigrants as well, never failed, as did many of the contemporary settlement houses, to provide a link between the Old and the New World.

In her long career of Zionist activity in the United States and, since 1920, in her work in Palestine, her effort has been directed toward the removal of what she called the "taint of charity." It is a testimony to her understanding of the aims and values of the various factions in Jewish life that she has been accepted, as perhaps no other "middle class" American has been, by the Jewish labor groups.

Mr. Lowenthal, whose many books give proof of his knowledge of Jewish culture, has written a vivid section on the Baltimore background in his usual felicitous style. But for the major portion of the account he has relied on a generous selection of Miss Szold's letters to tell the story, adding only occasional footnotes or supplementary narrative. In the case of a person both as busy and as modest as Miss Szold, this method is not well designed to make her contribution understandable to the general public for whom this volume was intended. The quality of her spirit is made clear, and so is her courage in undertaking tasks which she had outlined for technicians and specialists but which she had to carry out herself, as acting director of the Medical Unit, as a member of the Palestine Executive during a period of economic crisis, mass immigration, and Arab-Jewish disturbances, and then as head and sole worker in the program of social service which she initiated in 1931. Little was needed to supplement her caustically correct analysis of British colonialism. But an appreciation of her emphasis on the need of Arab-Jewish rapprochement requires more background and an account of what she did in her own work to achieve that end. The same is true of the problems raised by factionalism and especially by the conflict over the aspirations and methods of the labor groups. With such a background, a more limited selection of letters would still have conveyed her warmth and her achievement—the achievement of a woman who preferred hard work to sermonizing, but whose scrupulous laying of stone on stone never obscured her vision of the regeneration of her people as one step in the enriching of all human life.

ELSIE GLUCK

The Tewlers

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. By H. G. Wells, G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

H. G. WELLS still goes his old unregenerate way. His latest novel is announced as a return to story-telling but actually it is a reformer's field-day in which the story of Edward Albert Tewler is only a pretext for Wells to range the whole of modern English life, scolding, satirizing, waving the banner for science and education. But Wells's prose is as vigorous as, at its best, it has always been and a great relief after the dreariness of most contemporary writing. And if his research into Tewler frightens us for the society that produced him, it also frightens us for Tewler himself: Wells the novelist is still capable of coming to the rescue of Wells the sociologist.

Tewler is *homo sub-sapiens* and, for Wells, pretty much the type of all modern humanity. Edward Albert, the specimen Wells is examining, is born in London at the beginning of the century and reared by a mother whose whole poor view of life is contained in the single maxim, "You can't be too careful"; by the time his mother and an England of prejudice and superstition are through with him, he is a small monument of ignorance, fear, and pointless self-assertion. He becomes a citizen of a world with which he is not equipped to cope, yet this world must look for survival to its Tewlers. And then comes the present war and Tewler has his moments of responsibility and courage; they are not to be made much of, says Wells, because at best the Tewlers act only from an animal instinct for self-preservation; and in war as in peace they act from the wrong motives, and always with a hatred of "ideers." But by this time Edward Albert is of course full-grown and whatever fictional interest Wells has had in him has been sacrificed to out-and-out political preachment. Down the political hatch, too, have gone all the subsidiary Tewlers, male and female, who enlivened the first half of the book and gave Wells the opportunity to exercise his pleasant ambition to be a modern Dickens.

It is the thing, nowadays, to consider Wells old-hat, and "You Can't Be Too Careful" certainly adds nothing new to what he has said in the past. Here he is still calling for a convocation of wise men to settle the ills of society and still inveighing against the sad influences of religion; he reminds us yet again that we are only apes, and we have a strong impulse to ask him to let bygones be bygones. But perhaps it is as much a comment on us as on him that we think Wells's "modernity" so old-fashioned. Something other than sophistication may lie behind our present-day lack of concern with the still-dangerous fundamentalisms—a weariness of spirit, maybe, to which Wells's seventy-six-year-old energy is a rebuke.

DIANA TRILLING

IN BRIEF

MR. PAN. By Emily Hahn. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. $2.50.

Emily Hahn has collected twenty-eight of her Chinese conversation pieces into this one volume. The scene is Shanghai about 1937, and the talk is about Pan Heh-ven, his life and family. The author-listener endeavors to understand Pan Heh-ven, and the critical awareness of her own bewilderment is the real frame of the conversations. Because Miss Hahn's manners are excellent and her sympathy is genuine, the conversations acquire the charming ease and delightful obliquity of her Chinese subject, and permit her at the same time to retain her own integrity and inflect her general wonder into ironic comment. Some of the pieces are rather thinly confected, but now and then—as in Sound of Metals—there is a glimpse of profounder depths in a cold plunge beneath the conversational waters.

CLARK GIFFORD'S BODY. By Kenneth Fearing. Random House. $2.50.

It's an uneasy world that Mr. Fearing predicts after the present war; we suspect that his Clark Gifford, leader of the so-called Committee for Action, is Mr. Fearing's John Brown of our coming period of civil strife. But nothing in this novel has enough reality either to touch or to warn us—not the people, the political parties, or the society itself. Mr. Fearing names no names; we guess his scene is America and that his abortive insurrection (it's a matter of seizing the radio stations) is scheduled for around 1956. The story is told through the eyes of a dozen or more characters and skips back and forth in time over a period of thirty years before and after the "attack"; it's a confusing technique which befuddles the reader, creates a sterile objectivity, and spares Mr. Fearing the necessity of committing himself on his own political viewpoint, if any.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

They Burned the Books. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar and Rinehart. 50 cents.

Conditions of Peace. By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. $2.50.

The Face of the War, 1931-1942. By Samuel H. Cuff. Messner. $3.

The Earth and Man: A Human Geography. By Darrell Haug Davis. Macmillan. $4.25.

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The Problems of Lasting Peace. By Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

Asia's Captive Colonies. By Philip E. Lilienthal and John H. Oakie. American Council Institute of Pacific Relations. 10 cents.

How to Buy More for Your Money. By Sidney Margolius. Modern Age. $1.

Bookmaking and Kindred Amenities. Edited by Earl Schenck Miers and Richard Ellis. Rutgers. $3.50.

British Rule in Eastern Asia: A Study of Government and Economic Development in British Malaya and Hong Kong. By Lennox A. Mills. Minnesota. $5.

Russians Don't Surrender. By Alexander Poliakov. Dutton. $2.50.

Prelude to Victory. By James B. Reston. Knopf. $2.

Only the Stars Are Neutral. By Quentin Reynolds. Random House. $2.50.

Behind the Urals: An American Worker in Russia's City of Steel. By John Scott. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

Ambassadors in White: The Story of American Tropical Medicine. By Charles Morrow Wilson. Holt. $3.50.

MUSIC

To go on with what Rimsky-Korsakov did to Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov": A painter or a poet would have known that he must not lay hands on another man's work; and if he didn't know it the world would have known it for him. But I once pointed out that people who bring to literature the understanding which permits them to be fairly discriminating about a performance of "Hamlet" bring no such understanding to a performance of Beethoven, a transcription of Bach. It was this lack of understanding that caused Rimsky-Korsakov himself to do what he did, and others then to accept what he had done: a world that would have known enough to reject a painter's or a poet's transformation of another man's painting or poem and to condemn him for it, has listened to Rimsky-Korsakov's transformation of "Boris Godunov" and accepted his justification of it.

"It must be remembered," says Carl Van Vechten in his introduction to the new edition of "My Musical Life," "that Rimsky-Korsakov meant it all for the best, that he did no more for his dead friend than he was constantly doing for himself, and that he made it possible for Mussorgsky's music drama to be performed not only in Russia but also out of it. And the logic of his answer to his critics is unassailable. If, he hypothesizes, the future may decide his work on the Mussorgsky manuscripts to be an impiety, then all the future has to do is to return to the original scores, none of which he destroyed." What should be remembered, rather, is the occasional evidence that arrogance, and anger at Mussorgsky's scorn for his "Conservatory learning" and indifference to his work, also impelled Rimsky-Korsakov; that what he might do to his own music he was not privileged to do to anyone else's; that "Boris Godunov" did not require Rimsky-Korsakov's alterations in order to succeed; that with these alterations what was performed everywhere was not Mussorgsky's music drama but Rimsky-Korsakov's transformation of it; and that once this had taken root everywhere in opera houses and in people's minds it was almost im-

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possible to dislodge it for Mussorgsky's original.

As finally revised by Mussorgsky after its rejection by the committee representing the directors of the imperial theaters, "Boris" was produced at the Mariinsky Theater in St. Petersburg in 1874 "with great success," Rimsky-Korsakov tells us. It continued to be performed once or twice each year, except 1881, until 1882, when, "the Lord knows why, productions of the opera ceased altogether, although it had enjoyed uninterrupted success. . . . There were rumors afloat that the opera had displeased the imperial family; there was gossip that its subject was unpleasant to the censors." But Rimsky-Korsakov mentions no rumor of any difficulties created for performers or audience by defects in Mussorgsky's writing. And when he speaks of his revision later it is only to say how well it sounded. That was its purpose—to make the work conform to his taste.

Nor is it true that his revisions in themselves made possible performances that would not have been given without them. The truth is rather that in a situation where he could get "Boris" performed, and where someone else would have won a performance of Mussorgsky's original, Rimsky-Korsakov secured a performance of his own revision. Once out of the repertory Mussorgsky's work would have stayed out for a number of years, just as Verdi's "Othello" and Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" were out of the Metropolitan's repertory for twenty years or so, and for the same reasons—among them the fact that the men who directed the imperial theaters were as uncompelled by greatness in art as Gatti-Casazza and Ziegler of the Metropolitan. "Othello" and "Figaro" were restored at the Metropolitan eventually, not because they were rewritten, but because Edward Johnson, who succeeded Gatti-Casazza, had ideas about the Metropolitan's repertory that included things like "Othello" and "Figaro." "Boris," too, would have been restored eventually through some similar personal intervention; and it could have been restored through Rimsky-Korsakov's intervention in 1896. In that year he accepted the chairmanship of the Society of Musical Gatherings; and "at the same time," as he puts it in a statement which betrays the capacity for concealing truth behind the show of soberly, unflinchingly telling it, "there sprang up in the Society the idea of a stage production of 'Boris Godunov' in my revision." With a different man in his position there would have "sprung up" the idea of a production of Mussorgsky's original work. And if the intervention had been for this original, the original instead of the revision would have been produced by Mamontov's company in Moscow with Chaliapin and brought to St. Petersburg by this company in 1899; it would have come to the Mariinsky Theater with Chaliapin in 1904; it would have gone with him to Paris in 1908 in the production that carried the work to western Europe and eventually to America.

Once the revision had been established everywhere in this way instead of the original, the logic of Rimsky-Korsakov's answer might be unassailable in the world of pure thought, but in the world of action—which is to say the opera house—it was routine, inertia, lack of conscience or understanding that proved unassailable by a few critics' demonstrations of the revision's "impiety." The original score has been available since 1928; but it is still used for performances only in Russia.

B. H. HAGGIN

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